LIFE

OF

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

BY THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL

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

AND

HERMAN MERIVALE, ESQ., C.B.

WITH PORTRAIT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE OF SECOND VOLUME.

When I received the MS. of Sir Herbert Edwardes's unfinished Life of Sir Henry Lawrence, together with the mass of materials which Sir Herbert intended to employ, I was compelled to make such use of those materials as I could, without any help from the suggestions or directions of my predecessor. For, although Sir Herbert completed in the most careful manner his work as he went on, it was not his habit to make ostensible preparation for what was to come, except by compiling a few brief summaries of future chapters, and by leaving the original documents or copies which he meant to use arranged in fair chronological order. These documents consisted, in the first place, of Sir Henry's letter-books; large folio volumes, in which it was his habit to preserve copies (many in his own handwriting, more in those of assistants); of his letters in general, "both demi-official," to use the common Indian phrase, and private; from his

correspondence on the highest matters with Government and high functionaries, down to hasty communications to ordinary friends. These records bear undeniable testimony to Sir Henry's extraordinary activity as a man of business; an activity in the way of writing not a little characteristic of many Anglo-Indian officials, but specially of himself. There were also files of more private correspondence with Governors-General and with military authorities, of his own portion of which he had not, I conclude, thought it advisable to keep copies, and which I have used, I trust, with due discretion. There were also abundant stores of private letters from friends both in India and in England, and from and to members of his own family. There were diaries, kept at intervals of comparative leisure, both by himself and by his wife, Lady Lawrence. Further, there were the scattered memorials of himself to be collected from his own literary remains and from the historical and miscellaneous works of others, which necessarily touch on various points of a career so public and so distinguished as his. Lastly, his biography has been given in more or less detail in many periodicals; and more completely by Sir John Kaye in his *Lives of Indian Officers*, full of traits of personal knowledge. Such materials may appear abundant, but they were without any index or written suggestions to facilitate the employment of them. And no one who has not

made the experiment can possibly estimate the difficulties of the task of drawing up a complete and continuous account of a life by the mere help of such unconnected fragments. The rude materials of the intended edifice are there; the drawings and plans which should have exhibited its design and general features are altogether wanting. Sir Herbert Edwardes had the subject by heart, and could shape his work accordingly. I was personally unacquainted both with Sir Henry Lawrence and with India, and am fully conscious how little my own literary habits could do towards redeeming such disadvantages. But I have had the advantage of the regular advice and superintendence of members of Sir Henry's family and (occasionally) of that of other distinguished men familiar with his career, and have relied to a great extent on the assistance thus afforded, although the narrative part of the volume is entirely my own. With this confession of insufficiency, and these claims to attention, I offer the Volume as partially supplying the deficiency occasioned by Sir Herbert Edwardes's lamented death.

In regard to the much-controverted subject of the spelling of Indian names I have only to say that, being without any pretension to the knowledge of the languages of the country, and being entirely unable to judge between competing systems, I have thought it best to retain, as a general rule, the orthography of

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

H. MERIVALE.

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CHAPTER XIII.

1844—1845.

NEPAUL CONTINUED—LETTERS AND JOURNALS—RECALL OF LORD ELLENBOROUGH—ILLNESS OF MRS. LAWRENCE—OCCUPATIONS—HENRY LAWRENCE'S LITERARY PURSUITS—THE "CALCUTTA REVIEW"—FOUNDATION AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE LAWRENCE ASYLUM—A SUTTEE IN NEPAUL—FIRST SIKH WAR—SUMMONS TO THE PUNJAUB—CIVIL AND MILITARY STATE OF NEPAUL.

AT this point Sir Herbert Edwardes left the biography of his friend unfinished. It has fallen to my lot to complete, as well as I can, from the voluminous manuscript memorials left by Sir Henry, the tale of his life and achievements; taking it up at a crisis when a happy period of rest was vouchsafed him for a few years in a career of almost incessant labour and anxiety—which might have been happier even than it was, if he could have had philosophy enough to emancipate himself for a season from the pressure of eagerness for employment, for fields of military activity and fields of

political excitement, by which his spirit was ceaselessly impelled forward.

Sir Henry Lawrence's estimate of his own physical condition at this period of his life may be gathered from a letter which he addressed from Nepaul (April 8, 1845) to the directors of the Universal Life Assurance Society, Calcutta. After specifying some slight dyspeptic and Indian health-troubles which had assailed him, he proceeds:—

I often ail, but, with the exceptions above noted, do not remember having been confined to my bed for a day since 1826. My habits are extremely abstemious. I keep very early hours, eat sparingly, and scarcely touch wine, beer, or spirits. I believe I can stand fatigue of mind or body with any man in India. I have repeatedly ridden eighty and a hundred miles at a stretch at the hottest season of the year; and I have for weeks worked twelve and fourteen hours a day at my desk. Here I have almost a sinecure, and have no possible temptation to try my strength.

He writes to a friend from Khatmandoo, 4th February 1844:—

. . . It is Sunday; here, for the first time since we were married, are we able to have it a day of rest. . . . I hope soon that we will teach these rude people to respect our Sabbath as we do theirs. I have next to nothing to do, unless I mix in the intrigues of the court, which I have no fancy for; and I have told the nobles and the king and the prince, that I came to rest myself, and not to make war, or to do anything but to make *myself comfortable* by advising them to be quiet. It is just dark, and we have returned from a ride to the top of a Buddhist temple, two miles off, from which we had a splendid view of the Nepaul valley; its capital at our feet, its hundreds of villages and hamlets scattered over the richly cultivated steeps; its two winding rivers, its several holy woods, and its girdle of dark mountains—some wooded, some

bare, but many of them now tipped with snow; and behind them, to the north and east, the Snowy Mountains, some white as snow, some partially covered, and all running into every fantastic shape,—a lovelier spot than this the heart of man could scarce desire; in every direction we choose to ride we have lovely or sublime prospects. Every day and every hour a new scene opens upon us; then the towns, the temples, the people, are all fruitful in interest to us.

The climate, though warmer than Simla, is, for residents throughout the year, preferable; it is likened to Montpellier —never hot, never very cold. We have a house, too, 1,800 feet high, twelve miles off, where we can go, if we like, in the hot weather, and be as cool as at Simla.

Has not our lot, then, been cast most mercifully; and what have we to ask for in India? Indeed, I would not now change for the berth I so much wished for—that is, the head of the Punjaub Agency; and that I look on as the most desirable appointment in the plains; it is, however, not unpleasant to think that some people fancy I ought to have got charge of the Sikh duties. My friend Clerk, however, was right; they would, in my present health, have knocked me up.

The only regret I have is, that my exile is, for the present, prolonged; but this regret is lessened by the thought that it may prevent that exile being permanent. . . . .

To MR. MARSHMAN.

MY DEAR MARSHMAN,— *Nepaul, April 17th*, 1844.

I FEEL sincerely for your domestic position, and can, perhaps, the better do so that I am myself so differently situated, and have so often had reason to expect a different fate. In the midst, moreover, of more happiness than I ever enjoyed, I can feel for those who have been tried by affliction, and especially for those who, looking beyond the grave, strive with Christian fortitude to continue in the course of active duty. Our own lot has fallen in a goodly land, at a time, too, when we most wanted and least expected it. My wife delicate, our one surviving child unable to live in the plains, myself the wreck of two Arracan fevers, and almost yearly

fevers ever since. We were preparing for England without the means of paying our passage home, when we were sent here. In our thankfulness for this change of fortune, for quiet, ease, health, and competence, in lieu of toil, discomfort, and sickness, and for years having literally no home, no place of retirement; when it was comparative rest and comfort to go out to camp in the hot winds, or to ride off fifty or sixty miles at a stretch, to exchange the daily and nightly toil of cantonments for village work:—all this we have exchanged for a paradise, and we would endeavour not to close our hearts towards those who are so differently situated. You astonish me by the account of your labours, and I wish we could have you here for a season, to enable you to rest mind and body. . . .

In the silence of official records or detailed journals as to his career in Nepaul, I will continue his history by extracts from such letters as were collected by Sir Herbert Edwardes, for the purpose of illustrating this part of it:—

MRS. LAWRENCE *to* LETITIA HAYES. 10*th April* 1844.

It feels cold, Lettice darling, to let such a number of letters go home without one word to the dearest of all. . . . . We are well, dearest sister—well in every sense—and happier than I can tell you. 'Tis seven years this day since I looked my last look on England, you having embarked me on the 3rd; since then we have each had a varied path; but we hope, through the mercies of God, in His Son, that we are seven years nearer to the place where "time enters not, nor mutability." But of all earthly blessings beyond what we have got, we most earnestly long to meet, face to face, those who have loved us through all changes. God bless, guide, keep you, beloved sister.

(*Added by* HENRY.)

I can never do better, dearest Lettice, than say ditto to my dear wife's lucubrations, especially when she addresses you, regarding whom we are at least agreed, if on nothing else.

This is, indeed, a lovely place, and we enjoy it much, being as idly busy as ever were man and woman, though I should say we three, for Jim is ever with us. . . .

From Lord Ellenborough. The news of his recall by the Court of Directors, for reasons on which it is unnecessary to touch here, arrived in India on the 15th June:—

Calcutta, June 17th, 1844.

My dear Major Lawrence,—

I think no Court will puzzle itself more in framing conjectures as to the cause of my recall than the suspicious and intriguing Court of Nepaul; and you will have some difficulty in making them understand that this event will have no effect upon the measures of the Government, those measures being entirely under the control of the Crown.

My successor[1] will do all I should have done. You may tell the Court that he has been selected, amongst other reasons, because he is my brother-in-law and most confidential friend. When they observe upon his being a soldier, you may tell them he is the best we have, but that he is not, on that account, the less desirous of peace.

Yours very faithfully,

Ellenborough.

Answer of H. Lawrence, the 28th June 1844:—

My Lord,—

I was much gratified by the receipt of your lordship's note of the 17th instant. The enclosed will show you what I have written to the Rajah. I also verbally explained the relative positions of the Crown, Ministers, and Court of Directors. I have satisfied the Durbar that Sir Henry Hardinge will carry out your lordship's views of foreign policy. I explained that the new Governor-General had been War Minister; and, as a soldier, was second only to the Duke of Wellington, but that, nevertheless, he was a man of peace. . . .

[1] Sir Henry, afterwards Lord, Hardinge.

I am trying to procure a good Ghoorkha kookree, which I hope your lordship will accept as a small remembrance of Nepaul, and the gratitude of its Resident, who, soldier though he be, trusts to succeed in preserving peace here, and who is persuaded that this can only be effected by honestly working out your lordship's instructions.

Part of a long letter to Mr. (now Sir Frederic) Currie, on Nepaul politics, representing the difficulties in which a former Resident, Mr. Hodgson, had, in Sir Henry's opinion, involved the Government:—

Sept. 11th, 1844.

You know me well enough to believe that I can let people alone, and will obey orders; and that when I consider it my duty to give my opinion that it is best for Nepaul, as well as ourselves, to keep them strictly to the letter and the spirit of the Treaty, I am not likely to involve any Government by straining our claims. I never yet saw a Native the better for yielding to him; and, certainly, Nepaul is no exception to the rule. If there is any doubt in any question between us, I would give them the benefit; but I would make them abide strictly by the boundary, and not give up land because they had usurped it, and thereby encourage them to further encroachment. Excuse this long yarn: as you made me a diplomatist, I would fain appear in your eyes an honest, and not an indiscreet one.

A protracted interruption of correspondence here follows, during a winter in which Mrs. Lawrence was first visited with serious illness, from which she indeed recovered, but never thoroughly enjoyed health in India afterwards:—

From Mrs. Lawrence *to* Mrs. Cameron.

Dearest, dearest Mary,— *February 27th*, 1845.

I have put off writing to you, in hopes of feeling better, till I thought I should never write again to you, or

any one else. Since I last wrote to you in August, I have been continually suffering, and for three months have scarcely left my bed. On the 24th January I gave birth to a son—a darling, healthy babe, and at first I recovered well; but since then, I have been dangerously ill, with more acute suffering than I ever recollect. My strength is wonderfully returning, but I still feel shattered. I yearn to give proof of my loving remembrance to you and others whom I love; and, therefore, I write these brief, imperfect lines, to tell you how the conviction of meeting you hereafter enhanced my affection for you, when I thought my own mortal hours numbered. Mary, our trust in Jesus is no delusion: He is with the feeblest of His followers, to uphold them, and make them feel that He afflicts in love and wisdom. May we cling closer and closer to the Saviour: learn more of His meekness; and, if we live to rear these little ones He has given us, may we bring them up as for Him. I cannot write more now.

Your faithful friend,

H. L.

(*Continued on the same page by* H. LAWRENCE.)

Nepaul, February 27th, 1845.

MY DEAR MRS. CAMERON,—

DURING the last terrible fortnight my dear wife often thought and often spoke of you. All present danger is now over, and she will soon, I trust, be able to write to you fully, how much she bears you in remembrance. Alick was again ill last month; his illness was one of many causes of Honoria's attack. We, fortunately, had a second doctor in the house at the time—a German, in attendance on Prince Waldemar of Prussia. For three days I had little hope of my wife's life. She was quite resigned, and talked to me composedly of the friends she thought she was leaving for ever in this world. Offer our kind regards to Mr. Cameron, and believe me yours affectionately,

H. LAWRENCE.

The following extract of a letter from Lawrence to Lord Auckland (the 25th May 1845), concerning

Nepaul affairs, relates the tragical end of the too-powerful Minister, Matabur Sing, uncle, as before stated, of his present eminent successor, Sir Jung Bahadoor. After a reconciliation with the Rajah—

In December, Matabur again took up the turban, and for five months was in great feather, daily receiving some mark of favour, khilluts, titles, and solemn pledges of safety; four of these last he had engraved in gold, and surrounding them with diamonds, wore them constantly, in the fashion of an immense medal. The inscription told of his skill, bravery, and fidelity; how he had saved Nepaul from foreign and domestic enemies, and united in peace the hitherto squabbling members of the Royal family. They were given in the name of the Rajah, as well as of his son. All went quietly, and possibly might have continued so for some time, had Matabur acted prudently and temperately. As far as I consistently could, I assured him that it was impossible the Rajah really could be satisfied; but, in his vanity, he believed that he had effectually frightened all whom he had not gained. The chiefs were certainly weak enough in words, and the troops were found so obedient that he got them to pull down their old barracks, and carry the materials a mile, to build them up again near his own home. I hinted to him the danger of so employing the soldiers, but he would take no advice. The Rajah, however, was not slow to take advantage of the discontent now caused. He sent for him at midnight, on urgent business, and had him assassinated in his own presence; some say, in that also of the Ranee. She was, at any rate, in the plot, and her principal attendant was one of the executioners. Before daylight of the 18th the corpse was sent to the Temple of Persputnauth to be burnt. The sons of the late Minister have effected their escape to Segowlie; two or three of the family have been seized, and, twelve hours after the murder, not a voice was to be heard in favour of the man who the day before had been everything. . . . There is not a soldier in Nepaul; scarcely a single man that has seen a shot fired, and not one that could lead an army. The chiefs

are a very poor set, effeminate, debauched creatures, wanting in all respectable qualities. Matabur Sing was a hero, was a prince, compared with the best of them. The Ghoorkas will always intrigue, and will generally be as insolent as they are permitted to be; but they know our power too well to molest us, unless in some such catastrophe as would cause general insurrection in India. . . . The soldiers are quiet and orderly; but, otherwise, I have been much disappointed in them, and I much doubt if the next war will find them the heroes they were in the last. The country is a magnificent one. Thirty thousand men could take it in two months, without fear of failure—a much less number and less time might do; but, acting on its fastnesses or against fortresses, the matter might be made one of mathematical certainty. By allowing six or eight thousand Ghoorkas to enter our regiments of the line, this country could be held without increasing the army above four regiments; we should then have a splendid frontier in the Snowy Mountains, and a line of sanataria from Darjeeling to Almora. I see the advantage to us of taking the country, whenever the Ghoorkas oblige us to do so; but I have no wish to hasten the measure, for it is only justice to them to say that, bad as is their foreign and Durbar policy, they are the best masters I have seen in India. Neither in the Terai nor in the hills have I witnessed or heard of a single act of oppression since I arrived, a year and a half ago; and a happier peasantry I have nowhere seen.

From MRS. LAWRENCE *to* MRS. CAMERON.

Nepaul, July 25th, 1845.

. . . For a year past, writing has been a great effort to me. Generally on the couch, the mere act of writing was fatiguing, and I felt still more injuriously the excitement of replying to a letter that interested me. Truly I have been but a cumberer of the ground for many a day, and have learned that one of the most difficult parts of submission is, to submit to be useless. Lately, however, I have again rallied. I do not reckon on established health, but I am most thankful for the present respite, and for being able once more

to occupy myself a little in home duties, and to resume this one mode that we have of communicating with absent friends. . . . Our nearest European neighbours are a week's march from us at Segowlie, and even with them we have no possibility of intercourse during eight months of the year, when the malaria of the forest is pestilential. . . It will give you some idea of our *impracticable* position here, when I tell you that for months we had been negotiating at almost every station between Allahabad and Calcutta for a monthly nurse, and when at length she came, for less than three months, her visit cost us above one hundred pounds. The year closed upon us gloomily enough; but on the 24th of January I was confined beyond all I had dared to hope, of as healthy, thriving a babe as mother's heart could ask. At first I got on so well that Henry left me to go and meet Prince Waldemar. It opened a year of wonders for Nepaul—the first *Christian* infant born—the first nurse that ever had been heard of; a second English lady come across their frontier (for Henry has got a new assistant, a married man), and the first European travellers who had ever found their way to Nepaul. A few days after Henry left me I became very ill, and I have little recollection of anything except dreadful bodily suffering, and intervals of consciousness, during which the mighty arm of our heavenly Father sustained me and kept me in peace. I was quite aware of my own danger, and the tranquillity with which I could think of quitting those who make life precious to me, was a boon that I desire to treasure in my heart, along with the recollection of the mercy that upheld me four years ago, when our sweet daughter was taken from us. You may believe that it was no small trial to Henry to have the house full of strangers at such a time; but these very circumstances made him the more appreciate the consideration and kindness of our guests, particularly of Prince Waldemar, so that it was not as a mere form that we accepted his offer of being godfather to our baby, to whom we have given the name of Henry Waldemar. And as I write these words, I stop to look up at the radiant little being, in all the perfection of infantine health and happiness, crowing and almost springing out of his nurse's arms; his long, silky

curls waving on his head; his mouth *set* with two little pearly teeth; his round, plump, ivory limbs, as firm and cool as if he had been reared on your Highland braes. He is, indeed, as lovely an infant as parents could ask for. Oh, that you could see him! . . .

By the time I had recovered in some measure from my illness, the season was too far advanced for our reaching the plains, otherwise we should have thought it right to make the fearful sacrifice of my going home and taking Alick. I would not obstinately or thanklessly reject any means whereby my health or his might benefit; but I could not help rejoicing that my going was impossible for that season. Whether the measure may be either practicable or necessary next cold weather is quite uncertain, and I try to put away the thought from me, except in prayer, that we may be guided to a right decision when the time comes. Home is not less dear to me than when I left it. No, indeed, each year of absence makes it seem "more dear, more dainty, and more sweet." But it would not be home without Henry. I will not venture to say more on the subject now. In May I again was very ill, and felt as if all my vital powers were exhausted, like a lamp with no oil in it. Again I have recruited, and am now in very fair health—still feeble on my limbs, and easily knocked up by any effort to act or think, but relieved from the load of pain and depression which have often made me feel it more difficult to be resigned to life than to death. And now we pursue our usual quiet, and, in a certain sense, busy life. Henry for ten years led a life of such urgent *external* labour that he had little leisure for study or thought. He is now reading systematically, and writing a good deal. How I like to think of your reading our Bellasis,[2] for it will give you many a sketch of our actual experience. I suppose the book has had no public success, or we should have heard of it. Colburn published it on his own responsibility, and we have never heard from him since its appearance. The friends to whom

[2] The allusion is to a work of fiction, founded on Eastern experiences, published by H. Lawrence in London (1845), under the title, *Adventures of an Officer in the Service of Runjeet Singh.*

we sent copies speak of the work as interesting for the author's sake, but if any review or even newspaper has thought it worth criticising, we have never heard. It is not, therefore, for fame that Henry now keeps his pen busy. Last year a work was started in Calcutta, called the *Calcutta Review*. We liked its principles and style, and knew more or less of almost every contributor. Henry therefore has made an effort to help on the work, and, little interest as our local Indian literature excites at home, I think you may possibly have heard of this periodical, as it is in some degree the foster-child of the Indian Free Church. Dr. Duff's name you may probably know, and he and his colleagues write for the Review. Should you meet with the work, and have courage for our sakes to venture on an Indian publication, you will find much that I think will interest you. Our contributions treat of "The Sikhs and their Country," "Kashmir, &c.," "Military Defence," "Romance and Reality," "Oude," "Mahrattahs," "Carriage for the Sick and Wounded," "English Children in India," and "English Women in Hindostan." Writing and reading are truly a resource here, where we have no society. . . . This lack of intercourse with our kind is very benumbing, especially as we necessarily see so much that is hateful and degrading in the conduct of a Native court—a climate where "all men are liars." But enough of ourselves and Nepaul. You asked for details about us, and surely you have got them to your heart's content. Now, "thou friend of many days, of sadness and of joy," will you in return tell me much about yourselves. . . . ?

A few extracts from Mrs. Lawrence's journal may find their place here. They will serve at all events also to add new touches to the character which the reader will already have drawn for himself of this noble-minded lady. Like her husband, she was an incessant writer; the long hours of languid Indian life in a secluded region were energetically conquered by the constant exercise of the pen. Even the very severe

illness under which she had suffered scarcely interrupted her labours. She corresponded largely with his sister, Mrs. Hayes, and with other English and Indian friends; she assisted her husband as amanuensis; she contributed articles of her own, and helped to polish his, for the infant *Calcutta Review;* but, amidst all these occupations, she steadily, when in tolerable health, journalised on, compiling a record on which she counted for the amusement of her husband and instruction of their children in years to come. Page after page is filled with the outpourings of an enthusiastic spirit respecting her own domestic joys and cares, the progress of her children, the details of the daily life and thoughts of her husband, her passionate prayers for spiritual as well as earthly blessings on them all. But these are intermingled with shrewd observations on matters of daily interest, with descriptions of natural scenes which show how strongly the romance which these engender, so peculiarly attractive to women of highly cultivated minds, had possession of her imagination, and with playful traits of criticism on Native ways and people. I insert a specimen or two of her miscellaneous observations on these topics, partly in order to show that Lady Lawrence, who has been usually drawn as something almost too "high and good" for the trifling amenities of ordinary life, was, in truth, as observant, as quick to catch the minor features of the daily course of her time, and possessed as much of the trivial spirit of playful satire, as well as of romance, as the most popular letter or anecdote writer of her sex:—

Saw Mrs. —— and her sweet, healthy, *very* small daughter. How small a way externals go towards making a person look interesting. Here was everything interesting in

her situation; a young mother, "fresh from the perilous birth;" pretty, too, very pretty as to features and complexion; herself and husband almost alone in this secluded spot, and I fancy fond of each other; in short, every accessory for pictorial effect that a painter or poet could ask. Yet I confess that, except the unconscious little infant, whose small helplessness goes straight to my heart, I saw nothing to interest me. The new-made mother seemed to look with the same eyes on the baby and on the pillow. Apathy is the very most hopeless material to deal with!

September 1845.—At sunrise this morning I tried to sketch the outline of the snow. Papa's Dewalagiri and mamma's Dewalagiri, as Tim calls the mountains you and I respectively patronise. It is curious to remark how very different the altitude of the entire chain appears during different parts of the day. At sunrise it appears remote (I should guess ten to twelve miles, though I know the peaks are from thirty to 100 miles off), and then they appear as if we looked down upon them. Now, at noon, the sides are much more hazy and indistinct, yet the whole chain appears much more lofty and nearer. The snow visible from this place lies W.N.W. of us, and the sun, of course, now rises nearly due E. I have not noticed anything like a rosy tint on the hills at sunrise; *then* they are of something like a French grey, with the edges of a dazzling silver, that gradually overspreads the whole surface as the sun rises higher. Then, too, the sky is of a deep, deep blue, from which they stand out. As the day advances, the tint of the sky becomes paler, and of the hills deeper, so that they do not show very distinctly, except in the salient angles that throw back the light. As the sun approaches the western horizon, the sky again deepens to intense, transparent blue, and a deeper shadow falls on all except the western faces of the pinnacles. At this time, sometimes it would be difficult to believe we were looking at a snowy surface, for, except the glittering profiles of the crags, all is of a deep neutral tint. But when the sun has sunk below the near ridge of western hills (half an hour, I fancy,

before it sets on the plain), the whole snowy range glows, almost *burns*, with a coppery light, as if from burnished metal, varying sometimes to a semi-transparent tinge like the opal; and, as the sun departs, assuming a perfect rose-coloured blush, until the last ray is gone, and then there comes a deadly paleness over all. Last night was full moon, and I have only two or three times in my life witnessed anything that gave me so much the idea of another world; of scenery belonging altogether to some different class of existence. I had sat in the little balcony, gazing at such a sunset as I have tried to describe, until the stars to the west and north shone forth, and then I turned east and saw the round yellow moon just rising above the low swelling hills, and lighting up the valley of Nepaul. As it rose higher, it assumed the silvery tint that it never has near the horizon; the sky to the west became of a deep amethyst or sapphire colour, from which the silvery range of snow stood out, glittering and sparkling in parts, yet with general tender subdued nun-like aspect that I cannot describe. The scene called up the same feelings that I have had at sea, when

> The moon did with delight
> Look round her, when the heavens were bare.

Sometimes in the morning here I observe bars or curtains of mist rise gradually and horizontally up the side of the hill, the edge as regular as a roller-blind. After rain, when the clouds are dispersing, and parts of the landscape are particularly clear, there are often left on the hill-sides patches of white mist, as well defined as a wad of cotton laid on the table. Again, sometimes a gauzy film of vapour sweeps past us, veiling every object for a few minutes, and then away. Looking down on the valley below, and the sides of the hills around, the clouds have exactly the forms and changes that I have noticed in the plains, when looking up at the sky.

October 1845.—Cleanliness is a prevailing feature of many Nepaul customs; others are unspeakably filthy. Even the cleanest and most luxurious Native here, or, I fancy, anywhere in India, has no idea of cleanliness in the clothes that

touch the skin, and bed-linen is a thing unknown. Once in a bed made up for me at the Putilah Rajah's garden-house at Pinjore, there was a sheet, tied with silk cord and tassels, for me to lie on. But at Lucknow I saw his Oudh Majesty's bed, which seemed just as he left it that morning, with nothing but silk mattress, pillows, and resai; and this, I believe, is the usual way, from the bearer, who rolls round him the coarse chintz wadded coverlids, to the king, whose resai is of Benares kinkab. So with under-clothes. During the hot season all classes wear white, and the "muslined millions" look elegantly clean; but during the cold season I never saw a symptom of anything washable under the wadded, woollen, or silken warm clothes. Matabur Sing used to wear a brocade vest; our servants wear their wadded clipkuns, sometimes putting a white muslin one over, by way of being clean. Luckily, the majority of Natives crop or shave their heads, and in the plains they bathe where they can. But I dare not even imagine what may dwell within the long flowing locks of the Pathans and the Sikhs. As to the hill people, they never wash, I believe. When they become the happy possessors of any piece of dress, they wear it till it drops off. Yet these people have their cooking-vessels polished and scrubbed in a way that few gentlemen's kitchens at home could match; clean their teeth diligently every morning, and never eat or smoke without washing hands and mouth before and after. Strange that a man who will sweep his house diligently, scrub and polish his hookah and talc till you might almost see your face therein, and wash his hands, does not mind living surrounded by filth and stench, and will contentedly lay his head on a pillow almost rotten with accumulated filth.

In the following month Mrs. Lawrence left for England. Her husband accompanied her as far as Calcutta, but soon returned to his post.

In this mountain seclusion of Nepaul, and during this cessation from the active duties which had employed and were to employ so much of his life, Henry Lawrence seriously turned his mind, as we have seen,

to literary occupation. I cannot give a brief account of this part of his career in more appropriate words than those of Mr., now Sir John Kaye, who was united to Sir Henry both by the bonds of strong personal friendship and also by those which subsist between editor and contributor; for at this period, and for some years, Mr. Kaye conducted the Review in question:—

So Henry Lawrence, at this period of his career, had more time professionally unoccupied than at any other. That he would turn it to good account one way or another was certain. The way was soon determined by an accident. It had occurred to me, then residing in Calcutta, to establish a review, similar in form and character to the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Westminster Reviews*, but devoted entirely to Indian subjects and questions. It was a bold and seemingly a hopeless experiment, and I expected that it would last out a few numbers and then die, leaving me perhaps a poorer man than before. Its success astonished no one more than myself. That it did succeed is, in no small measure, attributable to the strenuous support of Henry Lawrence. It was precisely the organ for which he had long been wishing as a vehicle for the expression of his thoughts; and perhaps his kindly heart was moved to take a stronger interest in it by the fact that it was the project, and under the peculiar care, of one who had once been a brother-officer in the same distinguished corps, though at that time we had never met. As soon as he heard of my intention to start the *Calcutta Review*, he promised to contribute to every number. The first number was too far advanced for me to avail myself of his aid. . . .

. . . . After this Lawrence's contributions became more numerous. He generally furnished two or three papers to each number of the *Review*. His fertility, indeed, was marvellous. I have a letter before me, in which he undertook to supply to one number four articles, comprising a hundred and ten pages. His contributions were gravid with matter of the best kind—important facts accompanied by

weighty opinions and wise suggestions. But he was always deploring, and not without reason, his want of literary skill. This want would have been a sore trial to an editor, if it had not been accompanied by the self-knowledge of which I have spoken. There was, indeed, a charming candour and modesty about him as a writer: an utter absence of vanity, opinionativeness, and sensitive egotism about small things. He was eager in his exhortations to the editor to "cut and prune." He tried hard to improve his style, and wrote that with this object, he had been reading Macaulay's Essays, and studying Lindley Murray. On one occasion, but one only, he was vexed by the manner in which the editorial authority had been exercised. In an article on the "Military Defence of our Indian Empire," which, seen by the light of subsequent events, has quite a flush of prophecy upon it, he had insisted, more strongly than the editor liked at the time, on the duty of a government being at all times prepared for war. Certain events, then painfully fresh in the public mind, had given the editor somewhat ultra-pacific tendencies, and in the course of the correspondence he must have expressed his opinions over strongly, by applying the epithet "abominable" to certain doctrines which Lawrence held more in favour. "When you know me better," he wrote in reply, "you will not think that I can advocate anything abominable." And nothing was more true. The contributor was right, and the editor was wrong. He continued to the end of his life to contribute at intervals to this publication, and was, when the rebellion of 1857 broke out, employed on a review of the *Life of Sir John Malcolm*, which he never lived to complete.

In his literary labours at this time Henry Lawrence was greatly assisted by his admirable wife, who not only aided him in the collection and arrangement of such of his facts as he culled from books, and often helped him to put his sentences in order, but sometimes wrote articles of her own, distinguished by no little literary ability, but still more valuable for the good womanly feeling that imbued them. Ever earnest in her desire to promote the welfare of others, she strove to incite her country-women in India to higher aims,

and to stimulate them to larger activities. In her writings, indeed, she generally appealed to her own sex, with a winning tenderness and charity, as one knowing well the besetting weaknesses of humanity, and the especial temptations to indolence and self-indulgence in such a country as India. And so, when not interrupted by ill health, as sometimes happened, these two worked on happily together in their Nepaul home; and seldom or never did a week pass without bringing me, as I laboured on in Calcutta, a bulky packet of manuscript from one or other, or both.—*Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 290.

The following list of articles furnished by Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence to the *Calcutta Review* is stated to be correct, but I do not believe it complete:—

No.	Art.	
		Military Defence of our Indian Empire.
3	5	The Seikhs and their Country.
4	4	Kashmir and the Countries around the Indus.
6	5	The Kingdom of Oude.
7	4	Englishwomen in Hindostan (Lady Lawrence).
8	7	Mahratta History and Empire.
10	4	Countries beyond the Sutlej and Jumna.
11	5	Indian Army.
13	5	Army Reform.
16	6	Lord Hardinge's Administration.
18	6	Major Smyth's Reigning Family of Lahore.
43		Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Work.

Six of these are published in the volume entitled, *Essays, Military and Political, written in India, by Sir Henry Lawrence*, but the dates given do not exactly correspond with the above table.

The following specimen may suffice of his own judgments—the careless judgments of an accomplished literary soldier—on portions of his own miscellaneous reading:—

Extract from Nepaul Journal, *September* 1846.

I have been reading desultorily *Herodotus*, *Demosthenes*, Müller's *Dorians*, old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, *Letters from the Baltic*, *History of the Jews*, Paley. Struck with the extraordinary variety of opinion as to historians in different numbers of reviews, especially *Edinburgh*. In one Herodotus is a child, in another wholly trustworthy. One makes Xenophon an imbecile, another a sage. The *Edinburgh*, more temperate than the *Quarterly*, which again is often out of keeping; one number makes Hallam, the historian, all that is untrustworthy, another excellent. I don't like Milman's *History of the Jews*, it is not written in the spirit that might be expected of a churchman of his character. *Letters from the Baltic*, interesting. Paley is a better writer than I thought, most clear and lucid, too cool, too unenthusiastic, but most argumentative, and a writer of excellent English.

The next special subject to be noticed in recounting this tranquil portion of Sir H. Lawrence's life is his connection with the scheme, or rather series of schemes, which culminated in the foundation of the now famous institution of the "Lawrence Asylum." I subjoin the first letters in which he propounded the outlines of this great project to the Indian Government, and add to them a fragment with which Lady Edwardes, Sir Herbert's widow, has kindly furnished me, carrying on, as far as necessary, her husband's unfinished work as regards this subject, in which Sir Herbert took an interest scarcely exceeded by that of his friend Lawrence himself. Could I have found space to treat it more at length, I should have had, first, to show the great pecuniary sacrifice at which Sir Henry, at no period of his life a rich man, devoted his own means as well as his time to this child of his devotion; and, next, the endless difficulties and hin-

drances which he had to deal with and surmounted. "You will see," says Lord Lawrence, sending to Sir Edwardes some correspondence relating to the early stages of the business, "that even Lord Hardinge deprecated the scheme." All this reads strangely, when we know that there are now (January 1868) full five hundred boys and girls getting a good training, in a fine climate, and altogether promising to turn out useful members of society. Of a certainty Henry's good deeds live after him. The asylum has proved an untold blessing to the British soldier's orphan in India.

To COLONEL STUART, *Secretary to Government Military Department.*

Nepaul Residency, July 22, 1845.

SIR,—Having projected the formation of an establishment in the N.W. hills for the education of the children (especially the daughters) of European soldiers, I have the honour to request that you will lay before the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council the enclosed circular, with my request for the sanction of Government, and that of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, to my circulating copies of the document among the several regiments of her Majesty's and the Honourable Company's troops on the Bengal Establishment.

2. I further beg the favourable consideration of Government to the following points:—

1st.—That, in whatever portion of the hills the establishment may be fixed, the under-mentioned officers belonging to the nearest stations or depôts may be declared to be the Government members of the Committee of Management, to be associated with five residents or visitors, the latter being selected by the subscribers to the funds of the institution:—The Commanding Officer, the Station Staff, the Chaplain, the Magistrate, the Civil Surgeon.

2nd.—That Government will permit the Committee to select from the ranks of the Army two married soldiers as

teachers and superintendents for the first hundred scholars, and an additional teacher for every hundred after the first; granting to these men the regimental pay of their rank with claim to pension. All extra salary to be paid by the Committee.

3rd.—That the present allowance to which European children are entitled be continued.

4th.—That such portions of surplus canteen funds as are appropriated to the instruction of regimental children shall go with them to the Asylum, rateably to the number of children—that is, if 100 rupees is yearly appropriated to the education of 100 children, and twenty of the latter are taken, that the canteen fund pay that number of rupees yearly to the Asylum Committee.

3. I offer no apology for thus intruding on the Governor-General in Council, because I know that both the Honourable the Court of Directors and the Government of India are desirous to forward all measures for the amelioration of the condition of any portion of their troops. It may, however, be necessary for me to state that my proposal is no sudden freak of wild enthusiasm, but the sober result of long acquaintance with the condition of barrack children, and of the especial degradation of girls. In the year 1842 I was for a single month in civil charge of Mussourie; had I remained I should have established a small European charity-school there. When in charge of Amballa, as soon as the Kussowlie Hill was brought within my jurisdiction, I proposed to Mr. Clerk the establishment of a European free school there. He entirely approved of the suggestion, but his illness and my own departure frustrated that scheme. I mention these points to show that I have long considered the subject.

4. I may now explain how the scheme got into the papers before I had procured the sanction of Government. During my brief charge of Mussourie, I visited Mr. Mackinnon's school, where I was much struck with the robust, active appearance of the pupils, as well as with that gentleman's management, and with the energy, ability, and good feeling displayed by him on all questions. On my arrival here, more

than a year ago, I wrote to him, asking what he thought of a Hill military asylum, to which I said that I would give a donation and monthly subscription. My letter was altogether private, but he being the editor of a small weekly journal (since defunct), alluded in one of his issues to my proposal. Some time after, the editor of the *Delhi Gazette* called upon the person who had made the offer to communicate with him, as he would gladly lend his influence to promote the establishment of an asylum. Being anxious to elicit the feeling of the English community, and show Government what support the scheme was likely to obtain, I then wrote two letters, under the signature of "H.," explaining my views. They drew forth some correspondence containing many good suggestions, and procured several donations and subscriptions, as well as some letters, showing that many warrant-officers are anxious for the establishment of an asylum, and willing to pay for the education of their children.

5. I calculate that, under good management, each child will not cost above 10 rupees per month; as soon, therefore, as Government sanction is obtained, a commencement may be made with the subscriptions and donations already registered. I have, however, little doubt that, as soon as the institution is fairly set on foot, many persons who have hitherto held back will come forward in its support. I have purposely refrained from drawing up any definite scheme of management, being desirous that, in the framing of rules, the institution should have the advantage of the judgment of the committee. In the course of three months all could be arranged by epistolary intercommunication; and next February the institution may be started.

6. Attached is an extract from a letter lately received from Mr. Mackinnon on the subject. I have, as suggested by him, addressed Major Smith and Dr. McAndrew.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. M. LAWRENCE, *Resident.*

MY DEAR COLONEL,— *Nepaul, 23rd July,* 1845.

MAY I beg the favour of your support to my project of a Hill School, which I have this day officially forwarded to

you. I have long had the scheme at heart, as likely to materially benefit the children of European soldiers. My first wish was to see the Calcutta Orphan Schools removed to the hills; and about this time last year I wrote officially to the Secretary, offering 5,000 rupees towards assisting the movement of part or all of the institution; but my offer was declined. I hope to have better luck in advocating an establishment for the reception of *all* European children, of both services.

Believe me, &c.

(*Signed*) H. M. LAWRENCE.

Colonel Stuart, Military Secretary.

Circular to be sent to the Commanding Officers of all her Majesty's and the Honourable Company's regiments, brigades, and battalions, on the Bengal Establishment:—

1. Government has sanctioned the formation of an asylum in the North-west Hills, for the education of soldiers' children, the locality to be hereafter determined.

2. Several gentlemen have come forward with subscriptions and donations; but, unless supported by the army generally, the scheme must fail. I will give a donation of five thousand rupees (5,000), and a yearly subscription of one thousand (1,000), as long as I am in India, and drawing a salary equal to that which I now receive. My money (5,500), including half-a-year's subscription *in advance*, shall be lodged in the Delhi Bank by the 1st January next, and I request that all subscribers and donors will lodge their contributions by that date, so that operations may commence early next year. Including the above, I calculate that 8,000 rupees donations and 2,000 rupees annual subscriptions have already been registered; when 2,000 rupees is added to the donations, and the annual subscriptions are doubled, giving us 10,000 rupees in hand, and a clear income of 4,000 rupees per annum, the establishment may be started with fifty pupils —twenty-five orphans, and as many children whose parents can pay for them, being at once admitted.

3. One with another, according to the annexed scale, and including the present Government allowance to children, I

calculate that those who pay will cost the institution very little extra; and that, after a fair start has been made, the expense of each free scholar will not average above 10 rupees per month, or seven in excess of the Government allowance. The number of the first class, then, can be indefinitely increased, and need be limited only by the extent of premises; but the amount of aid given to orphans must entirely depend on the support the institution receives from the public generally, and especially from the military of all ranks.

4. As many misconceptions appear to be afloat, I may remark, that I do not design the institution should be restricted to any particular division of Christians, or to any one arm of the service. I propose that *all* children, the offspring of European father and European mother, both of her Majesty's and the Honourable Company's army, whether Catholic or Protestant, be eligible for admittance; that the number of vacancies for the ensuing year be declared early in the previous September, and be allotted to regiments, brigades, and battalions, in proportion to their subscriptions, as per Explanatory Table No. 1.

5. Different hill stations have been suggested for the site of the institution. It, however, appears to me that the asylum should be in the vicinity of one of the established sanataria, both that the public should be able to visit and inspect the establishment and for the advantage of medical aid. A low site, about 5,500 feet high, somewhere in the rear of the centre of Mussourie would, I consider, combine most advantages as a retired position, suitable to all seasons, and within reach of local authorities.

6. The establishment to commence with a girls' asylum, to the extent of 100 orphans in excess of paying children; and then, according to the extent of funds in hand, a boys' establishment to be commenced on, within a reasonable distance of the female asylum. I wish the girls' department to be based on the same principle as the Calcutta Female Orphan Institution, with the economical modifications that may be found practicable in a cold climate. The boys' establishment to be on the strictest system of economy that will educate them as useful members of society.

7. It is proposed that the locality shall be decided by the votes of the majority of Subscribers. A donation of 100 rupees, or a subscription of 2 rupees monthly, entitling to one vote. Donors of 500 rupees, or subscribers of 5 rupees monthly, to have two votes. No one person to have more than two votes. Regiments to vote collectively; sixteen subscriptions of 2 annas entitling to two votes, according to Table No. 1.

8. A code of rules for the management of the asylum, embracing all internal arrangements, to be drawn up by a committee of eleven, five of whom to be appointed by Government, and six to be elected by the majority of votes. This committee to have full power over the funds, &c. &c., for two years, when a new election to take place.

9. The committee to form a code of rules for the management of the institution, which might be easily effected in the following manner: Let each member commit to paper his suggestions, *in detail*, and vote that one particular member should draw up the code; in whatever member's favour the majority of votes appear, let him be furnished with the recorded suggestions of all the other members, and, with their aid, draw up a full and minute code. This document might then be circulated to members for their remarks, and, after final revision by the preparer, be submitted to Government for approbation. The code having once obtained Government sanction, should be declared the law of the asylum.

10. Should any of the six members of the committee elected by subscribers be non-residents of the sanatarium, each individual should have the option of nominating his substitute from among the residents or visitors of the station.

11. To prevent delay, it is requested that the enclosed tables, after being filled up, may be returned to Major Lawrence, who will collect the votes, report the result to subscribers, and communicate with the gentlemen nominated as a committee. Speed is entreated, so that a commencement may be made before next hot weather.

Memorandum by LADY EDWARDES.

In the repose at Nepaul was planned and matured the scheme that first gave the English soldiers' children a Home in the Hills of India, and rescued them from the heat and danger (both physical and moral) of barrack-life in the plains. Up-hill and with difficulty the first effort was made; but it resulted in the "Lawrence Asylum at Sanâwur," which was endowed, and very largely supported through life by Sir Henry; and was left in loving legacy in his will at last, commended to the care of the Government that he had served so well, and that he died in the defence of.

And nobly has this request been responded to! and Government has taken upon itself the charge; and so fruitful has been this scheme of noble charity, devised by these two kind and loving hearts, resting in their weariness at Nepaul, that, not only at Sanâwur, but also at Murree, Mount Aboo, and Ootacamund, and in the Neilgherry Hills, stand now these noble Institutions—"Lawrence Asylums"—which will serve to keep Sir Henry Lawrence's name alive in the memories and hearts of his countrymen in India, when perhaps other deeds, that won more honour from the world, may be forgotten.

E. E.

The following is also a rough draft of a proposal to start the first Lawrence Asylum, drawn up by Sir Herbert (then Lieutenant) Edwardes, 1847:—

The funds of the proposed Hill Asylum for the children of European soldiers having now accumulated into a sum sufficient to start the institution, the requisite building will be begun so soon as the rains are over. Mussourie being thought too far away from any European station, a site near the Fir Tree Bungalow, between Soobathoo and Kerowlee, will most probably be selected. This will bring the schools within an easy walk of both those stations, and enable the European soldiers to judge for their comrades, and their comrades to judge for them, of the nature and working of the institution, and the education and treatment received by their children. The buildings will, it is confidently hoped, be

completed, and the schools opened, in January 1847. The principles on which the education will be conducted have already been explained in the public report of the meeting held in camp at Lahore; and, in spite of the attempts that have been made to misrepresent that report, it is known to the soldiers that the religious instruction of their children will be entirely dependent on the wishes of the parents; *i.e.* the Bible—the common text-book of Christians of all denominations—will be read in open school by all the children, but not commented on. It is in commentaries on the Bible that sects take their rise; and different Churches are the result of different inferences drawn from the same passages of Holy Writ. In the Hill Asylum, therefore, whose sole object is to do good to the soldier's child, the Bible will be read; but inferences will be left to the consciences, and commentaries to the priest or clergyman, whom Catholics and Protestants permit to be their children's spiritual guides. It is requested, therefore, that those fathers who have maturely considered these things, and weighed the advantages of obtaining a superior education for their children, now that the liberality of the Court of Directors has thrown open commissions to the European children, will put down upon this paper the number and names of the children they propose to send to the asylum.

From Sir H. Lawrence *to the* Rev. J. Parker.

Mount Aboo, July 1st, (1854 ?)
(Year not given.)

My dear Mr. Parker,—

. . . . In the history I would dwell on the barrack life of children, and show the number rescued from barracks, stating also that we have never forgotten that our original object was to get children from barracks, but that their parents have less appreciated the boon than warrant and other officers. At Aboo our proportion of barrack children is scarcely one fifth, and though we have a European regiment with 153 children in it, we have only seven of them. First thoughts as far as I can recollect were on my return from Cabul in December 1842, on finding myself appointed super-

intendent of the Dhoon, with charge of Mussourie. My reign, however, there was only for a month, when I returned for a year to the Sikh States. That year was one of so much toil that I had no time to think of extra work, and in December 1843, I was moved to Nepaul. During 1844 and 1845 we corresponded with several persons interested in the matter. Mr. Thomason, I think, was the first, and was at least the one on whom I most depended, but his response was cooler than I expected. He said there was already an asylum in Calcutta, the "European Female," &c. He, General Parsons, Mr. Martin Gubbins, C.S., Mr. Atherton, C.S., and others gave liberal donations or subscriptions, but many to whom we wrote gave no answer. About July, 1845, I offered the managers of the Upper and Lower Orphan School some pecuniary help if they would move to a Hill Station. I got a cool answer to the effect that the scheme was impracticable. I then wrote officially to Government, suggesting an asylum; after some months I received an official reply, sending me the opinions of the officers commanding artillery regiments, and the two European regiments, with a few lines to the effect that I would perceive that my plan was not feasible. I saw nothing of the kind. The commandant of artillery's letter was favourable, and one of the others was little less so; the writer of the third said he could not give an opinion. He might have said, with the writer of the Government letter to me, that he did not care to trouble himself in the matter.

Such was the state of affairs when I joined the army of the Sutlej in 1845. In March of that year, a few days after the army had reached Lahore, Sir Hugh (Lord) Gough kindly consented to attend a meeting at which Sir Henry Smith, Colonel (now General) Grant, Colonel Havelock, Colonel Birch, Lieutenant (now Colonel) H. Edwardes, and other officers were present. At that meeting, at my request, many more commissioned officers of all persuasions attended. I explained my views and wishes. That the asylum was for *all* soldiers' children, and especially for those in the barracks. That the Bible must be read *by all*, and Bible instruction be

given *to all;* but that Romanists and Dissenters might be instructed by their own pastors, on fixed days, and under fixed arrangements.

Officers and soldiers were generally satisfied, the only dissent was from Sir Harry Smith, who proposed a division of the fund, and the establishment of two asylums. I replied, that he could establish a Roman Catholic Asylum if he liked, but I could not consent to the appropriation of any portion of the funds collected by me to any institution but *one*. Finally, he gave in to the rules as published.

Colonel Edwardes thinks that I yielded Rule —— to Sir Harry Smith's outcry, but I am sure this is a mistake, and believe I took the rules in rough to the meeting, and that there was no substantial alteration made. The proceedings of that meeting are probably among the asylum records. My idea was then still for Mussourie. The result of the meeting was a good collection. . . I forget whether it was on the day of parting that March (1846), or in March 1847, that I asked Lord Hardinge for Government help, and he kindly promised all that was eventually given. It was at 4 A.M., on taking leave of him at the Ghât of the Byas River, in March 1846, *I am pretty sure.*

During the hot weather, about August 1846, in company with Colonel Boileau, of the Engineers, and, I think, Lieutenant (now Major) Becher of the Engineers, and Lieutenant Hodson of the Fusiliers, I searched for a site around Kussowlee, and on the Fir Tree Ridge in the old road to Soobathoo. My object being to have the asylum within my own jurisdiction, the cis-Sutlej States being under me as resident at Lahore; Mussourie was not so. We nearly fixed on a spur of the Kussowlee Hill, but eventually selected the Hill of Sanâwur as combining most of the requisites for an asylum, viz. isolation, with ample space, and plenty of water, at a good height, in a healthy locality not far from European troops. The selection was most fortunate, and I doubt not I owe it to my companions.

In November of that year, 1846, Maharajah Goolab Sing offered me a lakh of rupees for the asylum. I told him that

if he still wished to give the money after an interval of a twelvemonth, to inform me by letter, and I would ask for Government sanction. Two or three times within the year the offer was repeated, and eventually I asked and obtained sanction. The money was at once funded, and still remains so. It is our only capital.

As soon as the site was fixed, the buildings were commenced. Lieutenant Hodson took much trouble with them. In March 1847, the asylum was opened under the charge of Mrs. George Lawrence, wife of Colonel George Lawrence, with about twenty children, seventeen of them having been sent from Lahore by me; eight of them being Roman Catholics. Mrs. Lawrence very successfully superintended the asylum till the cold weather of 1847. An apothecary in the service, Mr. Healy, had been selected as medical officer and assistant master. He aided Mrs. Lawrence, and on her departure remained in full charge till the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Parker, in February 1848.

During the year 1846-7, Mrs. Henry (Lady) Lawrence advertised for masters and a governess. After much correspondence, and many personal interviews with parties desiring employment, as also with persons interested in education, she selected Mr. William Parker, who had been recommended to her by Mr. Tufnell, as superintendent of the asylum, and resolved for the present not to send out a governess or matron. Mr. Parker had many interviews with Lady Lawrence, and eventually embarked with his family, and reached Calcutta in December, meeting Colonel H. (Sir Henry) Lawrence there on his way to England. Mr. Parker was ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta, and started for his inland journey to Sanâwur.

During 1848, Sir H. Lawrence selected a gentleman as second master, also a pupil-teacher and a matron, both of whom reached India with him and Lady Lawrence in December 1848. Though the matron had been recommended as *the one* fitting person in a large training establishment in London, she evinced so little fitness that it was thought advisable to give her 80*l.* to go back from Bombay. The second master

joined the asylum, but soon became dissatisfied, and left. The pupil-teacher, William Hallifax, was a first-rate instructor, worked his time, and a farther term, and then took his discharge.

The success of the asylum is mainly, if not entirely, owing to two persons; indirectly to Lady Lawrence, directly to Mr. Parker—to the first for selecting the second. Her task was no slight one, undertaken and carried out in very weak health. His has been before our eyes for eight years, and its result is in the well-being of the asylum with its many inmates.

On Sir H. M. Lawrence leaving the Punjaub, Maharajah Goolab Sing, instead of joining the testimonial to him, sent 25,000 rupees to his successor for the asylum; this occurred two or three months after his departure.

In 1850, Sir H. and Lady Lawrence remained a fortnight on the asylum premises, and again stayed there for two months in the autumn of 1851, daily looking into all departments of the institution, and testing its working in all branches. Lady Lawrence during these visits daily talked to the girls, and evinced a mother's interest in their welfare. Being unable to walk among them, they would flock around her litter and watch for its coming down to their play-ground. I have sat up till past twelve to write this letter, which gives pretty much all I can say. If you desire more, pray send me questions, which shall be promptly answered. The less said in the history about me the better, but give the credit due to my brothers George and John, to Edwardes, Hodson, and others, who from the beginning have helped us, and without ostentation have (my brothers) kept up a warm interest.

H. M. L.

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How this first Lawrence Asylum flourished, and grew into the noble institution it now is, and how, like an elder sister, it led on many others afterwards by its good example, all India can tell. A few words written

in April 1857, by the hand that traced these first chapters, give a glimpse of it then still under the superintendence of its first principal.

The accompanying sketch shows its beautiful position among the first ranges of Himalayan mountains, and has an appropriate interest as being taken from Kussowlee, the place where Lady Lawrence spent so much of the anxious time that she waited for her husband's return from Cabul. Dear, beautiful Kussowlee!

From SIR HERBERT EDWARDES, *writing to* LADY EDWARDES.

25th April 1857.

. . . With the asylum I was quite delighted. It has expanded into a perfect parish, clustering round a most English-looking church. The discipline and order of the whole institution are very remarkable, as well as the health and strength of the boys and girls. Above all, I was pleased with Mr. Parker. His universal ability is exhibited at every turn. He has both planned and executed everything. The children evidently regard him with that mingling of confidence and fear which is inspired by a really good schoolmaster.

. . . Mr. Parker told me that the Romish priest's congregation had dwindled to two children, at which point the priest abandoned the institution and retired to Agra, whence the bishop has since fulminated a sentence of condemnation. . . .

* * * * * * *

A few papers follow, written by Sir Henry Lawrence, at different dates, when another asylum was being planned for Mount Aboo, in Rajpootana, before Sir Henry Lawrence left it for Oudh, in 1857 :—

Mount Aboo, November 20th, 1856.

. . . The thanks of the Committee are due to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, and to Mr. Legh for the progress and well-being of the children and for their own zeal and kindliness.

Being about to proceed to the Plains, I now record my often-expressed opinion that the chief defect in the school is a defect in bodily energy in the children. I wish each boy to learn the use of his hands at some trade, I don't care what it is. Let him cobble, carpenter, tailor, or smith. This should be apart from telegraph survey, printing, or gardening work.

Boys must be taught not to be ashamed to put their hands to anything; to consider labour as honourable, and to see the advantage to themselves of being handy.

There should be no loitering in the verandahs or within doors in the morning and evening; running, jumping, climbing, &c., should be encouraged. The boys, and indeed the girls, should be occasionally taken across country, and occasionally to break the monotony of their walk by running races, double quick, &c. &c.

Referring to to-day's distribution of prizes, I wish the dullest child to be made to understand that a prize may be obtained by industry and good conduct. Every one that *tries*, whether he or she succeeds or not, shall get a prize next year.

H. M. LAWRENCE.

To LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MILLER, *Artillery, Secretary to the Ootacamund School, &c.*

Camp Neemuch, January 20th, 1857.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge this day the receipt of your letter of the 27th ultimo, and regret very much the views of your Committee. *From the outset all* the children at the Lawrence Asylum have read the Bible. Of the first batch of children sent to the asylum from Lahore by me in 1847 seven or eight out of about sixteen were Roman Catholics, whose parents *were distinctly told* by myself that *all children* admitted to the asylum must read the Bible. *Not one* parent objected. It is quite true that the proportions of Roman Catholics have since greatly decreased, and that there are now few in the asylum, but this is attributable to the priests, and *not* to parents. I have no desire to force the consciences of Roman Catholics. Indeed, I do not desire

that disputed points of Scripture be mooted in the schools, but that such portions be read in common as Protestants and Roman Catholics acknowledge. Rule 27 protects Roman Catholics from Rule 29 being *offensively used*, while Rules 28, 30, and 31 provide for the special separate instructions of Roman Catholics by their own pastors. As a Protestant I cannot concede more, and in yielding this much I give offence to many excellent Christians who are urging me to cancel 27, 28, 30, and 31. Were I to agree to cancel 29, I should be acting in opposition to the principles that have guided me in the establishment for soldiers' children.

I beg, then, it be understood that my donations and subscriptions will depend on the authorized version of the Bible being read in open school in the school, in the spirit of Rule 27. Trusting that this explanation will prove satisfactory, and that the schools will be established at Ootacamund, and begging you will thank the Committee for their kind and friendly expressions, I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. M. LAWRENCE.

Here Lady Edwardes's paper concludes.

One of the last memoranda in Sir H. Lawrence's Nepaul Journal relates his attendance at a ceremony which has now, happily, become matter of past history, not only in British India, but throughout the Native States, excepting when an instance occasionally occurs in some dark and unfrequented corner, which, if reported, is always visited with the severest reprobation within the power of Government. And the condemnation thus passed on the practice has gradually, we may hope, revived the sentiments long expressed in the better part of the Hindoo devotional literature. "They are not suttees who perish in the flames, O Nânuk! Suttees are those who die of a broken heart. (Adee Grunth.)"

November 5, 1845.—I have just returned from a Suttee; after twenty years' residence in India this is the first I have seen. A terrible sight, but less so than I expected. The woman was cool and collected, and evidently under no sort of coercion. The corpse was that of a Goorkha commandant; it was laid on a small platform, raised on six or eight stakes driven into an island, eight or nine feet square, in the bed of the Bagmutty. The platform had a double bottom; between the two was laid wood, resin, and ghee; the corner stakes met above, forming a rude canopy. About a hundred spectators, chiefly beggars and old women, were collected to view the spectacle. Ten or twelve Sepoys, and as many Brahmins, were assisting around the pile. When Dr. Christie and I arrived, the woman was inside a small (open) rattee close to the river, apparently dressing; we could just see her tinsel head-dress. In about five minutes she came out mounted on the back of a man. At the edge of the rattee her carrier stopped, and she, dipping her finger in a platter, took red dye stuff and made teekas on the foreheads of some of the assistants. He then carried her to the pile, and round it four or five times, during which time she took rice and spices from a platter and threw it to the people around, who held out their hands, and many their sheets, to catch it; others begged for alms and her ornaments. Two or three tomtoms were all the time being beat. After finishing the circuits she dismounted, stooped, and washed her hands in the river, and then uncovered her husband's feet, placed her head to them, and kissed them. She then ascended the pile, made more distributions of rice, &c., and some pice, and commenced disrobing herself, taking off her tiara and upper coloured silks, and gave them to persons around. She then sat down and took off her armlets and bracelets and gave them. All this took at least a quarter of an hour, during which time she was as composed as at a festival. She then lay down close behind the corpse, her head close to her husband's. The platform was so narrow that she had to be squeezed between the corpse and the stakes on her side. Her hair throughout was loose, hanging over her shoulder; she

was a Goorkha, about thirty-five or forty years old. When laid down the coloured sheet over her husband was drawn so as to cover her too, and then three strong bamboos were placed across the pair, and each held at either end by a man so as to prevent her rising. They did not press on her, but would have effectually kept her down had she struggled. Over these bamboos some loose faggots were thrown, and then two lighted lamp-wicks were placed on the head of the corpse, and a minute after a torch was applied under the platform close to the heads, when a strong flame broke out; the crowd shouted and the tomtoms beat more loudly so as to have drowned any cry that may have been uttered by the victim; but whatever were her pains, they could not have lasted a minute. The fire was fed with ghee and sulphur, and a strong flame kept up so as in five minutes to have quite consumed all the head of the platform. I have seen the sad spectacle, and shall not willingly witness another. The old hags around me grinned with delight; ours were the only sad countenances. I saw two or three women near the victim who were probably relations, but such could not be known from their actions; all was utter unconcern.

In a few days more Lawrence received the summons which decided the course of his remaining life. The first Sikh war had broken out. The fiercely-contested action with which it commenced had excited an anxiety which our success at Ferozeshuhur, bravely as that field was won, had been insufficient to remove. "A battle" (in the words of Major Cunningham, the historian of the Sikhs) "had been won, and more than seventy pieces of artillery, and some conquered or confiscated territories, graced the success; but the victors had lost a seventh of their number; they were paralyzed after their prodigious exertions and intense excitement, and the Sikhs were allowed to cross the Sutlej at their leisure, to prepare for fresh contests."

Among the heaviest losses sustained by our army was that of Major Broadfoot, whose knowledge of the country and people rendered his services of the highest importance to Lord Hardinge. And it was especially to replace Major Broadfoot that Major Lawrence was now summoned in the following pressing letter from the Governor-General's Secretary, Mr. Currie:—[3]

Camp Ferozepoor, December 24, 1845.

My dear Lawrence,—We have had some *very* hard fighting, as you will have hereafter; but our troops have been victorious in every engagement. . . .

Then follows an account of the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshuhur.

This is a very imperfect notice of our operations. The engagements were very severe; our loss is heavy, and the bodies of the Khalsajee are strewed over miles of their territories.

But to the main purport of my letter. Broadfoot is killed, and you are required forthwith. You should make over charge to your assistant, who I conclude is still at Nepaul, and come *with all despatch* to this place. There will be a modification of late arrangements, and more direct control over departments here will be exercised by the Governor-General through my office than has hitherto been the case. But your position will be in all respects satisfactory to you, and the Punjaub is before us. *Come quickly.* We have lost many valuable officers, and the Governor-General's staff has been much cut up. . . . Your corps has its full share of killed. . . . I have no time for more; lose no time in coming; you are a long way off.

F. Currie.

This was received by Lawrence at Goruckpore (as Lady Lawrence reports) at 7 P.M., January 6th, and at

[3] Now member of the Council of India.

3 P.M. next day "he was off." So his wife informs Mr. Clerk[4] in the following letter, dated from Segowlee on her own way to Calcutta, whence she sailed for England, for the sake of her health and the care of her children, in February 1846, leaving him for the time to pursue his further destiny alone:—

MRS. LAWRENCE *to* GEORGE CLERK, ESQ.

MY DEAR MR. CLERK,— *Segowlee, January* 1846.

I WOULD not venture to obtrude my feminine politics on any public man but yourself, but I think you will do me the justice to believe that I only wish to transmit to you my husband's views—to say for him, what he now has no leisure to say for himself. If your health admits, I do hope we may be saying the same, and much more to yourself, before this can reach you, for we never think of a new province across the Sutlej without thinking of you as its governor.

You know how Lawrence always longed to be again on that frontier, but it is satisfactory now to feel that he never had a shade of grudge or jealousy on Major Broadfoot's appointment, and that they two corresponded on matters up there in the most cordial manner. Lawrence's first letter, offering Major Broadfoot all the help and information he could furnish, crossed one from the latter, asking for the same.

I believe Major Broadfoot's mother and sister, to whom he was everything, are still alive. When I go home I hope to see them, and add ours to the many testimonies they will have to his high character.

A soldier like him can be ill spared now. I forget when my husband last wrote to you, not, I think, since the appointment of Futteh Jung Chountra as minister. He is a timid, nervous creature, who seems to live with a drawn sword over his head, in every point a contrast to poor Matabur.

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[4] Sir H. Lawrence's early friend and adviser in India, often referred to in the first volume; afterwards Governor of Bombay; now member of the Council of India.

The Chountra affects great simplicity, and even poverty, in his dress, &c., has a small sawaree, and very few soldiers and hangers-on about his gates. He always gets *a pain in his stomach* when he is summoned to Durbar, and feels afraid to go.

The man with real influence is Guggur Sing, now a general, originally a slave. He is, in appearance, like Matabur, and seems to have some of his *pluck*. According to report, he and the Maharanee carry everything their own way, the Chountra being afraid to act, and the young *Absalom* of a prince being very quiet for some months past, occasionally telling his papa that if he is not placed on the guddee he will go and turn Fakeer at Kassee, and now and then putting an officer, who has been too obsequious to Guggur Sing, to stand all day in a pond.

Jung Bahadoor, Matabur's nephew, is likewise a general, and called commander-in-chief. He takes no very prominent part just now, and seems to spend his energies in devising new uniforms. But he is active and intelligent, and if (perhaps it would be more correct to say, *when*) there is another slaughter in the Durbar, the struggle will probably be between Jung Bahadoor and Guggur Sing.

The Maharajah goes on the same inexplicable way, apparently afraid of his son, yet putting him forward, and at the same time seeming to allow the Maharanee and Guggur Sing to be the virtual rulers of the country. Possibly he has heard of the Kilkenny cats. The Rajah never was so civil to Lawrence as for the last two or three months, when they met on the road, getting out of his palkee and walking with him—almost apologizing for Matabur's murder, saying he had warned the general and expostulated in vain, and that at last it was plain *both* could not live. When we left Nepaul last month we were allowed to come down by the Phirfung road, which no European ever before traversed, and is mentioned, I think, even by Kirkpatrick, as jealously guarded. For travellers it is a much better road than our old one by Chitlong, being admirably laid out, and as good as the road from Sabathoo to Simla. But it is full ten miles longer

than the Chitlong road, by which Lawrence says he would prefer leading a force. . . . You will, I am sure, like to know Lawrence's proceedings, and how aptly he was here, ready to be off at a day's warning to Ferozepoor. He had applied for leave from 15th November to 15th February to take me to Calcutta, making over charge to his assistant, Captain Ottley. Tim was to accompany me home. Our little *Nepaulee* son was to stay and take care of his papa. In October, however, Captain Ottley expressed his determination to go home, and Lawrence thereupon determined to accompany me only as far as Dinapoor. We left Nepaul on the 11th of December, and had a delightful march, made very slowly on account of my weakness, till we reached our own border at Kuksaol,[5] on the 23rd of December. There we got the first tidings of the Sikh inroad. Lawrence galloped into Gorrukpoor to hear further particulars and meet Mr. Thomason for a day or two. On the 6th of January (the very day our troops marched from Cabul four years ago), we had made our arrangements; next morning I was to start for Dinapoor, my husband for Nepaul. At seven o'clock that evening he got a letter from Mr. Currie, summoning him to Ferozepoor, and at 3 P.M. next day he was off. I am waiting here now till his papers come from Nepaul, that I may sort and forward them to him. . . . Probably you have heard of the suspicions now awake regarding disaffection to a large extent among our troops; indeed, the two (12th and 14th) regiments at Ferozepoor have proved that *they*, at least, are mutinous. Lawrence has had much correspondence from Patna, Benares, and other stations below Cawnpore regarding the intrigue having extended to Nepaul, and the whole of the 7th regiment of Cavalry here, Mussulmans almost to a man, being implicated. Captain Wheler knows the corps well, and does not so far see any ground for suspecting any of his men; but it is pretty certain that agents have been at work here, and that presents have been sent up from the Betiah Rajah to Nepaul; and there are so many and extensive *slight* symptoms in many places that Lawrence and Captain Wheler think there *is* unusual activity in laying

[5] *Sic.*

trains to the powder-barrel to be found in every Native court and corps. Lawrence used to say that any inroad on our frontier would be too mad an act even for Ghorkhajee. But, after the Sikhs crossing the Sutlej, it is hard to say what would be too mad for any one to do; and an outbreak just now, when all below Cawnpore is stripped of troops, would at any rate cause much bloodshed and distress, end how it might. There was vast talk about the Rajah increasing the number of his regiments, but I fancy this has ended in the manufacture of 3,000 skullcaps for the soldiers already forthcoming,—at least *tailors* seemed more in request than officers at Nepaul. The Rajah has repeatedly offered 5,000 of his troops to aid us against the Sikhs, and Lawrence would be very glad if 500 of them were taken to serve with our army, as hostages for the troops at Nepaul. You know his opinion of that army, that they would be a formidable defensive force in their own strong country, but very insignificant invaders without either cavalry or guns (they *have* plenty of guns, but could not easily move them), and there is not a man of them who ever saw a shot fired; yet, really, people in the plains talk of the Nepaul horsemen just as of the Afghan. I wish you could have seen some of the riders, when Matabur insisted on the officers being mounted, and every bazaar in the neighbouring plains was ransacked for tattoos. It *was* formidable when we were out in the carriage of an evening, and met a few colonels and *Komadans* holding hard on their vicious brutes that utterly refused to obey the rein, squeezing almost against the carriage-wheels, while the rider, in a flurry of politeness and fright, kept, "Salam, Sahib, salam—nyaghora, sahib—bohut tez."[6]

It would puzzle a professor of political economy to account for such a lying and murderous Durbar, such an inoffensive army, and such a prosperous, well-fed, well-clothed, well-lodged population, all crowded into that bit of a valley.

And now I will release you from this *essay*, entreating again that you will acquit me of the affectation of forming opinions of my own on points I know so little about. But I

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[6] "Salam, sir, salam—a new horse—very fresh."

know you liked to hear my husband's notions, and these I can give pretty faithfully.

I expect to sail from Calcutta next month, probably in the Queen, taking our two boys with me. I should be delighted to see you in England, and, moreover, I am sure that, if you remain there, you will do me the same *great* kindness you did four years ago in keeping me apprised of what is going on. . . . . I hope you are becoming very strong and well, to be Governor of the Punjaub, and that your family are all as well as you could wish. Will you remember me most kindly to Mrs. Clerk, whom I hope to have the pleasure of meeting in England. How do your boys get on at Rugby? We have just been reading Dr. Arnold's Life, and I feel as if even the air of the place where that man lived and laboured must be good for a boy.

The last entry in Lawrence's Nepaul Journal thus sums up his experiences in the most tranquil chapter of his life:—

Segowlee, 7th January 1846.

Last evening, on my return from Molikaree, I found a letter from Government calling me to the North-West. I wished for many reasons to delay a week, but I *ought* to go at once. I therefore wrote off three letters to lay bearers, and in half-an-hour (2.30 P.M.) I started after my palankeen, which went off two hours ago. We have had two most happy years here; and, amidst some discomforts, have had many blessings, and have enjoyed, and, I hope, have not envied others. We have gained some experience, and, I trust, will both be the better for our seclusion. My wife, my darling wife, will support herself, and believe that He who brought us together, and has kept us midst many dangers and many partings, can and will protect us still. May we both trust in our Saviour, and endeavour to show our trust by our conduct.

His "memorandum for Captain Wheler," to whom he handed over the acting administration of

the Residentship, is brief and to the purpose. The following extracts may suffice:—

7th January 1846.

You will perceive that the object of Government is in no way to interfere with Nepaul domestic affairs, but simply to watch British interests. The Rajah and Minister are the only persons with whom you have official communication; you address the latter, and receive and talk to such persons as are sent by the Maharajah. Be civil to the Heir Apparent, and *all others;* but have no official, and as little as possible other communication with any but the Rajah and his Chief Minister. You probably will be tempted; be very civil, but very firm in holding aloof from others.

The Minister is respectable but timid; the real power is in the hands of General Guggur Sing and the Maharanee, whose attendant he is. He will most probably send to you: be civil to the messenger, but, as far as possible, only see him before the Assistant or Dr. ——. Let all that is said be before witnesses, or you are liable to be belied. . . . .

The Rajah is suspicious, and full of intrigue: be patient and polite, but firm to him. Perfect coolness and apparent unconcern as to all that is going on is, perhaps, the wisest course.

Above all, remember that at all times *peace* is the object of Government; and that now especially it will be desirable. This can be best effected by the course above recommended.

The most fruitful sources of disturbance are women and cows. Warn your servants against offences; and, on your arrival, remind the Residency people of the orders regarding women.

I cannot close this chapter without adding one word on the manner in which both husband and wife found, in their distant political headquarters, leisure—and, what was more difficult, means—to attend to the demands of public liberality and private munificence. I certainly feel, for my own part, that the precept,

which rests at once on the highest authority and on the most sacred internal feelings, to abstain from all ostentation of charitable actions, has its obligation even beyond the grave. There is, in my judgment, something indecorous and unworthy in bringing prominently before the public the beneficent acts of one who, in his lifetime, would have shrunk from such display of them. Such deeds have their assured reward, but that reward is not to be found either in contemporary or posthumous fame. Nevertheless, I am sensible, also, that I should perform very imperfectly the office of delineating the entire character of Sir Henry Lawrence if I altogether omitted to dwell on this strongly-marked feature in it; for his charities were really not to be measured by the standard to which men are accustomed. They were, to speak plainly, extraordinary. We have seen how the time at Khatmandoo was used in founding the Lawrence Asylum. I have found accidentally among the mass of his papers an undated and unsigned memorandum of the amount of subscriptions which he gave in three years (they were those of his Punjaub government, a little later than the time with which I am now dealing) to certain Calcutta charities. It was his habit to transmit these to Mr. Marshman, who has verified the paper for me. I subjoin the letter which Mr. Marshman has kindly written me in explanation of it:—

The memorandum is one that I sent him. He was one of the largest-hearted men it has been my happiness to know. When he was appointed Resident at Khatmandoo he immediately wrote to me to say that he was in the receipt of a larger income than he had ever enjoyed (I almost think his previous allowances in the military service had never exceeded

800 rupees a month), and that he considered it his first duty to do as much good with it as possible; and he asked me to become his almoner to the various Christian and benevolent agencies in and around Calcutta. At the same time he promised to send me 1,000 rupees every quarter to be distributed among them; and he continued the remittance without interruption until he accompanied Lord Hardinge to England. The memorandum is a portion of my periodical report to him of the various institutions which had benefited by his liberality.

1844.

	Co.'s Rupees.	
Received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence		2,000
Dr. McGowan's Hospital	300	
The Serampore Native Hospital	200	
The Free Church, Calcutta	300	
The European Female Orphan Asylum	100	
Mrs. Voigt, for the Poor	100	
The Calcutta Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society	100	
The Bengal Auxiliary London Missionary Society	100	
The Sailors' Home	150	
The Christian Tract and Book Society	100	
The Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society.....	100	
The District Charitable Society	150	
The Bible Association	100	
The Fever Hospital.....	100	
The Church Missionary Society	100	2,000

1845.

Received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, first instalment of 1845		1,000
Ditto ditto second instalment of 1845		1,000
Ditto ditto third instalment of 1845		1,000
Ditto ditto fourth instalment of 1845		1,000
		4,000
The Free Church Institution	300	
The Benevolent Institution, first three months of 1845	150	
The Serampore Hospital	100	
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100	
The District Charitable Society	150	
The Serampore College	100	
The Loodianah Press	100	
Mrs. Wilson	300	
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100	
The Benevolent Institution, second three months of 1845	150	
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100	
The Benevolent Institution, third quarter of 1845	150	
Subscription to Dr. Yate's Tablet	25	1,825
December 31, balance in hand		2,175
		4,000

1846.

		Co.'s Rupees.
Balance in hand		2,175
Received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, first instalment of 1846		1,000
		3,175
The Benevolent Institution, fourth quarter of 1845	150	
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100	
The Bengal Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society	100	
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100	
The District Charitable Society	100	
The Free Church Mission, Calcutta	200	
The Benevolent Institution, first six months of 1846	150	
The European Orphan Asylum	100	
The Bengal Auxiliary London Missionary Society	100	
The Bengal Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society	100	
The Church Missionary Society	100	
The Irish Relief Fund	200	1,500
December 31, balance in hand		1,675
		3,175

1847.

Balance in hand		1,675
Received from Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, second instalment of 1846		1,000
Ditto ditto first instalment of 1847		1,000
Ditto ditto second instalment of 1847		1,000
		4,675
The Benevolent Institution, second six months of 1846	150	
The Calcutta Diocesan Clergy Society	100	
The Benevolent Institution, first six months of 1847	150	
The Serampore Hospital	100	
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	150	
The Serampore College	150	
The Serampore Missionary Society	50	
The Bengal Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society	100	
The District Charitable Society	100	
The European Orphan Asylum	100	
The Bengal Auxiliary London Missionary Society	100	
The Church Missionary Society	100	
The Christian Tract and Book Society	100	
The Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society.....	100	
The Bible Association	100	
The Calcutta Christian School Book Society	100	
The Benevolent Institution, second six months of 1847	150	
The Serampore Ladies' Benevolent Society	100	2,000
Balance in hand		2,675
		4,675

To these must, of course, be added his unrecorded donations of all kinds; and, first and foremost, his lavish contributions towards the creature of his zeal

and forethought—"the Asylum." And, when it is remembered that he was entirely without private fortune; that all he could give was saved out of a handsome allowance, doubtless, but which had to meet his claims of personal expense and of provision for a growing family, I think it will be found that similar examples of quiet self-denial and well-doing are rare enough in his station, or in any other. At the same time, the whole of the lesson should be given. It was matter of deep regret to Lawrence in later days, as we shall find from the record of his after life, that he had not used the time by taking ampler forethought for the future demands of his children.

CHAPTER XIV.

1845—1848.

APPOINTMENT AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S AGENT FOR THE PUNJAUB AND THE FRONTIER—BATTLE OF SOBRAON—OCCUPATION OF LAHORE—DISPOSAL OF CASHMERE—QUESTION OF ANNEXATION RAISED—OPINIONS OF HENRY LAWRENCE ON THIS SUBJECT—TREATY WITH THE SIKH GOVERNMENT, THE 9TH MARCH 1846—DEALINGS WITH GOOLAB SING—"COW" DISTURBANCE AT LAHORE—REDUCTION OF THE FORT OF KANGRA—MADE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, JUNE 1846—EXPEDITION TO CASHMERE—INSTALLATION OF GOOLAB SING—TREACHERY AND TRIAL OF LAL SING—TREATY OF BYROWAL—COUNCIL OF REGENCY ESTABLISHED AT LAHORE, DECEMBER 1846—LAWRENCE'S ASSISTANTS IN THE PUNJAUB—INTRIGUES AND REMOVAL OF THE MAHARANEE, AUGUST 1847—QUITS INDIA ON LEAVE FOR ENGLAND—MADE K.C.B., MARCH 1848—OUTBREAK IN THE PUNJAUB DURING HIS ABSENCE—CONSULTED IN ENGLAND—LEAVES AGAIN FOR INDIA, NOVEMBER 1848.

MAJOR LAWRENCE had already (before the summons reached him) been appointed by Sir Henry Hardinge the Governor-General's Agent for foreign relations, and for the affairs of the Punjaub (the 3rd January 1846), to which was added (the 1st April) an appointment of Governor-General's Agent for the affairs of the North-West frontier. He was thus replaced as principal in the position which he had been sent to fill as Assistant in March 1840. Sir Henry Hardinge was fully aware that he had no man at his disposal pos-

sessed of anything approaching to Lawrence's qualifications for the post; and, it must be added, that there was from a very early date, in the relations between Hardinge and himself, a peculiar cordiality and sympathy, which are evinced throughout the whole course of a most intimate correspondence.

Henry Lawrence was present at the "crowning victory" of Sobraon; and, though his duties as Political Agent were not compatible with much of active military service, yet (as Major Macgregor observes of him, in a letter written after his death, 23rd April 1860): "Henry Lawrence, even when in the highest employ, was always the artillery officer, always working his guns (or, rather, the guns of others) in the field, when not engaged in council." The publication of the work of Major Cunningham (*History of the Sikhs*), in which it was suggested that the great cause of the Khâlsa was, in fact, "sold" by the Sikh leaders on that occasion, excited a controversy which it is unnecessary now to revive, but which produced at the time a good deal of soreness, especially in the mind of Sir Henry Hardinge. It was with a view to this discussion that Lawrence, some years afterwards (the 20th March 1850), addressed to his old chief the following letter, narrating the circumstances of the engagement, so far as they fell within his own cognizance:—

Cunningham was with your lordship in the early part of the day at Sobraon. You sent him to bring up the horse artillery; a few minutes afterwards you sent Mills; and then in your anxiety to get them, you sent me. . . . . I found Mills getting one troop ready to move. I ordered the two others to join it, and told Mills to bring all; and then pushed back to join you, and found you opposite a high battery of the enemy, near their left centre, where they were making a

stand, after our troops had entered their lines at other points. By your desire, I told Horsford (now Colonel) to unlimber and open his battery of nine-pounders on them. We were then about 200 or 250 yards from the point which they held, and the lines on our right were in our possession. Horsford did not fire more than one or two rounds; but your lordship must have remained some time in that direction, for I next remember being sent by you to the bank of the river, on the enemy's original left, to tell Alexander, who was with the guns, which must in the interim have been brought up by Mills, to withdraw, if he suffered much from the enemy's fire from the opposite side of the river.

I must pass very rapidly over the remaining events of the first Sikh campaign, in which Sir Henry bore rather a political than a military part. On the 28th January 1846, Sir Harry Smith fought the battle of Aliwal:—

This action (I quote from Sir Henry's own account, or rather defence, of Lord Hardinge's administration, which first appeared in the *Calcutta Review*, and is reprinted in Sir Henry's collected *Essays*) secured the communications, and the authorities could now await without anxiety the arrival of the siege train.

On the 10th February was fought the decisive battle of Sobraon; and it may not be out of place to reproduce Sir Henry's remarks, in his special character of artillery officer, on some problems of strategical science raised by this short campaign:—

The question has often been asked, why were not the entrenchments at Sobraon and Ferozeshah turned? why attacked in the face of the formidable Sikh artillery? The same question might be asked of almost every Indian battle. The Duke of Wellington wisely counselled taking an Asiatic army in motion; but he himself, with half his numbers, attacked them at Assaye, in position, and by a forward movement. At Mehidpoor, where, perhaps, the

next most formidable display of cannon was encountered by an Anglo-India army, Hyslop and Malcom—the latter, at least, accustomed to Indian warfare, and trained in the school of Wellington—not only attacked the Corg army in front, but crossed a deep river under fire. But the fact is, that Ferozeshah was not to be outflanked, its oblong figure was nearly equally formidable in every direction; and, had Sir Hugh Gough attacked on the northward face, he might have subjected himself to the double fire of Tej Sing in his rear and the works in his front, besides having abandoned the line of communication with his wounded and baggage at Moodkhee. As matters turned out at Sobraon, perhaps, the cavalry and Grey's division, with some horse artillery, might have crossed the Sutlej simultaneously with the attack, and completed the destruction of the panic-stricken Sikhs. We say, perhaps, for even now we are not satisfied that the move would have been a safe one.

A few days only intervened between the day of Sobraon and the occupation of the Sikh capital, Lahore. It is necessary shortly to review the political state of things under which the occupation took place. The death of the famous and successful ruler of the Punjaub, Runjeet Sing, had left his throne to the precarious keeping of a boy heir, Dhuleep Sing; an intriguing mother, the "Maharanee;" and her confidential adviser, placed by public belief in too intimate relations with her, the Rajah Lal Sing, a name very familiar to those conversant with Indian politics a quarter of a century ago. Already, at this early period, there were many in India, some at home, who counselled the employment of our victory by the annexation of the Punjaub to the British dominions. Such was not the policy of Hardinge.

He had (says Mr Marshman—*History of India*, iii. 298), neither the means nor the desire of annexation . . . . He considered it necessary to punish the Sikh nation for

past offences, and to prevent the recurrence of aggression, but he was anxious to perform these duties without suppressing its political existence. Immediately after the Sikh army invaded our territory he had issued a proclamation confiscating the cis-Sutlej possessions of the Lahore crown; and he now annexed the Jullunder Dooab, or district lying between the Sutlej and the Beeas,[1] to the Company's dominions, by which he obtained security for our hill stations, and a position which gave us the control of the Sikh capital. The expenses of the campaign were computed at a crore and a half of rupees, which the Lahore state was required to make good; but the profligacy of the ministers and the rapacity of the soldiery had exhausted the treasury, and of the twelve crores which Runjeet Sing had left in it, there remained scarcely fifty lakhs of rupees to meet the demand.[2] Sir Henry determined, therefore, to take over the province of Cashmere and the highlands of Jummoo, in lieu of the remaining crore. Since the death of Runjeet Sing, the powerful Rajah of Jummoo, Goolab Sing, had always cherished the hope of being able, by some happy turn of circumstances, to convert his principality into an independent sovereignty. During the recent contest he had played the part of an interested neutral, watching the issue of the contest, and prepared to side with the strongest . . . .

The policy of annexation was, we know, essentially contrary to the general views on this class of subjects entertained by Henry Lawrence. These have already

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[1] And all the Alpine territory lying between the former river and the Chenab.

[2] The reader cannot help being a little amused, occasionally, at the indignation expressed by Indian authorities and their historians on meeting with empty treasuries. Had the minister of the Sikh Government not been "profligate" nor the soldiers "rapacious," a handsome sum would no doubt have remained in that of Lahore, which would have found its way into the coffers of the Company. One is involuntarily reminded of a story current in the Crimean war. A Zouave was met, returning from the sack of Kertch, with only a worthless and heavy article or two of furniture to drag behind him. A spectator condoled with him. "Oui, monsieur," said he, "ces brigands-là (the inhabitants of Kertch) ils ont tout emporté."

become known to my readers, and will appear more and more distinctly as they proceed in this narrative. To abstain from all enlargement of our limits not provoked by the absolute need of security; to enforce on the natives of India, not by precept, but by practice, the duties of justice and forbearance; to apply ourselves, as our special business, to the task of raising the moral character of the governing and aristocratic classes, or such relics of them as ages of political vicissitude have left, and thus enable new Indian sovereignties to grow up under British protection; these were throughout his Indian life the objects which he endeavoured to force on the attention of rulers, and which (so far as his own practical influence extended—and it was at one time very large), he endeavoured to carry into effect. I here make this cursory mention of these opinions of his, which will come more distinctly before our eyes as we proceed in the story of his life, not to pronounce any judgment on their wisdom or soundness, but simply in order to afford a key to the general tone of his advice and character of his conduct when representing British authority as agent to the Governor-General, in a warlike country just subdued; a country agitated at once with internal dissensions and distrust, and with fear of annexation by the conqueror. And although the following extract (of a letter from Major Shaw to General George Lawrence, written in 1860), has more direct reference to events which occurred at a later period than 1846, I insert it here as confirming in the strongest manner what I have stated as to Henry Lawrence's general feelings:—

Mr. John Ludlow, in his book on *Thoughts on the policy of the Crown towards India*, classes Sir Henry Lawrence

with the annexationists. Surely nothing can be more erroneous than this. I never heard a word spoken, or read a line written, by your brother, on annexation, that was not in severe reprobation of it. He stood almost alone also in condemning the annexation of the Punjaub, which others looked upon as almost a necessity. (*See* pp. 192, 193, 194.) . . . I believe his (Mr. Ludlow's) every sentiment is in accordance with what your dear brother felt and said on annexation. How he should have written such a representation, I know not.

Although with some interruption of the subject immediately in hand, I insert here, in confirmation of the general character of Henry Lawrence's views on this subject, the following postscript of one of his confidential letters written to Lord Hardinge a year later, relating to the parallel case of our annexation of Sindh. It will be seen that Lawrence took the pains to keep a copy of this document and sent it to his wife in England, whose deep interest in the "Outram controversy" he well knew.

P.S.—In regard to Sindh, I don't think Government can do better than restore it to the Ameers, for, as I understand the case, we could then dispense with every man now in Sindh; the desert being our frontier. I would not advocate leaving a man behind, political or military, but simply to have a treaty allowing us the free navigation of the river. The difficulty would be, as to whom to give the country, as well as to keep the peace between Ali Moorad and the new ruler or rulers; they should select a head in whose family the chiefship should descend, or there would be endless contentions. The people of Sindh may be, and I hope are happier than they were under the Ameers; but I don't think the case is so clear as to justify the annual expenditure of half a million sterling, and to sacrifice the lives of a couple of hundred British soldiers. This is the expediency view of the question; at least as much might be said on the moral question. My opinion is that from beginning to end the Ameers have been

treated harshly, and most of them unjustly; in short, that we had no business in Sindh in 1838, and that the war of 1843 might have been avoided. Your lordship will not take amiss the freedom of these remarks. I should not have ventured on them had not your allusion to Sindh appeared to invite notice. I have considered the Sindh question a good deal, and have made up my mind to the desirability of retiring, although I am aware of the objections to such a step generally in India. There is, however, all the difference in the world between voluntarily restoring a country at a period of perfect peace, and abandoning it when pressed or even threatened with dangers.

Some compensation would have to be given to Indians who had settled in Sindh under our wing, and partisans of ours who could not safely remain. Half a year's present expenses would do all this liberally.

H. M. LAWRENCE.

DEAREST,— *25th May* 1847.

MUCH as I wished to write in the *Calcutta Review* about Outram and Sindh, I have never been able to do so, but perhaps I have nearly as much aided the truth by helping to direct Lord Hardinge's attention at different times to the subject.—Your own

H. M. LAWRENCE.

With how slight anticipation of success Sir Henry Hardinge himself entered on the unpromising task of reconstituting the Sikh government, with the adoption of which the ambitious class of politicians in India reproached him as with a weakness, appears from the following confidential letter of March 30, 1846:—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

YOUR report of the accommodation for the troops at Lahore, and the energy of your proceedings, is satisfactory.

When I consider the character of the Ranee, her minister, Lal Sing, and the absence of any man of master mind among the Sikhs, to take the helm at this crisis, I confess I think the probability is adverse to the continuance of a

Sikh government, which after all is a mere fragment of the population of the countries which they profess to rule, their numbers of men fit for the active duties of soldiers on the trans-Sutlej side not exceeding 100,000 fighting men.

For the present, however, such discussion, as regards the Punjaub, was premature. Whatever advanced politicians might dream of, there was no serious thought of its annexation in 1846.

Lord Hardinge (says Sir Henry, in the Essay already cited—written in December 1847) had not the means for annexation, had he desired it. The Sikhs have come to terms, and have settled down, because they have been well treated by us, and protected from their own army and chiefs by us; because scarcely a single jaghire in the country has been resumed, and because the rights and even prejudices of all classes have been respected. It is, however, by no means so certain, had the country been occupied, all jaghires summarily resumed as has been done elsewhere in India, and held until it might be the pleasure or convenience of Government to examine into the tenures, that the Sikh population would have sat down quietly under the yoke. . . . Had they been reduced to the level of our revenue-paying population, there cannot be a doubt that there would have been a strike for freedom.

As it was, the British Government, administered by Hardinge, contented itself, as has been seen, with annexing the "Jullunder Dooab" between the Sutlej and Chenab; with maintaining the existing Sikh authority at Lahore, under the protection of a subsidiary British force, the use of which was to terminate absolutely at the close of the year; and with handing over Cashmere to Goolab Sing, that chief undertaking to cease from interference in the affairs of the Sikh State. properly so called. On the

day of the date of this arrangement (March 11) Lord Hardinge addressed the following instructions to Sir Henry as his agent in the Punjaub, where he was to be assisted by his brother John Lawrence as commissioner of the annexed territory, and his frequent visitor at Lahore.

LORD HARDINGE *to* SIR HENRY LAWRENCE *as Agent N. W. Frontier.*

Lahore, March 11 1846.

The use of the force to form the garrison of Lahore is to be strictly limited to the protection of the town and citadel of Lahore, by defending the gateways, the ramparts, and the exterior walls of the place.

After many subsidiary instructions the Governor-General proceeds :—

The Sikh chiefs, excluded from power, will probably intrigue against the present Government, and may attempt to excite the soldiery against those who were parties to the Treaty of Peace. Rajah Goolab Sing may wish to see the Punjaub in a weak and disturbed state, and the cry of the country having been sold to the English might cause considerable excitement. It will therefore be necessary to be at all times in a state of military vigilance. . . . In all your proceedings you will enforce by your advice, and protests, if necessary, the earliest reorganization of the Sikh army on the safest system for the permanence of the Sikh Government, doing everything in your power to ensure the success of this trial of re-establishing a Sikh Government, which may eventually carry on its functions without British aid or British interference.

The strength put forth during this campaign by the Sikh nation as a military power has rendered it expedient to weaken the resources of a State which had become a military republic dangerous to its neighbours and its own Government; but the Sikh territories are sufficient if wisely administered to render the Government quite equal to resist

any Native power by which it can be assailed; and you will on all occasions assure the Sikh rulers that, whilst we do not desire the annexation of the Punjaub to the British Indian possessions, the Government is determined not to lend itself to any subsidiary system, and as soon as its troops are withdrawn will decline to interfere in the internal affairs of the Sikh State, except by such friendly councils as those which passed between the two Governments in the time of the Maharajah Runjeet Sing.

One of Lawrence's projects—attended at this time with but partial success—was to induce a number of the disbanded Sikh soldiers to enlist with us.

I have talked (he says in March 1846) to several men as to their entering our service. They at once said they would be delighted, and would go wherever we liked; but that they hoped we would allow them to wear their hair and turbans. The hair I observed would be respected, but turbans could not be allowed. After some talk they said there would be no objection to helmets or caps *of iron*. I thought that this would help us out of the difficulty, and I hope that your Excellency will approve of the idea, and authorize me to say that iron or steel caps will be permitted, and that their hair will not be interfered with. If you can do so we shall in the course of a month be able to raise two very fine regiments. I would suggest that fifteen or twenty men per company be Mussulmans or Hindoos of our own provinces. I can raise four or five hundred Sikhs here from the discharged men if your Excellency so desires. I have seen some very fine-looking fellows, and expect a large number to come to me this afternoon. I shall make no promises until I receive your orders.

The Sikhs say that, according to their holy books, any man who wears a cap will suffer purgatory for seven generations, and a Sikh would prefer death to having his beard cut.

I have, &c,

(*Signed*) H. M. LAWRENCE.

The treaty of March 9th, 1846, which disposed for a time of the fate of the Punjaub, was signed on

the part of England at Lahore by Mr. Currie and Henry Lawrence; on that of the "Khalsa," the great ideal Sikh commonwealth, by the young Dhuleep Sing, his minister Lal Sing, and other warlike chiefs of the nation. But one very important part of the arrangement was provided for by separate treaty of March 16th; this was the transfer to Goolab Sing of "all the hilly or mountainous country, with its dependencies, situated to the eastward of the River Indus, and westward of the River Ravee," including the celebrated valley of Cashmere. Territory, in fact, was taken from the Lahore Durbar in lieu of a pecuniary mulct, which it was unable or unwilling to furnish; and the minister, Lal Sing, was believed to be ready enough to get rid in this way of the rivalry of a formidable chief. On the 15th of March Goolab Sing was formally invested with the title of Maharajah at Amritsir; and (says Cunningham) "stood up, and with joined hands, expressed his gratitude to the British Viceroy, adding, without however any ironical meaning, that he was indeed his Zurkhureed or gold-boughten slave."

But the strongest vindication which I have seen, both of the man himself, and of the wisdom of the course adopted towards him, I find in a letter of Sir George Clerk, written to Sir Charles Napier in March 1849.

I have been under the necessity on more than one occasion, of testing rather severely Goolab Sing's loyalty to us. My belief is that he is a man eminently qualified, by character and surrounding territorial possessions, for the position of Ruler there, that all his interests lie on the side of friendship with us, that he will always desire, and some time or another may need, our countenance of his authority, against enemies. Their aggressions, whether Chinese and

Ghoorkhas on one side of him, or Afghans on the other, will be retarded, rather than precipitated, by his proximity to them in *that* form; instead of our being in more direct contact with them. If Rajah Goolab Sing of Cashmere ever goes against us, it will be owing only to his having been handled stupidly by our government, or by our officers on the Frontier and in the Punjaub.[3]

Henry Lawrence himself, it must be confessed, was not over complimentary in his estimate of this fortunate chief's character:—

We admit that he is a bad man; we fear, however, that there are few princes who are much better; few who, with his provocation, have not committed equal atrocities. . . . . The general tenor of the reports of the score of English travellers who have visited him during the years 1846 and 1847 is, that though grasping and mercenary, he is mild, conciliatory, and even merciful. . . . .

I have no doubt that Maharajah Goolab Sing is a man of indifferent character, but if we look for protection from Native chiefs, we shall look in vain. Very much, but not all, that is said of him might, as far as my experience goes, be so of any sovereign or chief in India. He has many virtues that few of them possess: viz. courage, energy, and personal purity; his disposition is cruel, but not more than that of hundreds who have not his excuse for such conduct. The next worse feature in his character is miserliness, but this I cannot believe he carries to the extent lately reported. . . . . It is trying to

[3] Runjeet Sing, adds Sir George, "fostered in the north of his kingdom a Rajpoot power, because it could have no affinity with his turbulent Khalsa on one side, or with malignant and vindictive Islam on the other. Had proof of the wisdom of this measure been wanting, it has been signally shown in his time and ours, on four important occasions. Lord Hardinge gave still greater substance to that Hill ruler. The measure was provident and wise; as were all his own measures. There are those who now would disregard his policy, and who seem to be utterly ignorant of the motives of it. The ruler has some grounds for the remark he made to an English Ibex-hunter up there. 'My good friends the English Government having discovered their mistake, in supposing that the shawl wool is a product of my country, seem disposed to shear *me*.'"

have to deal with a niggardly man, and one whose word cannot be depended on; but if such men were to influence our dealings with Native chiefs, further than putting us on our guard against the consequences, there would be an end of all communication. . . . . The way in which he has been doubted, denounced, and vilified in anonymous journals, is very disgraceful to us.

I hope (he writes to the new Maharajah, 11th April 1846), that with your usual good sense and forethought, and remembering the expressed opinions of Mr. Currie and myself, you will at once withdraw from all lands not specified as yours in the treaty. Such conduct will be to my comfort and to your own good name.

In several Purwanahs, I observe, that you state certain portions of the Damun Koh to belong to the Kohistan, and assert other estates to be yours of old, and in one Purwanah are the following words:—"If I am to have only the Kohistan, then I shall have nothing but stones and trees." I am as much astonished as annoyed at these words, for to me, your friend, it appears that Cashmere is something, and that Jusrouta and Huzara, &c. are something; but whatever is their worth you took them of your own free will and pleasure. Since then, my friend, you have acquired, by the treaty, an extensive territory, I beg you, in the way of wisdom and forethought, to forego small matters.

In your Purwanah to your servant Mohkumooddeen, you wrote of being obliged to employ an army. You surely did not think that without an army and at that expense, the settlement of so large a tract of country could be effected. Certainly by mildness and consideration, and by allowing a maintenance to all, and recognizing the rights of all, a small army will eventually suffice; but in the first instance everywhere a large force is necessary. When arrangements are once made and good government established, then the army can be reduced.

I am grieved that such complaints as I have alluded to should have been uttered, for it seemed to me and to all India, and will doubtless appear to all in England, that your

Highness had cause only of thankfulness; in that you had received much in return for very little; and I, in belief of your wisdom and forethought, was a party to the above arrangement. It is therefore strange that I should have trouble and care from your acts, or that you should think that in your affairs I would deviate a hair's breadth from the terms of the treaty. In the way of sincerity and good will, I have now written what was necessary, and beg an early and distinct reply.

In April, this year, he received from his sister, Letitia Hayes, the tidings of his mother's approaching dissolution:—

April 12 1846.

My Darling Henry,—I do not know who writes to you by this mail; the hand that never failed you, our beloved mother's, will not in all probability ever again be capable of doing so. . . . We were sent for on the 21st. Learning it might be the last day of unclouded mind, thank God, her own vigorous mind and heart spoke to each of us, and during the night she rallied so much as to make it impossible to say how long it may please God to spare her. . . . She was most thankful at hearing your wife's letter from the river to her brother William. Dearest Honoria, I have been grieving to think of the sinking of heart it will give her to hear she has no mother. We have together rejoiced our heart and soul over your happy union, dearest brother, and do we not still allow ourselves to glory in your renown; yes, to-day mamma and I agreed you were born to do good, and make all within your reach thrice blessed.—Your ever fond sister.

Among the earliest duties cast on the resident was also that of repressing the passion for redress and retaliation naturally excited in the minds of men who had suffered under the oppression of those chieftains, whose power was overthrown or curtailed by the British successes. Some difference of opinion between him and Major Mackeson on this subject, of which the details are not preserved, elicited a communication

from Lawrence to the Government of India, which laid down distinctly the general principles which he considered it important to maintain in relation to this class of cases :—

In my opinion it is absolutely necessary that acts of aggression and outrage, and crimes violating the peace and good order of society, which have occurred within a definite period preceding the introduction of our rule, should be cognizable by our officers. To leave the evil-doer in possession of the property he has acquired by violence; of the rights which he usurped by the strong hand; to allow the robber and murderer to pass unpunished; is tantamount to tacitly permitting the aggrieved to retaliate, and thereby to perpetuate feuds and to encourage crime. There is doubtless no peculiar advantage in fixing the term of three years as the period from which complaints should be heard; but as it is absolutely necessary to fix some date, I consider that such space of time is amply sufficient. If no overt act has occurred during three years, we may fairly take it for granted that no interference is necessary.

Government will observe that I propose no strait-lace mode of procedure in these cases, but that they should be decided by arbitration under the eye of a British officer. It is hardly fair that Major Mackeson should bring forward Kythul in proof of the unpopularity of such courts. As long as I remained in that part of the country, the system of arbitration was extremely popular; when I left Kythul, the district was for thirteen months, in spite of my warnings and remonstrances, left to the tender mercies of a deputy collector, who was removed from the agency after he had done all the mischief that might have been expected at his hands. I care not, however, by what process justice is administered, so that it be not denied, and the people be reduced to steal or forcibly carry off cows, children, and women, in retaliation for similar acts of violence, perpetrated previous to the introduction of our rule.

One of the earliest occasions on which Sir Henry was called on to exhibit his qualifications as a ruler in the exercise of his duty as Government Agent at

Lahore was that of an incident popularly styled the "Cow Row," trifling enough in itself, but a fair illustration of the difficulties which beset an officer in charge of British interests in a place full of warlike natives, recently subdued, of doubtful or dangerous temper. The slightest false step in the direction either of undue violence or undue lenity may be most pernicious to the public interest; while the officer, for his own sake, is harassed between the fear of treating as trifling a serious danger and that of treating a trifle as serious.

I regret (he writes to the Government of India, 21st April 1846,) to have to report that about 11 o'clock A.M. to-day a disturbance arose in the city of Lahore, owing to the brutal conduct of an European artilleryman towards some cows. The man was sentry over the outer gate of the artillery barrack enclosure leading to one of the streets of the city. He was endeavouring to keep passengers, &c. from coming down the street to enable a long string of camels, with ammunition, arrived from Ferozepoor to-day, to come up and enter the gates, when a herd of cows pressed upon him, and in self-defence (as he says) he cut at them. He might, at any rate, have been contented to use the flat of his sword. Three or four animals were wounded.

The news immediately spread, and the shops of the town were closed:—

I sent word to Rajah Lal Sing that the sentry should be punished, but that he must desire the shops to be opened; and I further requested that he would punish those who tried to create a disturbance, by inducing people to shut their shops. . . . Accompanied by Major Macgregor and Lieutenant Edwardes, and attended by a dozen Sowars, I then went into the town to explain what had happened to the people, and to assure them of protection. We had proceeded half-way through, and had quite satisfied the owners of two

of the animals, and were still in the house of the second, talking to him, when we heard a disturbance outside. On going out, we found our attendants engaged in a scuffle with part of a crowd of Brahmins and Khatrees, who, it appears, had followed us; while, from the roofs of the adjoining houses, brickbats were being plentifully thrown. Scarcely a man or horse escaped untouched, and Lieutenant Edwardes was severely struck on the head. We gave immediate notice at the gates, caused them to be closed, and put the different guards on the alert; and then went and informed the Major-General of what had occurred.

While on my way back, I sent for Rajah Lal Sing and Sirdar Tej Sing, who arrived at my quarters soon after myself. I told them they must make over to me the owners of the houses from which we had been pelted, as well as any armed men found in the streets. . . . . The crowd has nearly dispersed, and most of the shops are again open. There was nothing preconcerted in this affair, nor would I believe a single Sikh to have been concerned in it; on the contrary, many have since offered their services. Brahmins were the instigators.

On the following day Lawrence again entered the city, and found the excitement but little abated:—"Rajah Lal Sing sent to inform me that he hesitated to seize the Brahmins implicated because they threatened to destroy themselves!" By firmness, however, Lawrence procured their arrest, and forced Lal Sing to obey his bidding. The leaders were sent in irons to Ferozepoor:—

I thought of flogging the three chief offenders, and should have done so, had I not been personally affected by their offence.

It must not be supposed that we were attacked yesterday owing to ill-will against us personally: we are daily to be found equally at disadvantage: and I believe that any other Europeans would, at the time, have been treated in the same

manner. Had I been aware of the extent of excitement that prevailed, I should not have gone into the city: as it was, I acted as, under somewhat similar circumstances, I had some years ago done at Umballa, when I found that a few kind words very soon appeased the mob.

The principal instigator, Dutt Brahmin, was ultimately executed: no other life was taken, and the ebullition quietly subsided.

This apparently trifling event seems to possess additional importance when regarded with the light afforded by the experience of subsequent years. It is a general truth that religious fanaticism is strongest, not in regions where one form of faith exclusively prevails, but in those in which belief is divided; and especially in those border-lands which have on their respective frontiers populations of opposite faiths. There are plenty of examples in Europe to confirm this assertion. Now, the Punjaub is a border country, between the faith of Islam and that of Brahma; on its northern and western boundaries are the seats of the fiercest sectaries whom Mohammedanism has now to display—the "Wahabees," as they are commonly, but only analogically, termed, as they have no connection with the Arab reformers properly so called; while within the land of the Five Rivers itself, the Sikh nation maintains a zeal for the tenets and practices of Brahminism scarcely paralleled in the interior of India. And in this very year (1871) the killing of cows in that province by Mussulman butchers, practised publicly where it had been heretofore only tolerated with much precaution, has led to feuds attended with bloodshed, and threatening serious consequences.

In May 1846, Lawrence had to leave Lahore at the head of a small force, detached to reduce the

Fort of Kangra, in the north-east of the Punjaub, held by a chief who declared that he would hold out to the last, unless "Runjeet himself appeared to demand the keys." Its importance seems chiefly to have consisted in its natural strength. Vigne, the traveller, considered that by European engineers it might be rendered impregnable. The chiefs of the Lahore Durbar had promised to obtain the surrender, but had not performed their undertaking. "There are parties in the Durbar," writes Lawrence to the Governor-General, "whose exertions in this matter have, to say the least of it, not been in our favour." Though the garrison was small, consisting only of about 300 men, the danger of the example, and the evident hesitation of our reluctant allies, rendered it necessary to proceed with vigour. When heavy guns were brought up, and before they were "placed," the garrison surrendered, and were recommended to the mercy of Government.

The following private letter from Sir H., now Lord, Hardinge—he had just been promoted to the peerage—conveys the instructions under which Lawrence acted on this occasion:—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,— *Simla, May 27th,* 1846.

I AM much obliged to you for your congratulations; and, when the Sobraon promotions are received, I hope to reciprocate my satisfaction in seeing your name favourably noticed.

I beg you will not make yourself ill by your exertions at Kangra.[3] I quite approved of your conciliating Brigadier

[3] This remarkable spot (situate in the hill country, in the north-east of the Punjaub, near the Beeas River) is thus described in a "Memorandum by Major E. H. Paske, Deputy Commissioner, Punjaub, on the Products and Trade of the Kangra District, with some Remarks upon Trade Routes," 1870:—

Wheeler, as, when the siege commences, all the military arrangements will be, of course, in his hands.

The terms, in case of a siege, being unconditional surrender after the guns are opened, will give rise to no difference of opinion, and you, as Political Agent, will dispose of the garrison by marching them as prisoners to Philloor. . .

You will observe that, once having sanctioned the use of a Native Agent as the means of inducing the Sikhs to surrender, Dewan Deana Nath, up to the commencement of the siege, ought to have had his own way: if he chose to bribe them by letting them pocket 25,000 rupees, the affair was theirs, not ours. The appearance, as the official correspondence now stands, is, that negotiations between the Sikh garrison and the Sikh Agent were broken off by you before the siege had commenced. I know you have done everything in your power to induce the surrender; but in this affair, where there may be many casualties, we must not only attend substantially to the means of avoiding them, but also to appearances. A gallant resistance by the Sikh garrison is a very undesirable result. I considered Colonel Outram quite

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"Kangra proper, with its outlying subdivisions of Kooloo, Spitti, and Lahoul, which together comprise the district of Kangra in the Punjaub, is an extensive tract of mountainous country, situated on the outer ranges of the Himalaya Mountains, covering an area of about 12,861 square miles, and containing a population of 752,419 souls. The district comprises all the hill territory belonging to the British Government, situated between the Rivers Ravee and Sutlej. It extends from Shahpore on the west, in latitude 32° 20′, longitude 75° 45′, to the borders of Chinese Tartary, in latitude 32°, longitude 78° 10′. The northern extremity touches upon Ladakh, and the southern limits of the district rest upon the plains of the Baree Doab."

Mr. G. Barnes, in his "Settlement Report," gives the following very accurate and graphic description of the Kangra Valley:—

"I know no spot in the Himalayas which for beauty or grandeur can compete with the Kangra Valley and these overshadowing hills. No scenery presents such sublime and delightful contrasts. Below lies the plain, a picture of rural loveliness and repose. The surface is covered with the richest cultivation, irrigated by streams which descend from perennial snows, and interspersed with homesteads buried in the midst of groves and fruit-trees. Turning from this scene of peaceful beauty, the stern and majestic hills confront us. Their sides are furrowed with precipitous watercourses, forests of oak clothe their flanks, and higher up give place to gloomy and funereal pines. Above all are wastes of snow, or pyramidal masses of granite too perpendicular for the snow to rest upon."

wrong in having anything to say to the assault of Puncotta. You must not, on his account, imitate an unnecessary example, and I really cannot spare you.

Yours very sincerely,

HARDINGE.

The more forts are dismantled (observes Hardinge, in giving private directions to Lawrence about this capture), with proper regard to the habits and interests of the Hill Rajahs, the better. Indian military policy is aggressive, and not defensive; but the last campaign has proved that it is very desirable to have fortified posts, in which we can deposit stores and ammunition, &c.

The very trifling difference between Governor-General and subordinates, to which the following letter relates, would not be worth preserving in memory, were it not for the kindly tone of Lord Hardinge's letter making up the quarrel. Henry Lawrence had offended him by carelessly sending him, without explanation, a private letter of Brigadier Wheeler, with some passages in which he was displeased:—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,— *Simla, June 9th,* 1846.

YOUR letter of the 4th and the English mail were received together, but no list of promotions for Sobraon, which I attribute to the public office being short during the Easter holidays.

Rely upon it, there are few men in India who esteem you more sincerely than I do for your qualities of head and heart; and I am quite satisfied by your explanation that you never sent papers calculated to displease me.

I shall be very glad to see you here, for you require rest; and I should be glad to confer with you. On the other hand, the great experiment at Lahore depends upon the temper of the army. I will write you on that subject. . . . .

Yours very sincerely,

HARDINGE.

In June 1846, Lord Hardinge's cordial wishes for the professional advancement of Henry Lawrence were gratified by his promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The events which followed require a brief explanation, in order to explain the part taken in them by the subject of our memoir, although their importance, as matters of Indian history, has passed into oblivion along with the great Khâlsa sovereignty, which our Government and the Resident honestly, but ineffectually, strove for a while to maintain. By our appointment of Goolab Sing to the separate throne of Cashmere, the Vizarut, or Chief Minister's post in the Durbar of Lahore, became vacant. It was through our tacit permission that Rajah Lal Sing was allowed to establish himself in it, and made thereby the most powerful authority among the Sikhs, alternately controlling and controlled by the ambitious Maharanee, and entrusted with the charge of the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing. Lal Sing and the Princess were soon engaged in a common intrigue against us; and they found an agent in Sheik Imammoodeen, the Governor of Cashmere, on behalf of the Sikh Durbar. This chieftain was under orders to deliver up possession to Goolab whenever the latter was ready to assume it; but, in league with his powerful supporters at Lahore, he first delayed, and then refused, to execute this duty:—

The Sheik (says a writer in the *Calcutta Review* of July 1847) is, perhaps, the best mannered and best dressed man in the Punjaub. He is rather under than above the middle height; but his figure is exquisite, "as far as it goes," and is usually set off with the most unrivalled fit which the unrivalled tailors of Cashmere could achieve for the governor of the province. His smile and bow are those of a perfect

courtier, whose taste is too good to be obsequious; his great natural intelligence and an unusually good education have endowed him with considerable conversational powers; and his Persian idiom would do no dishonour to a native of Shiraz. Beneath this smooth surface of accomplishment and courtesy lies an ill-assorted and incongruous disposition: ambition, pride, cruelty and intrigue, strangely mixed up with indolence, effeminacy, voluptuousness and timidity. . . . Deeply engaged in the intrigues and revolutions of Lahore, he was never to be found at the crisis of any of them; and so completely are all his aspirations negatived by indecision, that he spent the six months of his Cashmere government in wavering between three different schemes for his own personal aggrandisement: doubtful whether to accept Goolab Sing's offer, and continue governor on a salary of one lakh per annum; to oppose the transfer of the province to that prince, which Rajah Lal Sing told him should be a receipt in full for his Cashmere accounts; or to try to buy over the British, and make himself independent sovereign of the loveliest valley in the world. We shall see presently that he chose the most senseless of the three.

In this choice he was urged, it is said, by the influence of a wife, the daughter of the Khan of the Kohistan, "proud of her kin and blood," and bigoted in her Mohammedan faith. Imammoodeen took up arms to oppose the entry of Goolab Sing, and his troops obtained some advantages. Henry Lawrence had need of all his usual promptitude and vigour. The kind of support which he had to expect from the Sikh Durbar may be partly collected from the following letter, addressed by him to Currie (September 1846):

I observe that Rajah Lal Sing is complaining of Maharajah Goolab Sing wanting the Sikh troops to go by the distant and difficult passes, to *prevent* their succeeding, and thereby causing their disgrace; but the Maharajah has now too deep an interest in the game to desire that it should be lost.

These endless jealousies and mutual accusations between Goolab Sing and Lal Sing are conducive to much mischief. Unhappily, the word of one is no better than that of the other.

The troops selected by the Lahore Durbar for the service were:—

Under Sirdar Sher Sing—His own troops, the Kohistanees, about 5,000 in number; four guns.

Under General Doab Sing—Two regiments.

Under General Khan Sing—Two regiments.

Lahore troops, under General Imam Sing—Two regiments; two guns.

Within a few weeks Lawrence had placed himself at the head of the unwilling Sikh troops, whose Government he compelled by force of resolution to adhere to their engagements with us and with Goolab Sing. Supported by Brigadier Wheeler, with a British force from the Jullunder Dooab, he put down without difficulty all efforts at resistance, and was admitted into Cashmere by the terrified Sheik. Imammoodeen surrendered himself personally to Lawrence. The conduct of the Sikh troops (says Lord Hardinge) under the same officers who led them so lately in their invasion of our provinces, now employed in carrying out the conditions of the Treaty of Lahore, and, perhaps, the least palatable part of those conditions, under the instructions of British officers, cannot but command admiration.

Properly considered (adds the Reviewer already quoted), this feat of compelling the culpable Lahore Durbar, with its chief conspirator (Lal Sing) at its head, to make over, in the most marked and humiliating manner, the richest province in the Punjaub to the one man most detested by the Khâlsa, was the

real victory of the campaign; and its achievement must continue an enigma to every one who remembers that it was performed by 10,000 Sikh soldiers, at the bidding and under the guidance of two or three British officers, within eighteen months of the battle of Sobraon.

This conjuncture was described by Henry Lawrence, in a letter to Mr. Kaye (published in his *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 298), as—

> That ticklish occasion when I took the Sikh army to Cashmere, and when I was obliged to tell Lal Sing's vakeel that if anything happened to me, John Lawrence was told to put the Rajah (Lal Sing) in confinement. The fact was, I knew he was acting treacherously, but trusted to carrying the thing through by expedition, and by the conviction that the British army was in our rear to support and avenge us.

Henry Lawrence had to use all his determination to maintain, and impress on his chief and the public, the policy of supporting Goolab Sing, in opposition to the pressure put on him by many of his own officers and friends, among whom the new Maharajah enjoyed anything but a good character; their opinion, perhaps, partly influenced by the very unfavourable portrait drawn of him by Henry Lawrence himself, in his literary works. The following playful letter from his intimate friend and most attached lieutenant, Herbert Edwardes, evidently refers to some dispute between them on this subject, in which the Resident had maintained his own opinion at the expense of checking his impetuous subordinate:

Camp, Thunduh Panee, 12th October 1846.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

I HAVE received your letter of the 8th, and digested the wigging it contains as well as I might. My unhappy style of composition will some day be the death of me. I have

looked through my letter-book for "the British lion," and find him "waking from slumber," in a letter to Poorun Chund; but, remember, it is a translation from a Persian letter, and some allowance must be made for the spirit of the language. However, I do not *insist* upon the lion; and, after all, he is of no great consequence, one way or the other. In my public letters to you, I think I have put great violence on myself, and made as plain a pudding of my plums and suet as the materials admitted of—all out of consideration for your Abernethy appetite in these matters. With respect to the other point, in which I see I have offended, I am greatly puzzled. You tell me, "not to blacken G. S—— quite so much;" and I must answer, that if I did not, I should not tell the truth, or what I myself believe to be such. I know you too well to think you would wish me to write to order, or make out a case; and, in writing to you, I have considered it my duty always to tell Government through you how matters actually stand. I may be deceived, of course, in my estimate of the Maha's character; but I should be surely wrong, if I did not paint him *as he appears to me*. Sent up to give information to Government, I thought I was bound in honour to describe the man *as I found him*—a bad king, a miser, and a liar! If he is not all this, and a thousand times worse (for he is the worst native I ever came in contact with) then I have belied him, but not wilfully. If I had found him a Noshirvan or a Ha'tim Taie, I would have been right happy to sing his praises. God knows, I have over and over, in good and ill humour, serious and laughing, in public and private, tried to win him to better ways—to strive, in his old age, to get an *acquittance* for the injuries he has inflicted on almost every household in the Kohistan. I am not his enemy, I assure you; neither does he look on me as such. I have told him things which he certainly never heard before, and which made his two confidential men's hair stand on end; but both he and they are all the better for it. They know I think them all rogues; and they own it with the most delightful frankness. We get on capitally, and are the best of friends. The Maharajah, I am sure, was never such

a good Christian as at this moment. Presently, perhaps, I may be able to write, and call him an honest man.

Now, don't be angry, my dear L——, but come and see him; or, rather, come and transact business with him, and, after hearing and seeing for a week, blow me up again if you think I have "blackened" the dirtiest fellow in all India. . . . I cannot refrain from adding here an extract from the very last overland letter I received from home, which, after informing me that a certain book—which shall be nameless—"is now a stock-book in the family," says, in allusion to some passages in it, "Who could reclaim or actually civilize *such a being as Goolab Sing?*"

(Now I am even with you for your cut at my "Brahminee bull!")

The next is from Edwardes to Lieut. Lumsden, on the same subject:—

Camp, Segowlee, 17th October 1846.
8 *o'clock* P.M.

MY DEAR LUMSDEN,—

TEJ SING, in the civillest manner in the world, has declined a meeting with the Maharajah at Dhundésur.

His plea is ill health; but, if he is well enough to march at all, he is well enough to come to meet the Maharajah.

However, that is not the point. If he was really *ill*, it would not do at this moment to decline a meeting. The report of a *split* in the camp would go abroad immediately, and do great mischief. Tej Sing has not come thus far about his own business; he has come about Goolab Sing's; and G. S—— thinks it necessary to meet and concert future measures.

Please tell him, therefore, he *must* come; and make him name his time, and stick to it. It would never do to bring the Maharajah to Dhundésur, and then Tej Sing send word he had a bellyache.

The fact is, that both these old rogues are in a mutual fright of each other; but, if you accompany Tej Sing, and I accompany Goolab Sing, they cannot poison each other without witnesses, at all events.

I send this by the motbir, whom the Maharajah despatches to persuade the refractory C. in C.

Is not this like the embassy of Ulysses to the sulky Achilles, when he *would* keep his tent, and would *not* come out and wop the Trojans?

Believe me, yours ever,

HERBERT W. EDWARDES.

The instalment of the Maharajah Goolab in his new sovereignty is thus reported by Lawrence to Mr. Currie, Secretary to the Government:—

12th November 1846.

1. I have the honour to report for the information of Government as follows:—

2. Maharajah Goolab Sing entered the city of Cashmere about 8 A.M. on the 9th inst., and found his sowars in entire possession; Sirdar Shoojan Sing, with the garrison of Shirghurry, about 3,000 men, and the family of Sheik Imammoodeen, having moved off two days previously. To avoid their line of march, the Maharajah made a detour on his road from Shupeyon, and fell in with me again at Pampur on the evening of the 8th. I thought that his Highness would prefer entering his capital by himself, and therefore gave him the opportunity of doing so, but the meeting at Pampur led me to imagine he was willing to sink his dignity in the increased opinion of British support that my formal accompaniment would afford him. I am, however, still at a loss to know what were his real wishes for the fortunate moment to enter the fort and palace of Shirghurry being 8 A.M.; he left Pampur before daylight, and now says he was averse to having me disturbed at so early an hour.

3. By the perfect freedom with which I am followed in the streets and on the river with idle complaints on the merest trifles, as well as with others serious enough to the complainants, but not coming within my jurisdiction, I am induced to hope that the Maharajah is not closing the door against appeals in cases of legitimate reference, according to the terms of the treaty and the recent orders of Government. Cashmerees are everywhere noted for their litigiousness,

vociferous volubility, and begging propensities. There are many complaints of losses and violence during the late disturbances; but neither during my three days' tour through the south of the valley, or during the last two days in the city, have I heard a whisper against the Maharajah or his Government, except, indeed, from one Jaghirdar, who came to me at Islamabad, to beg my intercession, saying, he heard that it was the intention to confiscate all Jaghires. I hope this is not true; and it will be observed that, in the enclosed translation of a letter which I left for the Maharajah at Shupeyon on the 6th instant, I referred, among other questions, to Jaghires. I hope the tenor of the letter will be approved. Yesterday evening the Maharajah, alluding to it, remarked that it contained advice that would be good for him both in this world and in the next; and, while I am writing, Dewan Jewali is telling me that a reply is under preparation, and that all I wish shall be done.

4. Yesterday morning I paid a visit to the Hurree Parbut, and accompanied by Vuzeer Rutnoo and Col. Muttra Das, went over the works and inspected the garrison. The soldiers are about half-and-half Sikhs and Hillmen, and are generally fine, stout, soldierly fellows, quite as much so as any we saw with Sheik Imammoodeen, and scarcely inferior to the average of Lahore troops. The natural position of Hurree Parbut is very strong, but the works are flimsy and ill laid out, and guns can only be worked from below the body of the place. The besieged had only four guns, one an old brass sixteen or eighteen pounder, and three small ones, five and two pounders; one of the latter and a four by five mortar were taken in a sally, during the early part of the siege, by Colonel Muttra Das. There are three tanks for water in the fort, capable, in my opinion, of holding water for three months for a thousand men. By a determined sally, water could always be procured from the city lake or the wells under the fort.

5. On the 8th instant, at Islamabad, I inspected the irregulars that had entered the valley under Vuzeer Rutnoo Chund. They were nominally 2,500, and probably amounted to nearly that number. Accompanied by Captain Browne,

I went down the ranks of more than half, and counted 1,200, and estimated that about 2,000 were on the ground. Five hundred or more were reported gone to bathe, and we could see many coming in as we departed. About 800 were fine, well equipped men, and perhaps 1,000 more were of average quality; the rest were old men and boys. Four or five hundred may have been armed with bows. There were two small guns, about two pounders, and ten ——— with the detachment. On the whole, the appearance and equipment of the men was quite equal to that of any of the contingents lately furnished by either Sikh or Hill chiefs on the frontier. I spoke to the Maharajah as to the objectionability of employing old men and children; he replied that the case just now was one of necessity, that it had always been the practice of the country for each village to furnish so many men; that old men could fire guns; but that he was quite willing to attend to my suggestions in this as in other matters. I propose to see the whole of the troops here, amounting to about 10,000 men, and then those in Huzara, when I shall report generally on the army.

* * * * *

I have also personally and separately questioned seven Rajahs of Iskardot and its neighbourhood, and taken their depositions. They were all within the Hurree Parbut fort during the siege, and all express themselves satisfied with Maharajah Goolab Sing. I repeatedly told them that, if they wished, they had now an opportunity of escape, and of obtaining maintenance in the British territory, but that it could not again be offered; that the Maharajah would be master within his own territory, but that any chief who now declared his desire to emigrate might do so with safety, and under British security of a provision at such station as he might select for his residence. I had some difficulty in making some of these chiefs understand; but taking them first separately, with only their own and my moonshee present, and then having the whole seven together—some of whom speak Persian pretty well—I repeated over and over again my meaning, and got them to do so to each other, and

then caused each individual personally to declare that he understood what was said, and without fear spoke his real sentiments.

* * * * *

I hope much will be effected during the next three days, for which period I have consented to delay my departure. I will then proceed to Lahore and Poona, or Huzara, as may appear necessary, with reference to the several calls on my time. Under any circumstances, one officer will go to Huzara, and one remain here until affairs are brought into some order, but I doubt the advantage of permanently leaving an officer with the Maharajah, though, perhaps, it may prove useful to depute a respectable Native Agent, who can keep Government informed without being an incubus on the local authorities, and detracting from their credit without himself having any real authority.

The following communication to Mr. Currie touches on a point of some interest, on which Lawrence negotiated with the new Maharajah :—

15*th November* 1846.

At this interview the Maharajah expressed his entire willingness to put down both infanticide and suttee; the first crime he agreed to make penal by proclamation: but, he remarked, he was not yet strong enough to insist upon the abolition of suttee, though he would do all in his power to prevent the rite, by giving maintenance to widows, and preventing his own connection from burning their females. If he holds to this promise, it will be sufficient, for suttee is seldom performed in the hills, except in families of rank. It is, I believe, true that the Maharajah has hitherto discountenanced the rite; but the crime of infanticide is supposed to be much practised in his family. His proclamations, however, against it must be useful, and I shall take every fitting opportunity of following up the opening gained in the question of suttee, which I explained was contrary to the Shastra, and had already been publicly forbidden by the Jeypoor Durbar.

As soon as Goolab Sing had been established in power, Henry Lawrence, "with his usual energy," as Lord Hardinge describes it, returned at once to Lahore. The next thing to be done was to bring Lal Sing to solemn trial and exposure before all the Sikh chiefs, for his complicity with Imammoodeen in the treacherous opposition to Goolab Sing, the defeated "Sheik" having turned King's evidence against his late accomplice. He had already placed in Lawrence's hand three original documents, purporting to be instructions from Lal Sing to the Sheik to oppose Goolab Sing; and to the officers and soldiers in Cashmere, to be faithful and obedient to the orders of the Sheik. The strange and novel proceeding of this trial, conducted by the Sikh chiefs themselves, in presence of Henry Lawrence and Mr. Currie, the Secretary to Government, are best described in the words of the former's report to Government, in the person of Mr. Currie, who is somewhat awkwardly addressed, having himself taken part in the trial :—

Lahore, 17th December 1846.

1. Mr. John Lawrence's last letter of Punjaub intelligence reported the state of affairs up to the 22nd November, since which but one topic has engaged the attention of the Durbar, the Sirdars, and the people, viz. Rajah Lal Sing's share in the Cashmere rebellion.

2. In reporting the circumstances of his fall, I am obliged for perspicuity's sake to glance at much that has already been recorded.

3. On the 1st December you arrived at Lahore; and it was no longer doubtful that an inquiry was to take place. The Rajah and the Ranee were in great distress; the former holding private interviews from morning to night, the latter consulting the astrologers, and sacrificing to the gods in favour of the Rajah.

4. On the 2nd December a grand Durbar was held to receive you, and you delivered a Persian letter from the Right Honourable the Governor-General to his Highness the Maharajah. On the evening of the same day the Ministers and and Sirdars paid you a visit of ceremony in your own tent; and you took the opportunity of requesting Fukeer Noorooddeen to read aloud for general information the letter received from the Governor-General; and again translated its contents orally in Oordoo yourself to the assembly.

5. The letter in question congratulated his Highness on the happy and peaceful termination of the Cashmere rebellion, which at one time threatened to disturb the friendly relations now existing between the Lahore and British Governments, by violating the terms of the treaty so lately made at Lahore. It proceeded to inform the Maharajah the Sheik Imammoodeen had, at last, only given himself up to the British authorities on their promise that the causes of the rebellion should be investigated; for he solemnly declared that he had acted under orders from Lahore in resisting the transfer of Cashmere to Maharajah Goolab Sing. Finally, it pointed out the necessity of such an investigation, to prove the truth or falsehood of the Sheik's allegations.

6. The Sirdars and Ministers were, accordingly, informed that on the following morning, the 3rd December, at 8 A.M., a Court of Inquiry would assemble at your Durbar tent. The Court was to be perfectly open to all, and the Sirdars, of all degrees, were invited to attend.

7. At the appointed hour next day the Court assembled, constituted as follows:—

PRESIDENT:

F. Currie, Esq., *Secretary to Government.*

MEMBERS:

Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, C.B., A.G.G.

M. General Sir John Littler, K.C.B., *Commanding the Garrison.*

John Lawrence, Esq., C.S., *Commissioner, Jullunder.*

Lieut.-Colonel Goldie, *Commanding 12th Native Infantry.*

Rajah Lal Sing, Dewan Dena Natta, Sirdar Tej Sing, Khuleefah Noorooddeen, Sirdar Ultur Sing Kalehwaluh, Sirdar Sher Sing Utáreewaluh, and a large assemblage of other Sirdars attended, as did also Sheik Imammoodeen and his officers.

8. The particulars of the trial you have already reported fully to Government, and need not be repeated; suffice it that the Sheik, being called on to make his statement, boldly denounced Rajah Lal Sing as the instigator of the rebellion in Cashmere; and three papers (two to his own address, and one addressed to the Sheik's troops) were produced in evidence—all signed by the Rajah. The most significant of the papers, viz. that addressed to the troops, was acknowledged by the Rajah; and the other two, though denied, were, in the opinion of the Court, fully established to be genuine also. The evidence, indeed, was most conclusive; the defence, miserably weak; and, after two sittings, the Court, on the 4th instant, pronounced a unanimous sentence of "guilty" against the Rajah.

9. When this was communicated by you to the rest of the Ministers and the principal Sirdars, they acknowledged, more candidly than might have been expected, the impossibility of the Rajah any longer being Vuzeer; and his deposition once determined on, he seemed to pass altogether from their minds, or only to be remembered as a large Jaghirdar, whose income must be recovered to the State without delay. Dewan Dena Natta, the most practical man in the Ministry, who had single-handed defended the Rajah in the face of facts to the last moment, as soon as the verdict was pronounced, passed on without a remark to the necessary arrangements for securing his relatives, Misr Umeer Chund and Misr Bughman Doss, who held extensive districts in the provinces, and were defaulters to a large amount. This indifference to Rajah Lal Sing's fate is to be accounted for by his policy in the Vizarut; instead of trying, as any sensible man in his position would have done, to make himself popular with the Sirdars, "and win golden opinions from all sorts of men," by attending to the interests of the Khâlsa and administering the revenues

with liberality, he early took the first step to his downfall by acting as if he considered it certain, and laying up ill-gotten stores against the evil day. He discharged as many of the old Sikh soldiers as he could, and entertained in their places foreigners from his own country and Hindostan; and, while reducing the Jaghires of the Sirdars, on the plea of public poverty, he appropriated enormous grants himself, or lavished them on his relatives and servants. As a Minister, therefore, the Rajah failed to conciliate either the chiefs or the army, and, as a private character, he was personally odious to the Sikh people, for his intrigue with Runjeet's widow; or, as they regard her the mother of the Khâlsa, my firm opinion is, that his life would not have lasted one month after her departure from Lahore. It is due, however, to Rajah Lal Sing to state, that throughout the British occupation of Lahore, his attention to the wants and comforts of our troops, and his civility and kindness to the officers, could not have been exceeded. Had he carried this policy into his civil administration, and accepted our advice in matters of more moment, he would have secured his own fortunes and re-established the Maharajah's.

10. Attended by the rest of the Durbar, I then went to the Palace: and the result of the investigation and removal of Lal Sing from the Vizarut was communicated to the Maharanee by Fukeer Noorooddeen and Dena Natta.

11. The charge of the Palace was at this time made over to Sirdar Sher Sing Utáreewaluh, brother-in-law of the Maharajah, who has gained considerable credit lately by his spirited administration at Peshawur and active co-operation with Maharajah Goolab Sing in suppressing the Cashmere rebellion. Meanwhile, the Rajah himself was conducted by Lieutenant Edwardes from the tent wherein the Court was held to his own house within the city, escorted by another detachment of the above-mentioned "body-guard."

12. To prevent even the slightest stoppage of public business, the powers of Government were, as a temporary arrangement, vested in a council of four, viz., Sirdar Tej Sing, Sirdar Sher Sing, Dewan Dena Natta, and Fukeer

Noorooddeen; and circular orders were immediately issued by the Durbar to all the Kardars in the kingdom, informing them of the Vuzeer's deposition for treason to his sovereign; and that no Purwannahs were to be obeyed which did not bear the four seals of the Council.

13. On the morning of the 13th December, Rajah Lal Sing was removed to Ferozepore, under charge of Lieutenant Wroughton, 12th Native Infantry, escorted by the 27th Native Infantry Regiment, 200 Sikh sowars, and a company of Sikh infantry.

14. The momentous events I have above recorded were enacted in perfect peace; perfect quiet reigned in the city and the country. Not a shop was closed or plough laid aside during the trial, deposition, or removal of the Vuzeer; and those who are acquainted with the past history of this unhappy capital, how factitiously power has usually been seized in it, how bloodily maintained, and with what violence wrested away, will recognize under British occupation of Lahore a public confidence and sense of security as new as it is complete.

15. On the 9th December, you laid before the Durbar a letter from the Right Honourable the Governor-General, reminding them of the time being fast approaching for the departure of the British troops from Lahore, and asking them what arrangements they had made for the future. The receipt of this letter caused the greatest excitement at the Court, the majority of the Sirdars being filled with alarm at the prospect before them, in the event of our withdrawal. Till within the last few days, no one has expressed a more anxious desire for our stay than the Maharanee; and, even on the day following that on which Rajah Lal Sing was deposed from the Vizarut, and her grief was at the worst, she declared to me, when I called on her, that she would leave the Punjaub when we did. A very short time has given a more active—perhaps, a more vindictive—turn to her inclinations, and during the last day or two her whole energies have been devoted to an endeavour to win over the Sirdars of high and low degree, and unite them all together in a scheme of

independent government, of which she herself was to be the head. In this her chief aid and counsellor has ostensibly been Dewan Dena Natta, ever ill-disposed to the English, and now probably contemplating with alarm the possibility of our becoming the guardians of the young Maharajah, and—what he would less like—the guardians of the exchequer. He has survived many revolutions, in which kings and families, old masters and old friends, have perished; but I doubt if the chancellor of the Punjaub could long survive one which should altogether do away with peculation. Calculating, therefore, on having, when we withdrew, the whole management of affairs in his own hands, he has apparently preferred to run all risks, and joined heartily in the intrigues of the Maharanee: or it may be that, perceiving himself not only in the minority, but that he almost stood alone from the Maharanee, he considered it a point of honour not to abandon her. He is a man both of courage and ability, and has his own notions of fidelity, however they may be opposed to ours. The Sirdars, however, have shown great steadiness and perseverance in the matter; and, headed by Sirdar Tej Sing, the commander-in-chief, and Sirdar Sher Sing, the Maharajah's brother-in-law, have stoutly refused the Queen's proposal, to sign and send a letter to the British, declaring her the head of the government, and their readiness to obey all her orders. The debate was renewed morning and evening, and lasted till the 14th December, eliciting strange philippics and recriminations, and even abuse, within the Palace, and usually ending in the Sirdars rising and retiring in a body, saying, that the Queen wished to bring ruin on her son and all the Khâlsa; that she might act as she pleased; but, for their parts, the Palace was no place for respectable men, and that they would cross the Sutlej with the British troops. Accordingly, they seemed to have left Dena Natta to write an answer to the Governor-General's letter, in what terms he chose; and, no sooner had it been sent, than messages from various Sirdars came to disown all participation in its composition. Sirdar Sher Sing, in particular, whose near relationship to the Maharajah makes it his strongest interest

to do what seems best for the stability of the Punjaub as an independent kingdom, applied to me for a private interview on the subject, and sent me a paper explanatory of his wishes. Standing studiously aloof from the intrigues of the Court, I declined the private interview, but perused the paper, and, strange to say, it proposed the unreserved committal of the kingdom to British guardianship, till such time as the young sovereign comes to maturity; pointing out, with much good sense, the necessity of reviewing fairly the whole resources of the kingdom, and portioning out the Jaghires, establishments, and expenses accordingly.

16. It was evident, therefore, that in the written answer to the Governor-General's letter, we had not got what his lordship desired, viz. an honest expression of the wants, wishes, and opinions of the great body of the chiefs, who, during the boyhood of the Maharajah, are the natural representatives of the State; and you thought it best to assemble all the Sirdars together, and give them an opportunity of speaking their mind, unbiassed by the Maharanee's persuasion and abuse.

17. On the 15th December a Durbar was held for this purpose in my camp, and was more fully attended than any state meeting I have yet seen at Lahore; the momentous importance of the occasion to "the Khâlsa" having, in addition to the Ministers and principal Sirdars, drawn many petty chiefs, officers, and yeomen to the spot. An Akâlee, in the full costume of his order, with high blue turban, wreathed with steel quoits and crescents, was quite a new figure in this deliberative assembly, and showed that all ranks took an interest in the business of the day.

18. Instructions from the Governor-General having reached you just as the Assembly met, you were enabled again to state plainly to the chiefs the terms on which alone his lordship would consent to leave British troops at Lahore for the assistance of the Durbar, after the time fixed by the treaty of last March. It was repeated to them, therefore, that his lordship would be best pleased could they assure him of their ability to carry on the government alone, unsupported, except by

the sincere friendship of the British; but, if they thought this was impossible, and they called on the Governor-General to interfere and actively assist them, they must understand that his interference would be complete, *i.e.*, he would occupy Lahore, or any other part of the Punjaub, with what force he thought advisable; a stipulated sum of money being paid monthly into the British treasury for the expenses of the same; and, further, that the whole civil and military administration of the Punjaub would be subject to the supervision of a British Resident, though conducted by the Durbar and executive officers appointed by them. This arrangement was to hold good till the maturity of the young Maharajah, when the British troops would retire from the Punjaub, and the British Government recognize its perfect independence.

19. This proposition being communicated to the Assembly, Dewan Dena Natta expressed a wish to adjourn, in order that they might take the opinion of the Maharanee; but you informed him that the Governor-General was not asking the opinion of the Queen-Mother, but of the Sirdars and pillars of the State; and, to enable them to discuss the matter among themselves, and come to an unbiassed opinion, I retired with you into another tent, and left them to themselves.

20. The fixed sum proposed by you to be paid yearly for the expenses of the British troops was twenty-four lakhs of rupees, and we were soon informed by messengers that this was the only point on which there was any debate; presently, a deputation of five or six of the principal Sirdars came to propose a reduction of this sum, as a point of friendship; and after canvassing the matter, with reference to the resources of the country, it was at last agreed to fix it at twenty-two lakhs per annum. The consent of each member of the deputation was then asked separately, and written down by my Meer Monshee, in presence of yourself and my assistant, Lieutenant Edwardes. We then returned to the Assembly in the other tent, and the same form was observed to every Sirdar and officer of high or low degree, fifty-one in number, considered eligible to vote; and, though there were not a few in that Durbar who were foremost among the war-

party at this time last year, it is gratifying to know that, on this occasion, not one dissentient voice—not one who did not prefer British protection to a short-lived, anarchical independence. The next day (the 16th) was then settled for discussing details, and the Assembly was broken up.

Yesterday afternoon (H. Lawrence reports to Mr. Currie, the 22nd December, from Lahore) I went to Durbar, and found twenty or so of the principal chiefs and officers assembled in the Shah Mahul, opposite the Maharanee's screen, close to which a chair was placed for me. Her Highness then, in an audible voice, expressed her thankfulness to Government for the arrangements that had been made, which, she observed, had saved her own and her son's life, and had secured her throne. She repeated these speeches several times, and reminded us that when Mr. Currie was last here, and I had told her that we were ready to march at the expiration of the present year, she had replied, that if we went, she would go too, as with us alone had she found safety. After some desultory conversation and rest, I then returned with the Council to transact business. It must not be considered that the Maharanee's words altogether expressed her feelings. . . . . I am aware that she is rather submitting to what she perceives is inevitable than that she is really pleased with present arrangements. I do not mean that she is dissatisfied at our remaining at Lahore; on the contrary, I have a sort of doubt that she would have given anything—even to half the kingdom, except the supreme authority—to have induced us to stand fast; and I even believe that she prefers her present condition with us to supremacy without our protection. At first she was very angry, and gave vent to her feelings in abuse of Sirdar Tej Sing and the chiefs; but, by holding together and reasoning with her, they seem to have brought her to some sort of reason. I hear that Tej Sing told her that, if she would only keep quiet, and not commit herself before the world, he would be her brother and her friend; but that, if she persisted in violence and nonsense, he would have nothing to say to her.

The final result of these proceedings was, that the independence of the Punjaub was prolonged by the so-called Treaty of Byrowal, subject to the continued occupation of the capital by British troops :—

The interposition of British influence (so the Governor-General declared) will be exercised for the advantage of the people; and the success of this interposition will be assisted by the confidence and cordiality with which the Sirdars will co-operate with the British Resident. That officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, is well known to the chiefs by his energy, talents, and integrity; by these qualities he has conciliated their goodwill and respect. . . . . A Council of Regency, composed of leading chiefs, will act under the control and guidance of the British Resident. The Council will consist of eight Sirdars, and the members will not be changed without the consent of the British Resident, acting under the orders of the Governor-General. The power of the Resident extends over every department, and to any extent. A military force may be placed in such forts and posts, and of such strength, within the Lahore territory, as the Governor-General may determine. These terms give the British Resident unlimited authority in all matters of internal administration and external relation during the Maharajah's minority, which would terminate on the 4th September 1854.

To these conditions all the chiefs, in number fifty-two, assented; and thus Henry Lawrence was left, in all but name, the master—uncontrolled, save by the Supreme Government at Calcutta—of the magnificent realm of the Five Rivers, the kingdom of Porus, the original India of the Greeks and Persians.

The summary of the narrative of this eventful year may be concluded—as regards himself—in an extract of a letter from his brother, George Lawrence, to Henry's wife, Honoria, in England :—

Henry is looking well, and I think is better than usual,

the trip to Cashmere, he says, quite set him up; and the Governor-General remarked lately, that knocking about seemed to do him good. It was very gratifying to me to see the high estimation in which he is evidently held by the chiefs, and, indeed, by all parties. I have never yet heard one dissenting voice as to his being the very man for his present berth. I was much struck with the peace and confidence which pervades all ranks, both in city and country, and could not have believed that one short year would have done so much. The officers freely admit that it was entirely to Henry's energy and promptitude in repairing in person to Cashmere that matters there were brought to an amicable adjustment.

As regards the country which he had administered, Mr. Arnold, in his *History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration of British India*, thus sums up the results of Lord Hardinge's Government:—

Writing on the Ganges, in the last month of 1847, the Governor-General was able to report the Punjaub to the Secret Committee as perfectly tranquil; but, for the perilous passions of the Queen-Mother, he could boast to make over the Peninsula free from any disturbing cause. . . . . Our supremacy beyond the Sutlej was declared to be as real as if it were loaded with the real responsibilities of annexation.

It must, however, be added, that this apparent tranquillity was purchased at no trifling cost of military expenditure.

Well aware that the Sikhs were to be trusted as far as their fears, Lord Hardinge doubled the garrison of the North-West. He left on this and that side of the Sutlej more than 50,000 men and 60 guns.

How short-lived were the hopes entertained by the more sanguine class of observers of the durability of

the system of protection thus established in the Punjaub is now matter of history. "The problem has yet to be solved," wrote Mr. Thomason, whose word in those days was, in India, as that of Achitophel at Jerusalem, "how we can give to a tottering empire such a blow as the Sikhs have received from us, and yet leave them independent."

Hardinge certainly evinced no flourishing anticipations as to the result. That Henry Lawrence could not entertain such, whatever confidence he might affect, is evident from a singular passage (singular in relation to the circumstances of the time), in which, writing an article on the "Kingdom of Oudh" in 1846, he had predicted the all but inevitable fate of such a system as he was called on in 1846 to administer. We have seen already, and may see again, how his literary speculations, seasoned with love of controversy and strong taste for political disquisition, contained in the periodicals of his time, when read by the light of subsequent events, sometimes invite inconvenient comparisons between the prediction of the writer and the performance of the statesman:—

Much casuistry was expended some years ago in defence of the Dewani, or double government, system, which was at best but one of the poor cloaks of expediency, and was gradually thrown off as our strength increased. The subsidiary and protected system is, if possible, worse. If ever there was a device for ensuring mal-government, it is that of a Native ruler and minister both relying on foreign bayonets, and directed by a British Resident; even if all three were able, virtuous, and considerate, still the wheels of government could hardly move smoothly. If it be difficult to select one man, European or Native, with all the requisites for a just administrator, where are three who can and will

work together to be found? Each of the three may work incalculable mischief, but no one of them *can* do good if thwarted by the other. It is almost impossible for the minister to be faithful and submissive to his prince, and at the same time to be honest to the British Government; and how rarely is the European officer to be found, who, with ability to guide a Native state, has the discretion and good feeling to keep himself in the background—to prompt and sustain every salutary measure within his reach, while he encourages the ruler and minister by giving them all the credit—to be the adviser, and not the master—to forget self in the good of the people and of the protected sovereign! Human nature affords few such men; and, therefore, were there no other reason, we should be chary of our interference.

The beginning of the year 1847 thus found Henry Lawrence in peaceful possession of viceregal authority over the province. In the duties which devolved upon him, he was assisted by a staff of subordinates such as has very rarely been collected under the superintendence of any single chieftain of the political-military order, of which India furnishes the most remarkable and instructive specimens. It was thus he spoke of them himself, in a letter written at a later time to his friend Sir John Kaye, and printed by the latter in his *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 238:—

I was very fortunate in my assistants, all of whom were my friends, and almost every one was introduced into the Punjaub through me. George Lawrence, Macgregor, James Abbot, Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pollock, Bowring, Henry Coxe, and Melville, are men such as you will seldom see anywhere, but when collected under one administration were worth double and treble the number taken at haphazard. Each was a good man: the most were excellent officers. My chief help,

however, was in my brother John, without whom I should have had difficulty in carrying on.

Of the names inscribed in this list, that of Nicholson is preserved as belonging to one of the most heroic officers who ever fell in the service of this country. That of Edwardes appeals to still more recent memory. Of Lord Lawrence it is unnecessary to speak. Indian public opinion does justice to the remainder. On the whole, it may be said that the Punjaub officials, trained in the school of the Lawrences, formed a class apart, whose fame is preserved in tradition to this day.

As Resident at Lahore, Henry Lawrence has enjoyed an interval of some months, not indeed from incessant labour, but from the harassing and incessant intrigues of the Durbar, reduced at last to sullen acquiescence in the British protection, which they hated even while they craved for it. I find little of general interest in his papers devoted to details of military arrangement, revenue settlement, and negotiation with frontier chiefs. One or two of Lord Hardinge's kindly letters will describe the general character of his employment even better than his own:—

SIR H. HARDINGE *to* SIR H. LAWRENCE.

April 16*th*, 1847.

As regards the frontier opposite Dinapore, you had some communication with Mr. Thomason on your way to the Sutlej, and recommended a work to be thrown up. I dislike all fortified works in an Empire like India. Our system must be offensive, and not defensive. Still I admit a safe place for the civil authorities and scattered European establishments to fall back upon; a safe depôt for ammunition, stores, &c., on a small scale, and well retired from the frontier, may be a judicious arrangement, and if so, it ought

to be arranged quietly now, and not at the moment of pressure.

Let us have as much information as you can on the revenues and resources of the Punjaub. Edwardes, Nicholson, and your brother, each in the districts he has visited, give a wretched account of the natural impediments which must under any government, however ably administered, render the Punjaub a poverty-stricken acquisition. I was much struck with Agnew's memorandum on the Huzara country. Can the fact be true, that in two of the five districts of that country the armed men are estimated from 35,000 to 50,000, whilst the revenue of the five districts is only 30,000*l.* a year? . . . Last month I wrote to Hobhouse officially, again recommending you to be a Civil K.C.B. of the Bath, and also Currie. . . . Let me know what you say *now*, after three months' experience of your government, and a more intimate knowledge of the resources of the country, whether the policy of March 1846 was right; and whether that of December 1846 will stand the test of time —that is, for seven years?

It appears as if Henry Lawrence, at this time, had come round to views rather less unfavourable to annexation than those entertained by his chief.

Same to Same.

May 17th, 1847.

The Major's letter (George Lawrence, at Peshawur) is one of the best letters I ever read. If I were not apprehensive of Sikh prejudices and natural jealousies, I would place him in Huxtable's position at Peshawur. I am sure you will do right to give him as much power as you can without offence to the Durbar. I am rejoiced that I appointed him, and persisted, notwithstanding the objection to a triumvirate of Lawrences beyond the border.

It is quite proper that you should, in all your official despatches, honestly and truly report not only facts, but your own impressions of passing events and future liabilities in the Punjaub; consequently, when I remark that your letter of the

29th April will cause some uneasiness at home, I make no objection to your hints of coming events which cast their shadows before; but I shall be very glad if you would well weigh and consider whether the anticipated disloyalty and possible disturbances to which you point are the result of the system adopted last December, with the sanction of the Sikh nation, or whether they would have been more easily avoided by direct and immediate annexation. In my opinion, the cause of discontent would have been infinitely greater by the positive degradation to which the last of the Hindoo dynasties would have been subjected by the ill-humour of some disappointed chiefs who have saved their Jaghires, and their army rank as colonels and generals, by British protection conferred upon them at their own earnest solicitation to save the Rajah. To me it appears that all the elements of treason and violence would have been still more active under a system of absolute annexation, which the chiefs well knew would despoil them of power never to return. The temper of Eastern chiefs may perhaps submit at once to a great evil, and call it fate or destiny, when they will feel and resist against a state of things infinitely more favourable to their dignity and hopes; and it is probably very difficult for an European to argue upon the impulses by which Eastern people form their resolutions in political emergencies, and act upon them resolutely.

Then, again, if we are to consider the possible consequences arising out of the system adopted as regards our men, surely their allegiance is more likely to be preserved by saving than by destroying the last of the Hindoo dynasties. Whether it be national or religious, it would be much more likely to display itself in the mode to which you allude by annexation than by protection. When deported beyond the Indus, they would be called upon to perform a service which they detest. Their personal interests and their alleged religious feelings might then sympathize with a kindred people, and, concentrated in large bodies at Lahore and Peshawur, ferment with treason. These dangers, which, in my opinion, are remote, will be eventually the cause of our loss of this Empire, and would be aggravated by annexation.

. . . I am writing in a hill fort as fast as I can trace my words, having, my dear Lawrence, no reserve with you.

The next letter seems to express Henry Lawrence's hopes of the future rather than his convictions. It is published in the Punjaub Blue Book of 1849 :—

LAWRENCE *to* CURRIE (*Secretary to Government*).

Lahore, June 2, 1847.

With the experience of fourteen months, I can certify to this people having settled down in a manner that could never have been hoped or believed of them; but yet they have not lost their spirit. To this fact I frequently testified last year, and commented on their bold and manly bearing. A large majority of the disbanded soldiers have returned to the plough or to trade; but there are still very many floating on the surface of society; and, such is the fickleness of the national character, and so easily are they led by their priests and pundits, and so great is their known pride of race, and of a long unchecked career of victory, that if every Sirdar and Sikh in the Punjaub were to avow himself satisfied with the humbled position of his country, it would be the extreme of infatuation to believe him, or to doubt for a moment that, among the crowd who are loudest in our praise, there are many who cannot forgive our victory, or even our forbearance, and who chafe at their own loss of power, in exact proportion as they submit to ours. But this was not to be avoided, and so far from being a discouraging feature of our position, is the best assurance we can have of our strength, while it proves, whoever our secret enemies may be, they can neither find a weak point nor an opportunity.

At no period of Anglo-Indian history has any great conquest or crisis been immediately followed by complete peace and security in the countries annexed to our dominion, or by the universal good-will of a people whom we had beaten in the field. The opposite error to over-confidence is, however, not less mischievous. People here are partial to quoting the Cabul catastrophe, and, unfortunately, have too often the example set by those among ourselves who should

know better than to consider the British position at Lahore in any point comparable with that at Cabul. Here, however, as there, our fate is in our own hands. I do not disguise from myself that our position at Lahore will always be a delicate one; benefits are soon forgotten, and little gratitude is to be expected. Moreover, there are the daily refusals, the necessary resumptions, the repressing, or patching up, of domestic squabbles; all leaving behind them more or less of ill will, petty enough in detail, but in the mass sufficient powerfully to affect, for years to come, the movements of any honest administration in the Punjaub. I do not know that the Sirdars and officials of this kingdom are naturally more evil disposed than those of any other part of India; but their country is certainly more backward in civilization; was but the other day reclaimed from a state of the most ignorant barbarism; and has been but little subjected to the wholesome restraints of a regular government.

In the course of the summer, however, the prospect began still more to darken. The continued intrigues of the Maharanee rendered it, in Henry Lawrence's view, necessary that she should be separated from her son, the young Maharajah Dhuleep Sing. But when it came to the question in what manner the banished princess was to be disposed of, national and tribal pride, private interests, personal attachments and personal jealousies rendered the counsels of the chiefs so distracted as to be nearly unavailable. I add, as delineating Henry Lawrence's part in this transaction, the Proclamation in which he announced it to the Sikh chiefs and nation, and Lord Hardinge's private letter of approval:

A General Proclamation for the Information of the Chiefs of the Lahore Durbar, the Priests, Elders, and People of the Countries belonging to Maharajah Dhuleep Sing.

The Right Honourable the Governor-General of India, taking into consideration the friendly relations subsisting between

the Lahore and British Governments, and the tender age of Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, feels the interest of a father in the education and guardianship of the young Prince.

With this end in view, it appeared to the Governor-General to have become absolutely necessary to separate the Maharajah from the Maharanee his mother, an opinion in which the Durbar perfectly coincided; and accordingly, on the 19th day of August 1847, her Highness left the Palace of Lahore and was taken to Sheikhopoorah.

The reasons for this step are shortly these:—

First. That at the time of the making of the Treaty of Byrowal it was considered necessary to exclude her Highness the Maharanee from all share in the administration of the public affairs; and that she should have a separate maintenance appointed her, to enable her to pass the rest of her life in honourable retirement. Notwithstanding this, her Highness has ever since been intriguing to disturb the government, and carried her opposition to the Ministers so far as quite to embarrass and impede the public business.

Secondly. The Maharajah is now a child, and he will grow up in the way that he is trained. It was only too probable, therefore, that his mother would instil into him her own bitter feelings of hostility to the Chiefs; and that he would have thus grown up at variance with the Sirdars and Ministers of his kingdom. This could not be allowed. The young Prince should be reared up in the cultivation of every natural and acquired excellence of mind and disposition; so that, at the expiration of the present treaty, peace should be preserved by the kindly understanding existing between the Maharajah and all classes of his subjects,—a blessing which could not be hoped for if the young Prince remained with his mother.

Thirdly. So long as her Highness the Maharanee occupied the Lahore Palace strangers visited her without restriction; and every seditious intriguer who was displeased with the present order of things looked up to the Queen-Mother as the head of the State; some of them even went so far as to plan the subversion of the restored Khâlsa government.

Let all ranks, therefore, rejoice throughout the kingdom that the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India has so much at heart the peace and security of this country, the firm establishment of the estate, and the honour of the Maharajah and his Ministers.

(True Translation.)
(Signed) H. B. EDWARDES,
Assistant to Resident.

(True Copy.)

Lahore, 20th August 1847.

From LORD HARDINGE *to* HENRY LAWRENCE.

August 14*th*, 1847.

. . . Nothing can be more satisfactory than the manner in which you have carried the removal of the Maharanee into execution. I entirely approve of the judicious terms in which the proclamation was worded. Her Highness's seclusion at Shikarpore is, in my view, preferable to a more distant banishment. It avoids the national affront of parading the mother of all the Sikhs through Hindostan, and will reconcile the Sikh people to the step; and as we cannot publish all we know of her misconduct, but must justify the step on the expediency of the separation, the less any of the measures taken have the appearance of punishment the better. In this sense don't reduce her pension too low. It was granted at the time the treaty was signed, and the Ranee ceased to be Regent. The resolution should not deprive her of any comforts and luxuries to which, as the Prince's mother, she may be entitled; on the other hand, she should not have the means of offering large bribes. Her Highness must be warned that on the first occasion of her entering into intrigues other and more serious steps must be taken.

In all our measures (says the Governor-General in a subsequent letter) taken during the minority we must bear in mind that by the Treaty of Lahore, March 1846, the Punjaub never was intended to be an independent State. By the clause I added, the chief of the State can neither make war or peace, or exchange or sell an acre of territory, or admit of a

European officer, or refuse us a thoroughfare through his territories, or, in fact, perform any act (except its own internal administration) without our permission. In fact, the native Prince is in fetters, and under our protection, and must do our bidding. I advert hastily to this point because, if I have any difference of opinion with you, it consists in your liberality in attempting at too early a period to train the Sikh authorities to walk alone; I wish them to feel and to like our direct interference by the benefits conferred.—(Oct. 23, 1847.)

Having accomplished this difficult measure of policy, Henry Lawrence found himself obliged by the state of his health to intermit his hitherto incessant labour. He had suffered from the trial of the hot weather of 1846, and the recurring months of Punjaub summer now visited him severely. He was beginning to pay the penalty exacted of her most energetic servants, not so much by the climate of India, as by the exertions demanded in that climate of those who sacrifice themselves by crowding the labours of years into the compass of a few busy months. He left Lahore for British India on the 21st August, leaving his brother John, as Acting Resident, to carry out the measures which he had organized for the government of the country, and especially for the suppression of slave-dealing, "suttee," and infanticide. On the 17th October we find him again at his post at Lahore; but in a few weeks he left it, and quitted India on sick-leave for England. In this homeward journey he was the companion of his attached friend Lord Hardinge, who had been superseded by the appointment of Lord Dalhousie to succeed him as Governor-General, but had waited at Calcutta until the arrival of his successor, Lord Dalhousie.

On his homeward voyage, Lord Hardinge addressed the following letter to Sir John Hobhouse, afterwards

Lord Broughton, then President of the Board of Control, on behalf of his comrade :—

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,— *Aden, Feb.* 8, 1848.

. . . I am anxious to say a few words to you on a subject which you formerly received with favour. I allude to the distinction of the K.C.B. for Colonel Lawrence. I have no objects to urge as regards myself, and his claims are so strong and so just that even if I had I should wish his to take the precedence. I should be made most happy if, on his return to England, he could be rewarded by this mark of her Majesty's favour. Since the war closed, early in 1846, his labours have been incessant and most successful. His personal energies, his moral force of character, were admirably displayed by leading the Sikh forces into the Cashmere passes in the autumn of 1846; a force scarcely recovered from mutiny to their own government and hostility to us, and he has, since the treaty, as you know, administered the government of the Punjaub with great ability and complete success. This is the last act of conscientious duty towards a most deserving officer, and there is no one of the many officers whom I have left behind me in India who has such good pretensions to the favour of Government as my good friend Colonel Lawrence, and there is nothing which you can do for me which will give me more pleasure than to see him honoured as he deserves.

Henry Lawrence reached England in March 1848, and Lord Hardinge's recommendation was carried into execution by his appointment to the rank of K.C.B. on the 28th April.

He spent his holiday between England and Ireland, in the society of relatives and friends; but I have not been able to ascertain any particulars of his stay at home, the necessity for writing letters having for the time ceased.

From this enjoyment of his long-deferred repose Sir Henry (as he may henceforth be styled) was aroused

by the tidings of the new outbreak in the Punjaub, which ended in the second Sikh war. I will not revert to the narrative of events which have occupied so many pens. Suffice it for my present purpose that the murder of our two brave officers, Vans Agnew and Anderson, at Mooltan, took place in April 1848, and the tidings of it reached England before summer had begun. Lawrence was immediately on the alert.

He felt (says his friend, Sir John Kaye), that his proper place was where the war was raging. He had not yet regained his health: loving friends and wise physicians alike counselled him that there was danger in a precipitate return to India; but he knew that there would have been greater danger in a protracted sojourn in England, for, inactive at such a time, he would have chafed himself to death. But, for a man devoted, above all things, to his duty, he had a stronger call on him than any impulse of his own could have furnished.

In his article on Napier's "Misgovernment of India" (*Calcutta Review*, 1854), written in his own name, he informs us how Lord Broughton procured him an interview with the Duke of Wellington, which ended in the duke's saying, "that he ought to return to the Punjaub." "I expressed my readiness," he adds, "and wrote to the Court (of Directors), offering to go at once. They replied, politely ignoring me, and leaving me to act on my own judgment, as I was on medical certificate. I was disappointed, but perceived no hostility in the Court's act." "The Company," says Sir John Kaye, in his comment on this circumstance, "was a good master, but very chary of gracious words."[4] I subjoin the official communication itself; and must say that I think there was a little "touchiness" in Sir Henry's criticism on it. To dissect closely the style of

[4] *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 301.

every communication from a busy office is over-particular. Many a correspondent weighs and ponders over every word of its contents, as if each had its special covert meaning; when, in point of fact, the colour is given by the clerk who happens to hold the pen, and who can hardly be supposed at all times capable of distinguishing between the reverence appropriate for a hero and the courtesy due to an ordinary mortal:—

SIR, *East India House, July* 29, 1848.

I HAVE laid before the Court of Directors of the East India Company your letter of the 10th instant, stating that if, under present circumstances, the Court consider that your services can be of any use on the Indus, you are ready to proceed to India in such time as to be available to accompany any force that may take the field in November, in any capacity that the Governor-General may see fit.

In reply, I have received the Court's commands to state that they are very sensible of the zeal for the service which has dictated this proposal; but that they leave it to yourself to decide on the time of your return to India within the term of your furlough on sick certificate.

I am desired to add that, should your health permit of your return, the Court are persuaded that the Government of India will gladly avail themselves of your services in that manner which shall appear to them to be most conducive to the public interests.

Before, however, Lawrence could make ready to leave his native country, post after post had brought tidings of the spread of the disaffection and continuance of the outbreak. There came the news of the gallant and fortunate maintenance by Edwardes and his "forlorn hope" of their distant post on the Indus; "like a terrier," as he said himself, "barking at a tiger:" his victories at Kinneyree and Suddoozain (June and July), and the unsuccessful first siege of

Mooltan by General Whish. It was plain to most observers that the earth was heaving with all the preliminary tokens of a general convulsion; that the strange theocratic commonwealth of the "Khâlsa," at once an idea and a fact, was to make one more struggle for existence and supremacy; that the intrigues of the ambitious slave-girl, the mother of Goolab Sing, whom our odd Western notions of propriety invested with the attributes of queen-mother, had been so far successful as to arouse against us an amount of rebellious feeling on which we had in no degree calculated. It was clear enough, moreover, to those familiar with the Indian character, that the absence of Lawrence himself, who had already obtained an extraordinary influence over the Sikh mind, was operating most prejudicially. For his own part, he had acquired, by close intimacy, so much regard for those among whom he had lived and governed for the last three years, that he almost to the end remained incredulous, not, of course, as to the reality, but as to the extent and depth of the rebellious element with which the British Government had to contend.[5]

If Sir Henry was sensitive about his personal influence and reputation, as no doubt he was to an extent not very compatible with his personal comfort, he must have appreciated the assiduous consultations to which he was at this time subjected by the India Board authorities at home, by his friend Lord

[5] I have before me a newspaper copy of Lord Dalhousie's famous Minute on leaving India, to which Sir Henry has affixed some very curt marginal remarks. To the words, "The murder of the British officers at Mooltan," he has appended, "Not by Sikhs." To the somewhat stilted indictment against the Sikh nation in paragraph three of the Minute, "But when it was seen that the spirit of the whole Sikh people was inflamed by the bitterest animosity against us," &c., he notes in the margin the simple word, "No."

Hardinge, and by Lord Dalhousie writing from India. Already the ominous question of "annexation," as a necessary penalty for the Sikh revolt, was looming in the horizon; and, with his own feelings wholly adverse to that solution of the question, he may have been somewhat perplexed by the contradictory manifestations of opinion which he received confidentially, almost at the same time, from his former and his present master.

LORD HARDINGE *to* SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

August 7, 1848.

If the Sikh Chiefs and the army are so infatuated as to try their fate by a last and desperate appeal to arms, the result cannot for a moment be doubtful. The mischief may be attributed to the policy; but annexation is occupation, and involves the dispersion of the forces in the Punjaub, and as it would not prevent insurrection, we should in that case, when it broke out, be cramped in our movements in proportion to the number of dispersed posts occupied by the British army. . . . The possession of artillery by the Sikh insurgents is the only advantage which the treaty gave them, and of which they would have been deprived by annexation; but the motives for a national rising would have been strong —now, they are unintelligible. . . . Our next difficulty would be, what sort of an annexation can be devised more secure than that which tempted the Sikh chiefs and soldiery to be faithful for five years on their own entreaty, and on terms for their sect and Prince the most favourable that could be devised.

LORD DALHOUSIE *to the Same.*

. . . There are considerations beyond that of the material stability of our power. And it *will* remain for us to consider whether we can continue in relations of amity with a power whose government, even under our protection and guidance, will not, or cannot, control its own army, or whether we should not at once take our own measures for obliterating a state which, as these events would appear to show, can never

become a peaceful neighbour, and which, so long as it is allowed to exist, is likely to be a perpetual source of military *annoyance* (at all events), and, consequently, a cause of unsatisfactory expense and of additional anxiety. That it will never really be again a source of military danger, I believe truly has been effectually secured by Lord Hardinge.

The following, from Mr. Currie (his acting successor in the Political Agency), reaches him about the same time:—

Lahore, July 20, 1848.

Your brother John sent me, a few days ago, your short note of the 24th May, the purport of which was to intimate your intention of being at Lahore on the 1st February next, and your hope that this would suit my convenience. My convenience is a thing which has never been consulted by any one since I first agreed to come here for two years, at your request, to enable you to visit England without loss of appointment; and I have to desire that it should be taken into consideration now. I must say, however, that I shall be happy to make over this Residency to you whenever arrangements may be made by the Court for my retaining a seat in Council, and by Lord Dalhousie for your re-appointment to Lahore. . . . I have had a most anxious and a trying time here; but all cause for anxiety will have passed away ere you return.

LORD DALHOUSIE *to* SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

. . . My word is passed that, on your return at the end of a year, you should be replaced at Lahore; and so you shall. . . . I fully join in all you say as to Mr. Edwardes' merits; and, although you have all thrown up your caps too soon as to the result of his actions, he deserves all he has got in winning them. If he wishes to go home, he shall go; if he prefers to stay, I will honourably prefer him in charge under the Government, whenever I have a just opportunity of doing so. . . . Mooltan *must* be taken; and as matter of self-preservation the army, which has declared its object,

must be met and crushed. The ulterior policy need not be promulgated till then; but I say frankly I see no halting-place midway any longer. There was no more sincere friend of Lord Hardinge's policy to establish a strong Hindoo government between the Sutlej and the Khyber than I. I have done all that man could do to support such a government and to sustain that policy. I no longer believe it feasible to do so; and I must act according to the best of my judgment on what is before me. All this we shall have many opportunities of talking about at some stage or other.

Sir Henry, with his wife, left England, never to return, in November 1848.

Lady Lawrence's journal of this voyage, in letters addressed to her son Alexander (who remained at home), is a record of impressions of pleasure. Her husband was with her, and all her own; she carried out also her second boy, born in Nepaul. Her health was, for the time, re-established; she was enjoying all the buoyancy of heart to which recovery gives birth —when we feel as if rendered young again in the midway of our fatiguing pilgrimage; and all the romance of her temperament—her passionate love of natural beauties, her religious enthusiasm, her vehement participation in her husband's opinions and controversies —come to the surface in these careless utterances, penned to satisfy her own emotions rather than for the sake of a child too young to appreciate them. Take the following description of a sunset in the Egyptian desert, not traversed as yet by rail:—

At length the sun declined almost due behind us, and the western sky began to glow with colours which made the desert itself seem a part of heaven. Not above two or three times in my life, on the broad sea, or among the Himalayas, have I ever seen an aspect of the sky that seemed like this: it might belong to some world different from ours. Clouds like masses

of rough gold, brilliant rose tints, and, near the horizon, a band of pale green, all of a jewelled splendour that is never seen in more northerly latitudes. So sank the sun; and then the sky took an appearance of red flame with dark smoke, like vapour also, such as, I think, must have appeared over Mount Sinai, and which brought very solemn thoughts of that cloud of flame in which our Lord will at last descend. The lower mountains, now almost opposite the setting sun, had, till he sunk, shone with rosy light here and there, and the rest had a rich neutral tint; but now the range stood forth so close and forbidding that they seemed to me like those to which the impenitent will cry when they say to the mountains, "Fall on us, and to the hills, cover us." It was a scene of such solemnity as I hope never to forget.[6] But it faded away, and only a few thick clouds floated below the western star in the clear, pale sky, when we met another batch of travellers from Bombay. Our vans stopped; papa got out, and, in the twilight, had ten minutes' talk with Colonel Outram. They have long known each other by character, and corresponded pleasantly, but had never met before. There is much alike in their characters; but Colonel Outram has had peculiar opportunities of protesting against tyranny, and he has refused to enrich himself by ill-gotten gains. You cannot, my boy, understand the question about the conquest of Sindh by Sir Charles Napier; but I wish you to know that your parents consider it most unjust. Prize-money has been distributed to those concerned in the war. Colonel Outram, though a

[6] The following trifling extract from another letter of nearly the same date to her absent boy may merely serve to show how far Lady Lawrence was, in her religious fervour, from disregarding the cultivation of ordinary literary tastes, or the creation of them in those she loved:—"I am very glad you have been hearing the *Lady of the Lake*; it is very pretty. Tell me which you like best. I think I used to like best about the fiery cross being sent round the clan. Tell me when uncle read the *Tempest* aloud. We have asked him to get a copy of Shakspeare as our Christmas present to you, dearest child. I used, when I was a child, to like *Macbeth* best of all; and after that the *Tempest*." "I should like to know, Alick dear," says his father, in a later letter, October 28, 1854, "if you remember all the verses and poetry that mamma taught you, and that I helped you to learn in Nepaul. You used to learn four or five pages of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* in a day as a pleasure-lesson when you were eight years old."

very poor man, would not take money which he did not think rightfully his, and distributed all his share in charity—giving 800*l.* to the Hill Asylum at Kussowlee. I was glad, even in the dark, to shake hands with one whom I esteemed so highly.

As we shall have abundant opportunity of remarking on the personal relations between Lawrence and Napier, when brought in contact at subsequent periods, I will forbear from any comment on the question between the latter and Outram, although productive, at the time, of so much heart-burning, and, unfortunately, of so much derogatory controversy. Sir Henry, as we see, espoused vehemently the side of Outram. His chivalrous nature revolted against what he conceived the injustice done to the Ameers—injustice peculiarly felt by him, because he disapproved as much of the political as the moral character of the conquest achieved over them; and his feelings were strongly engaged by the contrast between the conduct of Napier, enriched by that conquest, and Outram, who refused to touch his own inferior share in the prize-money. Let us pass over the subject. There is, after all, room enough in the Pantheon of Indian heroes for Napier, Lawrence, and Outram, bitterly hostile as they were in their lives and unreconciled in their deaths.

Sir Henry, with his wife, reached Bombay in December, whence he proceeded at once to Lahore; the last news which greeted his arrival being that of the capture and imprisonment of his brother Colonel George and Mrs. Lawrence by the Afghans, after weeks of almost desperate tenacity of resistance at Peshawur. Their captivity, however, was not of long duration.

CHAPTER XV.

1849.

RETURN TO INDIA—RELATIONS WITH THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL, LORD DALHOUSIE—SIEGE OF MOOLTAN, JANUARY 1849—SECOND SIKH WAR—BATTLES OF CHILLIANWALLAH AND GOOJERAT—PROCLAMATION TO THE SIKHS—DISCUSSIONS ON ANNEXATION, MARCH 1849—VIEWS OF HENRY AND JOHN LAWRENCE RESPECTIVELY—LORD DALHOUSIE ACTS IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE OPINION OF THE LATTER—RESIGNATION TENDERED BY HENRY—RECONCILIATION.

WE have now accompanied Henry Lawrence, as it were, step by step, to the summit of his Indian ambition. We have seen him make his way, without interest or patronage, except such as he won for himself by "industrious valour," to the government of a great, subjugated, and protected province; ruling it with almost absolute authority, under the supremacy of a Governor-General who sympathized with all his views, and sought almost too eagerly for his counsel and support. Loved at once, and respected by his own subordinates; all but worshipped, after their Oriental fashion, by the Natives, with whose speech, habits, and thoughts he was familiar to a degree very rarely equalled by official Englishmen;—he was, perhaps, in as enviable a position as the noble service to which he belongs afforded, while, as yet,

envy had scarcely begun to make its discordant notes heard amidst the general chorus of voices raised in his honour. He was now to return to the scenes of his labours and deepest interests, to the country which he had known for more than twenty years, and with which he had made himself thoroughly familiar, and that under circumstances the most flattering to one covetous of renown; for he had been almost recalled by the public voice as the one man necessary for the occasion. Whether justly or not, the opinion had got ground that it was owing in some degree to his absence that the recent disorganization of the Punjaub had taken place; and that his presence was the chief thing needed to restore the broken fabric of his and our policy. The "ikhbal" of the great English chief —so said the natives—had deserted his countrymen. His departure had been the signal of revolt; his return, it might be hoped or feared, would be the signal of reconciliation or re-conquest.

Such was the outward promise of events; and yet—such was the bitter irony of Fortune—this very epoch of dawning prosperity proved the turning-point of his life in the other direction. Thenceforward his career was still to be that of one devoted to the performance of his duty, and finding in it high opportunities of enjoyment for his keen and ambitious spirit; but it was, at the same time, to be in the main one of disappointment. He was to witness the seeds of successful administration, painfully sown by himself, ripening into a harvest to be reaped by others. He was to see projects of policy, matured by himself in the fulness of knowledge and experience, neglected or set aside, or altered and transformed, by new masters, the successors of those under whom he had grown up,

and whose counsels had been matured along with his own. He was to see himself, not, indeed, treated otherwise than with the personal regard which were due to him, but "shunted" aside, in what he deemed his mid-course of usefulness, into a quiet nook by the wayside, there to repose until he and those who ruled over him could set their horses, in popular phrase, better together. It was a hard destiny, doubtless; and so it was deemed by many an honourable friend and staunch partisan of his own, and, to a considerable extent, by the public voice of India. But yet fairness compels even a biographer to admit, that those who sympathize with him and admire him most had scarcely a right to deem him, in the main, treated with injustice.

In the first place, because it is impossible for a supreme ruler, be he Governor-General or Sovereign, to maintain in a post of high activity, as well as responsibility, one whose views, on certain leading points of policy, are diametrically opposite to his own. If the ruler, under such circumstances, allows the vizier, from whom he differs, to continue his course of action, from mere dislike to annoy and affront, he is guilty of a very serious dereliction of duty. He sacrifices, not merely his own influence and *prestige*, but the interest of his subjects, to what Lawrence himself would have emphatically called "the fear of man." The only course open to the ruler, in such a case, if he is bent on humouring the feelings of his subordinate, is to bid him to remain in his place, but confine himself to carrying strictly out the policy imposed on him from above. In the case of subordinates whose duties are of a comparatively unimportant order, this line may no doubt be, and often

is, adopted without much inconvenience; but the governor of a great, though subordinate, state, with his army, his cabinet, his host of executive officers, is not to be thus half-trusted, and employed under indenture to serve in a particular way. No man would have recognized, and acted upon, this principle more resolutely than he who became, in this instance, the victim of it. Had Lawrence been Dalhousie, he would as certainly have rid himself of a right-hand man who thwarted him—not, indeed, by disobedience, but by opposition of opinion—as did Dalhousie himself. Whether the principal or the subordinate were the more sound in his judgment may be a question of deep interest for the after-world, which has by-and-by to apportion permanent renown; but it can make no difference as to the right or wrong of the immediate case. Queen Anne might be wise or foolish in determining to make peace with France; but, having so determined, it is idle work to accuse her of ingratitude because she turned out her veteran Whig advisers, under whose conduct such peace was impossible.

Such are, as it seems to me, the general principles on which the often raised problem, whether an agent, either dismissed or virtually superseded, has been fairly treated or no, must be practically decided. But it must also be admitted that there was much in Lawrence's personal character which at once exposed him to the probabilities of such collision, and rendered it more difficult for him to bear it with that "innate untaught philosophy," which belongs, it may be, to an inferior order of minds. I cannot believe it to be the duty of a biographer, whatever admiration he may sincerely entertain for his hero, either to conceal or to gloss over those points in his temperament or conduct

which he may deem imperfect. No true portraiture can be drawn without its shades as well as light. In the first place, the record of his early life shows abundantly that he was by nature headstrong and opinionate, intolerant of opposition and of contradiction. These were qualities which he was always seeking to keep under control; and this endeavour he carried on mainly by the aid of a firm, almost stern, Christian philosophy, which in his written remains contrasts at times in a marked manner with the great kindliness and sensitiveness of his nature. The discipline of this sort of concentrated enthusiasm kept down the rebellious tendencies in Lawrence, but could not subdue them into coldness. It gave him the resolution to submit, but not the resignation which submits cheerfully. And, it must be added, every feeling of disappointment had in his temperament, as in others, a certain disposition to become personal, or, in other words, to fester. We have seen that his father wrought his unpropitious way through life under the constant pressure of a "grievance." His path was one of obscurity, his son's one of renown; and yet something of the same uneasy, persistent feeling of ill-usage—the result, perhaps, in the first place, of affection and veneration for that very father—seems to have descended from the one to the other. As far as I can judge from his remains, Henry Lawrence was too apt to diverge into that untoward line of thought which makes men ready to interpret into hostility offence in being overruled, or opposed on questions of public or private policy, and to stumble over every obstacle which they meet with in their chosen career, as if it were a rock of offence placed malignantly in their way.

I have expressed boldly what I regard as a defect in Henry Lawrence's mental organization. I fear I may offend others, besides his personal admirers, when I suggest likewise, that it was to some extent a defect of his class, and of his education. That Anglo-Indians, as a rule, are apt to be "touchy," to fall into some exaggeration of their own personal importance, and some unnecessary resentment at supposed slights, is pretty generally admitted, even by those who do the fullest justice to the noble qualities which a truly Roman system has developed among them for a century. And for this, as it appears to me, there are two leading reasons. The first is, the comparative isolation of their lives. His time devoted in the main to a round of common-place duties, with few intervals of amusement and relaxation; with very few associates, suffering too frequently from the impatience produced by a climate at once irritating and enervating—the Indian official, in his lonely dignity, or in the narrow regimental or official set to which he is confined, has only too much opportunity to brood over his own prospects, and to anatomize his own sensations. The healthy process of being "knocked about" in a busy, changeable, self-engaged society, in which he is himself only a unit, is seldom experienced by him. In the next place, his hopes, aspirations, fears, have all a tendency to become of a strictly personal nature. He can only rise in one narrow and definite line of progress—rise by talent, by industry, or by interest, or by all combined. From the time that he enters on his course until he abandons it, India is to him one great field of competitive struggle. Not to attain an expected advantage, to be passed by another in a race for it—these are vexations, but which

may be lightly borne where the mind is diverted by a choice of other prospects: not so where the race is close run, and every aspirant well known to every other. And, even where an individual may chance not to have his mind exclusively fixed on his own future, he is pretty sure to engage himself deeply in hopes or fears on behalf of others, which he indulges until they become almost as acutely felt, and eat into the constitution as sharply, as those which touch himself. Partisanship becomes a passion; and Henry Lawrence was very far from having conquered it. As far as his nature was not subdued by discipline he was a vehement lover and a good hater.

And one more feature must, in justice to all parties, be added, to complete the picture. He had early taken, as we have seen, to critical writing; his pen was ready and incisive; his temper fearless; his judgment apt to be severe, though always restrained within the bounds of gentlemanly and honest controversy. But so it happens, whatever the cause of the phenomenon, that those who are most exercised in this line of writing, and most ready at employing the press as a vehicle of their sentiments regarding public measures and public men, are apt to be the most sensitive to similar criticism when directed against themselves. Lawrence, as it seems to me, furnished no exception to this general rule. Whenever his or his friends' policy was obstructed, or their persons, in his opinion, slighted, the mortification which he suffered was increased tenfold by the stings of press animadversion, and his first impulse was to adopt—similar means of vindication and retort.

The first, and most significant, warning of the impending change in his destiny was to be found in

the altered tone of his private correspondence with the two successive Governors-General—the one with him in England, the other out in India. That correspondence was at this time exceedingly active, and Sir Henry carefully preserved it. The change from the "dear Lawrence," and the varied terms of affectionate subscription used by Hardinge, to the "Dear Sir Henry," and "Yours sincerely" of Lord Dalhousie, indicate plainly enough the altered terms on which he stood with them respectively. Lord Hardinge and he had long been friends; but the friendship had ripened into cordial affection. His lordship speaks of and to Lawrence uniformly with the tenderness of a brother. Whatever his other faults or merits, the old Peninsular hero was one of the most amiable of men. There was something almost feminine in his tenderness of nature. Sir Henry Lawrence, in writing about him in the *Calcutta Review*, seems to think it necessary to defend him against the charge of a too yielding disposition:—

> Because Lord Hardinge was always cordial and kind to his secretaries, some have jumped to the conclusion that he was unduly influenced by them. Far otherwise: he was ready to hear the opinion of every one who had a right to give one. But no Governor-General ever more decidedly took his own line, and chalked out his own course, than Lord Hardinge.

The very necessity under which the friendly critic felt himself of volunteering this defence showed the prevalence of those qualities which gave some occasion for the charge. In truth, Lord Hardinge had, when personal resolution was not required, a tendency to lean on others. This arose, in part, from that great

modesty and simplicity of character which made him the favourite pupil of Wellington in his greatest wars, and made him also, when armed with all the dignity of Governor-General, ready to follow Lord Gough to the field as a subordinate in the first Sikh campaign. It is clear from the correspondence that Lord Hardinge not only loved and admired Lawrence, but that he to a certain extent depended on him, as the stronger of the two; and he was repaid by deep attachment. With the exception of a slight coolness occasioned in Henry's mind when, on his departure for England, the Governor-General appointed Currie to succeed him in the Punjaub, instead of John Lawrence—whether that step was prompted by regard for Currie, his secretary, or by a dislike to be thought too much under the influence of "the Lawrences"—there was never an interruption to their friendship. From the many affectionate expressions of Lord Hardinge's attachment, which greeted Sir Henry Lawrence during the last days of his stay in England, I select one only:—

27th October 1848.

I only received your letter from Bristol on my return to South Park last night from Windsor Castle. I, therefore, address this note to Clarendon Place, to say that I shall come up to town on Sunday morning by the first train, and be at the Carlton as soon after ten as I can, and find you out, wherever you may be. . . . I say nothing more at present, except the assurance to you and your dear wife that, in the matter concerning your son,[1] I shall take the most devoted interest, trusting, by the blessing of God on your honourable proceedings and distinguished career, I shall never be called on to act as a guardian to your boy.

[1] The reference is to exertions which Lord Hardinge was then making to obtain a promise of a writership for Alexander Lawrence (Henry's eldest son).

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and joined the army in campaign against the rebels, after nearly a twelvemonth's absence. He was present at the last days of the siege of Mooltan, left that place on the 8th January 1849, and arrived in time to witness the half-won contest at Chillianwallah, when Lord Gough claimed a victory which public opinion at the time denied him. According to Mr. Kaye:—

After the battle, which both sides claimed to have won, Lord Gough proposed to withdraw his army some five or six miles from the scene of action, for the sake of obtaining better fodder for his cattle. Against this Henry Lawrence warmly protested, saying, that if the British fell back at such a time, even a single mile, the Sikhs would accept the fact as an evidence of our defeat, and take new heart and courage from our retrograde movement. . . . . These arguments prevailed. The British army remained on its old encamping ground, and at the worst it could only be said that there was a drawn battle.[2]

While the issues of the war were as yet undecided, Sir Henry resumed his post as Resident at Lahore on the 1st February. He was not present, therefore, at the battle of Goojerat, which finished the contest; but he received the following account of it from Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde):—

Two or three miles North,
and two points East of Goojerat.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—

HURRAH! We have gained a great success—I should rather say, a great victory! The army advanced from Sadawalla this morning, at half-past seven o'clock. . . . .

We advanced in this order, opening fire with our artillery on the enemy, causing them to fly before us in every direction. They stood firmly; but they could not stand the fire of our artillery. They were driven before both wings in the greatest confusion on both sides of Goojerat, leaving their

[2] *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 302.

camp standing, and all the property in it. . . . . They are dropping their guns and tumbrils along the road, getting rid of every encumbrance to hasten their flight. They were, as an army, one vast mass of fugitives, all crowded together in one heap—cavalry and infantry, regulars and irregulars. The loss of their entire camp; every tent taken, of chief and soldier; all their ammunition, which is now being blown up in every direction in their camp. I did not fire a musket; and I thank God, which I do with a most grateful heart, that our loss has been altogether insignificant. The army is in high spirits. It was like a beautiful field-day, the whole day's work. God bless you and yours most sincerely,

C. CAMPBELL.

Twenty-two or twenty-four guns, in all.

"The Battle of Goojerat," says Mr. Arnold, "admirably planned, patiently fought out, and sufficiently consummated, ended the second Sikh war, and finally crushed the Khâlsa army." [3]

Sir Charles Napier informed his brother William, by letter, that Sir Henry Lawrence "sent Lord Gough a whole plan for the battle, which would, if followed, have lost the army, in case of a check. *Of that I speak from hearsay only.*" [4] I am aware of no other authority for the story; and Sir Charles's hearsay against a man whom he disliked may, probably, be passed over with little attention.

Already, even before the last cannon were heard at Goojerat, Lord Dalhousie, anticipating the overthrow of the Sikh army, had been engaged with Sir Henry in settling the draft of a proclamation, inviting the Khâlsa to lay down their arms.[5] I have not found

[3] *Administration of Lord Dalhousie*, i. 177.

[4] *Life*, iv. 281.

[5] So endorsed by Sir Henry Lawrence; but the papers thus denominated consist only of two draft letters by him, addressed to Chuttur Sing and Sher Sing. Lord Dalhousie has marked certain passages as "disapproved," on account, apparently, of the gentleness of the language used.

it preserved; but there can be no doubt, from the correspondence which follows, that, as framed by Sir Henry, it was in accordance with his characteristic views of considerate tenderness for the misled, and of personal feeling towards the leaders of a warlike race, with which he had so long dwelt in amity. Lord Dalhousie disapproved of them as too temperate for the occasion, and these are the terms in which he conceived it necessary to announce that disapproval to his veteran subordinate, just returned to his sphere of duty, and with whom he had scarcely as yet formed a personal acquaintance:—

Ferozepoor, 1*st February* 1849.

In my conversation with you a few days ago I took occasion to say to you that my mode of conducting public business, in the administration with which I am entrusted, and especially with the confidential servants of the Government, are, to speak with perfect openness, without any reserve, and plainly to tell my mind without disguise or mincing of words. In pursuance of that system, I now remark on the proclamation you have proposed. It is objectionable in matter, because, from the terms in which it is worded, it is calculated to convey to those who are engaged in this shameful war an expectation of much more favourable terms, much more extended immunity from punishment, than I consider myself justified in granting them. It is objectionable in manner: because (unintentionally, no doubt) its whole tone substitutes you personally, as the Resident at Lahore, for the Government which you represent. It is calculated to raise the inference that a new state of things is arising; that the fact of your arrival with a desire to bring peace to the Punjaub is likely to affect the warlike measures of the Government; and that you are come as a peacemaker for the Sikhs, as standing between them and the Government. This cannot be. . . . . There must be entire identity between the Government and its Agent, whoever he is. . . . . I repeat, that I can allow nothing to be said or done, which should

raise the notion that the policy of the Government of India, or its intentions, depend on your presence as Resident in the Punjaub, or the presence of Sir F. Currie instead. By the orders of the Court of Directors, that policy is not to be finally declared until after the country is subjected to our military possession, and after a full review of the whole subject. The orders of the Court shall be obeyed by me. I do not seek for a moment to conceal from you that I have seen no reason whatever to depart from the opinion that the peace and vital interests of the British Empire now require that the power of the Sikh Government should not only be defeated, but subverted, and their dynasty abolished. . . . . I am very willing that a proclamation should be issued by you, but bearing evidence that it proceeds from Government. It may notify that no terms can be given, but unconditional submission; yet that, on submission being immediately made, no man's life shall be forfeited for the part he has taken in hostilities against the British Government, &c. &c.

Those who can estimate aright, and make due allowance for, "the pride of haughty souls to human honour tied," may calculate what it must have cost one who had occupied the position so long held by Lawrence, to answer duly a new master who addressed him thus. The application was a sharp one, doubtless; but however he might wince under it, it could not make him swerve from the path of duty.—

Lahore, 5th February.

I have written the proclamation in the terms I understand your lordship to desire; but any alteration made in it, or the letter, by your order will be duly attended to when the translations are prepared. I may, however, observe, the Natives do not understand "unconditional surrender." They know that, with themselves, it implies murder and spoliation. As, therefore, life and security from imprisonment is promised to the soldiers, I would suggest that the word "unconditional surrender" be omitted, as they may be

made use of by the ill-disposed to blind others to the real conditions. . . . .

My own opinion, as already more than once expressed in writing to your lordship, is against annexation. I did think it unjust: I now think it impolitic. It is quite possible I may be prejudiced and blinded; but I have thought over the subject long and carefully. However, if I had not intended to have done my duty under all circumstances, conscience permitting, I should not have hurried out from England to have taken part in arrangements that, under any circumstances, could not but have in them more of bitterness than all else for me.

Lord Dalhousie, it may be observed, was apt to pique himself on his own resolution in performing that painful function of official duty—the correction and reprimand even of distinguished officers, when necessary. He thought Lawrence deficient in this quality. "If —— had behaved to me as he did to Lawrence" (he is reported to have said on one occasion), "I would have smashed him!" It would, however, be erroneous to infer from the somewhat chivalrous gentleness of Lawrence's disposition that he was deficient in the same unpleasant faculty when needed. He could be as curt, and as decided, at times, in administering the "snub"—to use a disagreeable word—as Lord Dalhousie himself. It must be remembered that the receiver of the following admonition was, not only a most meritorious officer, but a popular hero, one whom fortune had placed in the way of achieving a great service to the Empire; and that he was, moreover, the closest personal friend and ally of Lawrence himself, among all those whom he had trained and led; he, of whom Napier speaks in his contemptuous way, as "Sir Henry Lawrence's *protégé* Edwardes, who, after being brought forward as

a young Clive by the Directors, proved to be no Clive at all;" and who lived, not only to honour Lawrence continually while living, but to undertake and leave half-completed the task of his biography:—

SIR H. LAWRENCE *to* EDWARDES.

February 23rd, 1849.

Lieutenant Young has behaved admirably as a soldier; but where would be the end of men acting on their own responsibility if not only you, but he, could, without reference to me, disarm and discharge a regular regiment for an offence committed months ago? If such is right, there is no need of a Resident at all. Considering how the battle of Goojerat has gone, little ill would probably result; but had the result been even doubtful, it would have given an excuse for the 3,000 or so Durbar troops still with us to desert. Just now, when you are only recovering from a sick bed, I am sorry to have to find fault with you, but I have no alternative in this matter. The times have loosened discipline, but the sooner it is returned to, the better for all parties. The Governor-General more than once, even before I resumed charge, dwelt most strongly on the manner in which every assistant in the Residency acted just as if he were a Commander-in-Chief and a Governor-General. You will not mistake me. You know me to be your friend, I hope in the best sense. I know and admire your excellent qualities; I fully appreciate the good service you have done, and have most gladly borne testimony to them; but this is not the first time we have had a discussion of this kind: I most sincerely hope it will be the last.

Another officer, well known in after days, seems to have received similar warnings:—

SIR H. LAWRENCE *to* LORD DALHOUSIE.

April 15th, 1849.

I am averse to bring Lieutenant Hodson's name again before your lordship; but I venture to do so, as I may have been misunderstood. He wishes to give up the Guides, and

to be an assistant. From education, ability, and zeal, there is no man in the Punjaub better fitted to become an excellent civil officer. His faults are that he is aware of his ability, and is apt to arrogate too much. If I have appeared to your lordship to have too much taken his part, I have at the same time said so much to him of his errors, that he seems to think I wish to get rid of him!

Another cause of difference, not unattended with ruffling of temper, between the Governor-General and Sir Henry, is disclosed in the correspondence of this period: namely, the ancient controversy respecting the character and trustworthiness of Goolab Sing. It will be remembered how often Sir Henry had, in the main, espoused the cause of this potentate, in the matter of his appointment to Cashmere, notwithstanding the embarrassing fact that he had himself left on record, on various occasions, an extremely low opinion of him:—

MY DEAR SIR H.,— *February 18th*, 1849.

REFERRING to the communications which have passed between us regarding Goolab Sing, you disclaim being his admirer, and urge your desire to make the best of a crooked character. I give you the fullest credit for both assurances. You appeal also to your own career to show that you have had but the one object of doing your duty, and that without being influenced now, any more than at any other time, by personal feelings. Nothing was or could have been further from my intentions than to lead you to suppose that I had the slightest feeling to the contrary. I do not think there is anything in my letter which would carry that inference; but if so, and if you have so construed it, I beg you to be assured I meant no words of mine ever to convey such a meaning. As for your not having my confidence, differences of opinion must not be understood as withdrawal of confidence. You give, and will, I hope, continue to give, me your views frankly. I shall give you, in reply, my opinions as frankly. If we differ, I shall

say so; but my saying so ought not to be interpreted to mean want of confidence. Be assured, if ever I lose confidence in your services, than which nothing is farther from my contemplation, I will acquaint you of the fact promptly enough. Till the announcement comes, then,—than which, I repeat, nothing is less anticipated by me,—I remain assured of your retaining that feeling of confidence and conviction of your value to the public service which alone was my motive for replacing you where you are.

The private correspondence which I have quoted shows that in the beginning of February, Lord Dalhousie's mind was well made up as to the expediency of annexing the Punjaub, but that he felt himself in direct opposition on this subject to so high an authority as Sir Henry; and that for this, doubtless, among other reasons, he, resolute as was his nature, hesitated as to acting on his own conviction. His policy was "not to be finally declared until after a full review of the whole subject." The circumstances which hastened on this declaration were sufficiently peculiar to deserve a record, especially as they throw light, in more respects than one, on the character of the subject of this biography.

I find in Sir Henry's correspondence the copy of the following note, addressed by him to Lord Dalhousie, on the 11th March, from Lahore:—

SIR H. LAWRENCE *to* LORD DALHOUSIE.

Lahore, March 11th, 1849.

If there is likely to be any delay in your lordship's coming to Lahore, I should like to be permitted to run over to Ferozepoor for a few hours, or that my brother John should do so, which would answer equally well.

Lord Dalhousie's answer (March 13th) shows that the eventful visit had taekn place.

I have had two long conversations with your brother, and have requested him to convey to you fully the substance of what we have been discussing, both as to my intentions and as to the mode of carrying them into execution. I am much obliged by his coming here.

John Lawrence was at that time, in point of position, Commissioner for the Jullundur or cis-Sutlej district, but his frequent employment as acting Resident at Lahore during his brother's or Currie's absences, brought him and the Governor-General at this anxious time into very intimate relations. The object of the above note was to obtain an opportunity for confidential discussion of the annexation project. It was, I believe, suggested originally by Lord Dalhousie himself. But when the time came, Henry, for some reason or other, was indisposed to the interview. After what we read of the occasional style of correspondence between the chief and subordinate, we may perhaps feel not much surprise at this disinclination. All that Henry could do would have been to contest, by often unsuccessful arguments, a foregone conclusion in favour of annexation. John was not in the same untoward predicament. The difference between the two brothers was this: Henry, with a strong personal dislike to annexation, nevertheless thought (as he told Mr. Kaye [6]) that, considering the recent conduct of the Sikhs, the time had come when this measure might, "perhaps," be resorted to with justice; but he believed it to be wholly inexpedient. John, though, on general principles, no greater lover of annexation than his brother, deemed its expediency in this instance both undeniable and pressing. John was a veteran civilian and revenue administrator. To make both

[6] *Lives of Indian Officers.*

ends meet—the special object of honest and able men of this class in general—was in his view essential. He knew that, come what might, the Punjaub must form the great military advanced post of our dominion —a "*tête-du-pont*," as it were, protecting our rich central provinces from Afghan, Persian, or Russian; the point from whence, if necessity compelled, we must make our own foreign influence radiate over the divided, jealous, but warlike tribes of the North-West. Whoever might govern the Punjaub, England must garrison it; and our experience of recent days showed that the maintenance of that garrison would be at once more costly and more necessary than ever. Now, military contributions, from a nominally independent people, were a precarious and hazardous resource. If annexed, its revenues, administered with British skill and regularity, and those revenues rapidly increasing under the security of British government, the Punjaub would, in time, create an accession to our treasury instead of a demand on it. But this was a view which, from the very nature of Henry Lawrence's mind, made on him but slight impression. He was no "political" except by accident, and had in him the characteristics of a soldier and a statesman, not a financier. There was no more scrupulous and high-minded judge of the morality of a public measure, no more clear-sighted appreciator of its policy; but considerations as to its pecuniary cost or profitableness were but reluctantly received into his counsels. He had "no head for figures," in public or in private transactions; and, like most men deficient in this respect, was somewhat disposed to undervalue those who saw in them the chief governing elements of human action. This was undoubtedly an imperfection, and many will perhaps

deem it one which, in a ruler of men, no other merits could compensate. Others may think that, after all, the greatest efforts have been achieved, and the greatest benefits secured, by statesmen and by communities with whom, when a great crisis arrived, the economical aspect of the case was postponed as matter of secondary importance.

John Lawrence found Lord Dalhousie at Ferozepoor, not less resolved than he had hitherto been on annexation as the final object of his policy, but in considerable hesitation as to the mode and time of carrying it into effect. It was a hazardous experiment, and the question was whether it was to be tried on a people still cowering under the terror of recent defeat, or postponed until the same people had been more effectively either conciliated or subdued. On this head John Lawrence's counsel was given without hesitation. The problem of annexation itself he assumed as determined. That being so, he had no doubt as to the immediate step to be taken. What was to be done, must be done quickly. The "Khâlsa" must be allowed no time to recover its prestige and reconstitute its armies. Besides this, the hot weather was fast approaching. The difficulty of moving and provisioning marching forces, in case of any necessity for action arising, would increase with every week. He advised, therefore, that what was determined should be without delay. His advice was taken: and on the 29th March, at Lahore and elsewhere, the multitudinous tribes of the Five Rivers, of the Indus Valley, and the skirts of Western Himalaya, were informed that the sovereignty over them had passed to the Queen of England. The announcement was received in general with sullen submis-

sion. Since that time much variation and much revolution of feeling has taken place as to the general policy of annexation. But of one thing there can be no doubt, that a most flourishing province has enjoyed, for a quarter of a century, the benefit of a wise and temperate government, instead of being the constant battlefield of two rival religions and thirty or forty self-styled independent chieftains, united only for occasional purposes of oppression. It should be added, in closing this important chapter of my work, that even Lord Hardinge had by this time come round to the policy advocated by Lord Dalhousie. Writing to Sir Henry (March 24, 1849) he says: "The energy and turbulent spirit of the Sikhs are stated by one section (of politicians here) as ground for *not* annexing. In my judgment this is the argument which would dispose me, if I were on the spot, to annex. . . . I should be ashamed of myself if I would not depart from a line of policy which was right at the time, because I might be charged with inconsistency."

Right or wrong, however, Lord Dalhousie was secure in this matter of popular applause. Such counsels as those of Henry Lawrence were never less in favour, either with Anglo-Indians or with the multitude at home. The hot fit of annexation fever was then upon us; to be succeeded, after the mutiny, by the frigid reaction of our day.

I like this young man (Lord Dalhousie), says Sir Charles Napier,[7] for he is seemingly a good fellow, but he has no head for governing this empire and drawing forth all its wondrous resources! What the Koh-i-noor is among diamonds, India is among nations. Were I emperor of India for twelve years, she should be traversed by railroads and

[7] September 3, 1849. *Life*, iv. 188.

have her rivers bridged; her seat of government at Delhi, or Meerut, or Simla, or Allahabad. No Indian prince should exist. The Nizam should be no more heard of, Nepaul would be ours, and an ague fit should become the courtly imperial sickness at Constantinople, while the Emperor of Russia and he of China should never get their pulses below 100!

It would be unfair to judge Sir Charles Napier too closely by the wild extravagances of diction in which he indulged in his private communications, although his admiring brother and biographer deemed it an honour to be able to communicate them to the world. But what he said in this matter he meant; and there will be always a large proportion of the world, more especially the Anglo-Indian world, who will lean towards the sentiments of a Napier rather than those of a Lawrence or an Outram, and who revert, in their hearts, to the boldly announced views of Lord Dalhousie. "I take this opportunity of recording my strong and deliberate opinion, that in the exercise of a wise and sound policy the British Government is bound not to put aside or neglect such rightful opportunities of acquiring territory or revenue as may from time to time present themselves."[8] Nor can the modern principle of British policy towards native potentates, now commonly ascribed to the influence of Lord Canning, be regarded, even yet, as more than a promising experiment. But this much, at all events, the lessons of recent times ought to have taught us: to remember the old proverb about dwellers in glass-houses. The course of unmitigated and unreasoning vituperation in which a large portion of our society lately indulged

[8] Herein, however, he only repeated the somewhat sweeping declarations of former Indian governments. See Marsham's *History of India*, iii. 387. All the members of Lord Dalhousie's Council were favourable to the principle of annexation, except Sir George Clerk, *ib.* 399.

against European Powers for annexing provinces without the express consent of their inhabitants, came not quite gracefully from those who must have been aware of what we have done in India, and still more of what we have justified and applauded.

The immediate result of this final overruling of his judgment was, that Sir H. Lawrence sent in his resignation of the Residentship. It was by no means Lord Dalhousie's wish, or policy, to come to a rupture with one so eminently qualified to hold the first place of government in his new conquest. His secretary, Mr. Elliot (Sir Henry), was sent to induce Lawrence to withdraw the resignation. He succeeded, mainly by the very just argument that the Resident's own favourite objects—the treatment of the vanquished with fair and even indulgent consideration, the smoothing down the inevitable pang of subjugation to those proud and brave enemies, with whose chieftains no man was so familiar as he, or could so fully appreciate what there was of noble in their character—were in imminent danger of being thwarted, if his moderating presence were removed between conqueror and conquered.

After this partial reconciliation, the private, or "demi-official," correspondence between chief and subordinate became even more guarded than before. Each knew the other, and was careful not to give offence. On Lord Dalhousie's part, indeed, there was always that ease and frankness of manner which the high polish of a gentleman—and no one possessed this more eminently than his lordship — enables him to throw into communications with officials, even where the real relation between them is one of restraint. How Sir Henry, however, chafed at times

under the self-imposed curb, may be conjectured from the following very confidential outpouring of his grievances to John. It is of a rather later time than that on which we are now occupied, but I introduce it here in order to have done with this unpleasant part of my subject :—[9]

To JOHN LAWRENCE.

June 13, 1851.

I am at a loss to understand the Governor-General. We are snubbed about Edwardes, then about the Ghoorka corps of Guides, on the assumption that we intend to send the head-quarters of the Guides, and perhaps recommend their being sent, to Murree. Bad enough to snub us when we were wrong, intending to do right; but to be insulted by assumptions and tittle-tattle is too bad. The remarks, too, on the last batch of Jaghires, on which we all agreed, are not pleasant. I am heartily sick of this kind of letters. One works oneself to death, and does everything publicly and privately to aid the views of a man who vents his impertinences on us, in a way which would be unbecoming if we were his servants.

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[9] I have to thank Mr. Beke, the African geographer, for bringing to my notice an act of kindness on the part of Lawrence at this period, and to which I find no reference in his own papers. He fell in at Aden, on his way to India, with a son of Dr. Bialloblotski, who was accompanying his father, with no very definite prospects, on his mission to Zanzibar. Sir Henry conceived a regard for the almost friendless youth, took him to Lahore, and found Government employment for him, in which, I believe, he still remains.

CHAPTER XVI.

PUNJAUB, 1849—1852.

CONSTITUTION OF THE BOARD OF ADMINISTRATION OF THE PUNJAUB — SIR HENRY LAWRENCE PRESIDENT — DIVISION OF LABOUR BETWEEN THE MEMBERS — SIR CHARLES NAPIER TAKES COMMAND OF THE INDIAN ARMY, MAY 1849 — HIS VIEWS AND THOSE OF LAWRENCE AS TO ITS CONDITION—NAPIER'S DIFFERENCE WITH LORD DALHOUSIE — CHARACTER OF LAWRENCE BY GENERAL ABBOTT — HIS LOCOMOTIVE HABITS — TOURS OF INSPECTION IN THE PUNJAUB AND BEYOND THE FRONTIER—VISIT TO CASHMERE, MAY 1850 — TO ISKARDO AND LADAKH — OUTBREAK AT KOHAT, AUGUST 1850—CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD DALHOUSIE—ASYLUM—WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

IT was, in all probability, in some degree owing to the existing differences between himself and Sir Henry Lawrence, that Lord Dalhousie was led to reconstitute the government of the newly-acquired province after a hitherto untried model. The single executive authority was withdrawn from Sir Henry, and a Board of Administration formed, in which two colleagues were assigned to him as President. The scheme was not at first very favourably viewed, either by the officer thus indirectly suspended, or by others. Lawrence wrote to Edwardes, March 17th, 1849 :—

There are to be four Commissioners (civilian) on 2,500 each, and two men with me here (at Lahore) as a Board: they are to get 3,500 each, and I my present pay. Mr.

Mansell and John [Lawrence] are the men. There is much in this that I don't altogether fancy, though there are advantages in commissions. On the whole, I would rather be without them.

Nor did the cynical Sir Charles Napier, who arrived at Calcutta on the 6th of May to take command of the Indian army, judge much more favourably of the scheme :—

I would rather[1] (he writes to his brother William, June 23rd) be Governor of the Punjaub than Commander-in-Chief: had I been so, my arrangements would have been quite different from what they are. We shall see how the Commission works. Perhaps it may do, but my opinion is against it; and I shall confine myself strictly to my military duties, *offering no opinions on other matters.* Had I been here for Lord Dalhousie to put at the head of the Punjaub, I believe he could not have done it: my suspicion is that he was ordered to put Lawrence there.

"Boards rarely have any talent," says the same eccentric personage, after a visit to Lahore in 1850, of which he criticizes the fortifications (*Indian Misgovernment*, p. 48), "and that of the Punjaub offers no exception to the rule."

I draw from the first chapter of Kaye's *Sepoy War* an analysis of the composition and duties of this Board, which I believe to be exact :—

The system was one of divided labour and common responsibility. On Henry Lawrence devolved what was technically called the political work of the government. The disarming of the country, the negotiations with the chiefs, the organization of the new Punjaubee regiments, the arrangements for the education of the young Maharajah, who has now become the ward of the British Government, were among the immediate duties to which he personally devoted himself.

[1] *Life*, iv. 168.

The chief care of John Lawrence was the civil administration, especially the settlement of the land revenue; whilst Mansell superintended the general judicial management of the province; each, however, aiding the other with his voice, and having a potential voice in the general council. Under these chief officers were a number of subordinate administrators of different ranks, drawn partly from the civil and partly from the military service of the Company. The province was divided into seven divisions, and to each of these a commissioner was appointed. Under each of these commissioners were deputy commissioners, varying in number according to the amount of business to be done; while under these, again, were assistant commissioners and extra assistants, drawn from the uncovenanted servants of Government —Europeans, Indo-Britons, or natives of pure descent.— (*Sepoy War*, i. 52.)

There were, in all, some fifty-six subordinates, commissioners, assistants, deputies, selected from the best men of the civil and military service.

An arrangement which devolved on the members of the government, in common responsibility, together with divided duties—which rendered each answerable for the acts of the other two, although he habitually took no part in them, nor, indeed, owing to the great pressure of business, could take effective part—would certainly seem a contrivance calculated only to enhance the ordinary faults of divided councils, and to eventuate in compromises where action was required, in ill-concealed differences, and final disorganization: although the analogy of Cabinets might be cited by those who look to apparent rather than intrinsic similarities. And so it proved in this instance; but not, it must be admitted, until the machine had, at all events, so worked as to accomplish many good purposes, during the space of nearly four years which elapsed

between the constitution of the Board in April 1849, and Sir Henry's retirement from it in December 1852. The Board's own printed Report of its proceedings, for the first two years (down to 1851) concludes with a passage of just self-appreciation :—

The Board have endeavoured to set forth the administration of the Punjaub, since annexation, in all its branches, with as much succinctness as might be compatible with precision and perspicuity. It has been explained how internal peace has been preserved, and the frontier guarded; how the prison establishments of the State have been organized, how violent crime has been repressed, the penal law executed, and prison discipline enforced; how civil justice has been administered; how the taxation has been fixed and the revenue collected; how commerce has been set free, agriculture fostered, and the national resources developed; how plans for future improvement have been projected; and lastly, how the finances have been managed; the Governor-General, who has seen the country and personally inspected the executive system, will judge whether the Administration has fulfilled the wishes of the Government; whether the country is richer; whether the people are happier and better. A great revolution cannot happen without injuring some classes. When a state falls, its nobility and its supporters must to some extent suffer with it: a dominant party, ever moved by political ambition and religious enthusiasm, cannot return to the ordinary level of society and the common occupations of life without feeling some discontent and some enmity against their powerful but humane conquerors. But it is probable that the mass of the people will advance in material prosperity and in moral elevation under the influence of British rule.

I feel as if I might be doing more real justice to my subject, and producing such a memorial of him as men of his stamp might more appreciate, by endeavouring to compile a summary of his and his colleagues'

great work, than by inviting attention to mere biographical details. But space would not serve me, even were the task in other respects an appropriate one. I must content myself with referring my reader, among many other authorities, to the works of Sir John Kaye, Sir Henry's close friend, literary associate, and earnest admirer: the *Lives of Indian Officers; History of the East India Administration*, and first chapter of the *Sepoy War;* Arnold's *Administration of Lord Dalhousie;* to Sir Charles Napier's derogatory attacks in the strange work, *Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government*, published after his death, and to the reply to those attacks by Sir Henry himself, in Vol. XXII. of the *Calcutta Review*, written (contrary to usual custom) in his own name. Why this remarkable paper, which is full of interesting autobiographical details, was not included by his literary executors in the collection of his essays, I do not know.

The arrival of Sir Charles Napier to assume the command of the Indian army, which took place immediately after the constitution of the Board, proved indirectly, in one respect, of considerable advantage to Sir Henry in his endeavours to set that machine in motion. It united the latter with Lord Dalhousie in opposition to a common enemy. Sir Charles, disappointed of military glory by the submission of the Sikhs, arrived eager to take the whole supremacy of India, civil as well as military, into his own hands. His contempt for the "politicals," to whom he found the new frontier province of the Punjaub delivered, knew no bounds; and if Sir Henry was not, properly speaking, a "political," he was worse—a soldier who had exchanged the uniform for the garments of the

scribe. Napier's scorn for such administrators was only exceeded by that which he felt for the "young Scotch lord" who controlled them; "as weak as water and as vain as a pretty woman or an ugly man."[2] The self-willed old soldier, who had come out in an unlucky hour to take command of an army when fighting days were over, and to revolutionize existing institutions for lack of any other occupation worthy of his dignity, had yet to learn that in Lord Dalhousie he would encounter a spirit as high and as stubborn as his own, armed with authority incontestably superior. The period of his stay in India, from May 1849 to September 1850, was diversified with quarrels of every possible origin and description; as his own diary, in which he concealed no emotion and probably exaggerated many, only too plainly evinces. His first attempt was to establish a scheme for the military government of the Punjaub. This was as distasteful to Sir Henry Lawrence, to whose principles of statesmanship military rule was in many respects repugnant, as to Lord Dalhousie himself, for whom it meant a transfer of the chief authority in this important province from his hands to those of the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Dalhousie accordingly warned Sir Henry of the coming onslaught, and bade him be prepared to meet it. It came in the shape of a long and depreciating minute on the Punjaub administration. This was encountered by the Board with a long answer, which again engendered a prolix reply, and the controversy died away, as Indian controversies are apt to do, in the expenditure of a prodigious quantity of ink. I am not aware that these documents produced any other result.

[2] *Life*, iv. p. 254.

At a later period, as I have already mentioned, the differences which this dispute had provoked were aroused afresh by the posthumous publication of Sir Charles Napier's book on *Indian Misgovernment*, which Sir Henry criticized in the *Calcutta Review*. I only refer to the subject here in order to illustrate a common topic—the uncertainty of human conjectures, and the danger of attributing hastily a correct prophetic spirit respecting coming events, even to the ablest of men concerned in dealing with the present. Much has been said of the prescience of Sir Charles Napier, something of that of Lawrence, on the subject of the coming great Mutiny. Now, the facts are these. In March 1849, before Sir Charles reached India on his last visit there, his trust in the Native army was "firm as Ailsa rock." "I have studied them," he says, "for nearly eight years, constantly, at the head of Bengal and Bombay Sepoys, and I can see nothing to fear from them except when ill-used, and then they are less dangerous than British troops would be in similar circumstances."[3] But before Sir Charles had been a year in India occurred the mutiny of the 66th Bengal Infantry, occasioned by a misunderstanding about allowances. His mode of dealing with this crisis, and, in particular, his enlistment of a number of Goorkhas to replace the mutineers, were a good deal disapproved of at the time, and produced, in point of fact, his resignation. Now, Sir Charles, when thus thwarted, quickly and readily worked himself round to the opinion that the Bengal Sepoys in general were a dangerous body. "I saw, on the one hand, that two Native regiments had just mutinied for

[3] "Report on the Military Occupation of India," cited in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1871, p. 95.

increase of pay, and there were strong grounds to suppose the mutinous spirit was general in the Bengal army. . . . Few are aware of the great and secret spread of the spirit of mutiny. . . . I saw the great and imminent danger to which India was exposed by the mutinous spirit among the Sepoys, the dangerous influence which the Brahmin supremacy had assumed in the army," and so forth. Such expressions abound in the latter part of his Diary. "All was on the balance, when I flung the Goorkha battalion into the scale, as Brennus did his sword, and mutiny, having no Camillus, was crushed." "Common sense pointed out the wisdom of doing this, especially at a moment when the faith of the Sepoys was doubtful; for with the Goorkha race we can so reinforce our Indian army that our actual force in India would be greater than that of the Sepoy army, numerous as it is."

These views Sir Henry Lawrence, who has also been termed a prophet, not only did not share, but fiercely controverted in the remarkable review article to which I refer (1851). He saw no impending danger whatever from any mutinous spirit in the army, which he had known and trusted so well. In particular, he absolutely distrusted all reports of the disloyalty and the spirit of combination alleged to prevail among the Brahmins. And he called in evidence his own long experience of Nepaul to prove that the idea of replacing our Sepoys with Goorkhas was a mere absurdity; that the mountaineers could not possibly be enlisted in sufficient numbers; and that, if they were, the notion of their military value would prove a delusion. It may be permitted to us to suspect, without disparagement to the well-earned fame of two eminent men, that their prophecies were a good deal

coloured by personal partisanship; that Sir Charles conjured up the phantasm of coming mutiny to hang it as a threat before Lord Dalhousie, and Sir Henry discredited it, because determined not to yield a point to the memory of one whom he so heartily disliked and opposed as the deceased Sir Charles. Still, taking the words as they appear, and judging by the light of subsequent events, it must be owned that Napier spoke aright on both subjects,—the fidelity of the Sepoys and the value of the Goorkhas,—and that Lawrence spoke amiss. No man better knew the qualities and character of the Sepoys; he was, on the whole, more familiar, perhaps, with their habits, their instincts, their languages, than any single servant, military or political, within the limits of our vast dominion. Yet it would be a mistake to compliment his sagacity, as has been often done by his admirers, by saying that he foresaw the mutiny. Near as it was, he did not foresee it—did not in any degree calculate on it; though passages indicative of a vague fear may, no doubt, be detected here and there in writings so varied as his, and especially where he wrote with the object of deterring from measures which he deemed inexpedient.

As my work is one of biography, and not of history, it will suffice for me to direct attention to the portion of the joint labours of the Board which, according to the division of work already specified, fell principally to the lot of Sir Henry himself. Of these, perhaps the most important was the re-organization, so far as deemed safe and practicable, of the disbanded fragments of the Sikh army. "We have raised," he says, "five regiments of as fine cavalry as any in India, and as many corps of splendid infantry."

It was worthy of remembrance, for it was under Sir Henry's inspection that the nucleus, at least, of that Punjaub force was formed which in after days, under the management of his brother John, was to descend triumphantly on Delhi at the most critical moment of our Indian history—the new and solid staff which was to replace that just self-broken in our hands. On him fell also the control of our affairs with the numberless "Hill Tribes" partly within and partly without the nominal limits of the Punjaub, which border on its cultivated plains for nearly three-fourths of a circle from the frontier of our North-Western Provinces to that of Sindh. On him, of course, devolved the general control of the executive part of the machine; and, above all, the management of our relations both with the broken Sikh aristocracy, and the half-pacified Mohammedan borderers whom it was necessary, as far as possible, to bring within our range of policy. And it may be added, that it was throughout his official life a special feature in his administration that he habitually took counsel with the Natives respecting any proposed modification of domestic policy, and made use to the utmost of those facilities for common deliberation which ancient institutions have created in old-fashioned Hindoo communities.

One of Sir Henry's most active subordinates in the Punjaub was Major James Abbott, who subsequently rose to the rank of General. He was deeply attached to his principal; and not without reason, for Abbott, with all his zeal and good qualities, had a singular aptitude for falling into temporary discredit with his superiors, military and political. The countenance of Lawrence often stood him in stead in the controversies thus engendered. Some allowance may

therefore be made for enthusiasm; but I cannot forbear from inserting, at this point of my history, a paper on the general character of my subject, drawn up by one who had reason to know him so well:—

October 1858.

I first became acquainted with Henry Lawrence at the Military Academy, Addiscombe, which he entered as a Cadet about a year before me. Time, in maturing and ennobling his character, left many of the peculiarities of the youth unchanged to the last; and these were so remarkable that he was easily identified in after years by his juvenile associates.

Imagine, then, a rather tall, raw-boned youth of sixteen years, with high cheek bones, small gray eyes, sunken cheeks, prominent brows, retreating forehead, light brown, lank and scanty hair, and one of those dry clean skins to which no impurity will fasten. Imagine this frame full of life and energy, buoyant with spirits, and overflowing with goodness; yet quick of temper, stern of resolution, the champion of the oppressed, the determined foe of everything mean, bullying, or skulking, and you have before you Pat Lawrence—the youth as I knew him, a Cadet at Addiscombe.

His frame was not very robust, but the energy which we have so often admired in him in after years, and which seemed to wax in vigour in proportion to the decline of his bodily strength, was something observable. He was not remarkable for skill in manly sports; but he loved them, and was ever to be found where they were carried on—his head, meanwhile, full of poetry, which he omitted no opportunity to spout, in a loud voice, in the intervals of the game.

If we follow him into study, we shall not find him taking a very high grade in any branch of education, except, perhaps, mathematics and the theory of fortification. With his pencil, as with his steel pen, he was not very skilful, and his classical education had been neglected; but he was a zealous student, endeavouring to supply by soul and labour the quickness which had been denied him.

Such was Henry Lawrence when I first knew him in

1820; and I know nothing more instructive than the comparison of what then he seemed to be with that which afterwards he proved himself—the most enlightened ruler and statesman in India. A man whose nobleness of soul inspiring some of the most valuable endowments of mind, and some of the rarest and highest virtues that ever met together in the same breast, rendered him, in the eyes of those honoured with his intimate acquaintance, without a rival in the world.

His character was original in the extreme. Nothing in it was borrowed. It seemed as if he felt it dishonest to make others' opinions or acts his own by adoption; but there was no ostentation of independence in this. His own self-approval was his only aim; and this minute and searching pursuit of truth was tempered and beautified by a noble vein of poetic ardour, which never, probably, could have shaped itself in words, but which gave glory to the warm affections, the manly aspirations, the matter-of-fact reason and solid sense of the youth and of the man.

There can be no doubt that, had he been born thirty-five years later, he would have been ignominiously rejected by the examiners for cadetships in the Indian army—a fate which, under like circumstances, must have befallen Nelson himself, and about three-fourths of the heroes to whom England owes her glory. Let the nation consider well the inevitable consequence of the new system of examination for the army. The qualities which make the distinguished soldier or sailor are strong common sense, sagacity, personal and moral courage, self-confidence, fertility of resource—these are much oftener found in the possession of men who could never become scholars, than of those who distinguish themselves at college.

Dum Dum.—When next I met Henry Lawrence, it was at Dum Dum, whither he had preceded me. There he at once chose the part, from which he never afterwards swerved. Dum Dum was at that time split into two cliques: those who to the most heartfelt religion superadded the belief that their religion was to exhibit itself in external peculiarities, and those who regarded such differences as whimsical, offensive,

or hypocritical. Amongst the latter were many probably as sincere Christians as amongst the former class; but, at the outset of life, the heart is easily affected by the sight of a small band of sincere men voluntarily foregoing many amusements and indulgences from conscientious motives, and in spite of the ridicule of those around them. The young men who resided at Fairy Hall were very estimable characters; their time was spent rationally, and, whatever may have been their failure in judgment, they were sincerely anxious to improve their time and their minds, and their hearts were open to receive any who showed a disposition to join them.

It is not, therefore, surprising that Henry Lawrence became an inmate of Fairy Hall, an estate at Dum Dum, which then almost deserved its title, so prettily was it shaded with wood, and enlivened with water. Still, his vigorous sense assured him that, however right and wise to walk humbly with his God, it was neither wise nor right to suffer any outward peculiarities to put a barrier between himself and his fellows. From all such outward demonstrations his excellent taste revolted, and he mingled as freely as ever with his old associates, locking up the sacred fire in his heart, but exhibiting its effects in self-conquest, increased affection for his fellow-creatures, and more earnest application to his professional duties and studies.

Although I had always felt an especial interest in the society of Henry Lawrence, yet, being of a younger class, I was not much thrown into his society at Addiscombe; and at Dum Dum I was shy, and required that a companion should come half-way to meet my advances. His habits rendered him very sociable and popular. He had many companions, and was in no need of me; but there were some peculiarities of character which we shared in common, and which, it seemed to me, caused him to like my society when we were thrown together.

From Fairy Hall he was called to join the troops in Arracan. There he was attacked with that terrible fever, which becomes a heritage and scourge for life; and he was sent to England by the doctors on sick furlough.

I next met him at Kurnaul in 1829, on his return from this sanatory trip. He lived with his brother, Lieutenant George Lawrence, Adjutant of the 2nd Bengal Light Cavalry, who was then just married, and occupying a house that has since fallen, at the south-east corner of the Park. He often asked me to spend the day with him, which I greatly enjoyed. He had laid out all his savings in the purchase of some very valuable books; and he was now bent upon the acquisition of the Eastern tongues. His fever, though quelled for awhile, had not abandoned him; it hung about him, undermining his fine constitution, but never mastering his order or diligence.

His mind, even then, was greatly improved by a judicious course of reading, and by the habits of reflection and self-examination. He especially applied himself to military history, with a view to comprehend the strong and weak points of the tactics of all who have excelled in the art of war.

In 1839 the ill-fated expedition to Afghanistan was concocted, and all artillery officers on staff employ were recalled, to join the Army of the Indus at Kurnaul. Whilst I was preparing for my departure, Henry Lawrence and his bride put up at my tent for a few hours, on their journey by dâk northward—he to Kurnaul, and she to Simla. I then met her for the first time, and was struck by the strong congeniality of spirit between herself and her husband; she seemed, in fact, the female power (to use an Eastern expression) of himself. When females enter India as young girls, the pleasure of escaping from the schoolroom, and becoming persons of consequence and objects of attention, easily reconciles them to the sacrifice of all the social enjoyments, the luxuries and conveniences and healthful climate they have left behind them; but when they enter India as young women, they can rarely tolerate the desolate contrast between the present and the past.

Mrs. Lawrence had entered India as a woman, but in her enthusiastic love for him she had come to bless, she found delight in the solitary tent on the sun-parched plain, in the

half-furnished comfortless bungalow, in wandering with him through the cheerless jungles and scarcely less dreary tracts of cultivated land; nothing was without interest in her eyes, and she might, perhaps, have been tempted to bless the very wretchedness of those very circumstances, which so enlarged her power to administer to his happiness. It was easy to see that Harry Lawrence had found the being best calculated to make him happy—entering into his interests and pursuits with all her soul, and counting nothing evil that was shared with him. She was not beautiful, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; but harmony, fervour, and intelligence breathed in her expression, emanating from a loving heart, a cultivated mind, a taste chastened and refined, a perfect temper, and aspirations as lofty and holy as those of the noble being to whom she clung.

At Kurnaul I again met Henry Lawrence, and we marched in the same division to Ferozepoor, where Runjeet Sing met Lord Auckland, and gave us a review, which quite eclipsed Sir Harry Fane's previous exhibition in his honour. It was here that Henry Lawrence was brought into contact with the Army of the Punjaub and its remarkable ruler, little deeming how closely the interests of that principality should hereafter be drawn to his heart. There seemed at that time little probability of his being ever employed in the Political Department, for he was without interest and a military man.

At Ferozepoor Lawrence waited upon the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Fane, an accomplished soldier, and laid before him a plan which he had been devising for a Corps of Observation, of which our army is so greatly in need. Sir Henry Fane allowed the strong necessity for such a corps, entered into all the details with great interest, and was mightily tickled to find that, not contented with shaping out all the details, Lawrence had himself filled up the roll of officers to be appointed to the corps. Sir Henry Fane went over the list with him, and was struck with the judicious and practical views upon which this selection of a staff had been made; in fact, there was no man in India so highly qualified as Henry Lawrence to select instruments for whatever work

was in hand. His penetration and sagacity rendered him as infallible in this respect as the Marquis of Wellesley, for it is not too much to say that every agent of his selection fully justified his choice.

Sir Henry Fane promised his warmest support of the project, but regretted that its adoption depended upon others (who might not see its necessity) far more than it depended upon himself. The army then assembling was destined for Heraut, and Sir Henry Fane was to have commanded it. He had given his opinion strongly against an expedition shaped in violation of every principle of military science. When the siege of Heraut had been raised, and the force had in consequence been greatly reduced, Sir Henry Fane left the command to Sir John Keane, and went to sea for his health. He died on the passage home. I need not say that, without his countenance, the project fell to the ground, and in every subsequent campaign the want of a corps of observation has been keenly felt.

I marched on with the advancing column. Henry Lawrence remained at Ferozepoor, where he met Mr. George Clerk, and was transferred to the Political Department as an Assistant. I did not again meet him until the Sutlej campaign, in 1846. He had then been summoned from Nepaul by Lord Hardinge, when our affairs were at their worst, to restore order by the vigour of his counsels and the soundness of his views. He had suddenly become the ruling spirit of the Punjaub, but remained for his friends the same simple-minded, hearty Pat Lawrence of former years.

He immediately inquired after my affairs, and, finding that the appointment I held in Bengal was ill-suited to my taste, recommended me for the office of Commissioner to define the new boundaries of states in the Punjaub, and afterwards, on completion of this duty, recommended me for the office of Deputy-Commissioner in Huzara. All this proceeded from his own kind and thoughtful heart; for, had he not inquired my wishes, I should never have troubled him with them.

From this time, and for about seven years and a half, I was under the orders of my old friend Sir Henry Lawrence;

but, as my duties lay upon the very outskirts of the Punjaub, while he was generally at Lahore, I saw little of him. The loss to me cannot be estimated. It was the greater that we sometimes differed in official correspondence upon points on which we felt alike, and on which we could have had no difference had he been present to see things as they really existed. I had so great an admiration of his high qualities of intellect and soul that I should have been disposed to doubt of my own judgment if, in matters equally open to his observation as to mine, there had been any difference between us.

But his very love of fair play, his catholic justice, which extended to the meanest as to the highest, including even the enemies of society, led him to distrust his own bias in favour of the evidence of those whom he cared for, and to weigh it in even scales with that of persons unworthy of trust. The slightest symptom of prejudice on the part of one against the other enlisted his sympathies with that other, however unworthy he might be. It was, in his eyes, persecution, and he felt himself the constituted foe of all persecutors. Thus, persons against whom I had no personal feelings, good or bad, but whom I freely spoke of according to their misdeeds as enemies of the poor and of society generally, became (with the aid of a little misrepresentation on the part of those around him) legitimate objects, not exactly of his sympathy, because they were manifestly evil-doers, but of his countenance to such extent as might shield them from the effects of my supposed prejudice against them.

This was extremely painful to me, although I admired and loved the spirit from which it proceeded; but I thought that the man who had ruled for nearly eight years one of the most turbulent districts in India at the expense of one capital punishment, was entitled to the credit of complete exemption from bias against any under his rule or in his neighbourhood. Had the people of Huzara generally believed me capable of such bias it is impossible that they should have voluntarily settled from a condition of habitual war against law and order to one of greater freedom from crime than can be boasted by

any equal population in the world. After events here fully justified my views, and I should not have mentioned the subject save in elucidation of one of the phases of a character so remarkable, whose very errors were an excess of virtue, or, if otherwise, were made the provocation to a thousand generous acts of compensation. But I am anticipating.

This is no place for recurring to the history of Huzara, a rugged and mountainous tract, lying between the Indus and Jhelum, above Atuk and Rawul Pindee. He sent to these people, who, after a struggle for their liberty of some forty years, had succumbed to the overwhelming power and resources of the Sikhs, and had by them been treated with the greatest rigour and barbarity. He sent them the same message of peace which had been borne by his agents throughout the Punjaub. Their wrongs were redressed; their rights were restored, so far as was possible. The sentence of death for praying openly to their God was removed; and even cow-killing could no longer be punished with death. A curb was put upon the rapacity of Native officers, civil and military, and there was one great jubilee throughout the land. The exiles thronged back by thousands, and were reinstated generally in their forfeited lands; and, where resistance was shown in the mountains, from diffidence natural to people who had been so grievously oppressed, he provided means the most ample, and insisted upon such force being exhibited as should save bloodshed, by showing the folly of resistance. Men serving under his orders were not trusted by halves: he employed those only in whom he reposed confidence, and he placed at their disposal almost unlimited means. The people of the Punjaub—I mean the industrious classes—blessed the coming of the English and the name of Sir Henry Lawrence; but the Sikh nobility and gentry cursed from their inmost heart those foreigners who, by raising up the people and instructing them in their rights, were rendering their future oppression difficult, if possible.

Such was the state of things when Sir Henry Lawrence's failing health obliged him to return to England; and Sir Frederick Currie, a Bengal Civilian, was appointed in his place.

The Sikh army rose as our Sipahi army has since risen. The master mind was away, and for awhile they prevailed; but finally their indecision enabled us to crush them, and the Punjaub was annexed, greatly to the grief of Sir Henry Lawrence. Had he been present his genius might have averted this blow for a few months; but the conspiracy was deeply laid, and no human skill or presence could have prevented the outbreak. Upon this subject he who had left the Punjaub in such profound repose may naturally have formed a different judgment; but the Assistants to the Resident, who were in charge of the several districts of the Punjaub, had all foreseen for some time the coming storm . . .

I need not, to you who were eye-witnesses of his acts, expatiate upon the powers of mind which this annexation called forth, the watchful benevolence, the catholic charity, the wisdom—far-seeing, provident and sound—which calculated every contingency and provided for every emergency. What the watchmaker is to the watch, that was Sir Henry Lawrence to the Punjaub. His assistants fashioned wheels, pivots, spring and balance; but it was his great mind which attributed to each his work, which laid down the dimensions of every circle, the power of every spring, the length of every lever, and which combined the whole into one of the greatest of triumphs of modern polity.

His was the spirit which inspired every act of the local government, which touched the heart of all his subordinates with ardour to fill up each his own part in a system so honourable to the British name. All caught from him the sacred fire; his presence seemed all-pervading, for the interests of the meanest were dear to him as those of the most powerful; and goodness and greatness were so natural wherever he came that other fruits seemed strange and impossible.

These sketches of character by Major Abbott will assist us in appreciating one of the most marked features in that of Sir Henry; his singular power of attaching to him those among whom he lived, and

especially those whom he commanded. In the eyes of the natives, and in particular of his favourite Sikh chiefs, he served as the impersonation of the conquering English race in its better aspect, while he was equally successful in winning the affections of the Europeans with whom he was brought chiefly in contact. He had a rough simplicity of manner, a disregard of form, and a frankly cordial demeanour, which, in the opinion of the formal part of the Anglo-Indian world, were carried to excess. Among the many newspaper attacks made upon him in the Punjaub, one which obtained much currency related to the abruptness of his conduct, and his disregard of ceremony in communication with the Punjaub native chiefs themselves. They knew better; and no complaint of this kind, so far as I am aware, ever mingled with their admiration of their ruler. A line from his friend Abbott to himself (the 14th October 1849) throws light on these peculiarities:—

14th October 1849.

You ask me why I call you Sir Henry. When I was at Lahore, my sense of propriety was shocked with the familiarity occasionally used by young officers in consequence of your kindness to them. It is the vice of the age which is undoing all that is venerable. It naturally led me to use more ceremony towards you than I might otherwise have thought proper, because I am a very old acquaintance, and have received many proofs of your friendship. My deference is a marked rebuke to those who forget your rank in your condescension.

"I was fortunate" (he says, when reviewing shortly after this his past life in the Punjaub) "in my assistants, all of whom were my friends, and almost every one of whom was introduced into the

Punjaub through me: George Lawrence, Macgregor, Edwardes, Abbott, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pollock, Bowring, H. Cox, and Melville—are men such as you will seldom find anywhere, but, when collected under one administration, were worth double and treble their numbers taken at haphazard: each was a good man; the most were excellent officers."

The excursion to the Huzara country, to which Major Abbott alludes in the paper quoted, was but an incident in the numerous progresses which it was Sir Henry's habit to make over every part of his dominions. In no other way could he so effectually perform his special duty of controlling his motley subjects through personal communication. "He knew them," says one of his admirers, "and they knew him; and their knowledge of him led them at once to confide in his willingness to protect and power to quell them." It must, however, be added, that this portion of his functions was anything but unacceptable to him. Endowed with a restless activity of body, as well as mind, which seemed to defy the climate, notwithstanding the fever-tribute which he had been compelled to pay ever since his Burmese campaign, he was never so happy as on horseback, escorted by his "tail" of British and Native followers, threading the wild gorges of the Lower Himalaya in summer, or spurring across the green expanse of each "Dooab" champaign in the flush of spring:—

I have been twice all round the Punjaub (he writes, somewhat exultingly, to his friend Mr. Kaye), visiting every station, and staying at each a few days. I have not missed one; and, though I have not travelled in the usual style of

Indian governors, or, indeed, in the style of most collectors, I have managed to see everything, from the bottom of the salt mines at Pindadun Khan and Kohat to Ladakh and Iskardo, on Goolab Sing's northern frontier. Each year I have travelled three or four months; each day riding usually thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and sometimes for days with none at all. The last cold weather I rode close round all the frontier, visiting every point of interest, and all our posts, small and great, and riding through most of the passes, from Huzara by Yuzufzye, Peshawur, Kohat, and the Derajat, down to the Sikh border. At stations, or where anything was going on, we halted one, two, or three days, visiting the public offices, gaols, bazaars, &c., receiving visitors of all ranks, and inspecting the Punjaub regiments and police, and receiving petitions, which latter were a daily occurrence, sometimes a couple of hundred coming in.[4]

"The President of the Board" (says one of his colleagues, March 1850, illustrating the safety of the country under his government) "has lately gone a circuit of not less than 1,000 miles, the greater part with an escort of 1,000 men, half of them Sikhs—often for days with a single soldier, and only for one march, in the Kohat Pass, with half a company and half a troop.

The most remarkable, in many respects, of the tours of inspection which he achieved during his Presidency of the Board, was his journey to Cashmere in the summer of 1850. It was preceded by a not very agreeable preliminary correspondence with Lord Dalhousie:—

You have stated (says that nobleman, April 25, 1850) your wish to go to the Cashmere Hills during the next rains, in the expectation of an entire absence from the plains during

[4] *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 306.

that season re-establishing your health. I need not assure you that I have personally every desire to assent to what may be for your benefit; but, however much I might wish to consent to measures advantageous to your health, I am bound to say in candour that I could only consent to this scheme this year, in the hope and belief that it will render such absence unnecessary in future years. . . . . Your absence will necessarily confine at present the other members at Lahore. Of Mr. Mansel's habits I know nothing; but it is impossible that, after the active movements of your brother's life for so many years, imprisonment in one place can be otherwise than bad for him. Previous to your departure, therefore, before the rains, I would request that he would come up to Simla, and meet me there. . . . .

Sir Henry's answer is not preserved; but its purport may be guessed from Lord Dalhousie's reply :—

May 17, 1850.

I do not think that anything in my letter regarding your visit to Cashmere could be construed into even indirectly imputing to you "undue seeking after ease." Certainly I intended nothing of the kind, and you are one of the very last men in India against whom any one could throw out such a hint. But, whether for health or otherwise, I am bound frankly to tell you that I did not think absence habitually for half the year nearly was compatible with your office or fair to your colleagues. Goolab Sing's territories can't be said to be within your charge.

On this journey Lady Lawrence (shortly after the birth of her youngest child at Lahore) accompanied her husband. I find only a fragment of a diary, in which she describes the "Ruttun" pass, 8,000 feet high, the first crossed on the ordinary road thither from Lahore :—

Sunday, June 22 (1850).—Left Thunna at daylight, about 3 A. M. : two hours reaching summit of range, Ruttun Peer :

halted twenty minutes on summit, descended thither to Bairamgulla 8 A.M. Ascent, first part of march, gradual: road good, scenery beautiful. Left hand, steep acclivity; to right, deep descent. Forest of walnut, beech, chestnut, horse-chestnut, maple: birds warbling; one note very like a nightingale, but more powerful. Every rise of hill we surmounted gave a wider view of plains below: Ruttun Peer, the crest of the ridge, commanded a view on one side of plains; on the other, of steep descent, (I suppose 1,000 feet) to Bairamgulla: village on crest; abode of Peer, who brought me out a handful of walnuts and a bunch of roses as an offering. All the village came out to look at us; ragged and dirty enough, but most picturesque: dark eyes, expressive people, graceful forms. Road descending round through dense forest of pine, with here and there sprinkling of chestnut and walnut, wild flowers and spray branches of wild rose. At length descended to bed of stream; clear torrents rushing over huge boulders. Left the cold Alpine-fir forest, and were now in glades and thickets of shrub, with fresh green sward. Sun had just surmounted the wall of steep hill, and shone into glen below. . . . At the bridge stood a group, the sun shining on their gay dresses: the Kardar of the village, with his sepoys and a following in clear white dresses, scarlet shawls, tiger-skin belts, long tasseled lances, matchlocks, powder-horns. From bottom of gorge looked back, and saw our picturesque cavalcade winding down the path I had come: scarlet doolies, caparisoned horses, soldiers, Kashmerees, with their Jewish faces, long beards, and loose garments. Crossed bridge of two pine-stems with a little fear; came to a green level, with some fine trees, where our servants were bivouacked, horses and mules picketed; a bungalow just prepared for our reception. Temperature delicious. Left Bairamgulla 3 P. M., reached Pashara just at sunset: first three hours' road through bed of stream, rapid torrent; crossed ten or fifteen times on bridges such as that of morning. Half mile from halting-place, on right-hand side, a waterfall; sheer descent of water into deep abyss of foam; mist rising in clouds, rainbow across the torrent;

some small whitish birds flitting about like silver creatures. . . . After three hours began to ascend left bank; cannot imagine how we ever got up the steep, zigzag path, often blocked up with boulders; opposite side of gorge bristling with Norway pine. Last mile level: village of Pashara.

This prolonged and pleasant journey was extended, after Lady Lawrence had left him, into the regions of the Upper Indus, to Iskardo and Ladakh, and lasted until September in this year. He writes on August 29 to congratulate his brother George on removal to another post:—

I have had a very nice tour with H., who makes a good travelling companion, energetic, clever, and well-informed. I don't know why you did not take to him at Peshawur. He has his faults, positiveness and self-will among them, but it is useful to us to have companions who contradict and keep us mindful that we are not Solomons. I believe that if Sir Charles Napier stood on his head and cut capers with his heels, *à la* Boileau, he would consider it quite right that all commanders-in-chief should do so. He will never allow that Prendergast was wrong, and he insists that all Indian editors are blackguards, and that, comparatively, all English editors and newspapers are gentlemen, and dealers in truth and propriety. Toryism and Absolutism are right, Liberty only another name for Red Republicanism. So you see we have enough to differ upon.

At this time a report reached India that Sir Henry had been seized and imprisoned at Ladakh "If this news is true, says Sir C. Napier, "there will be plenty of danger:" and he contemplated with romantic delight a grand expedition in the style of Alexander the Great among the snowy summits of the Western Himalaya.

"I am prepared," he says, "and with God's help it will be over before Christmas, though I fear the

snow will have choked the passes, in which case we must wait for hot weather, and Goolab will be able to play a stiff game; rock, sun, snow, all on his side! Diable! However, I have thought and know what I have to do. I wish they would *nab* the Laird of Cockpen," (Lord Dalhousie, who was then on the frontier).[5]

In August 1850, during this absence of Sir Henry, occurred the outbreak of the Afreedees at Kohat, chiefly remembered on account of the bitter personal controversies which Sir Charles Napier thought proper somewhat later to import into the business. Being on a tour of inspection at Peshawur, where George Lawrence was then stationed, Sir Charles deemed it not inconsistent with his dignity as Commander-in-Chief to put himself at the head of a small local force directed against these insurgents, and to turn into a "Warden-Raid" (as the Borderers, according to Walter Scott, used to term a plundering expedition conducted by the Lord Warden of the Marches in person) what to others seemed no more than one of those trifling frontier troubles to which the advanced posts of our power are always exposed. He converted the incident, as usual with him, into a text for general vituperation of the military arrangements of India, sarcastic comments on the short-comings of the Punjaub Board, and special depreciation of the individuals with whom he was thrown into contact. Of George Lawrence, however, who, as Resident at Peshawur, was necessarily in his councils, he merely says "he is a right good soldier and a right good fellow, and my opinion of him is high; but he tried the advising scheme a little with me at Kohat!"

[5] *Life*, iv. 388.

I only refer, however, to this event, chiefly to be remembered as the last occasion on which the hero of the Peninsula and of Sindh was engaged in actual warfare, by way of introduction to the following singular and modest letter from Sir H. Lawrence to Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde (Aug. 29, 1850), to ask for permission (which he also applied for and obtained from the Governor-General) to accompany him on the occasion. The application came, from other causes, to nothing.

. . . I have had a very nice trip, and am all the better for it. Five times I have been above 14,000 feet high. I am now moving from the commercial to the warlike side of the frontier. Three weeks ago I gave a dinner to 300 traders from and to Yarkand; last week, to a rather more numerous party of merchants and soldiers at Iskardo. . . .

I told the Governor-General that you were willing I should go with you in case anything is to be done. He has replied very politely, saying that all he wants is to have the road to Kohat secured. . . . I will be delighted to act with you . . . and I don't see how matters are to be carried on generally at Peshawur until the Kohat people have been well thrashed. I have not a doubt that we shall get on together as cordially as we have ever done. *Though only a soldier in name,* I hope you will find me an active aide-de-camp, and as obedient as any ensign, so long as a shot is to be fired. And even when peace is again proclaimed, I see not why we should not work together at Peshawur as we did at Lahore. I wish for peace; but I confess that, if there is to be war, I should like to have opportunity of showing that I am not a mere civilian.

The Kohat people, however, were "well thrashed" without the personal aid of Lawrence. He returned to Lahore.

The following to Lord Dalhousie, 11th October 1850, sums up some of his experiences, collected

during this journey, of the state of the north-western frontier, and his counsels respecting it.

I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of 2nd inst. I will have the Maharajah informed as to the armour, and will also suggest his presenting two of each of his small guns—Sher Bachas, Bhag Bachas, &c. They would be curiosities at home. I am aware of the outcry that has often been raised in England on very slight grounds. In the present case, it is simply a question whether the Afreedees are to plunder and murder at will and to command our communications, or not. Eviction is doubtless a strong measure; but, properly managed, might be carried out without the loss of a dozen lives on either side. My brother G. seems to me both right and wrong. He reasons on his Afghanistan experience. Neither we, nor any Government on record, has ever commanded more than the plains and the ground their troops occupied, because no Government ever had the means and the will systematically to conquer the tribes and bridle their glens. The forts usually built on the skirts of the hills, to which the garrisons could fly if attacked by an overwhelming force, were in the hands of the native chiefs, who accordingly were masters of the country. The Suddoozyes, the Barukzyes, and the British, did much as preceding Administrations had done. Instead of taking revenue, they paid many of the Gylzye, Huzara, and other chiefs, and at worst, when these nominal subjects broke terms, carried fire and sword into their valleys, destroyed their forts, and returned to Cabul, often with the punished tribe at their heels. It would have been a different story had the Government force remained for even a few months, dismantled *all* their forts, and erected one central and commanding one, leaving in it a trusty garrison. All Afghanistan could not touch one of our entrenched positions, though none of them were strong. The Cabul cantonment had only a seven-foot wall around it; the large city of Ghuznee was held by only one native regiment; Kandahar by only two or three; Khelat-ee-Gilzee by one; Besh Bolak by another; and all might have stood firm

to this day as to any injury the Afghans could have done them. These never made a show of assaulting Cabul or Jellalabad. Thus the Sikhs held a garrison of 100 men in the Gundgurh hill, in Hazara (where they were especially hated), in the face of Major Abbott, until late in the war. And thus, with posts of ten, twenty, or thirty men, the Sikhs, and after them Goolab Sing, have held all these hills. This very morning I went over a fort occupied by only six men, though capable of holding 200. It commands the road, and awes the country; and though as unscientifically laid out as possible, would hardly be taken by thousands of hill men. I lately mentioned that Hushora, if possible a weaker one than this, though, with its detached work, altogether holding only twenty-five men, was respected by the Chilas people. I have ventured at this length to explain my meaning, which is, that the people of the Kohat Pass once thoroughly subdued, or altogether removed, and a loyal colony substituted, and a fort or two of moderate strength (not mere serais with towers) would keep the Pass and secure the road. Whether I go to Peshawur or not, I should be sorry to interfere with my brother getting an airing. I could come up in a week if operations are undertaken.

Sir Charles Napier resigned his office of Commander-in-Chief in September 1850, and left India in the following November. His path and that of Sir Henry ceased thenceforth to cross each other. But Sir William Napier, as we have seen, kept up the old controversies by the posthumous publication of his brother's diary and letters; Sir Henry Lawrence retorted, as I have also mentioned, in a paper in the *Calcutta Review*, and the following page from that article sums up Sir Henry's view of the issue between them, closed by his antagonist's death.

My task is done—to me, especially at this time, an earnest and painful one. I have endeavoured for thirty

years to live peaceably with all men. Sir Charles would not let me do so. While at a critical period employed in important duties, and entitled to fair consideration—nay, to cordial aid, he thwarted and misrepresented me. My pen, however, should never have been raised against him, had he not himself thrown down the gauntlet, and published to the world his marvellously one-sided volume. Still, as I have again and again turned over his pages, to quote his own words, and perceived how ardent was his animus, how prejudiced were all his acts, assertions, and opinions, I have been disposed to lay down my pen, and to let his work in Sindh and the Punjaub speak for itself—mine and that of my colleagues tells its own tale. Were I alone concerned I might have done so; but I have a duty to perform to those who acted with and under me, and to the service to which I belong. I have, however, endeavoured to write of Sir Charles Napier dead as if he still lived. Better to understate my case, than to cast undeserved odium on him who is gone.

On another of these excursions, at a later period, to Peshawur, and over the distant North-western frontier in that direction, Sir Henry was accompanied by Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby), who was visiting India as a traveller. Lord Dalhousie, in writing on the subject of this visit of Lord Stanley, exhibits something of that characteristic caution which on some subjects qualified the Governor-General's decisive and resolute disposition :—

February 9 1852.

Your brother John disturbs me by telling me Lord Stanley is bent on going through Kohat and Derajat with you. I have no suspicion of your rashness; at the same time, recollect that, if any ill-starred accident should happen, it will make a good deal of difference whether it happens to Lord Stanley and Sir H. Lawrence, or to John Tomkins and Bill Higgins. I think he will hamper you with a troublesome responsibility in visiting the frontier posts, which you

are anxious to see; and, altogether, I don't like it. One can't prohibit a man going where he wishes to go in British territory; but I wish you would put him off it, if you possibly can.

It must, however, be added that this habit of constant locomotion, however adapted to the circumstances in many respects, had some tendency to diminish both Sir Henry's usefulness and influence in others. It necessarily threw a larger share of management than would otherwise have been the case into the hands of his less migratory colleagues, brought them into more direct relation to the Governor-General, and, very probably, gave additional weight to their pressure on certain points of administration as to which they entertained differences of opinion from himself—differences, as we shall presently see, which ended in breaking up the Board.

I find among the papers entrusted to me but scanty records of Sir Henry's private life and occupation when at home in Lahore, in the intervals of his journeys, during the three and a-half busy years of the Board's activity under his presidency (April 1849 to January 1853). His wife was his companion throughout; but, while his health was interrupted by constant recurrences of his besetting fever, hers suffered more seriously from the climate. She was never really well in India, especially during this her last sojourn there. Their household was enlivened by the company of a sister, Charlotte, who was at this time paying a visit to India. Whether to rank the following singular composition, which I find among his papers, in the category of romance or earnest I am unable to decide. The names are evidently disguised; and it is without address:—

December 1850.

Overwhelmed with work, public and private, besides the deep responsibility of the charge of my sister, I take up my pen to lay before you a very important question—the parties concerned having agreed to abide by your decision. The case is as follows:—Within the present century, in a mean suburb of London, resided the amiable and accomplished Miss B——. Her father had borne a commission in her Majesty's service, and died in the hour of victory at the head of his regiment. I will not tear your heart by a lengthened tale of suffering. It will suffice you should know that E. B——, whose mother had died in her infancy, was, by the untimely death of her gallant father, left to the tender mercies of two aunts—cruel women, as cruel, indeed, as aunts generally are—one had a fat heart, the other had no heart at all. So harsh was their treatment, that at the age of seventeen, E. B—— fled their roof, and for more than twenty years managed to earn a scanty livelihood by shirt-making and teaching, or rather tending, infants. It was after twenty years of such toil and trouble, during which she had often been for days and weeks on the verge of starvation, and had only been saved from it by the occasional help of an uncle and aunt, themselves in indifferent circumstances; that at length she gave them offence by some peculiarities in her religious opinion, or, perhaps, by her stiff, unbending mode of making them known; so this scanty help entirely failed her at last, as less and less frequently came the occasional sovereign or half-crown, a bundle of clothes by a cousin, or by one of their friends. E—— appeared abandoned by man; but she despaired not. She had hope and consolation within —a Friend that forsakes not the orphan. Times changed. E. B——'s poverty continued; but prosperity, almost wealth, fell to the lot of her cousins. They were not what is called bad people. They had been religiously brought-up; went to church regularly, twice, sometimes thrice, on Sundays, and at least once during the week. They were constant attendants at revivals, at missionary meetings, and would have walked any distance to convert a Hindoo or Hottentot; but somehow,

they forgot their cousin, the orphan child of their own grandparents. Somehow they forgot she was in penury; had often no bread; very often, indeed, not an ounce of meat; that a cup of tea was a strange luxury to her. They could find no fault with her, further than that she was an enthusiast; that she worshipped God after her own fashion, was liberal beyond her means, and went on her way caring not for man or man's opinion. E——'s youth and beauty were fled. With years came increasing cares, and among them frightful disease. Her cousins rolled in carriages, clad in silks and satins, and would have been ashamed to acknowledge the orphan daughter of their father's elder brother.[6] After a long absence, a brother and sister of the cousins met at C——. It was at the top of the hill, near the church there, that something touched the brother's heart. It may have been that he had often trodden that path with his father and mother—now both gone; that many friends had passed away; a new generation had arisen, and he was stirred to see that old and new alike forgot and contemned the most deserving member of the family. He spoke to his sister, kindly but warmly, shewing how she had neglected a plain and pressing duty. The sister, whom we will call Julia, wept, but they were not tears of contrition. She denied E——'s claims; denied having neglected a duty to her; and only cried, because her brother was vexed with her. Often has the subject been since discussed. The brother and sister happen once more to be at the same place; and this day, while sauntering through a new, but already neglected, burial-ground, the brother, whom we will call George, endeavoured to improve the occasion by returning to E——'s case. But J. was stubborn. Her heart was hard. She positively denied all blame, expressed no contrition, and is unlikely to come to a more happy state of mind, unless you step in; for, having some knowledge of your character, she consents to abide by your decision. I did not intend to make this letter so long a one, but hope you will excuse it. Charlotte writes to you

[6] *Sic*, but I do not profess to understand the pedigree.

so constantly that I need hardly say we are in the Governor-General's camp, and in the midst of pomps and vanities, for which I have less fancy than she has.

It is unnecessary to add, that the spare hours, as well as more than the spare cash, of both the consorts, were constantly devoted to works of charity. Sir Henry's eagerness to secure a revenue for his Asylum, even by means which some might think questionable on grounds of prudence, led him into another trifling controversy with Lord Dalhousie, which is a little characteristic of both parties. His lordship writes :—

September 1852.

I am concerned to find that I have neglected to reply to your questions regarding the Asylum. . . . In regard to the acceptance of contributions to it from native chiefs, you remind me of having said, that "I saw no objection," or words to that effect. You are quite right. I said that I had no objection myself; but, I added, that I was not sure that others would take the same view, and advised you that the point should be clearly settled for your own sake, as I understood there had been a discouragement of it, if not a prohibition of it, by the Government before my time. I saw no objection, because I knew perfectly that your integrity and your honour would prevent your ever taking a gift for the Asylum under circumstances which would interfere with your public duty; but, on the other hand, you know very well that there are plenty who would be glad to misrepresent any act of yours, and to injure you if they could; and, as I confess, I do not believe that anyone of the chiefs contributes to such an institution as the Asylum, from which they and theirs derive no direct benefit, except from a desire to please you, and to gain favour in the local or Supreme Government. I think your detractors will very probably try to represent that you are using your official position virtually to obtain support for an object in which you take a strong personal interest from persons who are under your authority. . . . .

To complete the summary of his personal avocations during these years, I must add that he continued throughout his literary activity, contributing known articles to the Calcutta Review, and, I have no doubt, maintaining correspondence on public affairs with the newspapers. On these subjects, also, he had to meet with some slight checks, though by no means unfriendly, from his shrewd superior. The following instance shows how the boldness of the experienced English Minister, who would have confronted with unmoved courage the resentment of a dethroned rajah or of a dismissed official, gave place to wariness and circumspection when a question arose which brought him in danger of collision with the press. Lord Hardinge had been soliciting Sir Henry to criticize certain representations of Captain Cunningham (in his "History of the Sikhs," already referred to). And Sir Henry did not think himself justified in doing so without consulting the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie answers him (the 3rd September 1849):

I received last evening your letter of the 28th, enclosing articles from the *Friend of India*. . . . .

It was very certain that everybody would say that Captain Cunningham was dismissed, nominally, for using official documents; but, really, because he said things disagreeable to the Government. It was equally clear that the Government declaration, that he had used official papers, would to the public serve as warrant for all his statements, and would give weight both to them and the general opinions he uttered. . . . . The articles you send me show how the facts have been misinterpreted. I consider it very desirable for the Government, and fair to all concerned, that so false an impression should not get firmly fixed in the public mind for want of all contradiction of the inference which has been drawn. The difficulty is how to do it. The injunctions laid

on me, to prevent by all means publications by Government functionaries are so frequent, and the soreness respecting them at home so great, that I feel I could not agree to your publishing a letter to Captain Cunningham with your signature. It would, of course, elicit a rejoinder, and, if allowed once, could not be reasonably refused in another case.

I think it at the same time so just that you should set yourself, as concerned with others, fair before the public, that I cannot object to your writing a letter of refutation for publication. I quite enter into your dislike to writing anonymously upon such a case; but, for the reasons I have stated above, it seems to me necessary that you should take that course, sending your name confidentially to the editor, as warrant for your letter. This is the usual course, I believe. I can see no reason why you should not have official documents to refresh your memory, if you require them, abstaining, however, from directly quoting them. I have not read Captain Cunningham's book myself. I cannot find time just now.

I add a few miscellaneous letters and memoranda, chiefly to show how unintermitting were his efforts to impress on his subordinates the lessons through the exercise of which he had himself reached, and dignified his high position—justice, moderation, mercy, and that kind of courtesy which is substantial, and not superficial:—

To D. SIMPSON, ESQ.

Lahore, 2nd June 1850.

Nawab Imammoodeen (Sheikh) introduced a Fakeer gentleman to me the other day; he was summoned by you to Dera Ismael Khan, but (said) he was so very holy a man, he had never done such a thing to king or kaiser. Runjeet Sing had visited him, instead of he Runjeet. This may have been, though he is a dirty-looking fellow. I therefore wish I could give you a faithful description of his person; I accordingly do so now, from my notes taken at the time (the personal *signalement* follows). . . . . I am glad to hear you

are doing so well, and hope you like your berth at Dera Ismael Khan. I trust you will have no reason to regret remaining with us, when enticed by Mr. Thomason. The spirit of the Regulations is good; but I hope you always bear in mind that in a new country, especially a wild one, promptness, accessibility, brevity, and kindliness are the best engines of government. To have as few forms as possible, and as are consistent with a brief record of proceedings; to be considerate and kind, not expecting too much from ignorant people; to make no change, unless certain of decided improvement in the substitute; light assessment, considering the claims and privileges, even where somewhat extravagant, of the privileged classes, especially where they affect Government, and not Ryots.

To COLONEL NAPIER (*now* LORD NAPIER, *of Magdala*).

10th March 1851.

Yes, I am sorry you wrote the Chumba letter; and, indeed, I am angry with you for it; for I think you do Goolab Sing injustice, and Chumba too,[7] and make propositions which would soon, if carried out, nullify the independence of any native state. *As the pressure of the day is that way,* it is hard to get a dig from *you,* O Brutus! . . . . I have come out, bag and baggage, to Shalimar, for change of air; but, as yet, it has done me no good. I am able to work, but have fever every day. Yesterday, went to Kutchery, and worked all day, brisk enough; had fever as soon as I returned, and till late at night, and then such a perspiration as takes the little flesh that I have away. Hathaway is puzzled.

The following short practical directions may be of service, at all times, to officers charged with a duty of some difficulty:

Memorandum for Officers disarming Villages.

Lahore, 12*th March.*

Immediately on your arrival call the head men, and inform them that it is the order of the Durbar that they give

[7] A small native state north-east of the Punjaub.

up *all* arms and ammunition, and allow two hours for their doing so; keep your men together, and on the alert; do not search, but give the head men distinctly to understand, that if arms are hereafter discovered to be in their villages, they will be individually held responsible, and will be liable to imprisonment and to have all their property confiscated.

Take a note of the names of the head men who appear before you. Inform them that no man in their villages is henceforward permitted to carry arms, unless he is in the service of the State.

(*Signed*) H. M. LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

1852—1853.

Differences in the Board of Administration — Revenue Settlement—Inclination of Sir Henry Lawrence towards the so-called Aristocratic View of Land-rights in the Punjaub—Bias of John Lawrence in the Opposite Direction—Report of the Board on this Subject—Correspondence between the Brothers—Both tender their Resignation (December 1852)—Sir Henry's finally accepted — Letters of Farewell from his Subordinates—Views as to the Administration of the North-Western Frontier.

It now becomes necessary, in completing this portion of my task, to advert to more causes which led to serious discord in the Board of Administration, to its final disruption, and, ultimately, to the retirement of Henry Lawrence from its Presidentship.

How strongly his sympathies were engaged on behalf of the native chiefs throughout India—whether sovereigns on their thrones, or Zemindars, Sirdars, and the like, by whatever title known, who intervene between the sovereign and the cultivator in the various forms of that ancient society, manifold in aspect, wonderfully uniform in its intimate organization—the reader will long ago have been enabled to learn. Henry Lawrence could never forget that we came among them as conquerors; that, whatever may be said concerning our right to be there, the continued

exercise of that right can only be justified by our maintaining there a governing, purifying, humanizing influence; and, from his heart, he loathed all acts and expressions of contemptuous arrogance, whether proceeding from the military chief, in his pride of arms and greed of conquest, trampling on the dispossessed inheritors of ancient greatness, or from the ordinary European of inferior class indulging in his spirit of caste, and prodigal of insult to those of the conquered race whom their ill-fortune threw in his way.[1] These feelings touched the romantic, as well as the religious, side of Henry Lawrence's character, as they had that of his countryman Burke, in earlier time; and it may be added, as another trait of resemblance to Burke, that being eager and active in literary controversy, he was apt to write himself even into greater fervour than he would, perhaps, otherwise have exhibited, and to treat those from whom he differed rather with the hostility of an opponent than the calm overruling dignity of a statesman. It had been, moreover, as we have seen, the project of his life, from his earliest introduction to the affairs of the Punjaub, to erect that great mystical "Khâlsa" corporation of the Sikhs into an aristocratic State, at once leaning on and lending support to our Empire on the side of the north-west; to make it, after the death of Runjeet, an allied and independent power—to reconcile it when hostile, to spare it when subdued, and to utilize its great military force as a barrier against Affghanistan, and, if need were, against Russia. The rebellion of 1848, —which broke out in his absence, but of which he had not foreseen the probability—rudely disturbed,

[1] "No man," says one of his biographers, "ever sate at Sir Henry's table without learning to think more kindly of the Natives."

but did not wholly dissipate his dream. Annexation brought its total dispersion; and, as is natural with men of his peculiar temperament, we have seen from his papers how his dislike of annexation rather grew than diminished after its accomplishment; how that catastrophe, which at first he was inclined to submit to as a disagreeable necessity, became gradually magnified in his eyes as an error and a crime. It was, however, accomplished; all that remained to him was—the sovereignty of the Khâlsa being destroyed—to exercise his own personal influence, both with the Government of India and with the Sikhs themselves, to break the fall as much as possible, and, in particular, to protect the old aristocratic and ruling class by converting them into something like feudatories[2] of our own, and by rendering our fiscal exactions from them as light as the necessities of the State would allow.

He thus expresses his sentiments on the subject, as it were, in a parable (1850), which I find among his miscellaneous papers:—

Alcuin, writing to Charlemagne, A.D. 796, regarding the newly conquered Huns, gives his advice as to the manner of their conversion: 1. By sending among them gentle-minded missionaries; 2. By not requiring tithe from them. "It is better to lose the tithe than to prejudice the faith. We ourselves, born, bred, and educated in the Catholic faith, scarce consent to surrender a tithe of our goods: how much less readily will such consent be given by the newly born faith, the doubtful heart, and greedy spirit of these tribes!"

Hints that may (as no doubt Sir Henry covertly

[2] I employ this word in its common use among us Europeans; but I cannot but observe that, in my judgment, more confusion has been introduced into the discussion of Indian subjects by our inveterate habit of applying phrases and notions derived from Western jurisprudence to the utterly unanalogous social usages of the East than through almost any other form of fallacy.

implied) apply to the civil as well as religious treatment of wild races.

The most important, and almost the earliest, of all the duties imposed upon the Board, called at once into exercise his principles and his feelings on these portions of our polity. This was the "Revenue Settlement." To all familiar with Indian topics, the very words call up associations pregnant with some of the most difficult questions that can occur between conqueror and subject. The Indian multitudes depend wholly on the soil for subsistence; what they raise beyond subsistence, and the necessary profit on capital —what, in short, in Europe is termed rent—is divided between Government and the middle men—Zemindars in Bengal, called by a variety of names elsewhere. The Settlement apportions these several shares. It is at once the Cadastre or Domesday Book of the soil, and the Magna Charta of the tenantry. On the Settlement—a document compiled by officials of the Civil Service, with such aid as native lights can give them —depends the question whether Government shall retain or forfeit a right to a revenue increasing along with the improvement of the soil—whether the village communities shall thrive or languish, whether the intervening "gentleman" shall be a man of independent property or a mere helpless client of Government. Such are the issues affecting so many millions of the human race, which are brought from time to time for trial before our English officers.

Now, among these officers there have prevailed, for some generations, two different schools of opinion —one set of disputants have steadily held that the zemindars, originally middlemen or collectors between the Mogul Government and the village cultivators,

remunerated by a share of what they could exact from the tenant, had possessed by long prescription, or had acquired, rights over the soil analogous to those of an European proprietor. In the famous Bengal "Permanent Settlement" of Lord Cornwallis this view prevailed; and the zemindars consequently obtained, at a fixed rent to Government, the right to raise all that they could beyond that rent (except in certain cases of fixed tenancy) from the cultivator. In other long settled parts of our great Empire the "Ryotwar" system is followed, under which the rent is raised by Government directly from the tenant. But in the various newly acquired provinces great conflict of opinion on this subject always arose. We found in them a numerous class of warlike chiefs, who, or their immediate ancestors, had been gratified by the native sovereigns with large "jaghires,"—charges on land, or, more accurately, the right to extort what they could from the tillers of the soil within a limited district. I find this opposition of feeling so clearly stated in a paper on the subject of the recent Punjaub Tenancy Act, by Sir Erskine Perry, that I have no scruple in borrowing his words:—

For a complete understanding of the case, it must be borne in mind throughout that two different schools of theorists on land tenures in India have always existed amongst our English officials—the one in favour of a landed aristocracy, the other in support of peasant proprietorship; and, accordingly, as supporters of either theory filled the highest places in Government, the views (or they may be called crotchets) of one or the other party prevailed, and all the powers of Government were put in force to give effect to them. Under the influence of the first theory, the "perpetual settlement" was made in Bengal, which, according to Niebuhr, was the most wholesale confiscation of property in

and known to history; and, recently, the talukdars in Oudh were constituted the absolute lords of the soil. Under the influence of the second theory, the cultivators in Bengal were made hereditary proprietors by Act X. of 1859, a similar rule was enforced in the North-west Provinces, and a like law was attempted to be passed by the late Governor-General in Oudh, but it was nullified by the action of the Secretary of State in Council. Now the same question presents itself as to the Punjaub.

Now, to apply European real property language, derived from our feudal law, to such a state of things as this, was in truth irrational. The Indian native possesses neither the words nor the ideas, which characterize the lauded institutions of the west. With us the ownership of the soil is a prerogative invested with peculiar sacredness. The right of the landowner has been usually treated as something far more incontestable than that of the Sovereign. With the Hindoo, as far as European minds can really enter into the ideas of a people educated under totally different associations—it would seem as if the admitted rights of cultivator, government, and middleman, were rather attached to their respectively due shares of the produce of the soil, than to the soil itself. However, a controversy grounded on imaginary axioms, is apt to be rather more than less inveterate from its unsubstantial character.[3] One class of our officials were for raising

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[3] The case is thus stated by one of the highest of our Indian authorities, Sir Henry Maine, in his work on *Village Tenure* :—

Let us suppose a province annexed for the first time to the British Indian Empire. The first civil act of the new government is always to effect a settlement of the land revenue. . . . Among the many questions upon which a decision must be had, the one of most practical importance is, "Who shall be settled with? with whom shall the settlement be made? what persons what bodies, what groups shall be held responsible to the British Government for its land revenue? What practically has to be determined is the unit of

the possessors of jagheers into the position of owners in fee simple, subject to certain payments; others would regard them only as entitled to the enjoyment of a share of produce limited by ancient and doubtful grants, would deal with them according to those views, justly of course, but not lavishly, and lean rather to the side of the cultivator and also to that of Government than to theirs, on any question arising which involved their several interests. Such a contest of opinion prevailed in Lawrence's day, and, as regards the Punjaub, prevails still. On the question of amending the imperfect and temporary settlement effected by the Board in 1850, fierce discussions arose in the Council of the Governor-General, and extended even to this country; nor can the issue be even now regarded as finally settled. Henry Lawrence embraced with all his energy of character, the view most favourable to the native aristocracy. John's opinion leaned

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society for agrarian purposes; and you find that in determining it you determine everything, and give its character finally to the entire political and social constitution of the province. You are at once compelled to confer on the selected class powers co-extensive with its duties to the Sovereign. Not that the assumption is ever made that proprietary powers are conferred on it; but what are supposed to be its rights in relation to all other classes are defined, and in the vague and floating order of primitive societies the mere definition of a right immensely increases its strength. . . . Do you, on entering on the settlement of a new province, find that a peasant proprietary has been displaced by an oligarchy of vigorous usurpers, and do you think it expedient to take the government dues from the once oppressed yeomen? The result is the immediate decline, and consequently bitter disappointment, of the class above them, who find themselves sinking to the footing of mere annuitants on the law. . . . Do you, reversing this policy, arrange that the superior holder shall be answerable to Government? You find that you have created a landed aristocracy which has no parallel in wealth or power except the proprietors of English soil. . . Do you adopt a policy different from either of those which I have indicated, and make your arrangements with the representatives of the village community? You find that you have arrested a process of change which was steadily proceeding. You have given to this peculiar proprietary group an utility which it was losing.

in the other direction. Both were practised revenue officers; but, as has been said, the details of this business, and indeed, of any methodical business, were to Henry somewhat distasteful: John's energy was equally great, his attention to the subject far more minute, his tenacity of purpose equal. And this difference between the two brothers soon made itself felt to the disadvantage of the elder.

The character which this ancient contention assumed, in regard to the settlement of the Punjaub, will be best understood from the following passage of the Report of the Board in 1854, already adverted to.

The present occupants of the soil may be divided into the following classes:

First, the descendants of ancient proprietors, who have gradually lost possession of the village lands, and the privileges which property in them confers. Their main, if not sole, lien on the land consists in a species of head-rent, which, collected under several designations, is variable in amount, and precariously realized. Under the late regime this class were gradually retrograding, and in a few years would have been entirely extinguished. The Sikhs looked alone to the security and development of the revenue, and thus, the industrious and more frugal races gradually usurped the rights of those whose lands they had originally been content to cultivate.

In some instances, these proprietors still retain a portion of the land, usually that which their own husbandry could manage. But, more generally, these rights were limited to a seer, or even less, in the maund, at harvest time from each cultivator. Tenures of this kind in all their different phases are to be found. They have been recognized, investigated, defined and recorded; and the class, which depend on them, have now a fair chance of no longer retrograding.

The second class in the Punjaub, are the present proprietors of the soil, the individuals or corporations in actual possession. Where the tenure belongs to a single individual,

or a family of a few individuals, a portion of the lands is cultivated by their own ploughs; the remainder is occupied by cultivators—some mere tenants at will; the others with right of hereditary occupancy, contingent alone on the payment of rent.

Under the Sikh system of taxation, the revenue absorbed the larger portion of the rent. The profits or rent of the proprietor varied in every holding. It was sometimes a trifling percentage, in grain or money. It was often the mere right to engage for the Government revenue, and the exemption from assessment of lands tilled by one or more ploughs. In some parts of the country, however, it represents a fair proportion of the crop. The rent of land varies from one and half per cent. of the gross produce up to full twenty-five per cent. In the province of Mooltan and the Derajat, where the revenue has hitherto absorbed but a moderate portion of the produce, the rent of land is highest.

The co-parcenary communities, the brotherhood of the same clan, and often descended from the same ancestor, are found throughout the Punjaub in all their integrity; but they chiefly abound in the parts where the races of Hindoo lineage flourish. This tenure is perhaps found most frequently among the Jat race. Each co-partner occupies and cultivates his own farm, in his own way, and pays his proportion of the village assessment in the mode agreed on by the brotherhood generally. In such tenures the greater part of the land is cultivated by the community; where held by tenants, they cultivate either under each proprietor, or hold those lands which are the joint property of the community.

It is very remarkable how strong is the feeling of ancestral descent, and the rights which such claims confer, in co-parcenary communities. In those tenures the public voice will admit the title of individuals to their ancestral shares, who have been out of possession for one or two generations. Knowing that our courts will not recognise such claims, a compromise is usually made with the party in possession, who retains a half or a third, with reference to his own and the claimant's relative influence in the community. In this

way large numbers of exiled proprietors have recovered possession of their land in Hazara and other parts of the country.

It is not uncommon for these co-parcenary communities to redistribute the village lands with reference to ancestral shares; but more commonly, each co-parcener retains the lands in possession, and co-sharers advancing claims, are allowed to add to their farms by taking in portions of the common lands. In these communities it is not possible to discriminate between rent and revenue. The public demand, with a sum added for village expenses, is divided, according to common consent, on the ploughs, the occupied lands, or the shares of the different co-parceners. The quota of each is collected by the village elders and accountant, who appropriate their own perquisites, and pay the revenue into the public treasury.

The hereditary cultivators compose the third class, and a very important one in many districts. Their tenure is often scarcely distinguishable from that of the proprietor. Where his clan is strong and industrious, he has often gradually usurped the right of the proprietor, as has already been described. Where land is abundant and cultivators are scarce, the distinction between him and the proprietor will often be nominal. He will, in some cases, pay no more than an equal quota of the public demand. The main distinction between him and the proprietor is the inability to sink a well, to sell, mortgage, or transfer his land: but he can sub-rent it. The trees, which he and his ancestors have planted, become his own property; those of spontaneous produce, not growing in his field or hedge-row, belong to the proprietors. The right to sink a well is a question often warmly litigated, for on its decision will hinge proprietary title.

In the province of Mooltan a curious tenure has grown up, consequent on the desire of the ruling power to reclaim the waste land. It partakes of the rights of the proprietor, and of the hereditary cultivator. Where land was owned but not cultivated, Sawun Mul and Moolraj were in the habit of granting patents to individuals to sink wells; these people pay trifling head-rent to the proprietor. The well belongs to the

patentee, as also the use of his land, for without irrigation there is no cultivation. The holders of these wells are termed chukdars, from the chuk, or frame of wood on which the well is built. In some cases, the rent of the land, equal to one-fourth produce, will be divided between the owner of the well and the proprietor of the land, but more frequently the latter will receive a mere trifle.

The fourth class are the tenants at will, who cultivate from harvest to harvest, or year to year. If they reside in the village, their tenure is tolerably permanent; if in a neighbouring one, more precarious. They usually cultivate on the condition of gathering half the crop, and as the proprietor is generally on the spot, and is himself a husbandman, he is able, by his knowledge and presence, to secure his full share.

The most pressing difficulties arose, as will be easily understood, not as to the half-independent chieftains, whom it was necessary to treat with regard for their exceptional position,—but with the "jagheerdars" or pensioners. These were leaders who, under Runjeet Sing's government, had been conciliated by grants of rent or villages, on the duty (very irregularly performed) of keeping on foot a number of armed men; and, further, with large grants of pasture land. These constituted a kind of fiscal nobility, so to speak, analogous (so far as European analogies may be employed) to the powerful chiefs who gradually seized on and appropriated the domains of those decaying barbarous monarchies which had arisen on the decline of the Western Roman Empire. As the "companion" of the Gothic Sovereign became by self-assertion a "Count" in his own right, so the pensioned soldier of the Sikh ruler was in the way to become an independent or half-independent chief. This state of society was obviously temporary and transitional: it did not really afford a fair opportunity

for applying the principles of landownership, of which I have spoken; and the settlement was itself made provisional only, and tentative. It was over the details, not the outlines, of the case that the disputes arose. Henry's preference leaned to the chieftains, that is, relatively, against the Ryot and the Government; John's inclination was the other way. Henry believed that to deal gently with these survivors of a former system was at once just in itself, and the best policy for securing friends to the new Government. John was inclined to deem their claims exorbitant, their tenure nominal, and to look at the necessities of the new Government, as to a certain extent superseding the custom of the old. But, as usual in such cases, differences which arose on one important subject soon extended to minor matters.

There can be little profit or satisfaction in bringing before the public the details of a painful controversy between two attached but high-spirited brothers, each firm in his convictions and strong in self-opinion; and I will only do so to the extent necessary to explain what was in fact the turning point in the career of both. Sir Henry preserved the correspondence which took place on the subject in May 1852. He addressed a letter of complaint against John to their recently appointed colleague, Mr., now Sir Robert, Montgomery, who half-jestingly complains in the course of the correspondence, that he served as a "regular buffer between two high pressure engines." After mentioning certain specific causes of difference, on public and personal questions, which it is not necessary now to reproduce, Sir Henry proceeds:—

But it is not on these or other large questions that I consider I am the one who has reason to complain; but

on minor and every-day matters of patronage, favour, or promotion, I have seldom or ever made a proposal that he has not opposed it, the inference being that I am either dishonest in my views of patronage, or that I am incompetent to judge of the merits and qualifications of individuals. I might say a good deal as to jagheerdars and pensioners, and how sorely I am daily vexed about them, mainly owing to John's own line of conduct and the spirit that he has engendered in some of our officers against the whole class. Independent of feelings of humanity, I look on the manner in which these people are treated as most impolitic. The country is not yet settled; troubles may arise at any hour, almost, in any direction, when the good or ill will of such men as Deena Nath, Tej Sing, Sheikh Nammoodeen, Lena Sing, and others, would be of consequence.[4] . . . I have scratched off this hastily before going to bed, and heartily desire not only peace but confidence, and I wish to show you how that, if I have neither, it is not my fault.

Montgomery communicated this letter to John, as had been intended. John answered by a more elaborate vindication of himself, addressed nominally to the same neutral friend. He replied to the several complaints made against his personal demeanour towards Henry. "At annexation," he said, "Henry was ill, apparently in mind and body: he was not well apparently when he came out, and was sorely chafed at annexation. He did consequently comparatively little work. All details were thrown upon me; everybody was referred to me. Whoever did not understand what was to be done, was referred to me for explanation. Establishments, pensions, jagheers, all were thrown on my shoulders." He went on to show how, in his opinion, Henry's frequent and long absences, however beneficial

[4] Two of the chiefs here named, for whom Sir Henry thus interceded, were present in the Mutiny, on our side, with their retainers; two were dead.

both to his health, and to the political superintendence of the country, rendered it extremely difficult to work the machine of a board composed of three constituent members; how, in addition, their effect was to place him, John, in more direct relation to the Governor-General than would otherwise have been the case, was thereby to increase Henry's own dissatisfaction in finding himself at times thwarted or disregarded.

Well, then, as regarded pensioners and jagheerdars, I give way as much as I can. I could point out many cases where my consent has been violently opposed to my own personal views; but I found it did little good. So long as I opposed any of Henry's recommendations he was no better satisfied than if I had gone on my own views. He thinks we treat these classes harshly. I think we have been very kind to them. I cannot see the political value of such allies as Tej Sing, Deena Nath, and others; but it seems to me that we have been even munificent to them. I do not think that, in the event of a disturbance, any one of them would act against us, or, indeed, would have any inducement so to do; and, moreover, that if they did, they would do us no harm. The Sheikh is a man of more metal, but even he could do little. However, I have always treated them with the greatest consideration. . . .

With our utterly different views of civil administration, he concludes, it is not possible that we can work together pleasantly to ourselves. I would wish that we discussed public questions together as little as possible; that when we differ we record our views in writing, when the one or the other will be supported by yourself, when the party in the minority will either give way, or, in special cases, go before the Government. If we are scrupulously careful to record no expression which we are not prepared shall stand, and eventually, if necessary, go to Government, neither will probably give reasonable cause of offence.

Montgomery could obviously do little more than

give the soothing advice which in such cases is easily tendered, but seldom received with advantage. "Hereafter," he says, "when the daily strife of conflicting opinions is at an end, when we shall all have run our courses, how wretched will appear all the bickerings and heart-burnings which occupied so much of our time. Let us all, while we are spared, do our best, and be able to say from our hearts at the end that we are unprofitable servants."

Such was the state of conflict at this time between the two brothers; and I cannot comment on it better than in the words which I find in a casual memorandum of Sir Herbert Edwardes, written after the death of his much loved chief and friend :—

Temple, talking with me to-day about Henry and John Lawrence, made some fair remarks as to the general characteristics of Henry as a civil administrator: "Sir Henry's policy was this:—The revenue: to have very light settlements. In judicial matters: to do as much justice as possible under trees in the open air before the people. In jails: to take immense pains with the prisoners, considering that we were responsible for their lives and health and morals, if we put them into durance. In material improvements: to go ahead at a tremendous pace and cover the country with the means of communication—roads, bridges, &c. In policy: to be very conciliatory to the chiefs of our own territory, very friendly and non-interfering with neighbouring courts." He remarked generally that it was best for the State that the two brothers were associated together, though it proved so unhappy for themselves. Neither was perfect: each had lessons to learn. Sir Henry would soon have had to close the Treasury, with his ideas of jagheer improvements, light revenue, &c., and John would have had a full revenue but a mutinous country. Both were so naturally truthful and candid that when they had done the mischief they would have owned it and retraced their steps. But by both being

together the mischief was prevented. One checked the other. At the same time they confirmed each other's faults. Sir Henry was more lavish in his proposals, because he thought that John would cut down any proposal which he made; and John was more hard and stingy, upon parallel reasoning. We both agreed that John had begun to adopt Sir Henry's views in many things from the very moment that Sir Henry left the Punjaub, and that the crisis of 1857 had very much more softened and modified John's former principles. . . .

Sir Henry, says an anonymous critic, regarded the balancing of the income and expenditure of the province as altogether a secondary consideration. The support of the great freeholders, in their untaxed condition, and even the increase of their possessions by lands free from taxation, being the first, both being in accordance with the custom of Sikh rule. But Mr. Lawrence argued that the resources available from taxation would not allow us to maintain a Native system of government together with the extensive English system which we had introduced. . . . . The chiefs could afford to pay their share of the revenues, or, should they object to that, to relinquish lands granted (by Native governments) for service no longer necessary to be done.

For the time, however, the breach was irreparable. Sir Henry has left but scanty memoranda of the last stages of the rupture. Both brothers felt that their continuance in office together could only embarrass the Government under which they served. It so happened that the opportunity occurred for the Governor-General to remove either of them to a post of honour and emolument equal to that which he now held, though not entailing duties of equal importance. John was ready, and offered to accept the political

residency at Hyderabad in order to solve the difficulty; but Lord Dalhousie felt bound to decide which of the two he would retain in the Punjaub. His choice fell on John. It will not be difficult for the readers of these pages to ascertain the reasons which moved him. His own administrative predilections were more in harmony with the views of the younger than of the elder brother. He loved not to create or maintain subordinate powers in antagonism with his own. He had no more sympathy—so far as his words or actions disclose—with the rebel chieftains of the North-West than with their lords—the Sovereigns whom he had, in so many cases, dispossessed. He believed the great object of the English in India to be the good government of the millions, and that this would be rather impeded than promoted by the maintenance in power and wealth of a class whom one school termed their natural protectors, another their usurping oppressors. Nor had the many contentions and misunderstandings which had taken place between Henry Lawrence and himself been without their effects in determining his decision. I subjoin the letter (demi-official) in which, after some previous correspondence, Lord Dalhousie announced his decision.

[*Private.*]

Government House, December 23 1852.

My dear Sir Henry,—

Two days ago I received your brother's notes of 12th and 13th, and yesterday your letter of 13th, relative to the Residency of Hyderabad being conferred upon one or other of you, with a view to terminating the unsatisfactory relations which have been produced between you, in your present positions at Lahore, by the difference of your sentiments upon many public questions connected with the administration of the Punjaub.

You are aware that by the unreserved communications of yourself and your brother for several years past I have been made fully cognizant of your differences of opinion and of the partial estrangement they had created. On every occasion I have spoken frankly to each of you; I have repeated to each what I had said to the other, and up to the last occasion on which we met I stated my conviction that, however irksome or painful such conflict of opinion might be to yourselves, the public service had, I conceived, been promoted rather than injured by it.

I am bound to say that during the present year I have felt some doubt whether your estrangement was not beginning to be injurious. From the letters of both of you I have received the impression that differences of opinion were becoming more frequent and more acrid, and that equally the existence of them, and the desire on both sides to avoid cause for engaging in them, was leading to questions being tacitly laid aside because you saw no probability of agreeing upon them, when it is very probable that they might have been advantageously mooted and discussed.

When, therefore, the Residency at Hyderabad became vacant I did consider the feasibility of effecting by means of it some change which might remedy those inconveniences to the public service in the Punjaub which seemed to me to be impending. The Residency of Hyderabad itself was not available. The distinguished claims of Colonel Low and his peculiar aptitude for that particular office, proved while he held it temporarily in 1848, pointed him out at once as the most proper person to be appointed. But his appointment would vacate the Governor-General's Agency in Rajpootana; and by means of this desirable and high office I conceived some arrangement might be made to effect the object above mentioned.

It has for some time been the recorded opinion of the Supreme Government that, whenever an opportunity occurred for effecting a change, the administration of the Punjaub would best be conducted by a Chief Commissioner, having a Judicial and a Revenue Commissioner under him. But it

was also the opinion of the Government that, whenever the change should be made, the Chief Commissioner ought to be an officer of the Civil Service.

You stand far too high, and have received too many assurances and too many proofs of the great estimation in which your ability, qualities, and services have been held by the successive Governments under which you have been employed, to render it necessary that I should bear testimony here to the value which has been set upon your labours and upon your service as the head of the Administration of the Punjaub by the Government over which I have had the honour to preside. We do not regard it as in any degree disparaging to you that we, nevertheless do not consider it expedient to commit the sole executive charge of the administration of a kingdom to any other than to a thoroughly trained and experienced civil officer. Although the regulations do not prevail in the Punjaub, and although the system of civil government has wisely and successfully been made more simple in its forms, still we are of opinion that the superintendence of so large a system, everywhere founded on the Regulations and pervaded by their spirit, can be thoroughly controlled and moulded as changes from time to time may become necessary, only by a civilian fully versed in the system of the elder provinces and experienced in its operation. All the world unites in acknowledging the talents and merits of Sir Thomas Munro. I cannot, therefore, illustrate better the strength of my own convictions on this head than by saying that if Sir Thomas Munro were now President of your Board, I should still hold the opinion I have expressed above regarding the office of Chief Commissioner.

As the Government entertained these views it became evident that the change it contemplated in the form of administration could not be effected, nor could the dissensions existing be reconciled, unless it were agreeable to you to transfer your services to some other department. And as it appeared to us very improbable that you would agree to any such transfer, and as we had no desire to *push* you into

taking any step unwelcome to yourself, the Government decided not to make any movement upon this occasion.

Your present letter, in which you state that, with reference to the discord which prevails in the Board, you are willing to accept the Residency of Hyderabad, though by no means desirous of quitting the Punjaub, has reopened the question, and I yesterday submitted it to my colleagues in Council.

The result of our consideration was the statement I have now to make, that if you are willing to accept Rajpootana, retaining your present salary as personal, the Government will be happy to appoint you to it, with a view to effecting the change of the form of administration in the Punjaub, to which I have already referred.

I presume your offer had no especial reference to Hyderabad. Rajpootana in your hands will have the same salary as Hyderabad, and a political jurisdiction such, I believe, as accords with your inclinations. The Agent marches all the cold weather, and in the hot weather is privileged to retire to Mount Aboo. These are considerations which render the appointment agreeable as well as important, though I do not for a moment pretend to compare its importance with the Punjaub.

I have now very fully explained the views and proceedings of the Government regarding your position and the proposal under review.

I hope you will be satisfied by it that the Government has evinced every desire to treat you with the highest consideration. Although it is not to be expected that you can concur in the view the Government has taken regarding the Chief Commissionership, you will at least be convinced that neither I nor my colleagues had any desire of forcing our views into practical operation at the expense of your feelings, or to do anything which might discredit your public position.

Before closing this letter, I must take the liberty of adding what is due in justice to you, that in all our correspondence and conversations regarding your differences with John Lawrence, I have always found you acting towards him with frankness and generosity.

The subject of this letter is, of course, entirely confidential. I shall write to your brother to-day, and inform him that I have written to you, and nothing more will be said or done until I shall receive your reply.

Some farther correspondence—unnecessary to relate, as it originated only in a temporary misunderstanding—intervened, and the following may be taken as Sir Henry's final resignation of the appointment, which, it is evident enough, he quitted with great reluctance.

"*19th January* 1853.

I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of the 9th instant. I regret that I have misapprehended the sense in which your letter of 23rd December uses the expression of "the recorded opinion of the Supreme Government." The context led me to suppose that there was a recorded opinion of my presence here being the only hindrance to the adoption of an improved administration of the Punjaub. I also regret, if I inaccurately expressed myself as to the little option being left me of resigning my post here. I am quite aware that your lordship's letter of 23rd December, as well as the one under reply, offers me the choice; and I meant that the views of Government for this province, having once been made known, it would be repugnant to my whole nature to remain where I hinder, rather than carry out, those views. For peace sake and the benefit of the public service, I was prepared to make way for J. L., and I have no wish to recall that offer. Our differences certainly hindered work, and therefore, while the Board existed, it was better that one of us should be withdrawn. That when a single head should be appointed, I was deemed unfit to be that head, was a mortifying discovery, and I could not but write as feeling the disappointment, though I hope I expressed myself with due respect. However, if I was before ready to vacate the post here, there are now stronger reasons to request my removal. I therefore at once accepted your lordship's offer of R., and made my preparations accordingly. If this latter proceeding

appears over hasty, I must ask your lordship to consider how rapidly the cold weather is passing, and that every week is important, to enable me to become somewhat acquainted with my new charge before the heat begins. I am therefore prepared to join at Ajmeer so soon as official notice arrives. I leave Lahore this week.

To JOHN LAWRENCE.

20th January 1853.

As this is my last day at Lahore, I venture to offer you a few words of advice, which I hope you will take in the spirit it is given in, and that you will believe that, if you preserve the peace of the country, and make the people high and low happy, I shall have no regrets that I vacated the field for you. It seems to me that you look on almost all questions affecting Jagheerdars and Mafeedars in a perfectly different light from all others; in fact, that you consider them as nuisances and as enemies. If anything like this be your feeling, how can you expect to do them justice, as between man and man? I am sure if you will put it to yourself in this light, you will be more disposed to take up questions affecting them in a kindly spirit. I think we are doubly bound to treat them kindly, *because they are down*, and because they and their hangers-on have still some influence as affecting the public peace and contentment. I would simply do to them as I would be done by. I by no means say much in favour of most of their characters, I merely advocate their cases on the above grounds. I think also, if you will coolly consider the Jullunder Jagheer question, you will agree that the original conquerors there, and their old families, have been treated with unusual harshness, whole bodies of them have been recently petitioning me for the same terms as we have given here. Surely this is scarcely justice. You have now an excellent opportunity to redeem an error, and to obtain for yourself popularity. I simply referred parties to Macleod, because I believed you would be offended with any other step I might take. I beg you will allow Mac. to report on *all* the old cases, say, of those of possession of above fifty years, and that you will act on his and the district officer's recommenda-

tion. I will not trouble you on other subjects, on most of them you are more at home than I am; I strongly recommend you to hold weekly Durbars—an hour or two thus spent will save much time, and cause much contentment. Wishing you health and all success, yours, affectionately.

To Mr. Montgomery.

26th February.

The sad and provoking thing was, that where there was so much in which we agreed, that we should wear out our hearts in such matters of detail. You expressed regret, and I doubt not were sincere, at my having proposed to the Governor-General to remove me from the Punjaub, and perhaps I too bitterly replied that I did not regret the step. I may now add that scarcely a month of the four years, since annexation passed, that I did not suffer more annoyances than in any year of my previous career, and that nothing but a sense of duty prevented me throwing up my appointment any time the last three years. I felt deeply for myself, I also felt for my brother, who made himself ill by what was doing. I therefore took the earliest opportunity that my sense of duty appeared to allow to offer the Governor-General a choice of placing me in the position I should originally have held, or of removing me. You were right in supposing I had little to expect from his lordship. I was not disappointed on that head, though I had a right to have expected more courtesy and consideration in carrying out the change. But enough; my wife told you we should bring away no angry feelings. We are sorry, not angry, and our best wishes are for the prosperity of all Punjaub undertakings, and for the happiness of you one and all.

At about the same date with this letter I find the draft, unfinished, of one which, from its contents, I conclude that Sir Henry Lawrence intended to address to Sir John Hobhouse (Lord Broughton, then at the head of the Board of Control), in order to solicit the confirmation in his new appointment of the brother to whose differences with himself he attributed

his own mortification and loss. It will serve at all events to show how genuine and deep was the affection which united those whom circumstances and tempers had brought into such painful opposition to each other.

In many respects I look on my brother John Lawrence as better adapted to this office than any other officer I know. My departure will cause considerable alarm in the Durbar; but in the native opinion the change would be the less if my brother took my place, especially as he has already acted for me, and will now be here again for two months, and is known to be on the most brotherly terms with me. Perhaps it may be unseemly in me saying so much for my brother, but I do so on public grounds.

Two letters more, belonging to this unhappy period of Sir Henry's career, although a little later in date, shall be here inserted. In the one he recounts the history of what he considered his wrongs to his long-tried friend, Lord Hardinge; in the other, to Sir James Hogge, then Director of the East India Company, since Member of the Council of India, who had given him friendly aid in the matter of obtaining a writership for his son.

6th March 1853.

I had in no one way spoken to Lord Dalhousie as to my position, and having on the occasion of annexation given offence to his lordship by declining in the first instance to take part in it, because I thought the manner of carrying it out was not creditable or becoming to Government, I felt I had no right to intrude any personal question on his lordship. I therefore determined to carry on as long as I conscientiously could. Two years ago, for the first and *only* time, I spoke to the Governor-General in regard to my position as to my brother. Lord Dalhousie replied in kind terms that nothing could be more proper or conciliatory on my part, and that he hoped the letter would have good effect. Well, there has

since been no change for the better; and during the last year that our common friend Mr. Montgomery, who had been Commissioner of Lahore, was substituted for Mr. Mansel (transferred to Nagpore), matters have been rather worse. . . . And the annoyance was that these were *not* great questions of policy rarely occurring, and for which there might be one struggle, but they were, daily, small questions each immaterial in itself, but the whole amounting to a great grievance. For instance, we were well agreed as to the proper mode of defending the frontier, and of keeping the peace generally; we were in unison as to light assessments, simple laws, and general non-interference in village concerns and prompt energetic measures in putting down the first germ of disturbance. But we differed much as to the treatment of the old Durbar officials, military, and civil, and especially as to rewards to those who had served us well during the war. We also differed *in practice*, though not much in theory, as to the employment of the people of the country, and indeed as to nominations of officials generally. I wished to employ Punjaubees wherever they were at all fit. I also wished to help sons of old officers. My brother, on the other hand, stood out for giving all the uncovenanted berths to natives employed in the settlement, which was tantamount to excluding Punjaubees and young gentlemen altogether. The opposition I met on all such questions, and as to the treatment of Jagheerdars, was a daily vexation. The chiefs and people of the Punjaub had been accustomed to come to me for relief, aid, and advice. Now I could literally never say or do anything without almost a certainty of my order or wish being upset or counteracted by my colleagues. As to Jagheerdars especially I was constantly annoyed; we had got over the recommendations, &c., as to their estates, and had gone up to Government in *unanimity*, though often against my will, for while it was assumed we were treating Jagheerdars as well as under a native Government, we were in nine cases out of ten cutting off their children without the slightest provision, while I need hardly say, that under a native Government, whatever changes might have been effected, the mass of

Jagheers would have from year to year have remained much to the same amount; and though A, B, or C might have been fleeced, it would have been for the advantage of D, E, and F. Well, I submitted my own will in many cases, in which I would have made a struggle had I not known there was no chance with Government; but it was otherwise in small matters of ceremony and attention, costing nothing, in which I was daily thwarted: in short, without any decided intention of bringing all men and all things to one dead level, which to me appeared as unpolitic as cruel, the tendency of things seemed to me to be that way. Parties and individuals came to me and appealed in questions in which I had given my vote for them, and I could not even tell them that I *had* voted for them. All this was double vexation, for knowing what power I at one time had, they could not understand, and often did not believe my present helplessness. With all this I managed not to quarrel with my colleagues, but when the Hyderabad Residency fell vacant I told John that if *he* chose to ask the Governor-General to give it to him or to me I was agreeable. He sent my note to Lord Dalhousie; so next day I myself wrote, saying, that for peace sake I would make way for my brother, but that I would rather remain at Lahore as Chief Commissioner on my present salary than be Governor of Madras or Bombay. I added, that whichever of us might be selected, the Board had done its work, and that there should be one head. He then offered me Rajpootana, about to be vacated by Colonel Low, but said that he and his colleagues did not desire to push me out of the Board, and were content to allow us to go on as long as I might desire to remain at Lahore. I replied that I accepted the offer, and that indeed I had little choice since I was told it had been recorded in Council that I was the only impediment in the way of a better order of things. I added that I had hoped my fourteen years experience on the frontier had matured me for a sole charge, and that I felt deeply mortified. Lord Dalhousie replied that I had misinterpreted his letter; that I was free to go or stay, and had been distinctly told so; that nothing was recorded against me, that I was again told I might stay, but that if I

did, my brother also would be kept where he was found useful. I replied quoting the Governor-General's own words as to the recorded opinion, and added that originally I had one motive, peace with my brother, I had now another, that I was in the way of the Government plans. I repeated therefore my readiness to accept the offer of Rajpootana, and said I would start in anticipation, and requested my orders at Umballa. . . .

I am quite ready to allow that my brother John is well qualified for the post he has got, but I do not know any other civilian in India who is. His special fitness, however, is *not* that he is a civilian, but that he would make a good soldier; and, with all deference to the Governor-General, I think he has gone twenty years too fast, and that already we have too many trained civilians and too much of the Regulations in the Punjaub; that what is then wanted is the very simplest form of law, or rather of equity, and that the proper men to carry it out are such as Edwardes, Nicholson, Taylor, Lake, Beecher, and civilians of the same stamp—men who will not spare themselves, who will mix freely with the people, and will do prompt justice, in their shirt sleeves, rather than profound laws, to the discontent of all honest men, as is done in Bengal, and even in the pattern Government of Agra. The expression a trained civilian puzzles me; the fact being that I have done as much civil work as my brother and twice as much as many civilians who are considered trained men. I, too, have held every sort of civil post during the last twenty-one years, and *have trained myself* by hard work and by putting my own shoulder to the wheel. Six years I was a Revenue Surveyor, doing all the most difficult and detailed work of a settlement officer. For four years I was a district officer, judge, magistrate, and collector, without assistance of any kind. For six years I have been a Chief Judge and Commissioner of Appeal in revenue matters. For fifteen months I held these high offices unaided. Had I been told I was unfit for such posts I should readily have assented; indeed, I never sought them, and was always diffident of my ability to do them justice. But what government chooses

its governors and high administrative officers from the judges of the land? Indeed, it seems to me to be the merest prejudice that, after details are no longer required of me, and when I should be helped by a Judicial and by a Revenue Commissioner, that I am not fit to be at the head of the Administration, and conduct those military, political, and general duties that I have with perfect success been conducting for the last six years. I have kept the peace. Had the peace not been kept, perhaps I should have been more heard of. I may say that during the two years I had charge of the Punjaub under your lordship's orders, as well as during the last four years, a single regular soldier has not been called out. I may add that I am at least as popular as any European in the Punjaub, and, further, that, had I had my own way, I could have collected a larger revenue than has been done, and with less distress to the people. But I must stop. I feel I have been very egotistical. I could hardly have been otherwise, writing at all. During the last four years my pen has often been staid because I feared to write too much, and now I hesitated to write until within a few hours of the departure of the mail.

(Signed) H. LAWRENCE.

To SIR JAMES HOGGE.

March 31.

I feel very grateful for your kind promise of a writership for my son Alexander, and hope he may prove worthy of your patronage. Pray add to the kindness by making the nomination a Bengal one. I feel flattered by your desiring me to write occasionally. I should have written on my removal from Lahore, but I hesitated to refer to what I considered a grievance. No man worked harder or more conscientiously than I did for Lord Dalhousie; but, from the day of annexation, I never felt that I had his confidence as I had Lord Hardinge's. I need not tell you that a Board is not a bed of roses: my berth was one of thorns. The Governor-General was well acquainted with the fact, but was not only not disposed to improve my position, but when, for the first time, in December last, I made a definite proposition in the matter, he gave me

to understand that he had recorded in Council the opinion the Punjaub should be administered by a Chief Commissioner, and that *he* should be a civilian. I was certainly told that there was no wish to *push* me out, and that I should be permitted to take my own time, but what was such information but a push, aye, and a kick? I at once told his lordship that I was ready to leave Lahore, and repeated the assertion on his giving me the opportunity of recalling the offer. I had offered to go to Hyderabad, not that I wished to go there, very far from it, but that I desired to be at peace with my brother John, who was equally ready to go there, or indeed even to take Nagpoor or Indore. But when I received the Governor-General's reply, I had another and even stronger motive: I could not, indeed, stay where I was not wanted, and where I was told my presence was the only hindrance to a better form of Government. I do not affect to conceal that I was mortified; the Governor-General was pleased to tell me that, had Sir Thomas Munro been President of the Board, he should still be of the same opinion, that a civilian should be at the head of the administration. Perhaps I ought to bow to such politeness, but I confess that this I cannot do, and can only come to the conclusion that his lordship does not know as much of the Punjaub and its wants, as he thinks he does. My brother will, I think, do very well, but it is because he is in heart and action more of a soldier than half the men who wear red coats. And, setting aside my own case, I sincerely think that, instead of pushing rules and regulations into the Punjaub, we have already gone too fast, and, for the next twenty years, should eschew such things, and give the least possible law, and the greatest amount of justice. Lord Dalhousie seems to think nothing of my local knowledge, and, though I say it, popularity. Hard rules may be well enough for peace times, but with the elements of disquiet still around, some weight, one might think, would be given to that; *singly* I kept the peace all 1846-47, and that, burdensome as was my office since annexation, I worked in it successfully. As to the cant about being a trained civilian, and so forth, I can only reply that I have had twenty years' civil experience, and

have held every sort of civil office, magisterial and fiscal, executive and superintending; and that, having had always to put my own shoulder to the wheel, I have had the best sort of training. I am half ashamed of this long essay, but after your kindness I could not be silent; and, writing at all, I must express my real sentiments, even at the risk of appearing presumptuous. But I know no single instance of a man who for six years successfully administered a province such as the Punjaub, who was rewarded by the Governor-General whom he served as I have been. Again I beg your pardon; I have said my say, and shall not again trouble you on the subject.

Enough has now been given, much more might be added from the papers which Sir Henry Lawrence has left behind him, to show how acutely he felt the severity of the blow which had fallen on him, and how he resented the injustice of which he conceived himself the victim. I have not thought that justice could be done to his remains, nor a full portrait of him executed in its light and shades, without thus much exposure of his inmost sentiments. But I have already intimated my own opinion, that it was an unhappy tendency of his mind to regard opposition and over-ruling in public matters, too much as personal slights to himself. And we have seen that he had long regarded Lord Dalhousie as his enemy. But his lordship must at all events be acquitted of any injustice towards him in the step which he then took. He was assured on the best authority, that of the brothers themselves, that they could no longer work together: his own views of public policy were in accordance with those of the younger: he thought John right on certain important questions, and Henry wrong; and it was in truth unreasonable to expect that he should subordinate his sense of what the administration of the province

required to the feeling of what might be due to Sir Henry as the elder brother, as higher in rank, or as an eminent public servant, and one who had merited well of his country. But that Henry Lawrence should acquiesce in his own deposition—for the appointment to Rajpootana, honourable and valuable in itself, was in truth a deposition from an office long and worthily filled—was more than could be expected. And he found plenty of sympathizing friends to deprecate the measures adopted towards him, and to exasperate his own wounded feelings. He left the Punjaub a disappointed and aggrieved man: a painful interruption (for the time) of a course of almost unbroken honours and successes.

He or Lady Lawrence, was at the pains of collecting and indorsing a whole packet of letters and notes, hasty scrawls for the most part, addressed to him by friends, and mainly by his own inferior officers, on the occasion of this change in his destinies. I subjoin a few of them, to show at once the devotion of which he was the object, and the view taken by his friends of the decision under which he suffered.

If any other consolation (writes one of his subordinates from Umritsir) than that of the inward satisfaction you must feel, and the consciousness of having acted nobly by your brother were required to support you through the trial (for trial it will be) of severing so completely your connection with the Punjaub, you may perhaps derive some additional satisfaction from knowing that this act of self-devotion on your part has raised you to the highest possible position in the hearts of all who know and appreciate your character and the motives which have actuated you. You will be regretted by all, both European officers and natives. With the latter I know not who will supply your place. The Sirdars and Jagheerdars of the Punjaub will lose in you their only friend

and benefactor, and grieve for your loss most bitterly. Lord Dalhousie has, in offering you the Rajpootana Residency, struck out the keystone from the arch of the Punjaub administration. For the future, *fortiter in re* will continue to be the characteristic of the rule in these territories, without much, I fear, of the *suaviter in modo* which has hitherto accompanied it, and has been the chief element of its success.

The next is from the hero of Delhi in later times—Nicholson.

Bunnoo, 4th January 1853.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—

I have just got your express of the 1st, and am very sorry for the country's sake to hear you are going, and also not a little selfishly sorry on my own account; for I don't know how I shall ever get on when you are gone. If there is any work in Rajpootana I am fit for, I wish you would take me with you. I certainly won't stay on the border in your absence. If you can't take me away, I shall apply for some quiet internal district like Shahpoor. I don't think either Taylor or Lumsden will return to the Punjaub. And I am afraid poor little Abbott will soon be driven out of it. I will keep the secret.

From COLONEL R. NAPIER, *now* LORD NAPIER *of Magdala, January* 8*th.*

I received your letter telling me of your being about to leave the Punjaub, when at Kotla, and I assure you it was a very severe blow and totally unexpected. If it had happened in a way that was pleasant to you I should have taken it with great regret, but still as one of the incidents that we must look to. I feel now greatly distressed at it as an act of injustice, as much as if inflicted on myself. I will not speak of the change to me personally, though it will be a great one. . . . I have no fear whatever for your future career if you remain in India: *one man* may find your independence interfere with his plans; your value remains, and will surely be appreciated and desired when any emergency arises.

From NICHOLSON.

January 30 '53.

I only got yours of the nineteenth yesterday, it having gone in the first instance to Bunnoo. The same date brought me a letter from your brother, in which he said that he hoped to prove as staunch a friend to me as you had ever been. I cannot but feel obliged to him; but I know that, as a considerate and kind patron, you are not to be replaced. I would, indeed, gladly go with you, even on reduced allowances. I feel that I am little fit for regulation work, and I can never sacrifice common sense and justice, or the interests of a people or country, to red tape. A clever fellow like old Edwardes can manage both; but it is beyond me. It would do your heart good to hear the Sikhs in the posts along the border talk of you. Surely, in their gratitude and esteem "you have your reward."

Lady Lawrence had added to that collection a transcript, in her own hand, of a newspaper article of the time.

The announcement in another part of our columns, that the charge of Rajpootana has been conferred upon Sir Henry Lawrence, will hardly surprise anyone; for certainly there is no public servant in India who is more marked out for it by the rare union of ability to serve his own, and protect a native government; without examining what local claims may exist among the political officers at the various Rajpoot courts, we venture to think that the Governor-General's selection will be unanimously approved by the public both in India and England. Perhaps also the most envied political charge in the Bengal Presidency may bring to Sir Henry Lawrence duties more congenial, a greater independence, and a relaxation not unneeded after four years incessant labour in broken health, and the trying climate of Lahore. He has the natural satisfaction also, of giving advancement to his own brother, and leaving him at the head of the Punjaub administration. But we, who are organs only of public feeling, must be excused some sincere regrets upon the occasion; not for the loss of a head of society, whose hand, heart, and home, open

to all, had made him universally beloved; but for the departure of so much kindly association and knowledge of the people out of a country which Englishmen are engaged to govern.

The service of the East India Company has no lack of able and honest men, and from whatever branch of it, or whatever part of the Presidency the vacancy in the Lahore Board may now be filled, we shall be sure that Lord Dalhousie will draw no doubtful arrow from his well-stocked quiver. But Sir Henry Lawrence's successor can never be to the Punjaub what Sir Henry Lawrence was. His connection with this country commenced so far back as A.D. 1838, as Mr. Clerk's assistant at Ferozepore. Runjeet Sing, the founder of the Sikh Empire, was then alive; and Sir Henry had seen his successors—Kurek Sing, Rao Nihal Sing, Shere Sing,—all "come like shadows, so depart," before he was finally called on to be the guardian of Duleep Sing, the last Maharajah of Lahore. The chivalrous attempt to prop up the falling Khalsa dynasty, began in March 1846, and ended in March 1849. Sir Henry was the life and soul of it; and it was during his temporary absence that it failed. He returned to witness the second Sikh war, and the final conquest of the Sikh people; and since the Punjaub has been a British province, Sir Henry has still been at the head of its government. Fourteen years of association between a public officer and a people, is rarely to be seen now-a-days in India! The association has been eminently kindly too. The Sikhs have always known "Lawrence" as a friend, whether in the Khaiber Pass with their regiments co-operating with Pollock; as Resident at Lahore, or as President of the Board of Administration, he has been ever a staunch and hardy comrade to their troops, a "source of honour" to their chiefs, and of justice to their labouring classes, and thus it is that, at this moment, the planless Ministers, powerless Sirdars, Jageer-less Jageerdars, disbanded soldiers, and other fragments of Runjeet's broken court and army find, in Sir Henry Lawrence, a natural representative, such as they can find no where else, and must inevitably be "disfranchised" by his loss. A people's regret,

however, is a ruler's reward; and let Sir Henry go where he will, the kindly memory of him and his good deeds, in thousands of Punjaub homes, will follow after him as a blessing.—*Lahore Chronicle, January 5th,* 1853.

And, lastly, I must make room for a wife's affectionate defence of her husband. This paper is in Lady Lawrence's handwriting, and must have been intended as a reply to some newspaper assailant. There were plenty of such attacks, and Lawrence was always too sensitive to them; but I do not think it was ever sent:—

In your issue of 27th January (1853), you have an editorial on the "Changes in the Government of the Punjaub," on which, with your leave, I will make a few remarks, although the demi-official tone of your editorial makes it rather bold in a stranger so to intrude. You give fairly-earned praise to Mr. Montgomery and Mr. John Lawrence, especially to the latter, whose character and position have both made him the more conspicuous. There is also much justice in your remarks on the greater efficiency of a Government with one head than that of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "a gentleman who was three dogs at once." What I demur at is, that the members of the late Board should be praised at the expense of their President, although Sir Henry Lawrence may well say to those who come after him, "Except ye had ploughed with my oxen, ye had not found out the riddle." The knowledge that we won during fourteen years hard labour among the Sikhs is the inheritance that his successors take up. You concede to him this experience, but you couple the admission with the assertion, fenced by a cautious "*perhaps*," that the very extent of this acquaintance and a consequent sympathy with native dynasties and native ideas, may have slightly diminished the earnestness of his desire "for improvements." Whereon do you ground this statement? You could scarcely have lighted on a less feasible ground of complaint, for the character Sir Henry Lawrence

has long borne among those under, over, and amongst whom he has worked, is rather that of an enthusiast wishing to urge on improvements for which the people were not yet ripe than of a sluggard, allowing the wheels to move on in their old track. What, indeed, but the springtide of enthusiasm could have floated him over the obstacles he has met since he first showed the people of the Punjaub by what spirit a civilized and Christian governor was actuated? He has lived to see many a plan, at first derided as visionary, proved practicable and useful, and many another will so be found, long after he has passed away. If the new doctrine that sympathy with a people unfits a man to rule them, then, indeed, Sir Henry Lawrence has shown himself unfit for his position. If it be unlike an English gentleman to consider the rank and feelings of other men, irrespective of their colour, creed, or language, then truly has he renounced his birthright to adopt "native ideas." Twenty years of varied civil experience among the people of India have given Sir Henry Lawrence a rare knowledge of their language and character, their wants and wrongs, the good and the evil that our system has introduced among them. I watch the conduct of the English in India, and from the private soldier to the general officer, from the clerk to the judge, I see prevalent the spirit that talks of the "black fellows," that, perhaps unconsciously, assumes that the natives are very much in our way in their own country, except so far as they may be turned to our comfort or aggrandisement. It therefore provokes me to see the slender appreciation of a man who uses his authority as a trust on behalf of the people so strangely brought under our rule. As to Sir Henry Lawrence's views on "developing the resources of a country," to which you refer, judge by what he contemplated and accomplished during the two years of his single authority in the Punjaub—the abuses he put down, the army he disbanded, the Government he organized, the great public works he began. These foundations were covered over during the second campaign, but they came to light again when peace was restored, and afforded ground for the Board to work on.

The public will probably exceed the meagre praise you give to the Board in pronouncing it not altogether a failure.

I subjoin a letter from Sir Henry Lawrence, written towards the end of his Lahore career, to Lord Hardinge, to congratulate his lordship on his promotion to a viscounty, and to express his own views on a subject of which later years have shown the pressing importance—the attitude to be observed by us towards those frontier Mohammedan tribes, whose warlike fanaticism has since then not only disturbed the peace of the Punjaub, but threatened the tranquillity of the whole of our North-Western dominion :—

To Lord Hardinge, *Nov.* 24, 1852.

One line to congratulate very heartily on your promotion. You will, doubtless, have had plenty of congratulations, but none more cordial or more hearty, on both public and private grounds, than mine. Here we jog on much as usual, work rather increasing than diminishing, and much of it increased by the difficulty—nay, impossibility—of getting three men (two of them brought up under the Civil Regulations of Bengal) to agree on every military, political, revenue, judicial, and miscellaneous question for a people, many of them as much adapted for regulations as they are for the quibbles and technicalities of Chancery. However, progress is made, though at the expense of some jars. —— in Huzara is one great bother. He has got us into two little wars by carrying his private feelings (good though they be) into public questions, and treating as enemies *bad* men simply because they are bad. Rhagan, the wildest portion of Huzara, is thereby in rebellion, and much of the rest would have been if we had not pulled him up sharply. I would give Rhagan to Goolab Sing, on whose territory it bounds, and whose troops have just, *for the first time*, enabled —— to enter the valley, whose people he affected to protect against their chiefs. Such protection of folks whom you cannot reach seems to me

to be nonsense. You do them no good, and do ourselves a deal of harm. I could write a great deal in this strain, and it is because I have difficulty in restraining myself that I so seldom write to your lordship at all. My health is very much improved, and my wife's even more so. My brother John has not been so fortunate, but just now is pretty well. Except Huzara, all is quiet, even Peshawur and the Derajat. I would have had a cordon of small jaghirdars along the border to meet and manage the outside hillmen; but the Governor-General and those about him, as well as my brother, seem to object to anything in the shape of a jaghirdar. We have, however, a good line of posts, at ten and fifteen miles apart, all along the Derajat, which *may* keep the peace, though it will be at a much greater expense than could have been done by a looser and more irregular system. Reynold Taylor, who is now in England, with half the means, preserved the peace better than Brigadier Hodgson has done. In return for the above, as to our doings, I shall be glad of a line from Charles, Arthur, or Wood, if you have not time, telling me what has been done as to the defences of England. I cannot divest myself of the idea that Louis Napoleon will try his luck against us, either at home or in the Mediterranean. Next to our ships it strikes me we ought to look at our guns: they do not eat, and, in whatever number, are not likely to be turned against us. A good militia and yeomanry, with a moderate regular force and 500 or 600 fully-equipped guns, kept at four or five safe points, whence they could readily move to the coast, would give us everywhere such a superiority in artillery as would compensate for numerical inferiority in regular troops. Seven artillerymen to each gun would suffice with an equal number of able-bodied men taken from the militia. So that the harness, ammunition, &c. was all kept ready, there need be little permanent expenses in horses—cart and carriage cattle being generally in abundance, and even manual labour, and, perhaps, locomotive engines, being available for short distances across country. You will excuse my artillery zeal, even at this distance. I feel a sort of alarm at the very idea of invasion finding us but half-prepared. Again I say, I

rejoice to think you are at the head of the army, and I hope that ere long the ordnance will be placed under the Horse Guards.

The same important subject is discussed in two somewhat later letters, to Lord Dalhousie, and to his fellow-traveller, Lord Stanley, which I therefore insert here without reference to date :—

To Lord Dalhousie. 30*th September* 1853.

I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of 15th inst., asking whether a simple declaration of Government intentions to the Swat authorities will not be sufficient?

Your lordship is quite right in this matter. A spiritual chief, exercising influence as opposed to infidels, could hardly be expected to give securities to an infidel Government. It will therefore be sufficient that he and others having something to lose, be made *fully* to understand that we will not put up with the present state of things. Mere hints and general expressions, however, that would be sufficiently intelligible and efficacious in Europe, will here hardly suffice. The country is strong, and the people unconquered. They have also witnessed the part we played in Cabul. They will, therefore, believe *what they see*, and can little understand that there *is* power where it is not exercised. With deference, therefore, I would suggest reference being made to Ranazye, or some other event of the sort, that they cannot dispute. The shorter and more imperious the Government letter the better; but the Board in forwarding it might write to the following effect: "The Syud and the Akoonzada will perceive that the British Government has no evil intentions towards them or towards Swat; but, as natives of Yusufzye, they must not only know that if mosques have been reopened at Peshawur, Huzara, &c., under British influence, and if, for the first time for more than a quarter of a century, Mohammedans are unmolested in the offices of their religion, it is not from fear or from weakness on our part. The Government that commands half a million of soldiers, that has conquered

all India, and before your eyes has recently subdued the Punjaub, has placed its dependant on the throne of Cashmere, and the vanguard of whose army drove Dost Mahommud, his sons, and his brother, like sheep, through the Khyber—that such a Government is not to be trifled with, and will not, like Avitabile and the Sikhs, permit its border to be embroiled, and its subjects to be plundered and murdered by the people of Swat, or by others obtaining protection in that quarter. If the Swat authorities wish for favour, it is to be obtained by good neighbourly conduct. If they prefer war and its consequences, these are also open to them. A fate like that of Ranazye will be the mildest punishment inflicted on future marauders and their protectors. The Most Noble the Governor-General in Council has written briefly: it will be your wisdom to weigh his lordship's words and understand them thoroughly."

Several copies of these letters might be despatched, and I would recommend that the Board be permitted to send simultaneously a letter to Sittana to the following effect:—

"Whereas numerous letters have lately fallen into the hands of the British authorities, showing that Moulvees and others, whose fanatic bands were, in 1846, dispersed by the Sikh and Jummoo detachments under Lieutenants Nicholson and Lumsden, when these Moulvees begged for mercy and were permitted, under promise of future good conduct, to go to their homes in India—showing that these men have returned to the Indus, and are trying to seduce poor and ignorant Mohammedans to join them, by false accounts of security and abundance,—this is to give warning that every man now at Sittana, or proceeding thither, who will, *within one month*, proceed to the officer in charge of Huzara, Peshawur, Rawul Pindee, or Yusufzye, will have safe conduct to his home, and will receive ten rupees for his expenses. After this notice any Hindustani or other British subject found in arms, or otherwise attached to the Moulvees, will be treated as a Moofsid, and *the least* punishment he will receive will be three years on the roads in irons. This circular is issued in mercy to the poor and ignorant, who have been deluded.

Woe to those who neglect the warning! their blood will be upon their own heads. All harbourers and favourers of these persons will be treated as belonging to them. Even the Moulvees are not excepted from the amnesty, if they will surrender on this proclamation. If they will not, and be taken alive, they need expect no mercy."

A month or six weeks after the issue of the foregoing, I should like to move the Guides, strengthened to 1,000 men, round the corner of the ridge separating Yusufzye from Sittana by a night's march on the latter place, so as to take it by surprise, seize the Moulvees and their followers, and carry them off as prisoners. Well managed, scarcely a shot need be fired, and not a life lost. Not a soul should know, except the commandant of the Guides and *one* officer in Huzara, the starting point to be in a distant point of Yusufzye, as would enable the Guides, by marching all night, to reach Sittana before dawn, leaving posts of 100 men at three or four points of the twelve or fifteen miles of dangerous road on the Indus. By surprising the head men of Kuble and the two or three villages on the road, and explaining the object of the force, no opposition need be encountered. A hundred men in position on the hill *above* each of these villages will sufficiently command it until the main body return. Simultaneously, as a measure of precaution, Gordon's corps might march at midnight, so as to be opposite Sittana at dawn; a gun, with a detachment, being left opposite Kuble, &c., to fire across, if needful, or even to move over the river if required.

Considering that the two Moulvees gave security for good conduct in 1846, and that these fanatics are only biding their time, and that, as long as they are at Sitana or on the border, with their present intentions, excitement will be kept up, I hope your lordship will approve of the above scheme. Something of the kind may be the more necessary if the Hussunzyes cannot at present be chastised.

Your lordship remarks that "Huzara is a torment," and suggests whether it might not be in jaghire, asking whether Jowchin Sing would take it? Probably he would, though he

would soon rue the gift, and Government would be assailed by the press for "handing over its innocent subjects to an unsparing tyrant," and so forth. I doubt if even Goolab Sing could hold the country in peace. I do not know any Native chief who would adopt our plan of justice and light assessment. Huzara would not pay on that, or, indeed, on any system I got for the Sikhs, as a field of employment for their army, *not* with the idea of its paying. Though, therefore, I would not advocate giving up Huzara or any other portion of our territory to a Native chief, I think that a modified system might be effected advantageously for Huzara, and still more so for Peshawur and the Derajat, by giving small portions in jaghire on terms of military service. These grants need not only not be perpetual, but they might be periodically resumable, say, every three or five years, and might be made dependent on the will and ability to perform the service specified. These would be bolsters to receive the shocks of "outside barbarians." The chiefs would understand better than we do how to deal with raiders and marauders, and we should not then hear weekly, as we now do, of British India being invaded, because a few cattle have been lifted, or a man or two murdered. In Huzara, for instance, I would take six or eight of the best and most trusty chiefs, and give them a line of frontier to hold against all *ordinary* comers, to be supported only when a *whole* tribe is against them. Part of the jaghire should be on the spot, and part in the rear, where the chiefs' family could be in safety. These jaghires need not exceed 20,000 or 30,000 rupees. Settlement to be made, as at present, with the people, but the jaghirdar to be allowed to make his own subsidiary arrangements with the people for payments in money or grain, *recording* the arrangement at sowing season before the Collector. I know, for *certain*, that such a system worked by *selected* chiefs, would be acceptable to the people, and, if I have not acted on the permission given by your lordship last April to push this question of grain (or rather commutation for grain) payments, I beg you to believe that it is not that I have altered the opinion I then expressed, but because I was averse to

enter into (or rather continue) unpleasant discussion on the subject with my brother. Huzara being generally irrigated, *can* stand cash payment, but most of the borders of the Derajat having too much or too little water, would, I am convinced, pay better and be better contented under the *modified* grain system I proposed, that is, one in which a money payment should be fixed at each crop on the grain as it stands in the field. My brother's answer to that is, that we should be cheated, that we have not machinery to work such a system, and that it engenders sloth. I rather agree on the last point, but demur to the others. A ten days' ride would enable the Deputy Commissioner *himself* (even if he had no Tehsildars and others to do the heavy part), to take a glance at every village in his district, and granting that we *are* cheated, our officers must be very negligent indeed if the loss so caused exceed the margin of thirty or forty per hundred, which we *are obliged* to leave, to enable any money assessment to stand for a term of years. I may add, though it lengthen this episode, that Murwut and Bunnoo, where *alone* grain payments have been continued, have *alone* paid as much to us as they did to the Durbar. Elsewhere, the remissions have been enormous, and yet the cry has been great, and not to be accounted for merely by the fall in prices or the extension of cultivation. I only suggested the modified grain payment for lands whose crops were uncertain, and after I had written I learned that Edmonstone in the cis-Sutlej, and Barnes in the Lahore division, were advocating much the same system; but John is altogether against it, and Montgomery is for a quiet life; so I surrendered, and now merely refer to the matter as bearing on the one under notice. The jaghire scheme may probably appear the more eligible at this time, when your lordship may find some difficulty in providing troops for Burmah, &c. It would release in the Derajat one regiment of cavalry and one of infantry; it would make no change in Kohat, but in Peshawur it would save to the extent of one regiment of infantry and much the same in Huzara. Thus, by giving jaghires to the amount of one regiment of cavalry and three of infantry, that number of soldiers would

become available elsewhere: men of the country would obtain employment, and certain influential chiefs would find bent for their energies. In the Derajat, the near posts might be made over to the jaghirdars, the military being restricted to the main stations, with detachments of a company or two at three or four points, as Hurrund, Drabund, Dubra, &c., as *near* supports to the jaghirdars, the latter to be responsible for all losses within their respective beats, caused by a number less than a tribe, and to be supported on application to the nearest military post. These jaghirdars would require to be under the civil authority, the military officer to interfere only when called on. The great difficulty of the present system is, that of getting the civil and military to pull well together, and the latter to appreciate and work cordially with chiefs, zemindars, and Native officers, who are not under themselves. I look on the system proposed as not only safe, but as one having the great advantage of offering occupation to the now unemployed military retainers of the Derajat and Huzara chiefs. It would not give them dangerous power, for each would only have a given line, say twenty to forty miles of frontier. They would have *employment*, that best defence against intrigue, and they would, by combined skill and pluck, defend their charge, doing much that we cannot do to avert attack, and if attacked and worsted, their repulse bringing no disgrace on our arms. I should greatly like being permitted to run *up* the Derajat, laying down this scheme. Three months would do it for the whole frontier.

Your lordship's remarks on Hussunzye are quite correct, and if the Sittana people are disposed of, we shall probably not have much more trouble from the Hussunzyes. If we have, Goolab Sing would like to march a force against them. In this case a British officer might be required to prevent atrocities; allow me to say that I would gladly be the man. Three of our regiments moving through Jehandad's country, in combination with three or four of the Maharajah's from the Jhelum, would completely overrun Hussunzye in a fortnight; when the country might be given to the chief best able to hold it, or, at worst, Goolab Sing would take it to hold as

he does Chilas, by keeping the headmen as hostages in Cashmere, and receiving tribute, without *a man* of his being in the country to *tempt* insurrection. Such a fate would be but bare justice to the murderers and their harbourers. April would be the season for such operations.

I have written this while coming down the Ravee; and in a small boat my hand has been more than usually illegible; I have therefore delayed the letter to have it copied, and also to benefit by the opinion of Colonel Napier, who agrees in my views. I was at the head of the canal yesterday, where the works are getting on well. The river is navigable up to that point.

That he found time, while thus floating down the Ravee, for other thoughts besides those of policy and government, this memorandum (October 2, 1852) shows:—

Let me try and write a few lines daily as a journal, and record, if it be only as Washington wrote, of thermometer and weather, and a word or two more daily or even weekly.

O Lord, give me grace and strength to do thy will, to begin the day and end it with prayer and searching of my own heart, with reading of thy word. Make me to understand it, to understand thee; to bring home to my heart the reality of thy perfect Godhead and perfect humanity, and above all of my entire need of a Saviour, of my utter inability to do aught that is right in my own strength: make me humble, reasonable, contented, thankful, just, and considerate. Restrain my tongue and my thoughts; may I act as if ever in thy sight, as if I may die this day. May I not fear man or man's opinions, but remember that thou knowest my motives and my thoughts, and that thou wilt be my judge. It is not in me to be regular: let me be so as much as I can. Let me do to-day's work to-day, not postponing, clear up and finish daily. So living in humility, thankfulness, contentment.

The following to Lord Stanley after he had left

the Punjaub, sums up some of his experiences, collected during this journey, of the state of the frontier, and his counsels as to dealing with it:—

March 31st, 1853.

I was glad to find from your letter of last month that you had not forgotten your ride along the frontier. Shortly after you left India, we had some trouble at different points—in Huzara, Peshawur, and the Derajat, but it was entirely owing to our not having authority to act officiously. Late last year we got such authority, when Nicholson punished the Vuzeerees above Bunnoo effectually, and Mackeson retaliated on the murderers of our customs' officers on the Huzara border. It is not to be expected that such a frontier can ever be what is called *quiet;* but it is quite in our power to prevent its being *dangerous*. We do not want antique generals, and brigadiers with antiquated notions, in such quarters; but energetic, active-minded men, with considerable discretionary power, *civil and military*. It is all nonsense, sticking to rules and formalities, and reporting on foolscap paper, when you ought to be upon the heels of a body of marauders, far within their own fastnesses, or riding into the villages and glens consoling, coaxing, or bullying, as may be, the wild inhabitants. Such men, in short, as Nicholson, Taylor, Edwardes, Lake, and Becher, are wanted; and with them, very little writing-paper, still less pipeclay, with their accompaniments of red coats, heavy muskets, and grey-headed discontented commandants. In short, with a *carte blanche*, I would guarantee, at a less expense than at present, to pacify the frontier within three years; that is, to make it as quiet as is consistent with the character of such a people. Now they hate, but do not fear us. I should try to reverse the case, to conciliate them when quiet, and hit them hard when troublesome. You will perhaps think it strange that I should be so writing from *Rajpootana*, but the fact is, that I was on a bed of thorns for four years. I was nominal head of the administration, with virtually less power than a member, as the opinions of the members were more favourably received

at head quarters than mine. I therefore only stayed while I thought I could be useful, and now, here I am, 700 miles off, dealing with a perfectly different people, sons of the sun and moon, and proud of their antiquity, as the Sikhs were of their parvenuism. Some men would like the change, I do not, and should prefer to have something more definite and satisfactory to do for my 6,600*l.* a year, than to watch the wayward fancies of a score of effete princes. On private, as well as public grounds, I was sorry to leave the Punjaub. There, I had many friends, Native as well as European; there I had the fruit of fourteen years' labour before me. Here, I have everything to learn except the language, and, even in a political office, there is much to learn and read, the records alone being a library of folios that a twelvemonth will hardly master.

I will deliver your lordship's message to my friend, Colonel Napier. We have both often thought and talked of New Zealand since you left us. You seem to forget that I also talked with you on the subject, as I then said I would gladly go to New Zealand as Governor, and I would do so with the view of eventually settling there, though, perhaps, not at Canterbury. More than ever I feel that my career in India had better close. Your sketch of home politics is very interesting. I wish you had said something as to what is doing for the home defences. I am anxious to hear that a formidable artillery—500 or 600 guns—are always kept equipped, ready to move on points of the coast. Guns do not eat at all proportionably to their value. We can afford to be weak in soldiers of the line, if we have good and ample artillery, with yeomanry and militia to take up points in entrenched positions, and dispute every inch of ground. I am very glad you have Lord Hardinge as Commander-in-Chief. Though I have no friend in Lord Dalhousie, I have no desire he should leave India. He is an able Governor-General, and is not likely to enter on more wars. As Rome advanced because the consuls served only a year, so I fear does British India, because so many in power have such short careers.

P.S.—The Indus never could be a safe boundary. We are now safe from all but robbers, and could destroy in detail any army debouching from the Khyber; but were the Afghans at Peshawur, we should have there an army with guns watching their opportunities.

It has been my duty to bring before the reader, almost too profusely, the testimonies of contemporaries to the achievements of Sir Henry Lawrence in his government, both supreme and joint, of the Punjaub, but I cannot conclude this chapter without adding one more, which appears to me to recapitulate them in a very striking manner, although perhaps too much forgetting his associates in the homage paid to himself, from an article in the *Westminster Review* (October 1858):—

Certainly, among the marvels achieved by Englishmen in India, there is nothing equal to the pacification of the Punjaub. The genius of our country for dominion was never more strikingly demonstrated. The history of the Punjaub proves by how just a title we hold the place of the ancient Romans as the true *Domini rerum.* The wisdom and beneficence of our rule were never more clearly vindicated than by the present condition and conduct of the Sikhs. All this is due to Henry Lawrence. It was his genius which conceived and carried through that system to which we owe the preservation of India. The work which he undertook in the Punjaub was nothing short of an absolute reconstruction of the state. In five short years he had done it. He had brought order out of chaos—law out of anarchy—peace out of war. He had broken up the feudal system, and established a direct relation between the government and people. He had dissolved the power of the great Sirdars. He had disbanded a vast Prætorian army, and disarmed a whole population. He had made Lahore as safe to the Englishman as Calcutta. And all this he had done without any recourse to violence, and with scarcely a murmur on the part of the conquered people.

Even the chiefs, who saw themselves deprived of almost sovereign power, accepted quietly, almost without exception, the new condition of things. As for the mass of the people, they had abundant reason to be satisfied with a change, which, for the first time, gave them security for life and property, and all that immense practical good which, let the critics of our Indian dominion say what they will, invariably attends the presence of the British constable in any part of the world . . . .

In regard to the tenure of land, the most important, perhaps, of all the questions between sovereign and people in India, the measures adopted by Sir Henry Lawrence are a model for all future Indian government, and admirably illustrate his rare sagacity and judgment. The transfer of the lands usurped by the great Sirdars was so made as scarcely to draw a complaint even from the dispossessed holders. The resumption of estates was made to bear as lightly as possible on the existing proprietors. Every respect was paid to old-established rights and local customs. The private jaghirdars —an exceptional class who hold by special tenure for eminent military service—were left in full possession; and fresh grants liberally made to those who had done similar service for us. Life pensions were granted to others whom the rigorous justice of the British collectors could not recognize, and every possible means adopted to render the change of government as little harsh to the upper classes as was consistent with the interests of the general community. The land-tax was reduced by one-fourth, yet the total revenue, even in the second year of the annexation, had reached the full amount ever realized by Runjeet Sing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY 1853—MARCH 1857.

RAJPOOTANA—MOUNT ABOO: FAMILY LIFE THERE—FUNCTIONS OF THE RAJPOOTANA AGENCY—CONDUCT TOWARDS HIS SUBORDINATES—THE KEROWLEE SUCCESSION—ADOPTION IN RAJPOOTANA—PUNJAUB AFFAIRS—DEATH OF LADY LAWRENCE—INFANTICIDE IN RAJPOOTANA—SUTTEE: GAOL REFORMS—PROJECTED ASYLUM AT OOTACAMUND—LORD DALHOUSIE SUCCEEDED BY LORD CANNING—APPOINTMENT TO THE CHIEF COMMISSIONERSHIP OF OUDH.

SIR HENRY'S appointment to the Agency in Rajpootana was thus announced by letter from the Secretary to Government:

Fort William, 28th January 1853.

SIR—I have the honour to inform you, that as you have demi-officially made known to the Governor-General your willingness to accept the office of Agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana, his lordship in Council has been pleased to appoint you to that agency, on the same salary as that drawn by you at Lahore, viz. 5,500 rupees per mensem. In doing so, his Lordship in Council gladly avails himself of this opportunity to convey to you assurances of the high sense which he entertains of the ability, energy, zeal, and judgment which you have displayed in the discharge of the duties of your important office as President of the Board of Administration at Lahore. Success beyond all expectation has attended the exertions of that body for the pacification and settlement of the new provinces; and the Governor-General in Council desires to offer his best and most cordial

thanks and applause to you, who, during that time, have presided over its deliberations.

Early in 1853, accordingly, Sir Henry left Lahore in order to take charge of his new office. His journey was by Umballa to Jeypore and Ajmere. The latter city, two hundred miles south-west of Agra, forms, with its territory, a small British "enclave" among the Native States of Rajpootana, and is, consequently, selected as the ordinary residence of the Agent.

For the benefit of those among my readers who may not have made Indian affairs their study, it may not be superfluous to mention that this region termed Rajpootana occupies an area in the North-West of India about equal to that of France, and, with the small exception of Ajmere—already mentioned—is under Native rule. It is divided between eighteen sovereign States, the largest—Marwar—about the size of Ireland; some of the smallest scarcely exceeding that of English counties. Distance from the sea, absence of mountains and large rivers, a climate subject to extremes of heat, alternating, in some parts, with considerable cold, render this, upon the whole, one of the least attractive portions of the great peninsula. The business of the Agent, however, required frequent visits to the separate portions of it, and abundant locomotion; and to this occupation, as we have seen, Sir Henry's temperament was by no means adverse. For the summer heats the Agent and Lady Lawrence had an allotted retreat at Mount Aboo. This spot is situated in the territory of Serohee, in the south of Rajpootana, near the western extremity of the Arawulli mountains, but forming an outlying ridge nearly 5,000 feet above the sea. Half-

way to its summit stands the great place of worship of the Jains—a group of four temples, arranged in the form of a cross. "It is," says Colonel Tod, "beyond controversy, the most superb of all the temples of India; and there is not an edifice, besides the Taj Mahal, which can approach it." The summit itself was selected by Government in 1847 as a sanitary retreat, "from the moderate temperature arising from its great elevation, the beauty of the scenery, the fertility of the valleys, and the fine sites for building." Such was to be now the principal residence of the wandering couple, and the last stage of the earthly pilgrimage of one of them. But farther description of it must be given in Lady Lawrence's own words to her son Alexander in England, June 1853:—

Our house here stands on a high granite rock, round the edge of which are some flower-beds of artificial soil not much bigger than cheesecakes. With diligent watering these produce roses, geraniums, passionflowers, Cape heath, petunia, and a few others, *one* thriving honeysuckle. From our own bedroom is a door leading into a little thatched verandah and out upon the tiny garden, which is in shade till 8 A.M. Here I greatly enjoy sitting, looking over our rock down into the lake, surrounded by rock and wood. There is a delightful variety of birds, all very tame. I like to watch the kites sailing in circles high up and the busy little swallows skimming zig-zag among them unmolested. There is a sweet little bird, just the size of a robin, and as tame; but our bird is of a shiny purple black, with scarlet under the tail and white bars on the wings, seen when he flies. Then we have a lovely little hummingbird, not so tiny nor so brilliant as the West Indian, but the same form. I love to see it hovering like a butterfly over a flower, then plunging in its long, slender beak and sucking the honey. Altogether there is great enjoyment here, of which the greatest to me is the tranquillity and the quiet enjoyment of your father's society, such as we have

never known since we left Nepaul. We do miss many dear friends in the Punjaub; but to me this is more than made up by having more of papa. The society of the place consists of about a dozen families belonging to this Agency and about twenty of the officers belonging to H.M.'s regiment now at Deesa.

Lady Lawrence's own feelings at the change—broken in health as she by this time was, and suffering acutely from the necessity of parting with her second boy, Henry, who had arrived at the age which rendered his departure for England unavoidable—may be collected from the following half humorous, half melancholy letter addressed to her friend, Lady Edwardes, who had just now to pass through a similar transfer of location:—

MY DEAR EMMA,— *23rd February* 1853.

You have been very often in my thoughts since I heard of you being ordered to Huzara. At first I was dismayed for you, as it seems a formidable thing for you to go to so lonely a place without a house fit to receive you, for Herbert would never put you into Major Abbott's den—a mud umbrella, surrounded by stagnant water and filthy huts, with an exhilarating view of the gallows standing amid rice swamps. But now I see matters in a fairer light. The want of a dwelling at Huzara will make your going to the hills a *must* instead of a *may*, and this is the best thing that could happen you. Yes, I am cruel enough to say so, for the looker-on sees most of the game, and we are cruel enough to see plainly that a timely sojourn in a good climate will, to all human foresight, preserve you in health sufficient to weather out your Indian time. The uprooting from Jullunder is sad work. I feel for you as I did for myself in my first uprooting in 1838, when I had struck my roots into Allahabad, and thought we should there have years of comfort, with Alick then just born. My household gods were not so

numerous or so pretty as yours, but, such as they were, I well remember the pain of giving them up; of putting prices on all the things I had gathered to beautify our home. The effect of the lesson has lasted, in giving me utter indifference to those things which perish in the using; in binding me closer to that within which makes the home. . . . You are one who wants another to turn to when you droop under sickness or anxiety; a more amiable nature than mine, for, if I cannot have my husband and children, I would fain go like a wild beast into a den, and there howl it out alone.

The prospects and duties of his new situation were thus described to Sir Henry by the departing Agent, Colonel Low. It only shows how little is known (naturally enough) in one part of our vast Indian Empire of what is really passing in another, that Colonel Low should have thought it necessary to instruct his successor as to the character and temper of Lord Dalhousie:—

Calcutta, Feb. 20th, 1853.

You know the Governor-General as well as I do, and therefore I need not say anything about his general disposition; but I may as well tell you that in regard to the Rajpoot states he is particularly anxious to avoid interference with the internal administration of any one of them, unless forced upon him somewhere for a time by a minority and extreme confusion of affairs—such, for instance, as has happened at Kerowlee. So that the Rajpoot rulers pay their tribute to us, and abstain from serious aggression on their neighbours, his Lordship is quite content with the general state of things in that part of India being such as it is at present. Of course he would be rather pleased than otherwise at seeing such improvements in their general state of civilization and habits of internal government as can be brought about, or rather as can be aided by our quiet and unobtrusive advice, when favourable opportunities occur for giving such advice. In short, Lord Dalhousie wants the

Rajpoot rulers to do their own internal work, and not that it should be done for them by British officers; and I think that Lord Dalhousie thinks better of an Agent who does not trouble him with many reports. He mentioned particularly that —— and —— "wrote too many despatches."

The duties to be now undertaken by Sir Henry, though not such as to satisfy the cravings of his active and ambitious spirit, were, as may be supposed, by no means of a trifling character. Eighteen Native states were under his supervision. The personal characters of their rulers, their intricate family rights and disputes, the state of their finances, the character of their government,—all these were continually under his consideration in the reports of his assistants. And scarcely second to this category of subjects in constant demand on his time and thought was the supervision of the assistants themselves; some of them full of the energy and activity which he valued so much, but apt from the very abundance of those qualities, to "make work" and fall into the too general Anglo-Indian sin of excessive correspondence; some whom it was necessary to spur on in their track, others for whom the spur was unavailing. For both these great branches of his duty Sir Henry possessed that one peculiar fitness of which these pages have already exhibited so many examples; his thorough kindliness and sympathetic character. With the Native chiefs he soon made himself as intimate and as popular in Rajpootana as he had been in the Punjaub. "Traditionally," says Sir John Kaye,[1] "the Rajpoots were a brave, a noble, a chivalrous race of men; but in fact there was little nobility left in them. The strong hand of the

[1] *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. p. 309.

British Government, which had yielded them protection and maintained them in peace, had enervated and enfeebled the national character, and had not nurtured the growth of any better qualities than those which it had subdued. They had ceased to be a race of warriors, and had become a race of debauchees." It was one of the specialities of Henry Lawrence that he could discern whatever principles of good were latent under the mass of evil which mortified pride and engrossing indolence, and the sense of hopeless dependence on foreign masters, whose iron grasp was only softened in appearance by the silk glove of etiquette and established courtesies, had accumulated among these titular successors of famous warriors of old. He reaped, as has been said, his reward in their affection for himself. But the three years which he passed in Rajpootana were of course quite insufficient to ripen such seed as he may perchance have sown: he could only add one more name to those of our many able administrators from whom the Indian public has drawn comparatively little advantage on account of the rapidity of their transfer from one great province to another. "The affection," says a close observer of his conduct, "which he inspired among the natives with whom he came in contact, I never saw equalled. The high admiration and high esteem in which he was held by the chief of Rajpootana are well known. The Rao Rajah of Kerowlee, when he heard of Sir Henry's death, 'was deeply grieved, and abstained from food for several days.'"

Nor were similar points of his character exhibited to less advantage in dealing with his own subordinates. Besides higher qualifications, he possessed, in an eminent degree, a quality which can hardly be called

a merit, but which often stands its possessor even in greater stead than more exalted merits; readiness to take interest in the concerns of others. Many a man, with the best and kindest intentions towards his associates and subordinates, and without any degree of haughtiness on his own part, fails in winning affection, perhaps in obtaining personal success, because he cannot bring himself to feel or to act this kind of sympathy with them in their affairs and their progress. Such a man avoids close personal intercourse except on business subjects, not from pride or unamiableness, but because he derives no pleasure from it, and is annoyed by the necessity for it. He is not what the Greeks called "anthropologous," which Sir Henry was to a very great extent. Without being exactly of what are termed social habits, he loved companionship, and to have around him those in whom he took interest, and who repaid it. I have found among the records of this part of his life a curious indication of his habits in making acquaintance with his new set of subordinates. On some of their earliest reports, respectively, he has endorsed a kind of summary of their character as it struck him, *e.g.*, "——, political agent at ——; amiable and not without ability, but priggish, and must have his own way," and so forth. There are few ambitious and active young assistants who would not rather be anxious that they were noticed in this way by a popular chief, even though praise were mixed with disparagement, than that they were left in the cold shade of impartial silence.

Sir Henry Lawrence's characteristic of personal amiability was not altogether a gift of nature. His temper was naturally hot and impetuous; it was by self-

discipline and constant watchfulness that he kept it in subjection; and the original man occasionally came to the surface to the last. He is thus described in the little work by Kavanagh, *How I Won the Victoria Cross*, page 26:—

I knew Sir H. Lawrence first in 1841, in which year he was assistant to Sir George Clerk, the political agent of the Sikh States, whose ability, activity, and prudence, at a very critical stage of our relations with the Lahore Durbar, obtained for him the reputation which he has since maintained. I was a clerk in his office, and daily saw him; he was then an impetuous and indefatigable officer, and so wholly absorbed by public duties that he neglected his person and left himself scarcely any time for recreation. He had little of that gentleness of temper which afterwards grew upon him, and, although very accessible, was not always agreeable to natives. He was rather impatient, and not so practical a philanthropist as he afterwards became. A good, straightforward, native gentleman was sure to be treated with courtesy and with a cordiality that filled him with pleasure, but woe to the intriguer or deceiver. These Captain Lawrence met with a stern aspect and sent sneaking away in fear and trembling. His brusque manner, grotesque appearance, and shrewd sharp look attracted the notice of strangers at once, who always left him impressed with the feeling that he was no ordinary man. His mind and body were always in a state of tension, and both alike were denied proper rest.

A friend of his family, Miss Lewin, says in a letter: "On one occasion, in all the harass of preparing the Residency of Lucknow for the siege, Sir Henry so far forgot himself as to swear at my brother, and reprove him groundlessly; he had the Christian manliness to acknowledge his fault a day or two afterwards, and make an apology to a young subaltern, whom he had, moreover, loaded with kindnesses." I have found

among Sir Henry's papers of earlier date the draft of a careful and elaborate apology, or rather explanation, addressed to an official in the Punjaub, whom in hot haste he had called a "blackguard."

Without question, one of the causes which contributed to gain him the affection of those brought in contact with him was his singular liberality as well as disinterestedness in respect of money. I have already said perhaps more than enough on this subject; yet it requires to be distinctly borne in mind, in order fully to understand both his temperament and his influence.

How long I may remain in India (he wrote about this time from Rajpootana to his old friend Sir George Clerk [2]), if I live to return, will depend on the circumstances; but at present I have no vision before me of the few acres which you tell me would content you; though, curious enough, I was told very lately by a friend that she had left me her best farm, in the south of England, in her will. But I must confess the ungrateful fact, I am a discontented man. I don't want money: I have more than ample. You know how simple are my tastes, how few my wants. Well, I have two lakhs of rupees, of which each of my children has 5,000*l.*, and I have another 5,000*l.* to spare, so that I hardly care to save any more. Money, therefore, is not my aim; but I do desire to wipe away the stain cast upon me by Lord Dalhousie. On this account I really believe I would have gone to Oudh had it been offered me, though the chances are that the labours and vexations there would have killed me, as those at Lahore nearly did.

It has been already said, however, that like most generous and sanguine men, Sir Henry underestimated the claims which ordinary prudence, as understood by the world, would have instituted on behalf of a family. No success or salary could ever

[2] KAYE, *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 314.

have made a rich man of him. No wonder, when such entries are constantly met with among his papers as one of a loan of 4,000 rupees to a young subaltern in Rajpootana, towards whom he seems to have been under no obligation, except what arose from a knowledge of his distress, and such letters as the following (from Dr. Smith, then editor of the *Calcutta Review*):—

Howrah, near Calcutta, 9th August 1854.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY LAWRENCE,—

I SHOULD have answered your last very kind letter immediately, but that just before I got it I had asked Nil Main Mittra (who, you may remember, was indebted to you for the means of proceeding as a student to Rurki College) to give me copies of his certificates, that I might transmit them to you. I was in daily expectation of receiving these documents; but Nil Main has been sick, and it was only yesterday that he came to me and brought them. You will, I am sure, be glad to see that your kind gift has not been thrown away, but that your *protégé* was the first student of his year. He seems a fine lad, and I hope he will not fall asleep now, but will continue to make progress, and will be a credit to you and to our institution. I think that Mr. Mackay has still some portion of that money in his hand that you gave for the purpose of sending some young men to Rurki; and, if I mistake not, he told me that he had more than once written to you to ask what to do with it, and had got no answer. If this be so, I think we shall be able to apply it to its original purpose by sending another young man there next cold season. I have now to thank you for your subvention of 200 rupees to the institution, which was duly realized.

The ordinary honours of professional life were hardly more of an object to Sir Henry, at this advanced point in his career, than the mere emoluments by which he set so little store. But he was no doubt gratified by the testimonial to his military merits which he received in June this year, in the appointment of

honorary aide-de-camp to the Queen, which was probably given him through the influence of his steady friend and admirer, Lord Hardinge.

To return again to Sir Henry's public career as "Legatus" of the vast province entrusted to him:—It so happened that the first transaction of any importance in which he was engaged brought him into collision with Lord Dalhousie on a point on which both felt very strongly. Kerowlee, a very insignificant Rajpoot State, lies in the vicinity of Bhurtpore. Shortly before Sir Henry's assumption of office the chief of this little sovereignty had died, adopting, on the day of his death, a boy who was a distant kinsman as his successor. Colonel Low, then Agent, recommended that this adoption should be recognized. The Governor-General saw an opening for proceeding with his favourite schemes of annexation; but there was a division of opinion in his Council on the subject —Sir Frederick Currie supporting Colonel Low's recommendation. The matter was referred to England. The authorities here overruled the scheme of annexation, and sanctioned the succession of Bhurt Pal—the boy in question. The Governor-General consulted Sir Henry Lawrence. Sir Henry, as might be expected, was opposed to annexation, but he thought the adoption invalid,[3] and gave it as his decided opinion that Muddun Pal, "as nearest of kin, as accepted by the Ranee, by the nine most influential Thakoors, by three-fourths of the lesser feudal chiefs, and, as far as can be judged, by the almost general feeling of the country," should be recognized as Maharajah of Kerowlee. The following is from the semi-

[3] Papers furnished for the House of Commons, 4th August 1855.

official report which he addressed to Lord Dalhousie, and which, strangely enough, does not appear at length in the printed papers, though quoted in them, and followed by a subsequent letter, entering more generally into the question of Rajpoot adoptions:—

To LORD DALHOUSIE.

April 5, 1853.

I did not ask the chiefs who spoke in favour of Muddun Pal, the Governor, of their preference. I should not have thought it right to encourage such discussion. I have no doubt, however, that they referred to the abstract right. Indeed, one of them (the Alwur Rajah) made use of the word "Nuggr" or right. Several of the Kerowlee Thakoors having also used the same expression when speaking of the rival claimants, I thought it my duty to report the fact of the feeling of the influential classes being in favour of Muddun Pal, but I did not mean thereby to give an opinion on the question of adoption. Indeed, I am not competent to offer one of any value, for I have not studied such questions, nor had anything to do with them. I believe, however, that the nearest of kin has the first claim, if there be no personal objection. In the present case it may be said there was personal enmity; and if either the late Rajah or his mother be entitled to adopt, neither of them could be expected to choose Muddun Pal. The Kerowlee chiefs who petitioned Government in favour of Muddun Pal did so in general terms. Had they been asked their reasons, they would, I think, have assigned the late Rajah's youth; and, still more, his wishes not being made known till he was on his death-bed. But, were the adoption to be set aside, the Hindoo law, I believe, gives the selection of an heir to the mother of the deceased Rajah, and, in this case, I understand the Ranee to approve the choice made by her. So that the question appears to be, whether the election is to be left to the chiefs or to the family of the Prince. I speak with great diffidence, but I am of opinion that the Hindoo law gives the chiefs no voice in the matter; indeed, that the principality is dealt with as a private

estate. . . . This (Aboo) is a heavenly place, and we are right glad to get to it after our 700 miles' march, which I made, by diversions to all the principal places, more than 1,200. The roads are execrable indeed, even at Ajmeer; there can hardly be said to be one in the whole country.

The new Agent thus found himself in opposition at once to both his superior authorities—to the Governor-General, "frustrate of his will" in favour of annexation, and to the Court of Directors, whose decision in favour of Bhurt Pal was thus called in question. However, the opinion of Sir Henry Lawrence ultimately prevailed. "The continuance of the present unsettled state of the succession," says Lord Dalhousie, "is objectionable; and as Sir Henry Lawrence has now supplied the Government with the means of forming a decision, I would at once instruct him to recognize and to instal Muddun Pal at Kerowlee."

Besides supervising the durbars of Native potentates, receiving their complaints, and settling their quarrels, the principal subjects to which he addressed his attention seem to have been three: the suppression of suttee and infanticide, and the establishment of something like prison discipline. Towards the first he made progress beyond his own hopes, and effected a good deal for the second; but the inveterate practice of infanticide, so closely connected with Rajpoot prejudice and pride of caste, was not to be put down during the few years of his tenure of office.

The following relates to the very entangled subject of the practice of "adoption" in the great Rajpoot families—a subject on which, it must be confessed, not only do very divergent doctrines prevail, but clever British functionaries seem ingenious in inventing doctrines for themselves.

To Lord Dalhousie.

14th April 1853.

It having occurred to me that your lordship's note of the 23rd requires a more definite opinion than that given in my letter of the 5th instant, I have since examined such books as are within my reach on Hindoo inheritance, and have read the voluminous correspondence recorded in the office, on the occasions of several previous minorities. I have not, however, by me a copy of the Shaster, or of Macnaghten's translation, but believe that I have correctly ascertained the general law, as also the practice of Rajpootana.

I was wrong in supposing that a mother could adopt. The original law of Menu did not allow even a widow to do so. Most of the schools, however, give such permission, on the assumption that a widow is acquainted with the sentiments of her deceased husband. I believe the Shaster to declare, as is reasonable to suppose, that the person adopting must be of sound mind and of mature age. The practice in Rajpootana has given the Thakoors a decided voice in adoptions. In 1819, when the Jyepoor Rajah died, an adopted child was put up, and, as far as I can gather, would have been maintained, had the votes of the Thakoors been with him. Sir D. Ochterlony, evidently to the last, considered that the posthumous son, born nine months after the Rajah's death, was spurious. The mother's pregnancy was not reported till two months after the Rajah's death; and yet, the adoption was set aside, chiefly as seems to me, because the general feeling was in favour of the posthumous son.

Again, on the last succession to Joudpoor, the nearest of kin was *not* adopted; but the reason assigned was, not only that the Ranee stated her deceased husband to have selected Tukht Sing (the present Maharajah), but that the Thakoors were in his favour. Further, in the case of the Kishengurh territory, on the Rajah's death in 1841, the widow adopted a child *not* the next of kin. But, after several reports to Government, in which Colonel Sutherland and Mr. Strachey dwell *first* on the majority of the Thakoors being in favour of the adoption, and then, after some time of their continuing unanimous, the adoption was confirmed.

I gather, then, that the general law *prefers* the nearest of kin, but does not object to any member of the parent stock being adopted. Further, that the practice of Rajpootana has given the Thakoors a voice in the adoption. Applying these rules and precedents to Kerowlee, and considering that *sixty-six* Thakoors (being, as is told me, all of any importance), petitioned in favour of Muddun Pal, and that Bhurt Pal was adopted by a minor on his death-bed, my opinion is in favour of Muddun Pal, as nearest of kin, and, in the words of his own petition, because Nursing Pal was a minor, *unmarried*, and had no authority, not even to give away a village.

Since receiving your lordship's letter, I have spoken on the subject more freely than I thought it previously right to do, and without expressing any opinion, have asked that of vakeels and others attending my camp. I have found only one opinion on the subject. This day I asked a Thakoor whose name is affixed to the Kerowlee petition, the grounds of his signature. At first he simply replied that it was Muddun Pal's right; but, on my asking him if he gave no weight to adoption, he said, "Certainly, if the Rajah had been of age, and had formally made the selection. But," he added, "what is the adoption of a boy of twelve or fifteen years of age worth?" Kerowlee is a difficult and troublesome country, and unless in the hands of a decidedly good rajah, would, doubtless, be best managed by a British officer. There would likewise be a difficulty in abandoning the parties, chiefly servants, who have stood by Bhurt Pal. On the other hand, were the boy confirmed, he might, on attaining his majority, ruin all the survivors of those who have now voted against him, and they, as I have shown, comprise the whole body of chiefs. In any case, I think it would be well for a time to have a political agent at Kerowlee.

I insert here (merely as in order of date, and not interfering with the narrative of this uneventful part of Lawrence's life) a letter from Colonel, afterwards Sir John, Nicholson, on a subject which now occupied

men's thoughts deeply, and not the least those of the active-minded subject of this memoir. The prospect of war with Russia had wakened up all the old Indian traditions respecting the part played by Indian troops in Egypt during the last campaigns between France and England, and the yearly increasing importance of Egypt to ourselves, as affording the direct communication between England and India, added interest to the topic. Any utterance on military subjects of one on whom the stamp of heroism was so marked as on Nicholson, is worth preserving. "He was an army in himself," says one of his describers:—

Camp Lukkee, 4th May 1853.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—

I RECEIVED this morning your kind note of the 20th, and Lady Lawrence's of the 16th ultimo. I am delighted to hear you have such an enjoyable climate at Mount Aboo, and neither too much nor too little work. I am so sure that you and Lady Lawrence are much better off personally where you are, than at Lahore, with its bad climate and the overwork and various disagreeabilities attaching to your position there, that I feel it would be selfish to wish you back again. We shall all then try to console ourselves for your loss by rejoicing at the manifest change for the better you have made. John has been very forbearing, and I am sure puts up with much from me on your account.

"I am glad to hear that Sir James has given Alick a writership.

* * * * *

Have you seen a report—I hope it is untrue—that Russia has declared war against Turkey? I meditated at one time, while at home, applying for my whole three years' furlough, and employing it in learning Turkish, and making myself acquainted with the principal localities (in a military point of view) in Turkey and Egypt, from a conviction that we must one day have to oppose Russia in the former, and France in

the latter country, and that an English officer with some active experience and a knowledge of the country and language would have a fine field open to him.

Sir J. Hogg and Lord Hardinge, to whom I mentioned my plan, thought the contingency too remote. I begin to suspect that it is not so, and that I should have done wisely had I adhered to my original intention. I don't know if you have ever thought over the subject. I should be very glad to have it demonstrated to me that my fears are groundless, but I confess if France should ever make an attempt on Egypt (and who will say it is unlikely?) it appears to me that the chances of success are very much in her favour. She has abundance of spare troops in the south of France and in the north of Africa, and she has the means of transport ever ready at Algiers, Toulon, and Marseilles. Alexandria is always weakly garrisoned, and since the days of Mahomed Ali and Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian troops have no pretensions to efficiency or esprit.

If France suddenly landed 30,000 men there, she would probably carry the place by a *coup de main*. Our Mediterranean fleet is not strong enough (even if it had warning, which it probably would not) to stop such an armament, and Alexandria would probably be France's, about the time the intelligence of the sailing of the expedition from Toulon was received at London.

Egypt was a different country during the last war, and we should, I think, bear the difference in mind, Alexandria had no fortifications then. It has very formidable ones now. We had the Mamlukes to co-operate with us then. They no longer exist, and to the wretched Egyptian peasants and the Pasha's dispirited army it must be a matter of entire indifference to what state they transfer their allegiance.

I am convinced that any European force which surprised Alexandria would find the whole country at its feet immediately, and from the natural and artificial strength of the position, have little difficulty in holding it against any *second comer*.

If Louis Napoleon could come to an understanding with

Russia, promising non-interference in Turkey, in lieu for non-interference in Egypt, his game would, of course, be much simplified, and ours rendered desperate in proportion.

Well, I had no idea of writing such a yarn when I commenced, and all this may be great nonsense. It would be very satisfactory to me to have it demonstrated that it is so. With kind regards to Lady Lawrence,

Ever very sincerely,

J. NICHOLSON.

Lord Dalhousie had offered him about this time a transfer to the political agency of Hyderabad, the Nizam's territory, to which proposal he thus replies:—

17th July 1853.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt, yesterday, of your lordship's letter of 4th instant, offering me the Residency of Hyderabad. As your lordship is so good as to leave me an option, I respectfully beg permission to decline this offer.

Lest my motives should be misunderstood, allow me to add a few words of explanation.

You know that my health is bad, and that it was with difficulty I struggled through the fatigue and vexation of the last four years at Lahore. Your lordship's kind permission to reside during the hot weather at Aboo gives an opportunity for recruiting my energies, worn out during a busy career of thirty-one years. This may seem inconsistent with my desire to remain in the Punjaub; but there I had mastered my work and was intimately acquainted with the country, the people, and the officers of all ranks. I sought, then, to stay there, because I felt myself at home, and that my past labours had earned comparative future repose. I bitterly lamented my departure; but having here worked hard to acquaint myself with my duty, I now see my way before me, and though the work is not to my taste, as a direct civil charge was, or would be, yet I freely confess that personally, I am happier, and better off, than I was at Lahore. At Hyderabad my position would be entirely different from what it was in the Punjaub.

The field, as your lordship observes, is now of increased importance, and it is not without a struggle that I forego such an opening as you have had the goodness to give me. Ten years ago it would have been my highest ambition, but now I do not honestly feel that I could do justice to the work, with everything to reconstruct, an army to reduce and organise, an able and discontented sovereign to humour, a system of civil administration to introduce, in three extensive tracts, lying in three different directions, each more than a hundred miles from the capital. To undertake all this with a weakened frame, with no one individual European or native known to me, entirely ignorant of the country and all belonging to it, is more than I could venture. I should lose the little health remaining to me, and possibly too, lose such reputation as I may have earned. It is not my nature to rest till I have seen my whole charge, which could not be done in a climate like the Dekkan without exposure, that now I could not stand.

There are other and minor considerations to weigh with me. I am out of pocket about 1,000*l.* by coming here. A move to Hyderabad would cost me even more. I hope I need hardly add that none of the foregoing considerations would weigh with me if the public service required my presence; but as your lordship's offer is purely a matter of favour, I am glad to be permitted to decline. I did not ask for Hyderabad for its own sake, but simply as being the post next in importance to Lahore, a move to which would bear least the appearance of a push out. When, however, you offered me Rajpootana, though I felt it would lessen me in the eyes of others (as indeed it has done), I did not, circumstanced as I was, decline. It was a fresh mortification to find the civil charge of Ajmeer, nominal as it was, withdrawn from the agent, just at that time. However, on the whole, I feel as I have said, that I have benefited, and I thank your lordship for the compliment you have now paid me, and for allowing me the option respectfully to decline.

The next is to his fast friend Lord Hardinge, on

the affairs of the Punjaub, and on his own position and prospects.

July 4th 1853.

I have to thank you for a kind and interesting letter received last May, and this day's mail has brought me your note of 10th May to my brother, Dr. Bernard, acknowledging receipt of what my good friends at home consider my grumbling epistle of March. My sister, Mrs. Bernard, tells my wife she would have burked it had she had the opportunity. I was slow in writing at all, but now, after six months' reflection, I do not see what less I could, in honesty and candour, have said—I must have written as I did or held my peace altogether. John Lawrence allows that I never lose my temper in writing, and even Lord Dalhousie admitted that my tone to him was quite proper. I hope then that my letter to your lordship was not an exception to my rule. I was much obliged for the copy of your evidence before the Committee. I hope we shall have a good deal of reform without materially altering the present Constitution. It would be nonsense to put Natives into Council, or make them Sudder Judges; but into almost all other offices they may be gradually introduced, keeping the present generation well under supervision. Many a good native officer is lost or ruined for want of such supervision. I am surprised to hear that George Clerk proposed to put natives at once into any situation and to pay them as much as Europeans. Clerk's error used to lie the other way, towards paying them too little. Many a fight have I had with him on these subjects. But the native Army, I think, wants reform even more than the native Civil branch. Is it not too much to expect from human nature that men should, under all circumstances, be faithful in an army of more than 300,000 men, wherein the highest attainable rank is that of soubadar, major, or ressaldar? No doubt the service is an excellent one for ninety-nine men out of every 100; but we sadly want an outlet for *the one* bolder and more ambitious spirit which *must* exist in every 100; and, for want of this legitimate outlet, we may some day meet

with a great catastrophe, or be content to go on with a system that does not get out of a native Army half what might be got. I cannot perceive the danger of making soubadars and jemadars of irregular corps captains and lieutenants. They virtually are such, but without the pay. Double their present rates, and make these posts prizes from the Line as well from the Irregular Service, and you will at once put irregular corps on at least a footing with average corps of the Line, commanded as these are by worn-out colonels, aided by discontented captains and subalterns. For Bengal have only fifty corps of the Line, and, let there be a captain and two subalterns for each company of those fifty corps, and let all the rest of the army be officered by three, or by *one* European officer, so as to give openings for adjutant, or second in command, or even of commander occasionally, to deserving natives. Such a scheme *may* appear over liberal, because we have hitherto gone on a different system; but how we have gone on, and how nearly we have more than once, been extinguished, your lordship knows. Rome survived for centuries by liberality to the soldiers of her provinces. So did the Mahommedan power in India. And, nearer home, does not Austria at this moment hold Italy with Hungarian bayonets? and Hungary with Italians? and can many of the officers or men of the Russian army be considered more loyal than are the soldiers of India? At this moment we have six battalions in the Punjaub under the name of Police corps, all commanded by Natives, and doing excellent service, three of them on the frontier. There are also twenty-seven troops of cavalry of 100 men each similarly commanded and doing equally good service. If such men are good for the Punjaub, why not for Bengal or elsewhere? There is an article in the Calcutta Review which I wrote ten years ago, on the military defence of India. I have now little to add or alter, and only wish that those in power would deal with the army for futurity —for the time when we may have a European Army, or one led by Europeans, to deal with. I would also gladly give up a percentage of my staff salary to add to the pay

of brevet majors and captains who have obtained brevet by seniority.

The discontent of regimental officers is a great hindrance to improvement; but I do not think that the remedy often suggested, of preventing staff officers returning to regimental duty, would answer. On the contrary, I think it often advantageous to a man to be taken from his corps. Gilbert, Littler, Nott, and others, the best of our officers, passed the greater part of their career on the staff. And, as regards myself, and others similarly circumstanced, I have seen much more military service, as well as had more responsible duty, than if I had been with my troop for the last fifteen years. In fact, I have been a general of division, and am, at this moment, a brigadier. I did not intend to trouble your lordship with this long tirade, but, when I write, I must say what is uppermost. The Guide Corps you raised at my request, has held its ground, as the best irregular corps in India. The present commander is a young fellow, Hodson by name,[4] whom you gave me at Lahore in 1847. He is a first rate soldier, and as your lordship likes young officers in command, I beg to bring him to your notice for a brevet majority. Sir C. Napier thinks highly of him, and I believe, held out to him hopes of the rank. Hodson is a most ambitious, and most gallant fellow, and very able in all departments. He was through both the Sikh campaigns; in the latter, with the Guides. Captain Coke, an old officer of twenty-six years' service, has admirably commanded the 1st Regiment Punjaub Native Infantry, since it was raised. He was with Colin Campbell in his fights in Yusufzye and the Kohat Pass. He is an admirable officer, and chafes much at being so often superseded. If you could make him a brevet major, you would cheer the heart of a deserving old soldier. You will not, I hope, be offended at my boldness. For two years I have thought of making these requests. You kindly tell Dr. B. that you have mentioned me to the Indian authorities as the man for Governor of one of the minor presidencies. Their reply was akin to Lord Dalhousie's

[4] Well known in after-days at the recapture of Delhi.

declaration that, "if Sir T. Munro was now head of the Board, I should still say that a civilian was required as chief commissioner." But supposing I were really ignorant of land tenures, and of the zemindary and Ryotwaree systems, surely this would not constitute a valid objection to my being governor? As well might a lawyer be required at the head of the Indian Government, because the judicial system is bad, and requires reform. Just now there is a cross-tide, one current strongly against civilians, the other as strongly in their favour. Both are wrong. Lord Dalhousie talks of the training of a civilian. Why, it is acknowledged to be as bad as possible; and the wonder is, how such good men are turned out from so bad a school. Everything is made to their hands. Few of them ever do detail work. Whereas, I have been a civilian for twenty years in offices, where I was obliged to do my own work. Such are my opinions; but I would not have intruded them on your lordship, had you not often held out council to me, and had you not now mentioned having asked for a government for me. I may add, that I would rather be chief commissioner of the Punjaub, if anything took my brother away, than hold any office in India. Indeed it will be difficult to wipe away the insult I have received, except by replacing me there. I say this the more freely, as my pay here is equal, and my personal comfort in every way greater. John Lawrence is perhaps, next to Thomason, the best civilian on this side of India, *i.e.*, he is the most practical. Such as he is, he would do more justice to any berth than would —— or ——, though they may both be considered clever men. The Court has thus the means of rewarding both John Lawrence and me, if they choose. I do not think they will deny my qualifications for the Punjaub, aided by a judicial and revenue commissioner. I have never asked them for anything, and am not likely to do so now, and if the worst came, work out the remainder of my career with a good measure of contentment here. I hope not again to trouble you with my personal affairs. Your brief sketch of the measures you have taken for the home defences was most welcome. It is unpleasant at this distance to think that

home is not quite safe. In your hands, if armed with sufficient authority, I doubt not all will be well. My wife requests her kindest regards, &c.

I must now return, though it will be for a very brief digression only, to the narrative of Sir Henry's domestic affairs and troubles. We have seen with what gratitude his wife welcomed their new home at Mount Aboo, where she hoped to enjoy to the full the society of her husband, after so many years of partial or total separation as had intervened since he left Nepal for the Punjaub. But few and evil were the days allotted for the completion of her pilgrimage. Her health, which had long been feeble in India, declined rapidly after her arrival. The enforced return of her second boy, James, to England, leaving the couple with only the company of their little girl born in the Punjaub, seemed to go nigh to break her heart. The last letter in her hand which I have myself discovered among the papers is dated October 18, 1853, to "my own beloved boys, Alick and Harry." "My heart," it begins, "is very full of which I would fain say to you, though strength is lacking. However, my letters for five years have left a record which I may hope will come home to your hearts as you grow in years." Then follow her brief but touching religious exhortations, too sacred for unnecessary exposure. She evidently saw her end approaching; her husband could not part with his own hopes. "It will rejoice our sons," he adds, in a postscript, "to see their mother's handwriting again. . . . Pray remember how much your mother's happiness—indeed, her very life—is in your hands." But the struggle was not to last long. Sir Henry himself conveyed to his sons the intelligence in a letter, of which I only produce some extracts. It

occupied several pages, and was written at intervals in several days. It illustrates more points than are in his character; not only his deep religious earnestness, but that singularly restless activity of mind which was forced to discharge itself, when no other vent was at hand, in committing to paper every thought and feeling as they arose, and endeavouring to share them lavishly with those at a distance whom he loved, even during that trance of bitter sorrow which for a passing time incapacitates most men for exertion.

MY DEAR SONS,— *Mount Aboo, Jan. 15th* 1854.

BY the side of the remains of what, five hours ago, was your fond mother I sit down to write to you, in the hope that, weak as may be my words, you will both of you, Alick and Harry, remember them as the dying message of your mother, who never passed a day, indeed an hour, without thinking of you, and the happiness of whose life was the fortnightly letters telling her that you were good, well, and happy. Two hours after her death, which occurred at twenty minutes to twelve to-day, your letters of December reached me. She had been looking out for them, as she was accustomed to do, from the earliest date of their being due; and her pleasure, nay delight, was always great when all was well and her sons seemed to be trying to do their duty. Her daily prayer was that you might be good boys and live to be good men—honest and straightforward in word and deed, kind and affectionate, and considerate to all around you, thoughtful and pitiful for the poor and the weak and those who have no friends. . . .

It is time, Alick, that you make up your mind as to your future career. Tell your uncles about it. Even Addiscombe will require exertion. You think now that you would not care to be a civilian, and that it is not worth the trouble of trying for; but ten years hence you will assuredly regret if you now let go by the opportunity. To the qualified man the Civil Service is a noble field; to an unfit person it and

every other field will be a field of vexation and degradation to himself and friends. . . .

Half an hour before I began to write on these two sides of this sheet I had taken my last earthly look at my wife and your mother. Corruption was gaining on her. I had slept on the verandah, as near as the doctor would permit me. . . . So I went and took my last look of her dear sweet face, and prayed for the last time by her side—prayed that what I had neglected to do during her life I might now do after her death, prayed that her pure spirit might be around you and me, to guide us to good and shield us from evil. . . .

Mamma said little to me during her last illness. She knew I weakly feared to part with her. She welcomed Mr. Hill as having come to see her die; and about midnight told me she would not be alive twelve hours. Again I say, my boys, remember with love, and show your love by your acts: few boys ever had such a mother.

So passed away as high-minded, noble-hearted a woman as was ever allotted for a life's companion to one called to accomplish a laborious and honourable career. The contents of these volumes, and the expressions of affectionate admiration devoted to her memory by the intimate friend of both—Sir Herbert Edwardes—in the first of them, speak sufficiently for themselves, and need no recapitulation. But to me, in thus writing my last respecting her, there recur the memories of earlier, though more transitory, acquaintance. My family had a slight friendly connection with hers, and it was to the care of my father in London that she was consigned in one of those early visits which are noticed in the third chapter of this work. And well do I remember, after so many years, the impression made on our circle by those fine features and the still more striking figure; the freshness, almost wildness, of that natural grace; the frank, unencumbered

demeanour, and the step of an huntress Diana. I remember her unrestrained, yet graceful, eagerness to make acquaintance with the sights and novelties of a world almost strange to her; the singular absence of self-consciousness, either in regard of personal or intellectual advantages, with which she seemed to devote herself to "objective" study of things external; but I was, for my own part, unaware of the very existence of the young lieutenant of artillery who, even then, lay at ambush in the corners of streets in the hope of seeing her pass by. I never met with her again. I have heard that her early beauty did not long withstand the vicissitudes of health and the climate of India, and, moreover, that the naturalness of manner which was among the greater attractions of her youthful days was connected with a certain indolence as to outward details, and disregard of the grand duty of maintaining personal charms in the most advantageous condition, which used to render her, as well as her husband, the objects of some smiling satire in later times. He used to call himself the worst-dressed man in India. If so, I am glad to have retained my own unspoilt vision. In the little chapel attached to the Lawrence Asylum at Kussowlee there is a stained glass window, and a monumental slab, with an inscription in memory of Honoria Lawrence.

I subjoin a token of interest on this occasion from some attached friend, evidently one of the many who had to thank Lawrence for personal acts of kindness.

Sandhurst, April 3 (1854?).

I cannot say how deeply I grieved over the sad intelligence which lately reached us. I had really had so much pleasure in hearing how happy you were at Ajmeer, enjoying more peace and comfort in domestic life than you have before had

leisure for: and now to hear of your cup of happiness being suddenly so embittered, is very, very sad. My dear Sir Henry, I know that you have the best and only source of consolation to look to, and therefore I need not suggest it. I only wish to express in few words my hearty sympathy in your sorrow, and my hope and prayer that the God you have boldly and faithfully confessed and served will support you, and grant you alleviations to your grief, and some I see in the presence of your kind sister-in-law. I hope the good wishes and prayers of the numbers that you have served and befriended may avail you somewhat now. I fully believe in the efficacy of the knowledge that they are deserved in soothing the very sharp edge of affliction, and the consciousness that you have not hitherto lived quite uselessly in the world, and that you may yet accomplish more good, will enable you to bear up against too great depression. Pray remember me kindly to your brother George and Miss Lawrence; and believe me ever, my dear Sir Henry, one of the befriended, thoroughly conscious of your kind encouragement, and grateful for it; and now often thinking with affection of you and sympathy for your sorrow.

REYNELL E. TAYLOR.

That Sir Henry's thoughts after this, his great bereavement, became more and more intently fixed on those religious subjects which had engrossed the inmost soul of her whom he had lost was to be expected from his character; and those who have studied it will comprehend the mixture of simplicity and earnestness with which he turned to the elementary subject of the proof of natural as well as revealed religion, after so many years of practical evidence of the reality of his faith. "Help thou mine unbelief" was with him no mere "call out of the depths," uttered by one out-wearied with over-deep meditation on things beyond our reach. He had not attained thus far in speculative philosophy, nor was his

mind of that order. His doubts lay on the surface, as did his convictions, intellectually speaking; his faith underlay the whole. After his wife's death, he seems to have made a spiritual director, in some sort, of Mrs. Hill, of Dinapore—a singularly gifted woman, and one of his Honoria's dearest friends. At least I find a memorandum of Sir Herbert's to this effect:—

Mrs. Hill, in a letter of Easter Day, 1854, from Dinapore, answers a letter of Sir Henry's, asking her to resolve certain difficulties in religion. These, from her answers, seem to have been,—

He "hardly knew what he believed, what he disbelieved. He would believe all, did he know how."

He "wonders why we are allowed to sin and to suffer, why some are born to bliss, and others to misery."

He "believes that Christ was God, yet cannot understand how, being so, he suffered."

He "desires to be assured that he and his departed wife must hereafter dwell together."

He "thinks God's dealings with the Jews very mysterious."

I have not found Mrs. Hill's letter in question. Some of Sir Henry's queries may have cost her little trouble; others will remain unanswered until the society of this world is dissolved, and its interests have passed away.

Sir Henry found relief where most men, so circumstanced and so qualified as himself, usually find it—in additional devotion to the work which he had to do. Yet, though it occupied now even more of his thoughts and attention, it is impossible to mistake a tone of languor and listlessness—partly, no doubt, attributable to weakened health as well as mental distress—which, more or less, pervades his later correspondence in Rajpootana. He wrote continually to his two boys in

England, and his letters are full of a father's interest in his little girl "Horry," now six years old, and his sole companion, with the exception of a kind sister-in-law, who took charge of her.

On June 19, 1854, Sir Henry attained the rank of colonel, and on the 20th was appointed Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.

The following is addressed to his friend, Sir John Kaye, and relates to a good many matters of personal interest, besides the affairs of Rajpootana. Although great part of it has been printed already in Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, it casts so much light on the subjects to which his administrative activity was at this time directed, that I think it advisable to reproduce it here. One thing may be noticed: that he seems to speak of prospects of annexation, in this letter to an intimate ally, with less aversion than he commonly displayed on more public occasions.

Mount Aboo, June 19th 1854.

MY DEAR KAYE,—

YOUR letter of April only reached me a few days ago, *after* the letter of May that had come by Bombay. Pray in future direct to me Mount Aboo, viâ Bombay. I hope you have not reprinted my Napier Papers in England. If I publish again, it must be in a more leisurely manner, and I must see the proofs. My writings are not fit to be published off-hand. Besides, when I was writing, my mind was ill at ease. If Sir William Napier calls me names, which he probably will do, I will send you home a short letter to publish in the Times, and reserve any detailed answer for greater leisure and quiet. I have got a great mass of materials about Scinde, from various parties, friends and foes, of Sir Charles; their perusal gives me a better opinion of his Scinde administration than I had before, and leads me to think that the article in the *Calcutta Review*, written by Lieutenant James, four years ago, was not a truthful one

that is, that his facts were often distorted. He was our chief authority on Scinde matters, and we had no reason to suppose he would mislead us. Last year I engaged to Government to re-write and enlarge Sutherland's sketches. It will be a more formidable job than I contemplated. Sutherland's book was meagre regarding many states, and altogether omitted some of the principal. He wrote according to the materials he possessed. I have sent a circular calling for reports up to May 1854. I hope it is true that you are writing Sir C. Metcalfe's life; it would be very valuable, and, from your pen, very interesting. Thank you for Colonel Ludlow's letter about suttee; it is very interesting. Strange enough, I did not know that four out of five of the states mentioned had put down suttee. This office was in such frightful confusion that there is even still some difficulty in finding out what has been done. I have nearly completed the arrangement of the books and papers on shelves, and indexed the former and had lists of the latter made. Until I came all were stowed away in beer boxes, &c., all sorts of things and papers mixed together, and the mass of boxes left at Ajmeer, while the agent was usually here or elsewhere. I have had everything brought here. Last month I circulated a paper calling for information as to what had been done in every principality about suttee. I was induced to do so by the Maharana of Oodeypoor ignoring the fact of anything having been effected at Jeypoor, and by a suttee having recently occurred in Banswara and two in Mullanee, a Purgunnah of Jurdpoor (Marweer), which has been under our direct management during the last twenty years. With all respect for Colonel Ludlow, I think we can now fairly do more than he suggests. Twenty years ago the case might have been different, but we are now quite strong enough to officially denounce murder throughout Hindostan. I have acted much on this principle without a word on the subject in the treaty with Goolab Sing. I got him in 1846 to forbid infanticide, suttee, and child-selling. He issued a somewhat qualified order without much hesitation, telling me truly he was not strong enough to do more. *We* were,

however, strong enough to see that *his* orders were acted on, and suttee is now almost unknown in all the western hills. I do not remember above two cases since 1846, and in both, the estates of offenders were resumed. I acted in the same manner, though somewhat against Sir R. Shakespeare's wishes in the first instance, in the Mullanee cases, but on the grounds of the whole body of Thakoors having since agreed to consider suttee as murder, and having also consented to pay 2,000 rupees a year among them as the expense of the local management (which heretofore fell on Government), I have backed up Shakespeare's recommendation that the sequestered villages should be restored. The parties have been in confinement several months; the Joudpoor punishment for suttee was a fine of five per cent. on one year's income, which was sheer nonsense, and would never have stopped a single suttee. Banswara has also been under our direct management for the last five or six years owing to a minority; the people pretended they did not know suttee had been prohibited. The offenders have been confined, and I have proclaimed that in future suttee will be considered murder. Jeypoor is my most troublesome state: the Durbar is full of insolence. We have there interfered too much and too little. Men like Ludlow would get on well enough through their personal influence, at such a place; but the present agent, though a well-meaning, well-educated man of good ability, is, in my opinion, a hindrance rather than a help. He seems not to have a shadow of influence, and lets the country go to ruin without an effort at amendment. And yet it is very easy, *without offence*, to give hints and help. In the matter of jails, by simply, during a rapid tour, going once into every jail, and, on my arrival here last year, writing a circular remarking that in different jails (without mentioning names), I had seen strange sights that must, if known to beneficent rulers revolt their feelings, &c., &c. I therefore suggested that all princes that kept jails should give orders somewhat to the following effect:—Classification, so as to keep men and women apart, also great offenders from minor ones, tried from untried; to give ventilation, places to wash, &c. Well,

in the course of two or three months, I got favourable answers from almost all, and heard that at several places, including Jeypoor, they proposed to build new jails. At Oodeypore my brother told me that they released 200 prisoners on my circular, and certainly they kept *none* that ought to have been released; for when I went to Oodeypoor last July, I found not a man in jail but murderers, *every* individual of whom acknowledged to me his offence as I walked round and questioned them. The Durbar don't like such visits, but they are worth paying at all risks; for a few questions to every tenth or twentieth prisoner gives opportunities to innocent or injured parties to come forward or afterwards to petition. No officer appears ever before to have been in one of these *dens*. But more, I found that the agent at Jeypoor had not been even in the dispensary, which had been got up under our auspices, though it was his opinion that the ignorance of the officials was doing mischief. You are right in thinking that the Rajpoots are a dissatisfied, opium-eating race. Tod's picture, however it may have applied to the past, was a caricature on the present. There is little, if any, truth or honesty in them, and not much more manliness. Every principality is more or less in trouble. The princes encroach, or try to encroach, on the Thakoors, and the latter on their sovereigns. We alone keep the peace. The feudal system, as it is called, is rotten at core. In the Kerowly succession case I told Government that, according to present rules, no state in Rajpootana could lapse, and such is the fact, if we abide by treaties and past practice; but in saying so I by no means agree with Colonel Low, Shakespeare, &c., that it would not be worth while to annex these states. Far otherwise: if we could persuade ourselves to manage them by common-sense rules, they would pay very well. I hope, however, they will be dealt with honestly, and that we will do our best to keep them straight. We have no right, as the *Friend of India* newspaper constantly now desires, to break our treaties. Some of them were not wise, but most were, at the time they were made, thought very advantageous

to us. It would be outrageous, now that we are stronger, to break them. Our remedy for gross mismanagement was given in my article on Oude in the *Calcutta Review* nine years ago: to take the management temporarily, or even permanently. We have no right to rob a man because he spends his money badly, or even because he illtreats his peasantry. We may protect and help the latter without putting their rents into our own pockets.

Yours, &c.,

(*Signed*) H. LAWRENCE.

I fancy we shall have some sort of treaty with Dost Mahomed; unless Lord Dalhousie overreach himself by too great anxiety, and by agreeing to pay him a subsidy. If Persia attach Affghanistan, the help we should give the latter should be by attacking Persia from the Gulf. We should not send a rupee or a man into Affghanistan. We should express readiness to forgive and forget, to cry quits in Affghan matters and pledge ourselves to live as good neighbours in future, but there ought to be no poking interference beyond the Passes or bribing one party or other. The *Delhi Gazette* reports are vastly exaggerated, but appear to be founded on fact; my opinion is, that Dost Mahomed himself is, and has been, always anxious to be on good terms with us. Burmah is in better condition than the papers make out; there ought to be no difficulty in settling that country, but Lord Dalhousie is too hard on privileged classes. Liberality in new countries is economy. I hope that Government will not dream of sending troops from India to Turkey. A hundred volunteer officers, each taking a dozen non-commissioned officers, would be useful in raising irregular troops.

To Lord Stanley he writes even more distinctly, about this time, on the subject of the annexation policy.

Thanks for your interesting account of English politics. I daresay you are right in supposing that the public will soon be tired of the Russian war. Russia can no more invade India than the English can invade the United States; but Russian emissaries, and our own fears, and our own press, do

us incalculable harm. Many sensible natives of India think every Russian is eight feet high, and that Bombay and Calcutta are threatened by a Russian fleet, while an army is coming down on the Khyber. Many Englishmen are hardly less absurd. Yes, the Indian bill[5] seems to have been hurried through at the end. I should have liked to have seen the year's postponement proposed by your lordship. Considering however, how little the good folks at home think of or care for us unless we are in a hurricane, perhaps we are lucky in getting what we have. For the present enough has been done for natives in the civil department of the service: what is wanted is that the military should be put on an equally good footing. We ought either to disband the army or open our posts of honour and emolument to its aspiring members. We act contrary to common sense, and in neglect of the lessons of history, in considering that the present system can end in anything but a convulsion. We are lucky in its having lasted so long. France has its Arab generals, and Russia has many Asiatic generals, but liberal England restricts its best native officers to posts subordinate to that of serjeant-major, obtainable too only by some thirty to fifty years' servitude. . . . You ask me how long Oude and Hyderabad are to last. It is now the fashion to cry out for their annexation, but I am quite at a loss to understand the grounds. They are badly governed: so is Russia; so is (or at least was) Ireland, the Cape, Canada, &c. . . . Bad as we are, I believe we are a good deal better than any Native ruler of the present age; but that does not justify us in picking their pockets or breaking treaties. With Oude the treaty distinctly permits us to take the management of the country into our hands if necessary. . . . The humanity question is therefore disposed of as regards Oude, and, if needful, we might similarly arrange for Hyderabad. At this moment, out of the eighteen independent states in Rajpootana, I have five under my direct management, because the sovereigns of two are juniors, and three are incompetent. Rajpootana has

[5] I suppose the Act of 1854 "to provide for the better government of India."

already paid us for protection, as have Oude and Hyderabad, several times over. It is a novel mode of protection to seize for ourselves. It is also impolitic, for when we manage Native states we can indulge our philanthropy without expense, and by spending the haughty prince's revenue in his territory or on his own people we gain their affection, and thereby strengthen ourselves. Thus, without break of treaty, we gain all we ought to do by their exertion; for assuredly the revenue of India ought to be spent in India. I feel I have not expressed myself clearly; but you will understand my argument. I am, however, in a terrible minority. The army, the civil service, the press, and the Governor-General are all against me. But I still say, read our own treaties; we have no right to make one day and break the next.

In a familiar letter to Sir John Kaye, on the subject of the latter's projected Life of Metcalfe (Dec. 18, 1854), he gives his own estimate of sundry Indian celebrities.

Sir C. Metcalfe was a fine fellow; his correspondence in this and the Lahore office is very good, incomparably better than Ochterlony's, or any other Resident's. If the book is not reviewed in the *Calcutta Review*, I may try my hand on it. I have often thought of applying to his friends for materials for his biography, but he has fallen into better hands. You have shown Tucker to have been a first rate man; but I have always looked on Munro and Metcalfe as our best. Perhaps I wrong Elphinstone, but I have never understood why he stands so high as he does, though undoubtedly he too is an able fellow. I might have gone to Lucknow the other day, but I cannot conceive why the Governor-General should, for a moment, have supposed I might have liked the berth. His success and good fortune have been wonderful.[6] Unless some great accident occur, of which there seems no probability, he will go home with

[6] Lord Dalhousie's probable term of service was now approaching its end. He left India in 1856. I am not aware on what occasion Lord Dalhousie made this offer of Oude to Sir Henry.

a great reputation, much of it well deserved, but he will leave few, if any friends. He is certainly a very able man, of great industry, and of great tact, but with very little heart. I am glad you are at work upon a Life of Malcolm, and hope for the honour of that cloth, that he will turn out a proper fellow; but I have been accustomed to consider him as a clever, fortunate humbug. He *must* have been more, or he would not have held the place he did with Wellesley, Wellington, Munro, and other great men. It is too much the fashion to judge him and other politicals of bygone days by the measure of our *present* strength and position. Malcolm is now always sneered at for the liberality of his terms to Bajee Row; but Munro, ignorant of all particulars, thought he was quite right; and so he was, if, as is likely, the capitulation saved a siege of Asseerghur on another occasion of predatory war . . . The gentlemen of the George Campbell school, who have no stomach for war while it lasts, are always ready to call out, when all is quiet, at the measures that have brought about peace. Thank you for your kindly mention of her who is gone: my house is indeed dark.

Alexander, Sir Henry's eldest son, was now growing up towards the age at which it was his father's purpose to start him in life as a "writer" in the civil service. This was, no doubt, in the mind of the writer as he composed the following letter, introducing him, as it were, to the incidents of that career to which his future years would be devoted. Of the soundness of the political economy involved in the lecture some little doubt may be entertained. Those whose thoughts on this subject do not go far beyond the ordinary channel, but who are zealous for good and impatient of what they deem waste and extravagance, are apt to view with more than necessary severity irrational expenditure on fancies or luxuries (as they deem it) on the part of the industrious classes. Looked on from one point of view only, nothing can be more absurd

than that a peasant or artisan who lives hardly and fares ill should scrape together all that he can spare, and more than he ought to spare, in accordance with our views of health and subsistence, in order to spend it on funerals, or weddings, or in driving about (like poor Neapolitan new married couples), for three or four days in a carriage and pair, richly dressed, or (like a Hindoo) in his wife's "bangles" and bracelets. Nevertheless, this much must be remembered, that a taste for expenditure, *per se*, is one of the strongest motives possessed by ordinary men to exert industry and accumulate capital, and that it is not really of much moment to the state on what that expenditure takes place, assuming, of course, that it must be unproductive. Had Sir Henry read Malthus—not his *Population*, but his *Political Economy*—he might have looked on the question with somewhat different eyes. Of course if, in order to spend money in any of these ways, the poor man gets into debt, the evil to him is undoubted; but one must be allowed to suspect on this head that kind of involuntary exaggeration into which observers are sometimes seduced by adopting, without weighing, the loose statements of natives. With such figures as Sir Henry gives, the money-lender's profession could surely not exist at all; he would be in a state of continual bankruptcy.

To ALEXANDER.

Near Neemuch, Christmas Day, 1854.

I separated from the main camp three days ago, to have this day quiet, and (as far as Europeans are concerned) to myself. But I rose before 5 o'clock, read the Bible, and had a few minutes' work before 6 A.M., when I mounted and was out till 10 A.M., during which time I visited six villages; talked to the people for a few minutes in one; and stayed in

one for an hour. I went into two or three houses, and minutely inquired into the condition of the owners of one. They were four oil men, industrious; had two oil presses, five bullocks, one cow, one buffalo. They all cook and eat together. One only is married; his marriage cost 200 rupees. Another is betrothed, and has had to pay 50, and will have to pay 85 more to the lady's father, and the marriage feast will cost 70 more. Their father died two years ago, when the burial feast cost 45. On that occasion they fed 200 oil-men with cakes made of Indian corn and sugar, and cooked in ghee. The daily food of the family is Indian corn, with boiled coarse greens (usually the heads of the opium plant). This with salt and pepper is the daily food of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the cultivators and lower orders in easy circumstances. At feasts and festivals they have ghee, and occasionally a little milk. They sleep on the ground with a blanket around. I should require five or six such to keep *me* moderately warm. Their clothes cost perhaps a rupee. And yet ninety-nine out of a hundred of these simple living creatures are in debt. Why? Because they buy what they cannot pay for: wives, jewels, feasts, &c. Their women have silver armlets, and so forth, and it is considered a disgrace among all classes not to give feasts at marriages, deaths, &c. These brothers owe 350 rupees; or about as much as all four can earn in two years. One village shop-keeper is the creditor, and is owed 4,000 rupees in the village. The same trader says he is owed 30,000 rupees in the Pergunnah (county) of Singowlee: which altogether only contains sixty villages, and perhaps 1,200 houses. In the very next village, which had only twenty houses, I did not dismount: but as I spoke to the people for a few minutes, I ascertained that one trader in it is owed 2,000 rupees. In this way I found that all but the traders are in debt, and I am at my wits' end to know how to help them. I laugh at their children's ornaments, tell them they are decoys for thieves and murderers; I showed my own and Horry's wrists and neck, and ears and fingers, and tell them we wear no silver or gold; and I lately circulated large numbers of

pamphlets in Hindu and Hindoostanee; explaining the folly of wasting our subsistence and incurring lasting debt in marriage feasts. Tell me, Alick, what more can be done; for my Rajahs, as well as my Ryots, my kings, chiefs, and peasants, are all in the usurer's hands . . . .

January 7, 1855, 5 A.M.—I have quite changed the scene, and during the last ten days have been surrounded by robbers, trying to ferret out two great robberies, and at the same time trying to find out the cause of the whole tribe employing themselves in such pursuits. I have brought several thousand soldiers to the neighbourhood, to be employed if needful, but I have been going about in the robber villages with two or three horsemen, and often altogether alone. They are a fine race of aboriginals, called Meenahs. They kill their infant daughters from pride, and because they cannot get good matches for them. Out of more than a hundred families, whose cases I have investigated, hardly a dozen have daughters. . . . . One old villain who had been concerned in fifty or more gang robberies, coolly acknowledged having destroyed two infant daughters; but he also preserved two: he has two sons.

Concerning these same Meenahs, I extract the following particulars from a report by the General Superintendent of the Thuggee and Dacoitee department of last year, 1871.

Treacherous to a degree, secret, biding their time and opportunity, and implacable in their resentments, they form a race essentially criminal, and cannot be entrusted with any employment which should remove them from strict and constant supervision. . . . . The former possessors of the country, high born, and of ancient lineage, they are more purely Hindoo than Colonel Todd believed of them. The Meenas of Upper Rajpootana are Hindoos of the strictest sect, and not only do Hindoos of every denomination, high and low, drink from their hands, but all Thakoors, Jats, and Aheers, will even partake of food which has been prepared by them. The Meenas under consideration, moreover, never

intermarry even in their mothers' "gote," or circle of affinity, except after a remove of four generations; and the installation of the Maharaja of Jeypoor on the throne is not considered complete except the ceremony of fixing the teaka or ensign of sovereignty upon his forehead is performed by the Thokedar, or head man of two gotes or subdivisions of the tribe named "Oosara" or "Chanda." But from where they could have originally migrated is involved in mystery.

I do not know who was the recipient of the following piece of advice: but it might be addressed with advantage to many a young officer in India.

11th October [1856 ?].

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your letter. You of course know that until you have been two years with your corps you are not eligible for the staff. When you *are* eligible by service, and by having passed in the language, I will be glad to endeavour to assist you. You are candid in saying you do not like regimental duty, and it is quite right to be candid; but I hope you will try to like whatever duty you are put to. Depend upon it, that whether with your regiment or on the staff, it is very much to a man's advantage to be known to be a good regimental officer. My friend Colonel Napier, the chief engineer in the Punjaub, will be at his post before you have served your two years. I will write to him in your favour to bear you in mind. You had better say nothing of your letter to me, or of this reply, or indeed of your desire to get on the staff. Officers do not like young men trying to get away from their corps. Study hard, both at the language and at engineering. Don't rest satisfied with a smattering of the language, or with simply what is required for the examination, but try to become a good Hindostanee scholar, at least a good colloquial one. Engineers, surveyors, and, indeed, all public officers, are greatly hindered in their work for want of thorough knowledge of the language.

The period of depression which followed the death of Lady Lawrence was not for Sir Henry one of literary, any more than official, inactivity. On the

contrary, he returned to his old pursuits with even increased zeal, and resumed his habits of correspondence, both with the reviews and the press, with much energy. I select from his publications of this period (March, 1856) a passage which is now of importance only as showing the views entertained by one so capable of judging as himself, of the probabilities of that terrible catastrophe which was then imminent. The organization of the Indian military system, its defects and excellences, and the measures required for its improvement, had constituted the engrossing subject of his meditation for many long years. He had written, officially and in the press, incessantly respecting it, and had, in his own person, done still more. Nevertheless, I have already said that in what may be called his controversy, though posthumous, with Sir Charles Napier, Lawrence did not share the former's views as to the mutinous disposition of the native army; and that he leaned, perhaps, to the side of favourable prediction the more naturally, because Napier's utterances had been so decidedly the other way. But there was no such by-reason for the language in which he weighs the same probabilities in a much later article (*Calcutta Review*, "Indian Army," March, 1856). He is complaining of the slowness of native promotion and scantiness of native reward, which would, in his opinion, finally sap the loyalty of the Sepoy army, on which we yet entirely relied. "Ninety in a hundred Sepoys have every reason to be delighted with the service. Several of the remaining ten are satisfied. One, two, or three are dangerously discontented. The reason is plain. They feel they have that in them which would elsewhere raise them to distinction. Our system presses them

down." . . . He urged, therefore, the needful measures of encouragement as desirable, but not pressing, still less as too late. "We must not wait," he said, "until, in a voice somewhat louder than that of the European officers in the days of Clive, the 'excellent drills' and the 'tight pantalooned' combine to assert their claims. What the European officers have repeatedly done may surely be expected of natives. We shall be unwise to wait for such occasion. Come it will, unless anticipated. A Clive may not be then at hand." Questions of pay, he observes, have been the most prominent cause of murmurs and mutinies. "The other chief cause of mutiny is religion—fanaticism. Hitherto, it has been restricted to Mahommedanism. Hindoos are contented to be let alone." Such, and no greater, was the real extent of Sir Henry's prevision in March, 1856. Within little more than twelve months the army of Northern India was in general rebellion. In the period immediately preceding the Great Mutiny, as in that before the great French revolution, although the air was full of vague presentiments of danger, the wisest and the weakest alike were unable to forecast the actual shape which that danger was to assume. But one word may be added: had Sir Henry really foreseen the urgency of mutiny, it may be fairly questioned whether that mutiny would ever have broken out. His influence, knowledge, resources, and energy were such—such, at this period of his history, was the *prestige* attending his name throughout India, and such were his facilities for urging his views, both on the public and at head-quarters—that he might, in fair probability, have succeeded in pointing out, and causing to be adopted, the necessary means for averting the catastrophe.

There is another point of some importance on which Sir Henry's views have been somewhat misunderstood—to the credit, or to the discredit, of his reputation for sagacity, according to the opinion which the reader may himself entertain. It has been supposed that because he was himself emphatically a "man of the press," and employed it as an instrument freely, on many occasions, he was therefore an advocate of the removal of restrictions on its freedom in India, as well as elsewhere. That was by no means the case. I find the following memorandum of this period among Sir Herbert Edwardes's collections; but it is anonymous, and I cannot ascertain the identity of the writer.

During the early part of 1856, when talking over with Sir H. Lawrence Kaye's *Life of Lord Metcalfe*, I made the remark that it was very much to his credit that he had removed the restrictions on the Indian press. Sir Henry remarked that he doubted the wisdom of this, for he said that, considering our position in this country, many circumstances might arise in which an absolutely free press might endanger the Government. He said, moreover, that considering Metcalfe's position as only acting Governor-General, his having done so during his short tenure of office might embarrass future Governors-General whose views did not extend to the same pitch as his own. I must not be misunderstood as saying that Sir Henry objected to a free press, but only that he thought that many occasions might in this country, governed as it is by a mild despotism, arise, in which a free press would unintentionally even embarrass the Government. His opinion was, that the natives of India generally had not arrived at that stage of civilization where a free press would be beneficially appreciated by them.

Among other special matters of interest which greatly occupied Sir Henry's mind during the later part of his stay in Rajpootana was the project of

establishing a school for soldiers' children at Ootacamund, similar to the "Lawrence Asylum," already in successful operation. I have not space to enter on the details of this extensive subject; but the following memorandum, conveying his views on the unhappy "religious difficulty" which seems everywhere, and in the smallest as well as the greatest educational undertakings, to paralyze, or at least to lame the activity of Christian philanthropy, may not be without interest.

Memo. by SIR HENRY LAWRENCE *on the project for a School for Soldiers' Children at Ootacamund.*

August 27th 1856.

I deeply regret the differences of opinion that have arisen at Ootacamund, and earnestly trust that an accommodation may yet be effected. I regret them the more because all the correspondence I have seen proves that there is *no difference* of opinion as to the need of a school at Ootacamund.

2. As my views are quoted by both parties, I must state that my wish, from the beginning, was to assist in founding at Ootacamund an asylum for the children of British soldiers in India similar in all respects to that now existing at Sunawar, and commonly known as the Lawrence Asylum. I did not stipulate for its rules, but until last March I certainly understood that the rules of the new school would at least be in their spirit. When at that time I unreservedly tendered a *donation* it was under the impression that, unless I did so, and unless I left the matter in the hands of the party I was then addressing, there would be no school at Ootacamund. I preferred to have a school for Protestants only rather than to have no school at all. My letter distinctly shows that the above were my grounds of action. Referring to the objections to the rules of the Lawrence Asylum, I beg to observe that that institution has stood the test of nine years' experience. The children are there dealt with on Bible principles; they are taught "all the leading truths of Christianity without

unnecessary allusion to disputed points of parties." (*See* the Report of Lawrence Asylum, page 6, sec. 34.) The Scriptures are daily read, daily taught, daily enforced. In fact, Bible teaching is the basis of religious instruction at Sunawar. To this the Bishop of Madras bears testimony. Surely these facts are sufficient answer to the objections made that Catholics object to the Bible. The answer to such objection is simple: do not admit those who refuse to read the Bible.

4. Regarding the other objection, that Roman Catholic priests will intrigue and tamper with Protestant children, I may observe that the occasional admission of priests to visit and to teach members of their own persuasion *has not been* attended with any injurious effect to the children of the Protestant community at Sunawar. The Lawrence Asylum rules have there sufficiently protected Protestants against Romanism. The attendance of the priest is *strictly* confined to the children of their own persuasion in places set apart for the purpose (*vide* 7th Report, page 6, sec. 3), and with them only on fixed days and at fixed hours. Under these circumstances, and with the experience of the Sunawar Asylum before me, I see no reason to fear attempts at perversion, but, should any be made, the remedy is in the hands of the Executive Committee. Let them eject *any* promoters of proselytism, be they Roman Catholic or Protestant.

5. As the immense majority of the Committee must always be of the Established Church, there seems, I repeat, but little reason to fear any improper compromise of Protestant principle. Hitherto the objections against the Lawrence Asylum have been almost exclusively urged by Roman Catholics, and rather by their clergy than by the laity. The system of religious education, based on the authorized versoin of the Bible, has not been found an objection in the eyes of Roman Catholic parents. I have repeatedly heard this from their own lips. The proportion, however, of Roman Catholic children at Sunawar is but small, not exceeding one in ten, nor, I regret to add, does this small proportion seem likely to increase. Let us not, however, by the exclusion of rules, framed at Sunawar with a view of giving the Bible to all,

drive this small minority from our ranks. There is ample in the Bible, at least for *children*, without running into religious controversy. We wish to make Christians, not controversialists. I regret deeply if in these remarks I have fallen into the danger I would wish to avoid. I rather hope that the differences that have hitherto divided the promoters of the education of the soldier's child, may, by mutual concession and forbearance, resolve themselves into earnest and united effort to secure the great object that all parties have at heart, and that an example may be set to the Natives around of Christian Charity, not of controversial hostility.

To return from these digressions to the course of public events, as affecting the career of the subject of this memoir.

On Feb. 29, 1856, Lord Dalhousie resigned the Governor-Generalship, and left Calcutta for England, his successor, Lord Canning, having assumed the government. The strong-minded, strong-witted, and imperious "Thane" quitted India only to die. He reached England indeed, but in a condition which rendered it impossible for him to meet attacks, and to justify before the public a course of policy unmistakeably marked with the impress of his own genius. We have, therefore, no indication by himself of the acts of his viceroyalty. He has only left behind him that remarkable farewell minute, which, in language somewhat reminding the reader of the self-laudatory inscriptions of Darius the Mede and other Oriental sovereigns, recapitulates the incidents and the great successes, as some of them doubtless were, of his administration. That his lordship's mind was distinctly bent on the gradual assumption of direct authority by the Company over the territories still governed by minor independent potentates—on "annexation," as it is briefly termed—results plainly enough from his own straightforward

declarations. And, like other men, he had no doubt a preference for those among his subordinates who agreed in his views and adopted them. It was his lot to find himself at variance with some of the ablest and most independent of our chiefs in India: with Outram, with Lawrence, with others whom it is better not to name, in order not to rake up extinct controversies. I have endeavoured to do such justice to the controversy between him and the subject of this biography as the documents at my disposal enabled me. Certain it is that not only did Lawrence think himself an ill-used man, but that this opinion was shared by others well qualified to judge impartially, such as Lord Hardinge, whose letters on the subject are most explicit, and who says himself that he interfered to set matters right to the best of his ability. But that Lord Dalhousie personally returned the personal ill-will which Lawrence avowedly entertained towards him I cannot myself find evidence. He was not the man to repair a breach, or to make concessions; but he always spoke of Sir Henry with respect and with expressions of confidence; and one of the last occasions of correspondence between them was, as we have seen, that of an offer of the greatly coveted agency of Hyderabad, which, however, it did not suit Sir Henry to accept.

It seems to have been one of Sir Henry's earliest objects, under the new Government, to set himself right with Lord Canning by anticipation, as to certain points on which he always considered himself misjudged by the former Governor-General. He writes to his lordship, May 20, 1856.

I beg your lordship will not credit the report which some persons have spread, that I am a spendthrift of the public

money. It is my firm opinion that, in public as in private life, judicious liberality is, in the end, economy. I have acted in this belief through life, and in doing so, in keeping men contented, in preserving the peace, and in expeditiously getting through work, I think I have saved at least as much money to Government as any man in India.

Another calumny under which I have suffered is, that I am all for the chiefs and neglect the people. To this I reply that there was no more earnest advocate for light assessments in the Punjaub than myself. That wherever I have myself made settlements, I have always made *large* reductions, so large as to have generally been objected to by other officers at the time, though the results have shown their necessity.

In regard to chiefs, I have hit them as hard as most men, but I am opposed to sweeping annexations on the plea of benevolence. I believe that territory will come to us honestly quite as fast as we are prepared to manage it, and that, in the interim, we have full power to redress grievances. I further think that it is both polite and proper, by little civilities and kindnesses, to break the fall of reduced chiefs. As a revenue surveyor, I have lived for years among the cultivating classes, and my later connections with the higher classes, and my acquaintance with their vices, have only confirmed my preference for the former.

Apologising for this intrusion,

I have, &c.

That the change at head-quarters had aroused in Sir Henry's mind ideas of relief for himself from the somewhat monotonous position which he now occupied appears, I think, from the following letter to his friend Outram; the occasion being the appointment of Outram to the political agency for Oude, where Lord Dalhousie's recent annexation had opened a new and interesting field of exertion. It is written from Agra, where Lawrence spent about this time two or three months in absence from his own neighbouring proconsulate :—

MY DEAR OUTRAM, *Agra, April* 2 [1856].

I HAVE taken a small sheet to prevent me troubling you with a long yarn. I hope all is going on comfortably, and according to your wishes. Were I ten years younger, or were I better able to stand the heat, I should propose to you an exchange, as I like the work you have *very much* better than my work in Rajpootana. I ought sooner to have congratulated you on your well-earned though tardily granted honours. Few of your friends were better pleased at hearing the news. Pray offer Lady Outram my hearty congratulations. I return your draft letter. I should like to see Lord Dalhousie's minute, especially paragraph 73, which converted you. I confess to be still quite unable to see the propriety of our appropriating Oude surplus revenue otherwise than on Oude. I think the allowance to the King ample. With the balance I would make Oude a garden, and get a great name for John's Company by the blessings we would thus shower on the country. The fame we should thus obtain would strengthen us in India generally, as much as the lakhs of rupees of the other arrangement will do. However, I am not without hope that perpetual sequestration may yet be the order of the day. It would much strengthen your hands as giving your officers no inducement to put on the screw, which too many, notwithstanding all orders, are so apt to do. I wish I could have paid you another visit. I should have been too happy, but I was wanted here on very disagreeable duty regarding the Political Agent at Jeypoor.

With kind regards to Lady Outram,

Believe me,

Ever yours, very sincerely,

H. M. LAWRENCE.

But Outram's health failed; he was condemned to revisit England, and the great field of Oude was once more open to Sir Henry's speculation.[7] Of the com-

[7] I find it positively stated by Sir Henry in a private letter from Mount Aboo, but without dates, that Lord Dalhousie, "when contemplating the annexation of that province," had offered it to him once before. But I find no more precise record of this offer, or of the reasons which made him at that time decline it.

munications which followed between him and Lord Canning, Sir John Kaye has given an account in the first volume of his History of the Sepoy War. He offered to serve in Outram's place, in a temporary measure, until some definitive measure were adopted. "The first misfortune," says Sir John, "that befell the ministry of Lord Canning, was that the letter conveying the proposal arrived a little too late." A civilian Chief Commissioner, Mr. Coverley Jackson, "an expert revenue officer," had already been appointed, with two assistants for finance and justice. Affairs went ill. The habits and views of a veteran Bengal official were found little adapted to the exigencies of a new country and a half-subdued people. "Striking with one hand at Gubbins" (Financial Commissioner), "and with the other at Ommanney" (Judicial Commissioner), "the Chief Commissioner was continually in an attitude of offence, and the administration was likely to be wrecked altogether upon the lee shore of these internal contentions." Lord Canning, however, still held on with the existing arrangement, hoping for its natural termination by the return of Outram with restored health.

Sir Henry, therefore, to continue my use of Sir J. Kaye's language, "fell back upon his duties among those intractable Rajpoots, grieving over their degeneracy, striving mightily, but with no great success, to evolve something of good out of their transition state, and at last admitting that the peace and security we had given them had not as yet much improved the race. All through the year he had gone on, in his earnest, unstinting way, doing what he could, through divers channels of beneficence, alike for the ancient homes and the national chivalries, whereof history

and tradition had given such grand accounts." And his aspirations for more diversified and interesting employment were fading away under a stronger impulse—the desire to revisit home. Failing in health, wearied in spirit, his Indian dwelling vacant from the companionship which had been the delight and the support of his existence in it, very solicitous about the future of his children in England, and left alone by the departure of his young daughter, who had outgrown the safe limit of stay in India, he longed more and more for that relief which he had so amply earned. His feelings are strongly expressed in a letter to his old friend Clerk (October 30, 1856), which the reader will find printed in Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 313. He announces to him his hopes of returning home:—

How long I may remain in India if I live to return, will depend on circumstances; but at present I have no vision before me of the few acres that you tell me would content you; though, curious enough, I was told very lately by a friend that she had left me her best farm, in the south of England, by her will. But I must confess the ungrateful fact; I am a discontented man. I don't want money, I have more than ample. You know how simple are my tastes, how few my wants. Well, I have two laks of rupees, of which each of my three children has 5,000*l.*, and I have another 5,000*l.* to share; so that I hardly care to save any more. Money, therefore, is not my aim; but I do desire to wipe away the stain cast on me by Lord Dalhousie.

He finally addressed to Lord Canning the following application:—

Nov. 9, 1856.

On account of my family I have long been anxious to get home even for a few months, and will be much obliged if you can permit me to go next month for nine, or even for six

months, making over charge of the agency to my brother George. Under ordinary circumstances I should not take the liberty of naming the *locum tenens* I wish for, but I am not only under great obligations to my brother (who in fact mainly started me in life),[3] but I conscientiously believe that he is the fittest available man to carry on the work to which I shall return after so short an absence.

2. In the present state of home affairs I see no prospect of employment with the English army—indeed I have given up the idea. But I wish to take home my little girl and to look after my sons. Had I not, however, the fullest intention of returning to India, I should not thus intrude on your lordship, but my present intention is to hold to my work as long as health and strength last; and as by the new furlough rules I lose all pay while absent, I cannot afford to be absent long.

3. My brother's post in Meywar is the highest in Rajpootana next to my own, and he is somewhat known throughout the province. Your lordship will recollect that you put him in charge of the agency on General Low's departure. We will both be very thankful if you will repeat your kindness.

4. I will *not go* unless all be quiet and even in the present state of Meywar affairs. I don't think I could make up my mind to go, leaving my office in any hands but my brother's. I have not said a word as to my wishes or thoughts to any one but my brother, as the foolish Meywar chiefs might hope for another bout of anarchy under a change of officials.

Leave having been accordingly granted, he wrote to Lord Canning (December 26, 1856) that he intended to proceed to England, leaving Neemuch on the first of the ensuing February.

My health has, for some months, been so indifferent, that three doctors have given me medical certificates; but I do not propose to remain in England beyond the end of the autumn. Had my health been better, I should have placed

[3] Sir George.

myself at your lordship's disposal for service towards Herat, if an army go in that direction. . . . On this point, or rather on the army question generally, as your lordship did me the honour to ask my opinion when in Calcutta, I beg to say that I am the author of the two articles in the *Calcutta Review* of March and September last: the first on the "Indian Army," the other on "Army Reform." The question is one I have long had at heart, and look on it as the vital one of our Indian empire.

But the release thus longed for was not destined to visit Sir Henry Lawrence in life. Night alone—a night near at hand—was to bring cessation to his work. Immediately after the date of the above letter, Outram being now wanted for Persia, Lord Canning offered the writer the post of "Chief Commissioner and Agent to the Governor-General" in Oude. The special importance of this offer, and the high trust which it involved, will be shown in the next chapter. It was one which Sir Henry, with his chivalrous feelings of duty, would not have felt himself at liberty to decline under any circumstances short of absolute necessity; but we have seen that the offer—to organize a new annexed kingdom, fallen into extremity of disorder—was one which peculiarly suited the romantic, as well as the ambitious, side of his disposition. He acknowledged and accepted the proffer.

MY DEAR LORD, *Neemuch, 19th January* 1857.

I AM honoured and gratified by your kind letter of the 9th, this day received. I am quite at your lordship's service, and will cancel my leave and move to Lucknow at a day's notice if you think fit after this explanation to appoint me. My own doctor (my friend Ebden) thinks better of my health than any other doctor. Three other doctors whom I consulted

before I came here, replied that I *certainly* ought to go home. The two staff doctors at this station say the same. But Dr. Ebden and Dr. Lowndes, both of whom know me well, say that my constitution has that elasticity, that in a work so much to my taste as that in Oude I may be able to hold out. Annoyances try me much more than work. I went round Guzerat last month, several times riding thirty or more miles during the day; and being repeatedly out *all* day or night, and sometimes both. I can also work at my desk for twelve or fifteen hours at a time. Work, therefore, does not yet oppress me. But ever since I was so cavalierly elbowed out of the Punjaub, I have fretted even to the injury of my health. Your lordship's handsome letter has quite relieved my mind on that point, so I repeat that if on this explanation you think fit to send me to Oude, I am quite ready and can be there within twenty days of receiving your telegraphic reply.

If Jung Bahadoor will let me go for a couple of months in the hot weather to a point of Nepal near Oude, your lordship will probably not object, so as all be quiet within my charge. I was well acquainted with Mr. Jung when I was resident at Katmandoo, and I think he would be glad to renew intercourse. If he will not, you will perhaps let me take a part of my office to Nynee Tal or Almorah for a couple of the most trying months, if I find that I can do so without injury to the public service. These stations are only two nights dâk from Oude. But I have not abused my licence to live at Aboo, as is proved by the fact of my having been marching about Rajpootana at one time or other during every month of the year except June. Again thanking your lordship,

I remain, &c.,

H. LAWRENCE.

In February 1857 (says Dr. Ebden, then his medical adviser in Rajpootana), "I gave Sir Henry Lawrence a medical certificate for a year's leave in England, and only consented to his going to Lucknow on his promising to go home in November, 1857."

To SIR H. EDWARDES.

Agra, February 26.

Your two letters of the 4th and 15th reached me yesterday. . . . I am carrying on my Rajpootana work here. . . . I am ready at a day's notice to start for Lucknow, where I *must* have a month's knocking about to see the country, the people and the officials. You say you are sorry I am going, and *so am I.* I give up a great deal, indeed *all* my private desires, my little daughter, my sons, my sisters, and probably my health. But I could not withstand the offer, made as it was, by Lord Canning; I have also the vanity to think I can do good. The one personal motive was, to prove that I was not the Pootlee in the Punjaub that Lord Dalhousie and . . . . have been for the last few years asserting. I hope also the move may help George, who under any circumstances was to have acted in Rajpootana. Now you have it all, good, bad, and indifferent. Certainly Lord Dalhousie's act has roused my worst passions, and the last few years ignoring of me in the reports and in the newspapers has often made me angry. My mind is now quiet, and I am in a more Christian spirit, which is one great good. Man can but die once, and if I die in Oude, after having saved some poor fellow's hearths, or skins, or *izzut* (reputation), I shall have no reason for discontent. I wish to be at peace with all men, and can now more freely than ever forgive Lord Dalhousie, ... and the *few* others who have done me injustice. But the price I pay is high, for I had quite set my heart on going home . . . .

The same announcement was made in a letter—his last letter, I believe—to his son, Alexander (February 1857).

Harry and aunt Charlotte will deliver this. Your sweet little sister will tell you all about me, and about Aboo. I wish I were with her; but you will have heard of the flattering offer made to me by Lord Canning, which I could not well refuse: Oude is a noble field; not less so than the Punjaub, in some respects more so, as containing the homes of our native soldiers.

According to his wish, his brother George, whom he left as his acting substitute in Rajpootana, was finally confirmed in that agency by Lord Canning.

The testimony borne in the following letter by Mr. Raikes to the memory of Sir Henry, though addressed to Sir Herbert Edwardes at a later period, may find its appropriate place here.

Northlands, near Chichester, July 7th 1860.

Although my personal acquaintance with the late Sir Henry Lawrence was comparatively slight, yet, as it was impossible to know without loving him, so it is not easy to recall his memory without emotion.

In January 1853, at Amritsur, when I first entered the Lahore division as Commissioner, I had a good opportunity of observing the almost marvellous sway which Sir Henry exercised over classes of men widely differing in every feeling save love to him. There were the conquerors and the conquered, the European officials and the Sikh sirdars, some of the best specimens of English gentlemen, and some of the roughest Asiatic chiefs, all alike lamenting over the departure of the man who seemed to be the personal friend of each and all. The crowd of gentlemen was so great, that Charles Saunders, at that time Deputy Commissioner of Amritsur, had his large house fairly crammed with visitors, and I recollect that he and Mrs. Saunders, in order to extend their hospitality as far as possible, had taken up their own quarters in a tent on the flat roof of their house.

There was a still larger throng of native chiefs from every part of the Punjaub, who watched every footstep of their departing Hakim, and pressed to get a last word or even a look.

It was impossible to mistake the feeling evinced on either side, or to say whether the natives or the Englishmen present were the most zealous to show their respect and love. . . . My next meeting with Sir Henry Lawrence was at Agra. I have thus described that meeting in my "Notes on the Revolt":—

"In March 1857, at Agra, when on his way to take charge of his new duties as Chief Commissioner of Oude, I had much daily and unreserved intercourse with Sir Henry Lawrence. I found him, as it were, ripening fast, alike for that goal of human glory which he was soon to attain, and for that sublimer change which so quickly awaited him.

"His heart seemed overflowing with Christian charity. I remember that, in returning a volume of *Memoirs of Bishop Sandford*, he wrote to call my attention to the following passage, which he had marked with a pencil:—'My fears for those who retain a spirit of unforgiveness, are overpowering: I will sincerely declare to you that I could not myself pray to God or ask His pardon for my many transgressions before I go to bed at night with any comfort, or with any hope of being heard, unless I were conscious that I did from my heart forgive as I ask to be forgiven' (vol. ii. pp. 106, 107). When next I met him, as we walked to the early church service (it was the time of Lent), he poured out his heart on the beautiful topic of Christian forgiveness, adding that he had sent a copy of the extract above quoted to a distinguished officer, once his friend, who had taken deep offence at some public act of Sir Henry's. For every child that he met in my own family, in the missionary, or other public schools, he had a word of kindness or encouragement. Incidentally he told me that the secret of his ability to support those public institutions with which his name will for ever be associated, was to be found in his abstinence to the utmost from all sorts of personal expense.

"He went to Oude not without feelings of ambition, but principally from a high sense of duty, whilst he had the strongest medical opinions of the necessity of an immediate change to Europe, and when suffering, as he told me, 'from a dozen different complaints.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

OUDE.—MARCH—MAY 1857.

STATE OF OUDE BEFORE AND AFTER ANNEXATION — PROJECTS FOR ITS GOVERNMENT—TALOOKDARS—PENSIONERS OF THE FORMER SOVEREIGNS — ARRIVES AT LUCKNOW, MARCH — THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT THERE — ITS DIFFICULTIES AND DISPUTES—APPOINTED BRIGADIER-GENERAL — TAKES COMMAND OF THE MILITARY FORCE — COMMENCEMENT OF MUTINY, APRIL — DEFENSIVE MEASURES—ARRESTS—THE CARTRIDGES—ENROLMENT OF POLICE — OUT-STATIONS — CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD CANNING DURING MAY.

WE have seen in a former portion of these memoirs, that Sir H. Lawrence's interest in the province of Oude dated from an early period in his Indian career. That magnificent region, "the garden, the granary, and the queen-province of India," had claims for his imagination, as well from its wealth and natural advantages as from the strangely diversified historical associations connected with it. But more especially did it occupy a place in his meditations respecting the welfare of India, as the native province of some three-fourths of our Bengal Sepoys—the nursery of that fine race of soldiers of whose government he was so proud, and in whose welfare he so deeply sympathised. As early as 1845 he printed in the *Calcutta Review* an article on "The Kingdom of Oude," in which he

dwelt at once on the resources and value of the province, and on the principle on which its administration or protectorate ought in his judgment to be administered. His description of its capital, Lucknow, such as he saw it in its days of royal residence, has a touch of colouring which makes the reader suspect the neighbourhood at his right hand of a loved and romantic fellow-labourer, whose taste for the picturesque was more pronounced than his. It derives, at all events, a peculiar interest from the circumstance that the city on whose fantastic charms he dwells so complacently, was destined to be the scene of his last achievements, and of his death.

This part of Lucknow, "the modern city," is both curious and splendid, and altogether unlike the other great towns of India, whether Hindoo or Mahometan. There is a strange dash of European architecture among its Oriental buildings. Travellers have compared the place to Moscow and to Constantinople, and we can easily fancy the resemblance: gilded domes, surmounted by the crescent; tall, slender pillars; lofty colonnades; houses that look as if they had been transplanted from Regent-street; iron railings and balustrades; cages, some containing wild beasts, others filled with "strange, bright birds;" gardens, fountains, and cypress trees; elephants, camels, and horses; gilt litters and English barouches —all these form a dazzling picture.

With regard to the views which Sir Henry then expressed as to the existing administration of Oude and projects for its reform, it must be confessed that it is not easy to reconcile them at all points with the opinions which he entertained on kindred subjects elsewhere. The truth is, Sir Henry was a very prolific writer; his eager and almost over-rapid thought found ready relief in writing off his impulses; he was, more-

over, like Anglo-Indians in general when they take pen in hand, addicted to the censorious, and a little to the contemptuous. He had under his eyes the vices of the court of Oude and the chronic mismanagement of some portions of its administration, although (as we shall presently see) he exaggerated in some respects their effects on the condition of the people. "Whatever is, is worst," was consequently, the leading note of his criticism.

If ever there was a device for insuring mal-government, it is that of a native ruler and minister, both relying on foreign bayonets, and directed by a British resident. Even if all three were virtuous, able, and considerate, still the wheels of government could hardly move smoothly. If it be difficult to select one man, European or Native, with all the requisites for a just administrator, where are three who can and will work together to be found? Each of the three may work incalculable mischief, but no one of them *can* do good if thwarted by the others. It is almost impossible for the minister to be faithful and submissive to his prince, and at the same time to be honest to the British Government; and how rarely is the European officer to be found who, with ability to guide a Native state, has the discretion and good feeling to keep himself in the back ground—to prompt and sustain every salutary measure within his reach, while he encourages the ruler and minister by giving them all the credit—to be the adviser and not the master—to forget self in the good of the people and of the protected sovereign! Human nature affords few such men, and therefore, were there no other reason, we should be chary of our interference.

When Lawrence wrote this he could not anticipate how very soon he was to become distinguished as the special opponent of political "annexation" generally, and consequently, the upholder, in the Punjaub, of that very system of protection and of threefold government which he here condemns. He could not fore-

see that he was to conduct it on the largest scale, or at all events in the largest area, namely, Rajpootana. And between annexation and protection there is no other alternative as regards the existing states of the Peninsula, unless it were to abandon them entirely to their own devices and, inclose them externally with a *cordon* of British troops and posts — a hypothetical scheme which Sir Henry Lawrence was not very likely to advocate.

His own suggestions as to the future management of the province are summed up in the last pages of his article. He proposed to set aside the reigning sovereign, Mahommed Amjud Ali :—

He should be treated with respect, but restricted to his palace and its precincts. The Resident should be minister, not only in fact, but in name. Let it not be said that he works in the dark, but give him the responsible charge of the country, and make him answerable to the British Government for its good or ill management, while his personal demeanour to the King must be deferential; he should be no more under his authority than the Commissioner of Delhi is under the Great Mogul. Divide the country into five districts, in each place a British officer as superintendent, who shall receive appeals against the native officers. Abolish, *in toto*, the farming system. Give as quickly as possible a light assessment for five years, fixed as far as possible by the people themselves; that is, let the one-and-a-quarter million (or thereabouts) the country may be supposed able to bear, be subdivided into a great assembly of the people among the five districts; and then let the district, pergunnah, and village quotas be similarly told off, under the eye of British superintendents.

Due consideration must be given to the circumstances of all, and to the privileges that may have arisen from long exemption, and it must be remembered that one village may be ruined by paying half what another, in apparently similar

circumstances, can easily afford; let the rich and powerful pay as well as the poor and weak. Reference must be had, and some consideration granted, to past payments and past privileges, as well as to present condition. Perfect equalization cannot be expected at once.

After the date of this article, however, the condition of things in Oude did not improve, nor did the faults of our administration there, if they may not be called inevitable deficiencies rather than faults, diminish. This is not the occasion for repeating an often-recounted chapter in history, nor do the affairs of Oude concern us farther than as introductory to the last scene of Sir Henry Lawrence's life. As we know, the increasing disorganization of this fine province, so unhappily contiguous to our own most valuable possessions, soon excited the attention of one with whom such attention was apt to be preliminary to wider views —Lord Dalhousie. Then came the famous mission of Colonel, since Sir William, Sleeman, to examine into the state of the country—the "missionary," as he has been somewhat too truly called, "of a foregone conclusion." He took the public, as it were, into the confidence, of himself and his employers, by his celebrated Report, and still more by his personal narratives. He went rather to put an universally received accusation into an official shape, than to find original ground of accusation. As to the particular charges which he brought against the dynasty and its satellites, nothing need here be said. But absolute justice requires the admission that the description of the misgovernment and sufferings of the country itself was laid on with somewhat pronounced exaggeration of colouring. It is a very unfortunate habit of one who projects conquest, to commence his proceedings, as if

his way of anticipating and warding off attacks, by multiplying and improving every sin which can be laid to the charge of his intended victim. Colonel Sleeman (says Lord Dalhousie's vindicator, Mr. Arnold,) found "Oude a country blessed by God, and metamorphosed into a hell."[1]

The real and substantial lords of the soil were the Hindoo aristocrats, never wholly subdued by the Mahommedans, and becoming more than ever independent when we degraded the Mogul, and made mere stewards of the Talookdars. These aristocrats, or Talookdars, as they were called, were hereditary landowners, frequently bearing the title of Rajah, and always exercising the authority of princes over their own domains. In theory, they were subject to the Nawab, and paid him an assessment upon their estates. In practice, they paid it when it was convenient, or not at all; paid when they could gain something by paying, or when it was cheaper than keeping a small army wherewith to laugh at the beards of the King's collectors. Oude was *covered with thickets of prickly pear, and jungles of bamboo and thorn*; and these served these Oriental barons in the same stead as the Black Forest and the Rhine hills their mediæval antitypes. . . . . If the jungle was not made to hand by nature, the Talookdars destroyed the crops about, and suffered the prolific and rank vegetation of the wilderness to make him a jungle. . . . . This was the condition of things in the major part of Oude. The land had no rest. . . . . In the districts fertile land was being everywhere converted into jungle. . . . . Total insecurity for life and property was producing its consequences: manufacturing industry was disappearing, the little towns were fading into villages, the villages were vanishing; rebels and robbers might occasionally spare the inhabitants, but the King's soldiers never.[2]

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[1] Lord Dalhousie's Administration, vol. ii. p. 350.

[2] The same statement respecting the extensive conversion of rich districts into jungle under the Royal Government is made by so high an authority as Mr. Marshman (*History of India* iii., 421), and by Lawrence himself, in the essay already quoted. But the evidence of figures is stronger than assertions.

Such is the description of Oude before 1853, as drawn by a champion of annexation. Let us tone it down by the application of statistics. Oude contains about 25,000 square miles English: in other words, it nearly equals in area the Kingdoms of the Netherlands and Belgium together. Sir Henry Lawrence estimated its population (1845) at three millions—a considerable relative number, but (as it turns out) very greatly below the mark. Three or four years ago it was ascertained to contain eight millions, showing a density equal to that of the two countries aforesaid, the best peopled in Europe; and the annual Blue Book, entitled *Moral and Material Progress of India*, for 1869-70, fixes it at the almost incredible number of eleven millions and a half, or nearly 500 to the square mile. And yet, to the causes of desolation so rhetorically enumerated in the passage I have quoted, there was afterwards added the Mutiny with its ravages and disastrous results. And British Government, whatever magic we may attribute to it, cannot have had time, in the few years which have since elapsed, to effect any miraculous change.[3]

Common justice will, therefore, compel us, who have no special political cause to defend with the energy with which sides are usually taken in Indian polemics, to own that Oude, when we annexed it, was a wealthy, populous, commercial region, which might fairly hold a comparison in these respects with many portions of our adjacent Empire. Mis-

[3] "The large majority of the people," says the Blue Book in question, "are Hindoos. They are described as simple, brave, and, among themselves, truthful. Sixty years of oppression failed to make them lawless, or to crush out their energy." Is it not more to the purpose to avow that their condition, though bad, could not have been nearly so bad as eager politicians represented it?

governed it had been, and disgracefully; but not to that extent which really comes home to the mass of the population, and paralyzes industry. As for the "taloookdars"—the usurping aristocracy of whom so much has been said, and of whom, even to these days, the controversy has raged whether they ought to be ranked as usurping revenue collectors, or a noble relic of feudal institutions[4]—it suffices to say, in passing, that Sir Henry Lawrence, in accordance with his fixed principles of native management, showed them, during his short government of the province, all the attention and consideration in his power; that he maintained what he considered their rights in opposition to much vague hostility and much predetermined theoretical objection; that he strove to treat them personally with that almost elaborate courtesy which he had evinced towards the same class in the Punjaub and in Rajpootana; and that he was rewarded—posthumously rewarded, alas!—by the significant result that only two out of the list of taloookdars were found to take part in the Mutiny.

[4] The importance of this class of men in the social system of Oude may be estimated from the following passage extracted from the Blue Book already cited:—

	Estates.	Villages.	Acres.
Talukdárs paying more than 5,000*l.*	51	5,929	2,609,671
" " from 500*l.* to 5,000*l.*	320	7,221	3,818,969
Small Zemindárs	1,576	2,905	1,441,962
Proprietary Communities	2,970	5,615	2,689,737
Rent-free Tenures	832	1,179	315,746
Proprietary Cultivators paying separately less than 10*l.*	350	374	148,676

The figures in the margin show approximately how the greater portion of the total area of land (11,151,589 acres) held direct from Government is divided. Out of the province's total area of 23,730 square miles, 10,044 square miles are held by talukdárs, and 6,455 by small zemindars and proprietary communities. The total number of holders or shareholders of the 11,151,589 acres is 51,625.

It was, perhaps, even a more difficult task to deal with the arrears of embarrassment which had been cast upon him by the manner in which his predecessors had treated the pensioners of the late Kings of Oude—many undeserving, many importunate, but towards whom justice was nevertheless due, and consideration and clemency graceful. "There was," says Sir John Kaye (I am quoting from sheets of a forthcoming volume of his *History*) "a shoal of Court functionaries, of Court tradesmen, of titled pensioners, to whom the coffers of the King were accessible, and who were simply ruined when his Majesty was dethroned. The condition of some of these people was truly pitiable. Men and women of high birth, tenderly reared and luxuriously surrounded, were suddenly cast adrift in the world without the means of subsistence. Some warded off starvation by selling their shawls and trinkets. Some are known to have gone forth into the streets to beg under cover of the darkness of the night. . . . Nothing was farther from the intention of Government than that these privileged classes should suffer; but the fact remains that they suffered considerably. The settlement of the pension list was in abeyance, and nothing was done to provide the pensioners with an *interim* allowance to keep them from starving. . . . Abler men were not to be found for the performance of administrative duties in our settled provinces; but, in a country just rescued, as it was phrased, from native misrule, they were all astray in the dark. . . . But Sir Henry Lawrence, who carried with him to Oude the best of heads and the best of hearts, saw at once the terrible omission, and promptly proceeded to redress the wrong. Like many other good deeds done by good men, it was too late."

The history of the "annexation" itself, and of its bearing on the Mutiny, is told by Sir John Kaye in the first volume of his Sepoy War in a very different spirit, I need not say, from that which is exhibited by the partizans of Lord Dalhousie. To these controversies I only refer my readers, and pass them over, except as bearing on my immediate purpose. Outram, who had been Resident at Lucknow immediately before the event, had accomplished, ministerially, the revolution which had been decreed by the British Government;[5] but it was work that "sickened him." On his departure on furlough, as we have seen, Sir Henry Lawrence had offered to serve as a temporary substitute; but Mr. Coverley Jackson had already been selected. During the course of 1856 the Residency was disturbed by what Sir John Kaye terms the "sharp contentions" between him and Mr. Martin Gubbins, the Financial Commissioner—one of those zealous and pushing subordinates who disconcert their superiors almost as much by their energy as by their marked desire to exhibit it. Outram was recalled to his post in order to pacify the combatants, and keep things in order; but he was wanted for Persia, and volunteered his services, being in England, to take command of the expedition thither. Sir Henry Lawrence was therefore appointed to the Chief Commissionership of Oude, as we have seen, in his place, and reached

[5] "That the duty to the performance of which he was now summoned was distasteful to him (Outram) is not to be doubted. His sympathies had always been with the native princes of India. He believed that it was sound policy to maintain the few remaining States, which the progress of our arms and our diplomacy had still left clinging to the soil. But there were circumstances in the oppressive misrule of Oude to weaken those generous sympathies. . . . He hastened to Calcutta, thence to Oude, and carried out Lord Dalhousie's orders with as much kindliness of manner as it was possible to throw into such rough work."—Memoir of Outram, in the *Times*, March 13, 1863.

Lucknow on March 20, 1857, just a month after the first growl of the collecting thunders of the Mutiny had been heard at Berhampore, in Bengal. On the 24th he writes the following playful account of his first impressions to his sister Charlotte in England :—

Lucknow, March 24.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—

I AM glad to think that your sea troubles are almost over; I hope they have been less than you anticipated, and that Horry has not been a trouble to you. I miss you both very much: your care and love for me, her pleasant prattle and loving ways. Here I am enthroned in the seat of the *wicked* king. I am glad I am guiltless of his dethronement, and must try to show that we have come to Oude for some better purpose than to enjoy its revenues. The country is a splendid one, and will, I hope, settle down into tranquillity. Mr. Jackson has received me amiably, though he feels bitterly his supersession. He is an able and energetic man, but, like us Lawrences, has strong passions not under much control. . . . I hope to give you a *chit* once a month. I hope it will be regular, notwithstanding the mosquitos, which are dreadful day and night. I write by candlelight, having got up before four o'clock. I do not feel afraid of the work, if I can only face the heat and the mosquitos. I have just counted thirty-nine new bites on my right arm. . . . I am so glad I've got a *Hedley Vicars*. I see the little book in many houses. I had a great discussion at Neemuch about it, especially on the propriety of publishing the diary portion; I was strongly in favour. There are bits of that diary "worth their weight in gold."

Just before taking possession of his new office he received from his brother John a letter, of which I subjoin a long extract, partly on account of the brotherly friendliness on both sides which it displays, partly for the sake of the lessons which John

Lawrence—superior in this line of experience to Henry—reads in it to Indian officials in general:—

Rawul Pindee, February 18, 1857.

As regards official matters I would say, give no orders to commissioners or district officers, except on an emergency, direct. If you do, send copy to the Judicial or Financial Commissioner, as the case may be. If you do this you secure the best chance of their working with you. It is sufficiently difficult to get men to be subordinate; by letting them ignore their immediate superior you complicate matters. Talk to the subordinate officers as much as you like, and indicate in this way your general views; but send orders through the regular channels. Even your friends will resent your writing direct to the subordinates. Secondly, if petitions come to you, and you wish to see the cases, you can, without any harm, refer the petitioners direct to the local officer; but then, in doing so, you should tell the latter to reply through his superior. Thus: a man says his village is over-assessed, and so forth; you send it to the Deputy-Commissioner of the district for information, which he will send up to his Commissioner, who will send it on with his views. By this plan some delay occurs; but work, when so done, is done once for all. I would also take up such complaints very sparingly. Every native likes to go to the top sawyer, and it is only by close examination and cross-questioning that the truth comes out, and even then not always. . . .

A Chief Commissioner has not much direct power, but a good deal of influence. He cannot reverse judicial sentences, for instance; but he can question their legality or propriety. He can direct that they be reconsidered, or, if this be refused, which of course it would not be, he can refer to Government. In administrative matters he has most power. In all matters of general arrangement his voice would generally be decisive.

It is not easy to say on what points obstacles and difficulties will arise. Do what you will, arise they will. The great rule seems to me to consist in not deciding before you have both sides of the question, so far as possible, before you.

There is too much writing and reference to Government. One has not sufficient time to think and digest. The mechanical work to be got through occupies the whole day. The work here has vastly increased since you left. I am often fairly bewildered with it, though I work at my desk steadily from the moment I come in before breakfast with an interval of ten minutes to breakfast, until dark, or, at any rate, until I can no longer see. I never take a holiday or knock off even for an hour.

I do not recollect anything else that strikes me as worthy of note. The only point in particular which seems to me of value is your mode of doing your own work. In civil administration the great secret appears to me to consist in avoiding arrears. To do this you must always keep at the wheel and endeavour, so far as possible, to work off daily all that comes in. Then in the whole year you may get through all your work. Much will depend on it being done in the way I describe. Your own office people cannot get through it properly unless it comes in and goes out like a running stream. And this is still more important for the proper working of the subordinate departments. Before a work or a system is set a-going try and give your orders; if you cannot do so, better, so far as possible, accept those of others, even if it do not altogether accord with your own views.

The effect of his arrival on the public mind of the province, both among Europeans and natives, is described by Mr. Gubbins,[6] whom he came to supersede, in the first pages of his work, *The Mutinies in Oudh*:—

[6] The name of this gallant but unfortunate gentleman has been so much mentioned together with that of Sir Henry Lawrence, and it has been so generally assumed that his work on the Mutinies does injustice to his chief, and that intentionally, that a few words may not be amiss to rectify what is in truth a common misapprehension. Sir Henry's fault, in official life, was oversensitiveness, and it is to be regretted that his friends have sometimes shown too much of a tendency to the same weakness in dealing with him after his death.

Of Mr. Gubbins's character, with its mixture of talent, courage, audacity, and imperfect judgment, much might be said. He had, in Sir Henry's opinion,

Towards the close of March Sir Henry Lawrence arrived at Lucknow, in the capacity of Chief Commissioner; and the influence of his kind and conciliatory demeanour towards the native community was soon felt. No one was more calculated to win the esteem and regard of the native gentry than Sir Henry Lawrence. Affable, and easily approached, deeply sympathizing with all who had lost consideration, or the means of respectable maintenance by the British annexation of the province, he was eminently calculated to soothe the public mind. The native gentry hastened to wait upon him; all returned from the interview satisfied and hopeful. All congratulated themselves on having found a ruler so well disposed to listen to their grievances, and to remedy them, so far as was in his power.

Sir Henry Lawrence, indeed, was essentially a friend of the natives. He had long been habituated to cultivate a free intercourse with them; and to free himself more than most men from the trammels of native subordinates. He thought that Europeans were too apt to overvalue themselves and their

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been much involved in that course of maladministration with regard to the pensions and the talookdars, of which Sir Henry witnessed the effects; and that Lord Canning had arrived, quite independently, at the same judgment, appears from the following letter:—

"I know how thoroughly I may rely upon your considerate treatment of all native interests. From what Mr. Jackson had told me I was not surprised to see in your letter that some of the talookdars have been hardly dealt with—many, if Mr. Jackson's account was correct. Wood and he did *not* acquit Mr. Gubbins of the blame, but, in some details which he gave me, fixed it on the Financial Commissioner. I am sure that it will be necessary for you to keep a close watch and a tight hand upon that officer. He has had, as against his late master, a triumph which it would have been unjust and mischievous to withhold from him, but I have good reason to know that he is overmuch elevated by it."

Nor can there be any doubt that Mr. Gubbins's constant obtrusion of his advice throughout the whole of Sir Henry's Residence; his eager, sanguine nature, and impatience of what he considered hesitation, were trying enough to his principal; while his own firm belief in himself, and inclination to attribute blame to those who did not share in his impetuosity, here and there come to the surface in his pages.

"Gubbins is a fine fellow," writes Sir Henry, in a confidential note to Commissioner Tucker, at Benares, without date, "but he thinks ill of all who will not cut about the country. He looks too much to what he desires to do, and forgets our means. His schemes would have destroyed this force ere this.

own Government, and to undervalue the native Governments of the country. He thought that the people had many just causes for complaint; and he was desirous, in ordering the administration over which he had been appointed to preside, to remove these grievances as far as possible.

How soon Sir Henry Lawrence tackled to the heavy business and responsibility now cast on him, and how he dealt with those whom he came to supersede or control, appears from a very frank and confidential letter, written within a fortnight after his arrival, to his brother-in-law, Dr. James Bernard :—

Lucknow, April 7th.

MY DEAR JAMES,

YOU will be glad to hear that after seventeen days' occupancy of my new berth, I find myself more comfortable than I expected. The work is *decidedly* not overwhelming,

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With God's blessing we shall weather the storm; but prudence as well as courage is required."

But Lord Lawrence has, I believe, judged of him more equitably than some of his critics in print. "I do not think," he says in a letter to Sir H. Edwardes (13th December, 1858), "I do not think there is anything in the book to which my brother's friends can fairly take exception. . . . It is true that Gubbins in one or two places speaks of Sir Henry's hesitation; first, I think, as to disarming the Sepoys, and secondly as regards the abandonment of the Muchee Bawn. But these were questions on which a prudent man might well hesitate and ponder. Henry's main object was to try and keep the peace until more European troops should arrive. As he said, time is everything. He had not the means of taking up matters with a high hand." On one point of his character there can be no doubt—his gallantry. Sir Henry himself termed him an hero. I shall have to speak, farther on, of the imputation commonly brought against him of having urged Sir Henry to the attack on the rebels at Chinhut.

"Mr. Gubbins," says Colonel Edgell, in a private memorandum, "did right good service with his rifle after we had become besieged, and was known as a good shot by his chuprassees, several of whom deserted after having helped him with loaded rifles at the commencement. The chuprassees, doubtless, told the enemy of his good shooting, and knew the double crack of his rifle, if present with the enemy at Gubbins's post. His personal exertions and pluck throughout the siege were conspicuous, as was also his kindness and attention to the sick and wounded in his own house, which was always full. Mrs. Gubbins aided him in this respect in every way: both have been, I think very unjustly maligned."

and I have less fear of the heat than I had. There is a large town-house, and another nearly as large in the cantonment four miles off at my disposal. I was never so well housed. All hands seem glad at my coming, the natives especially. For the first time since annexation have the doors of the Residency been open to the nobles and the traders. I have held large Durbars for both classes (separately), and now the individual members of each class come to me daily. General Outram writes to me that he is glad I am come as he is sure "I [he] could not have restored order." His wife, a nice gentle creature, writes to me that she too is very glad, as when she was here on a visit in January last, "everyone was wretched, and all wanted a firm, kind hand." The civil officers, whether civilians or soldiers, may well be glad of the change, for in the whole course of my service, I never saw such letters as have issued from these offices. "Evasion," "misrepresentation," &c., were common words, flung about right and left. I tore up two draughts of letters that came to me the first day, and altered three others. Mr. Jackson was not altogether to blame. He is a violent but able and kindly man. When thwarted he could not restrain himself, and lost his judgment. He stayed eight days with me, and was very amiable, though I told him he was very wrong in some of his acts, and in more of his expressions. He put into my hands the chief letters referring to despatches, and *did* astonish me. The Government letters are nearly as bad as his own. All the impertinences of all Lord Dalhousie's letters during my stay in the Punjaub, hardly amounted to what was poured out on Mr. Jackson in a single letter. How he remained an hour in office any time this six months, is to me wonderful. He ought to have resigned last July. The delay in letting me join after I had accepted the berth, seems to have been to enable Government to write half-a-dozen letters, each of many sheets, all dated March, and all pouring out vituperations on Mr. Jackson. He was on bad terms with five out of the six principal officers (civil) and also with the Civil Secretary. The Judicial Commissioner, as also the revenue one, were at bitter feud with

him. The first is not a wise man, jealous of interference, and yet fond of interfering. Mr. Ommaney is his name. He is chief judge and superintendent of police, and has charge of local improvement funds. I cannot say I admire him, but have no fear of his disturbing me. I took an early opportunity, even while Mr. Jackson was here, to let him (Mr. Ommaney, the Judicial Commissioner,) know that he was not to lead me by the nose. The first occasion was regarding a Thuggee jail, in which I found all sorts of people mixed up with Thugs, and the sentries all with muskets in their hands, at the mercy of the prisoners. On the spot I put the sentries into safe positions. Jackson was with me, and expressed surprise at my daring to interfere, inasmuch, as in one of his despatches he had been told by Government that the Judicial Commissioner had plenary power in jail matters. As soon as I came in I wrote an official letter to Mr. Ommaney, saying I did not wish to interfere in details, but that the case was urgent, and that I was mobbed by life prisoners mixed up with men confined for misdemeanours, and that all could escape whenever they liked. The principal jail, I remarked, is in good order. It is within a quarter of a mile, and I doubt not was a year ago in much the condition I found the Thuggee jail, but an outbreak took place, and sixty prisoners escaped. Not a year passes that *one* such outbreak does not occur. Ten or twenty lives are often thus sacrificed to gross neglect, and to the arms of the guard being seized by the prisoners. Jackson was right in much that he said about last year's outbreak, but he laid all the blame on the Judicial Commissioner, whose part in the management need not be much more than that of the Chief Justice in England, certainly not more than that of the sheriff. He therefore got well scolded by Government, and they hardly supported him even when he was right. Lord Canning evidently was not satisfied with the state of the jail, for he asked me to look after it, notwithstanding Mr. Ommaney's plenary power. The original instructions of Government are in many points somewhat contradictory. The Chief Commissioner has full power in all departments, yet the Judicial

and also the Revenue Commissioner has plenary power in many matters not being judicial decisions. Mr. Ommaney as a judge only refers capital sentences to me. The other question in which I interfered was one which strongly shows the bad effects of squabbling. It was as to the figure and size of the kutcherees (public offices). The Judicial Commissioner reported his plan, but his letter showed that he had only consulted two out of the four divisional commissioners, and that these two entirely differed from him, yet he adhered to his own plan, and Mr. Jackson consented to it a day or two before I joined. On looking at the plan and the letters of the objecting commissioners, I saw that Mr. Ommaney was quite wrong. I pointed this out to Mr. Jackson, and he agreed with me, but said he had consented to it for peace' sake. I accordingly got over the chief engineer (a very nice fellow, Major Anderson), and concocted a new plan, which Jackson approved of, and Mr. Ommaney allows is, next to his own, the best. The question is an important one, as it affects the comfort of all the civil officers, and all others in the Courts, and will do so for ever throughout the whole province. The safety of the Treasuries and the Records are also greatly affected. I am sure I was quite right, and that I have effected a vastly improved scheme of building (Edwardes agrees with me), but I also thought it a good as an early opportunity of showing that I would have my own way in large matters. I think I can manage Mr. Ommaney. The Revenue Commissioner, a better and abler man, whom I like, though I have never before been officially connected with him, may be a more troublesome coadjutor. He has strong views about breaking up estates and destroying the aristocracy. To a certain extent I agree with him, where it can be done fairly. He also *professes* to advocate low assessments, but in some quarters he has enforced high ones. We have, however, sympathies in common, and he, Mr. Gubbins, was so tremendously mauled by Mr. Jackson, that he, even more than others, has hailed my coming. The only divisional commissioner who was friends with Mr. Jackson, is a good and very clever little fellow, by name Christian, who was our first

secretary at Lahore. He has, however, gained seven years' experience, and has got a nice gentle wife (whose father, Mr. Raikes, is my friend and admirer). Curious enough, Christian quarrelled with Gubbins, and agrees with Jackson on questions on which he had taken the opposite side at Lahore, light assessments and breaking up estates, &c. I hope therefore to have no trouble from him. He is now in the house, and I have invited all the other commissioners to come in and discuss certain matters. George H. Lawrence was under Christian, and liked him much, as do all his subordinates, though not so (generally) his superiors. He has been with me two days, and so far we are well agreed. The military and political arrangements are perhaps the worst, and mostly owing to General Outram. In the Punjaub we were not allowed to enlist the very men who had fought on our side, and were restricted to eighty Sikh regiments of eight hundred. Here every policeman and every (with few exceptions) irregular soldier was in the king's service. Outram would not hear of *any* outsiders being enlisted. This was a great mistake. Besides the position of the troops, magazine, treasury, &c., are all as bad as bad can be. All scattered over several miles. The infantry in one direction, the cavalry in another, and the artillery in a third, the magazine in a fourth, and almost unprotected. The Governor-General seems in sincere alarm regarding the state of affairs, though I hope there is no serious reason. A few days ago he sent me more than a sheet of paper from an officer in Oude, whose name he did not mention, giving a frightful picture of the state of irritation afloat in Oude especially owing to Mr. Gubbins's revenue proceedings, and to "*civilian insolence.*" Whoever be the author, he winds up with: "But I believe the sore can be healed at the expense of those inflated officials who have so strangely abused the powers invested in their offices. These, followed by men who will heartily co-operate in the good work which the antecedents of Sir Henry Lawrence lead the people to expect at his hands. . . . We want men whose policy will be strictly just, but not inhuman, whose manners are not haughty but conciliatory,

whose language and views are those of English statesmen, not of revolutionary tribunals."

I don't know who my friend is, but I fear his picture of the revolutionary schemes of many is quite correct. A dead level seems to be the ideal of many civil officers, both military and civilian. But enough. I have written so much on this one subject that I have little time or space for home or other matters. My health is better rather than worse, indeed I think much better. I am calmer and quieter than I have been for years, and take intense pleasure in looking about this immense city (700,000 inhabitants, next to Calcutta the finest and largest in India), in the morning, and dealing with authority all day in matters affecting many millions' welfare. While I write two hundred or more traders are calling out against a *new* tax attempted to be levied in the city by Mr. Ommaney. They beset me yesterday evening, when I sent for Ommaney. He did not know, or affected not to know their grievance. I find it was one of the questions in dispute between him and Mr. Jackson. I have stayed the levy pending enquiry.

Mosquitos are my chief persecutors, there is no getting rid of them.

The telegraphic despatch of the mail is just in, and tells of peace with Persia, but here we don't believe it.

I trust your health is better, and that you will make good use of the summer in going about with your household. Charlotte and Henry are about now joining you, I do not allow myself to think that I too might have been of the party. I still think it was my duty to come here. Tell me if Charley's class leaves Haileybury with Alick's. I hope so. Do you know a Dr. Wells, who married Miss Fox? They are here, and I am sorry to say their bungalow was burned down two nights ago, they think by incendiaries. There is a bad feeling afloat in the native army, much such a feeling as we have a right to expect by our most absurd system, that allows no outlet for ambition. I have preached warnings for the last thirteen years. I hope Government will mend their ways before it is too late. Best love to Mary Ann and Letitia,

and your flock, and Charlotte. Give this letter to Charlotte to keep for me as a journal, for hastily as it is scrawled, it gives my fresh impressions of Oude.

Yours very affectionately,
H. LAWRENCE.

Not long after Sir Henry's arrival, he applied for, and obtained, from the Governor-General the appointment of Brigadier-General, which gave him military authority over all the troops in Oude. This was to him an all-important arrangement, as at this moment of danger, when mutiny, as we shall presently see, was so nearly impending, concentration of power was absolutely required. And it enabled him, without interference, to follow out his own leading idea, which was, to trust his Sepoys and other auxiliaries as far as he possibly could, and even beyond what others might have esteemed safe; to hope even against hope, as regarded their loyalty; and to feel that, even if this hope ultimately failed, everything practicable was gained by delay, and by avoiding to drive them into premature violence. The re-enlisted troops of the late king, in particular, "received every attention and consideration from him. He endeavoured by liberal pay, rewards, and promotion, to attach them to the British Government, but doubted their fidelity. And though he gave them no sign of this, but trusted them equally with the native regiments of the line, his suspicions proved quite correct—they all revolted."

Throughout the month of April, Sir Henry was as yet able to devote himself to what may be termed the civil portion of his duties, to organize Government. With the month of May began the far more anxious and discouraging operation of organinizg defence. The Mutiny had burst out in Bengal and at Delhi.

Lucknow was as yet uninfected. Already, in April, the menacing apparition of Nana Sahib in the streets of that city, so picturesquely described by Sir John Kaye, had announced to those in the secret the impending catastrophe. Sir Henry, unwarned as to this particular danger, received the chief with his ordinary courtesy; but he suspected him, and cautioned Sir Hugh Wheeler accordingly (Gubbins, p. 31), but without effect. But it would be a great mistake to suppose, as some cursory observers have supposed, that because unaware of some particular quarters from which danger was to be apprehended, he was therefore wanting in general appreciation of its reality and its greatness. His, in fact, was one of those most difficult tasks which it is reserved for natures endowed with special ability to deal with. He had at once to take precautions against a tremendous peril, certain in its character, uncertain in its time and features, and at the same time not to exhibit, even to those most in his familiarity, his real sense of that peril. He had, in ordinary phrase, to "keep a good face" on it, to deal with the ordinary business of the province, with the grievances of talookdars, and pensioners, and discontented soldiers and hangers-on of the abolished court, on their own merits, and without showing by act or gesture that cases of a very different order and magnitude were at that time pressing on every faculty of his nature, and every hour of his time. He was providing against a siege, while exhibiting to the outer world that kind of confidence which seemed to imply that he had no apprehension whatever on the subject. What he did, was done without any external show; and this is the sum of it as recounted by a friend to Sir J. Kaye :—

It was Henry Lawrence's foresight, humanly speaking, that saved every one of the garrison. But for him, I do not believe that one would have escaped. Three weeks before any one thought of the possibility of our ever being besieged in Lucknow, he saw that it might be the case. He laid his plans accordingly: got in all the treasure from the city and stations; bought up, and stored grain and supplies of every kind; bought up all the supplies of the European shopkeepers; got the mortars and guns to the Residency; got in the powder and small ammunition, all the shot and shell, and the heavy guns; had pits dug for the powder and grain; arranged for water supply; strengthened the Residency; had outworks formed; cleared away all obstructions close up to the Residency, and made every preparation for the worst. And when, after the fight at Chinhut, the mutineers closed in on the Residency, and the whole population of the city and the province rose against us, they found the little garrison amply supplied with provisions, ammunition, and resources of every kind.

It was this necessity for looking at the crisis under a double aspect, military as well as political, which, I have no doubt, accounted for many steps which at the time excited doubt and criticism. With a force estimated only at about 700 Europeans and 7,000 natives of doubtful fidelity, Sir Henry, as soon as the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached him (May 13), undertook to maintain two distinct positions, the Residency, and the so-called Muchee Bawn[7]: situated at four miles distance from the former, and on the other side of the river, a stronghold of the Sikhs when they had conquered and held Lucknow in former days, long abandoned and used as a kind of repository of lumber, but occupying a very commanding position. In a military point of view, there was, of course, much to be said against the division of so small a force, but, as regards the policy of the measure, there can be no doubt that the abandonment of such a position would have been held as a signal of distress, and would

[7] The "Fish Tower," so called from some emblematic figure on its exterior.

utterly have belied that show of confidence which Sir Henry thought it incumbent on him to maintain.

As long, however, as the spirit of mutiny was still in check, he was indefatigable in his endeavours to pacify the classes on whose goodwill some reliance might be placed, and to redress or mitigate whatever grievances might be within reach of palliative.

Sir Henry was far too much occupied—indefatigable as his pen usually was—to have left much account, under his own hand, of the early proceedings of the mutiny in Oude. I, therefore, in order to make subsequent passages intelligible, shall borrow from the numerous printed authorities, and especially from that which I have some reason to regard as the best—the *Narrative of the Mutinies in Oude*, by Captain G. Hutchinson, Sir Henry's Military Secretary:—

Events and wonderful tales thickened somewhat rapidly in March and April. Rumours of the hostile intentions of the British Government towards the religion of their Mahommedan and Hindoo subjects were in rapid circulation. Cartridges greased with the fat of pigs for Mahommedans, and of cows for Hindoos, were stated to be in preparation by thousands. . . . . Events seemed pointing to a war of caste or religion, the former so much prized by the Hindoos, the latter by the Mahommedans.

It is impossible here to mention all the various steps taken by Sir Henry Lawrence to preserve the soldiery in their duty and the people in their allegiance. Every conciliatory measure was adopted, consistent with the dignity of the British Government; and there is no doubt that, by his untiring energy, discretion, ability, and determination, he *did* fan into a flame for a while the wavering loyalty of many of the native officers and men, and that the army and people generally felt that his was a firm and experienced hand. In spite of the numerous tamperers with our sepoys, no open demonstration

was ventured on, either by the army or the people, during the months of March and April. The Mahommedan fanatic preached his religious war in holes and corners, though the Hindoo pundit more openly prophesied the English reign was over, a new era had commenced; but as yet the arm of the law smothered the serpent's hissing, and cauterised the spreading sore by numerous arrests followed by executions.

These arrests very forcibly showed how much good still remained in the army. Plotters, tamperers, and preachers were alike seized, and often on the information of native officers and soldiers, who aided in the arrest of the offenders. It may be naturally supposed that such loyalty under such circumstances was rewarded with an open hand; but will it be credited that, with few exceptions, all thus loyal equally joined the mutineers, and that one native officer who had received a handsome present for conspicuous loyalty, was hanged for as conspicuous mutiny six weeks afterwards. The motives that sway an Asiatic mind set all ordinary reasoning at defiance.

It may convey a correcter idea of the difficulties to be overcome by the Government, and the danger threatening the European community, if the strength of the military force in the capital is here mentioned.

Military force in the capital and its environs on April 30, 1857:—

Native Infantry,	3 Regiments,	13th, 48th, 71st.	
,, Irregular do.,	2 ,,	4th, 7th.	
,, Police do.,	1 ,,	3rd.	
,, Cavalry, 7th Light Cavalry.			
,, Mounted Police, 1½ Regiment.			
,, Irregular Oude,	1 ,,	2nd.	
,, Artillery, 2 Batteries.			

This, taking a native infantry regiment at 800 men, and a native cavalry corps at 600, gives as follows:—

Native Infantry,	Regulars . .	2,400
,, ,,	Irregulars . .	1,600
,, ,,	Police . . .	800
		4,800

Native Cavalry, Regular . . .	600	
„ „ Irregular . . .	600	
„ „ Mounted Police .	900	
		—— 2,100
„ „ Artillery, 2 Batteries.		
Europeans—H.M.'s 32nd, strength . .		700
Artillery, one weak Company.		

Thus far, to the end of April, though an unnatural excitement prevailed everywhere, yet no open mutiny had occurred; times were exciting enough—they were soon to be more so.

On April 30, the 7th Regiment of Oude Irregular Infantry manifested, amongst its recruits, who had commenced ball-cartridge practice about the middle of the month, a reluctance to use the cartridge. The officer then in the lines, Lieut. Mecham, and from whom the account of this incident is taken, at once pointed out to the men the absurdity of raising objections to using that, which they well knew and admitted was the usual cartridge, and which, moreover, they had been using for the last fifteen days. The men appeared satisfied, and at the moment no more was thought of it; the drill proceeded on that day as usual. On the 1st of May, however, the sergeant-major again reported that there was a steady refusal on the part of the recruits to bite the cartridge, and many had refused either to receive or handle them.

All that night and the next morning the men maintained the same mutinous aspect, some noisy, some sullen; but in the morning, about ten A.M., on the 3rd May, the quarter-master-serjeant came in hastily, and said the men were openly threatening to kill all the European officers. Shortly afterwards an unusual commotion was apparent in the lines, the men rushed to the bells of arms, took their arms, and seized the magazine; at the same time the havildar major and a few faithful sepoys came over to the officers and entreated them to escape, as the men had determined to take their lives. The officers armed themselves and went outside, whence they saw the men of the regiment assembled in massés outside their lines, but not showing any apparent intention of

advancing on the officers. Seeing this, the officers went towards them, determined to try if any further appeal to their senses could induce them to return to their duty and allegiance. The native commissioned officers came to meet their officers, and assured them no harm should befall them.

After some time, the sepoys so far listened to their officers, that they dispersed and went to their lines, but insisted on retaining their arms. That evening Captain Boileau of the 2nd Oude Irregular Infantry, and Captain Hardinge of the 3rd Oude Irregular Cavalry, arrived by order of the Chief Commissioner; the corps was paraded and each company to the question, "Will you bite the cartridge?" replied, "Yes," though their manner was insolent and sullen; no doubt the knowledge of a considerable force then coming from cantonments overawed them at the time. On the arrival of this force, the men were paraded and wheeled into line, the guns of the cantonment being loaded and portfires lighted. A panic seized some of the men, who fled, when the rest grounded arms according to order; nearly all who fled came back on the assurance that violence would not he used to the obedient, and that night the arms of the entire regiment were conveyed to the magazine, and Captain Gall, with the 1st Regiment of Irregular Cavalry, left in camp close to the lines. The next day numbers of the ringleaders were seized, and a court of inquiry eventually elicited that treasonable corespondence had been going on for some time between this regiment and the 48th Native Infantry, then in cantonments, for the object of arranging a mutual rising.

About this time the news of the Delhi mutiny arrived, and Sir Henry Lawrence went to the Moosa Bâgh, where this regiment was cantoned, and, after dismissing almost all the native officers and a number of the non-commissioned officers and men, gave the rest their arms, and they were that day marched down to the city and put into the Dowlutkhânâ. The remainder, thus armed, continued faithful and did good service up to the first day of the siege, when the native officers said the men could stand by us no longer. Sir Henry Lawrence, to meet the wants of a hungry multitude, at the same

time enrolled 3,000 police, which, under the vigorous and firm rule of Major Carnegie, the city magistrate, did excellent service.

With the farther spread of the mutiny throughout Oude, and the terrible scenes which attended it, we cannot now concern ourselves. I proceed to select from what remains of Sir Henry's correspondence at this period, such portions as appear most important for my purpose.

The following to Lord Canning (18th April 1857) conveys some of the writer's earliest impressions of danger. Part of it has been already printed by Sir John Kaye.

This city is said to contain six or seven hundred thousand souls, and does certainly contain many thousands (20,000 I was told yesterday) of disbanded soldiers, and of hungry, nay, starving dependents of the late Government. There *must* be intrigue and disaffection in such a mass. I know of no incivility, but I observe angry looks. This very morning a clod was thrown at Mr. Ommaney and another struck Major Anderson while in a buggy with myself. He also (Major Anderson) told me he has observed that while other sepoys were particular in saluting, the 48th seldom or never saluted an officer (I presume he meant officers *not* of their own corps). As long as we can perfectly trust our own people, there will be little danger from any others.

The improvements in the city have gone very fast—too fast, and too roughly. Much discontent has been caused by demolitions of buildings, &c., and still more, by threats of further similar measures. Also regarding the seizure of religious and other edifices and plots of ground as Nuzool or Government property.

I have visited many of these places and pacified parties and prohibited any seizures or demolition without competent authority. The revenue measures, though not as sweeping as represented by the writer, whose letter your lordship sent

me, by Colonel Edwardes, have been unsatisfactory. Reductions have recently been made to the amount of 15, 20, 30, and even 35 per cent., showing how heavy was last year's assessment. The Talookdars have also, I fear, been hardly dealt with. At least, in the Fyzabad division, they have lost half their villages. Some Talookdars have lost all. Mr. Gubbins, however, desires to do justice, and I hope that revenue matters will soon be put on a wholesome footing. I beg earnestly that your lordship will give us a revenue survey. Even *one* establishment *this* year, with permission to increase gradually. Without a survey it will be useless settling boundaries, and without such settlement the jails will be full of combatants, of slayers and wounders of their own kinsmen. I look on a survey as equal to a couple of regiments. . . .

I get every support from Messrs. Ommaney and Gubbins and my secretaries, and indeed from everybody. My health too is improved.

Sir Henry appeared to see from the beginning that the mutiny would spread far and wide. He had himself spared no exertions, no means, to stay the tide: grand durbars were held, in which the faithful soldiers who brought forward miscreants tampering with the men were rewarded with an open hand, and on those occasions Sir Henry was wont to say a few words of advice to the native nobility, officers and soldiers assembled around him. His words were described by an eyewitness as plainly spoken, with energy and candour. Delicately alluding to the honours which decorated his breast, and those of many native officers present, he reminded them of the fatherly government which had bestowed them, and whose kindness and consideration was as great as its justice was sure and impartial. With all his care and solicitude for the welfare of Lucknow, Sir Henry was not unmindful of the outstations of Oude; he knew well it was not necessary for him to remind British officers, civil and military, that England expected every man to do his duty, but he issued letters as events thickened, and results were but too palpable to all the officers, civil and military, scattered over the provinces, desiring them to consider they had his permission to provide for

their own safety when mutiny and rebellion became inevitable, and not to wait for its actual burst into violence.

Although (says Colonel Wilson, in a private memorandum) he had been so short a time at Lucknow, he had taken a wonderful hold of the respect and love of the European soldiery. One day before the siege, Sir Henry had ordered all the garrison to repair to the posts they would have to occupy in the event of an attack. He then went round to see them in their places. On approaching the main body of H.M.'s 32nd, the men raised a tremendous cheer. Sir Henry asked Colonel Inglis why he had made them do this. Colonel Inglis said he had nothing to do with it, except trying to stop it. The men had broke out into cheers quite spontaneously. The same feeling pervaded the native soldiery. They had a saying that when Sir Henry looked twice up to heaven and once down to earth, and then stroked his beard, he knew what to do. . . . . There was a paper published in Lucknow. One day the editor wrote a very mischievous article against Government, and Sir Henry sent for him and warned him that if he wrote again to excite the natives, he would suppress the paper. Soon after this, Sir Henry was riding by the house where the paper was edited, and seeing the name up, said to his staff, "Let us go in and edit the paper for Mr. K." Going in he said, "Mr. K., to show you I bear no ill-will, I am come to write you a leading article." He then made the staff sit down, and gave Mr. K. all the military views of the day, while he himself dashed off a rapid review of all the resources at the command of Government for meeting and putting down the mutiny. The article did a great deal of good at the time.

To Lord Canning, May 1.—Speaking of the effects of the "cartridge" excitement, he says: —

The oldest and best Hindoos are easily moved; but if bad feeling extended to open mutiny, the Mahommedans would soon become the most energetic and violent of mutineers. I will, as your lordship directs, watch for differences of feeling between the two creeds. Whatever may be the danger of the

native press, I look on it that the papers published in our own language are much the most dangerous. Disaffected native editors need only translate, as they do, with or without order of admiration or exclamation, editorials on the duty of annexing native states, or the imbecility, if not wickedness, of allowing a single jagheer, or of preaching the Gospel (even by commanding officers), to raise alarm and hatred in the minds of all connected with native principalities and jagheers, and among the above will be found the large majority of the dangerous classes. . . . . These sentiments of mine, freely expressed during the last fifteen years, have done me injury, but I am not the less convinced of their soundness, and until we treat natives, and especially native soldiers, as having much the same feelings, the same ambition, the same perception of ability and imbecility as ourselves, we shall never be safe. I do not advocate altogether disregarding seniority, but I do wonder that generals, colonels, and soubahdars should only as a rule be men past work, who have never in their youth and energy been entrusted with power and responsibility.[8]

My narrative is best continued from this point through the month of May, by the insertion of a "Memorandum of various features connected with Sir Henry Lawrence's Administration of Oude," which I find among Sir Herbert Edwardes's papers, and of which he evidently intended to make use. It is anonymous; but I believe it to be the work of Colonel, then Captain, Wilson, "deputy-assistant adjutant-general," and then on Sir H. Lawrence's staff; and those who compare his account with those already published (the narrative of the Oude portion of the mutiny alone has its own special bibliography), will, I

[8] On June 13, Lord Canning "brought forward and carried through all its stages" the "Act to regulate the Establishment of Printing-presses," popularly termed by those whom it affected, the "Gagging Act." See *Trotter's History of India*, vol. ii. p. 120. It expired in the following year.

think, discover no such discrepancies as should deter me from relying on it.

1. Sir H. Lawrence joined at Lucknow about the end of March, 1857, succeeding Mr. Coverley Jackson in the Chief Commissionership.

2. On his arrival he found himself in the midst of troubles, of which the most important were these :—

i. A general agitation of the Empire, from the discontent of the soldiery.

ii. A weak European force in Oude, with all the military arrangements defective.

iii. Grievous discontent among several classes of the population of Oude, viz., the nobility of Lucknow, and the members and retainers of the Royal family, the official classes, the old soldiery, and the entire country population, noble and peasant alike.

3. This third was due to disobedience of, or departure from the instructions laid down by Government at the annexation, as very clearly shown in Lord Stanley's letter of the 13th October, 1858. The promised pensions had either been entirely withheld, or very sparingly doled out; the old officials were entirely without employment; three-quarters of the army the same; while the country barons had, by forced interpretation of rules, been deprived of the mass of their estates, which had been parcelled out among their followers, who, for clannish reasons, were more indignant at the spoliation and loss of power and place of their chiefs than they were glad for their own individual acquisitions.

4. The weakness of the European force could not be helped; it was deemed politic to show the country that the annexation did not require force.

5. But the inefficiency of the military arrangements arose from mere want of skill, and was serious under the threatening aspect of the political horizon.

6. The discontent of the province, and the coming general storm, had already found vent in the brigandage of Fuzl Ali, and the seditions of the Fyzabad Moulvee.

7. And with all these difficulties Sir H. Lawrence had to grapple immediately on his arrival.

8. But I believe I may safely say that ten days saw the mass of them disappear.

The Fyzabad Moulvee had been seized and imprisoned.

Fuzl Ali had been surrounded and slain.

The promised pensions had been paid, by Sir H. Lawrence's peremptory orders, to the members and retainers of the Royal family.

A recognition had been published of the fair rights of the old Oude officials to employment in preference to immigrants from our old provinces, and instructions had been issued for giving it effect.

The disbanded soldiers of the Royal army of Oude were promised preference in enlistment in the local corps and the police, and a reorganization and increase to the latter, which were almost immediately sanctioned, gave instant opportunities for the fulfilment of the first instalment of these promises.

While, last but not least, durbars were held, in which Sir Henry Lawrence was able to proclaim his views and policy, by which the landholders should be reinstated in the possessions which they held at the annexation, the basis on which the instructions had been originally issued, which had been hitherto practically ignored, but to which he pledged himself to give effect.

9. To strengthen his military position he placed artillery with the European infantry; he distributed his irregular cavalry; he examined the city, decided on taking possession of the Muchi Bawn,[9] and garrisoning it as a fort; and summoned in Colonel Fisher and Captain George Harding; and with them, Brigadier Handscombe, and Major Anderson consulted and arranged for future plans against the storms which he saw to be impending.

10. Much of this and of his policy for remaining in Oude,

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[9] "Gate of the Fish," is so called from some emblematic figure on the outside of it.

and the conduct of the defence of Lucknow, I know from recollections of what he occasionally let drop to me in his confidential conversations while inspecting the Muchi Bawn. He told me that nearly the whole army would go; that he did not think the Sikhs would go; that in every regiment there were men that, with proper management would remain entirely on our side; and that, therefore, he meant to segregate from the rest of the troops the Sikhs and selected men, and to do his best to keep them faithful allies when the rest should go; that, if Cawnpore should hold out, we would not be attacked; but that if it should fall, we would be invested, and more or less closely besieged; that no troops could come to our relief before the middle of August; that the besieging forces would he thought be confined to the sepoys—for the people of the country had always liked our European officers, whom they had frequently had to bless for the safety of their lives and the honour of their families—and the whole Hindoo population had a lively recollection of our friendly line of conduct in the late quarrel with the Mussulmans regarding the Hunnoomam Gurhee; that to hold out where we were was necessary, for the slightest appearance of yielding or of not showing a bold front would result in annihilation; that to hold out we must get provisions; that to get provisions and prepare for an efficient defence we must keep open our communication with the country, and keep the city quiet; that to the former end the retention of the cantonment was necessary, and of the Muchi Bawn to the latter, while the site of the permanent defences, in case of the need of concentration should be the Residency.

11. All this I know, as beforesaid, from Sir Henry Lawrence's own casual and hurried remarks to me. Whether they are officially recorded anywhere, I do not know; but they must have been written in letters to various persons, and repeated to others of his subordinates at Lucknow. I mention these matters thus early, as although the facts on which they bear did not immediately occur, still Sir Henry Lawrence had prescience of them, and had decided on his line of policy.

12. I understand, further, but not on authentic grounds, that Sir Henry wrote at a very early stage to Sir H. Wheeler, urging him to construct entrenchments at the magazine at Cawnpore, and to ensure his command of the boats, whatever might happen—that he wrote early to the Government, entreating them to divert one of the European regiments in the course of relief and divide it between Cawnpore and Allahabad; and that subsequently he urged on Government to employ the troops of the Persian expedition in Bengal, and to stop the Chinese force for the same end, and to subsidize some of the Nepaul troops for the protection of our older provinces east of Oude.

13. To revert to the narrative, the measures already mentioned so entirely pacified the province that in spite of the previous discontent, the previous troubles, the proverbial turbulence of its inhabitants, and the increasing agitation throughout the empire, there was no difficulty experienced in collecting the revenue by the close of April. And the subsequent disturbances were, as will be shown, entirely due to the soldiery, and, till long after Sir Henry's death, participated in only by them, by the city ruffians, and by a few of the Mussulman families of the country population. The mass of the city people and the entire Hindoo population held aloof, and would have nothing to say to the outbreak; and with one single exception every talookdar to whom the chance offered itself, aided more or less actively in the protection of European fugitives. This phase in the character of the disturbances in Oude is not generally known; but it is nevertheless true, and is due, emphatically and solely, under Divine Providence, to the benignant personal character and the popular policy of Sir Henry Lawrence.

14. The 1st of May saw our disturbances commence with the mutiny of the 7th Oude Irregular Infantry. This, its suppression, and the Durbar in which he distributed rewards and delivered a speech on the aspect of affairs, have been fully described elsewhere, and need not be repeated by me.

15. The Durbar was held on the 12th. I am not aware whether he had any intelligence by that time of the Meerut

outbreak. The telegrams when they did arrive were vague; but he indubitably kept on his guard immediately on receiving them. The cavalry were picqueted between the cantonments and the Residency, and the infantry and artillery were kept prepared for movement. His plans were evidently already decided; but they were to be effected simultaneously and not successively, and the movements of the Europeans were somewhat dependent on the arrangements of the Quarter-Master-General's department. It was not till the 16th that the tents required for the 32nd were ready; and the morning of the 17th May saw an entirely new and effective disposition of the troops. Half the Europeans were at the Residency commanding the Iron Bridge—half, with the artillery, were at the south end of the cantonments; the bridge of boats was moved and under control, while the Muchi Bawn, not yet sufficiently cleansed from its old conglomeration of filth, was garrisoned by a selected body of native troops. The whole of these dispositions could not have been effected at an earlier date; and Sir Henry would not do them piece-meal or successively. Simultaneous, they were effective, and tended to paralyze any seditious plots that may have been hatching. Successive and piece-meal they would have incited the sepoys to mutiny and the turbulent to insurrection.

I here interrupt the narrative of the memorandum to insert a portion of Sir Henry's correspondence with Lord Canning, and with others, which relates to the events of the month of May.

To LORD CANNING.

May 1857.

I have recently received many letters on the state of the army. Most of them attribute the present bad feeling *not* to the cartridge, or any other specific question, but to a pretty general dissatisfaction at many recent acts of Government, which have been skilfully played upon by incendiaries. This is my own opinion. The sepoy is not the man of consequence

he was. He dislikes annexations, among other reasons, because each new province added to the Empire widens his sphere of service, and at the same time decreases *our* foreign enemies, and thereby the Sepoy's importance. Ten years ago a Sepoy in the Punjaub asked an officer what he would do without them; another said: "now you have got the Punjaub you will reduce the army." A third remarked when he heard that Scinde was to be joined to Bengal: "Perhaps there will be an order to join London to Bengal." The other day an Oude Sepoy of the Bombay Cavalry at Neemuch, being asked if he liked annexation, replied, "No: I used to be a great man when I went home, the best in my village rose as I approached: now, the lowest puff their pipes in my face." The General Service Enlistment Oath is most distasteful, keeps many out of the service, and frightens the old sepoys, who imagine that the oaths of the young recruits affect the *whole* regiment. One of the best captains in the 13th Native Infantry (at this place), said to me last week, he had clearly ascertained this fact. Mr. E. A. Reade, of the Sudder Board, who was for years Collector of Goruckpore, had "the general service order" given to him as a reason last year, when on his tour, by many Rajpoots, for not entering the service. "The salt water," he told me was the universal answer. The new post office rules are bitter grievances; indeed the native community generally suffer by them, but the Sepoy, having here special privileges, feels the deprivation in addition to the general uncertainty as to letters; nay, rather the positive certainty of *not* getting them. There are many other points which might with great advantage be redressed, which, if your lordship will permit me, I will submit with extracts of some of the letters I have received from old regimental officers. In the words of one of them: "If the Sepoy is not speedily redressed, he will redress himself." I would rather say, unless some openings to rewards are offered to the military, as have been to the native civil servants, and unless certain matters are righted, we shall perpetually be subjected to our present condition of affairs. The Sepoy feels that we cannot do without him, and yet the highest reward a Sepoy can

obtain, at fifty, sixty, and seventy years of age, is about one hundred pounds a year, without a prospect of a brighter career for his son. Surely this is not the inducement to offer to a foreign soldier for special fidelity and long service.

P.S.—While on the subject I must give your lordship a proof of the estimate in which "the salt water" (Kala Pane), is held even by the most rough and ready portion of the native army. Last week an invalid Soobadar of the Bombay 18th Native Infantry, was with me for an hour or more. Among other matters, I asked him about foreign service, especially about Aden, whence he was invalided. With a sort of horror, he referred to being restricted to *three gallons* of water daily. I asked whether he would prefer 100 rupees a month at Aden or 50 rupees at Baroda (where he had just before told me there was much fever). He replied "50 rupees at Baroda." I then said "or 125 rupees at Aden." His answer was to the effect, "I went where I was ordered, but life is precious, anything in India is better than wealth beyond sea." And such, I am convinced, is the general Hindoo feeling. The man was a Brahmin, but a thorough loyalist . . . .

To LORD CANNING.

MY DEAR LORD, *May* 2, 1857.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of April 27, just received, and am glad to find that what I wrote of the 48th Regiment yesterday quite meets your views. I fear to increase alarm and suspicion, and therefore do nothing not absolutely necessary.

The officers of H.M.'s 32nd now sleep near their lines, as they ought always to have done. Two guns of a native battery, and thirty horsemen are also in their lines, so that they are a little army in themselves, and have the means of communicating with their neighbours.

I have no reason to doubt the fidelity of the artillery, though much has been done to disgust many of the native officers, because they don't understand our mounted drill. All the European officers are very young men, and therefore look to mere smartness.

Two hours ago Captain Carnegie came to tell me that there has been a strong demonstration against cartridges in the 7th Oude Infantry this morning. I hope and expect the report he heard is exaggerated, but I tell it for his commentary . . . .

I have had Rookun-ood-Dowlah at my house, and rather like his appearance, but his sons are not pleasant looking fellows. These people however can only by *possibility* be dangerous in connection with our own troops. I have struck up a friendship with two of the best and wealthiest of the chiefs, and am on good terms with all. We ought therefore to have information of what occurs.

I hope that the 34th Native Infantry will be disbanded, and that your lordship will raise a mixed Goorkha and Hill Rajpoot corps, and a Sikh one in lieu of the 34th and 19th. Goorkhas are not easily obtained, but seven years ago I got a thousand volunteers, at Katmandoo, in a week, to supply one company of the Guides. I did it through the Resident, or rather, by his permission through the medical officers, whom I asked to speak to Jung Bahadoor, and remind him of our old acquaintance.

As far as I have yet ascertained, the bad feeling, as yet, is chiefly among the Hindoo Sepoys. Doubtless, it is their fears for caste that have been worked on.

We measure too much by English rules, and expect, contrary to all experience, that the energetic and aspiring among *immense* military masses should like our dead level and our arrogation to ourselves, even where we are notorious imbeciles, of *all* authority and *all* emolument. These sentiments of mine freely expressed during the last fifteen years, have done me injury, but I am not less convinced of their soundness, and that until we treat natives, and especially native soldiers, as having much the same feelings, the same ambition, the same perception of ability and imbecility, as ourselves we shall never be safe.

I have not seen original articles on the cartridge question, but almost every letter and article in the English papers regarding Barrackpore, Umballa, Meerut, Berhampore, and Dinapore, have been translated. The original articles chiefly

refer to local grievances and personalities. The politics of the editor are to be chiefly gathered from pithy exclamations, &c., heading an article as "How good," "Wonderful," "Mutiny at ——," &c. "More fires," with plentiful supply of the word "mutiny," "disobedience," "disturbance."

I would not trouble any of them, but, with your lordship's permission, I think we might squash half the number by helping one or two of the cleverest with information, and even with editorials and illustrations. Dr. Ogilvie tells me that more than one of the English illustrated papers would, for a good purpose, sell cheap their half worn plates. An illustrated vernacular paper cleverly edited would tell well, and do good politically and morally. I will be glad of your lordship's sanction to a trial, not involving above 5,000 rupees or 500*l.* Of course I would not appear, and I would use the *present* editors. At any rate try to do so.

I shall be quite willing to hold Oude entirely with irregulars, aided by one or one and a half regiments of Europeans, and a couple of batteries of European artillery, but I should ask, as your lordship contemplates, that the corps be of three classes, one third mixed as at present, one third with the Pathan and other Mahomedan tribes prevailing, and a third of Sikhs; indeed I should like to add a fourth of the Pasee, or local outcast tribes, who are fine hardy fellows, and get service in the Bombay army . . . .

It is so far well that the 48th have given up the letter, which is addressed to them all. Several of them have also to-day borne evidence against a Hindoo plate-cleaner of the hospital, who has been telling them his colonel has great confidence in the 48th.

Dated Lucknow, May 4 1857.

My dear Lord,—

Referring to what has occurred with the 7th Oude Irregulars and to the feeling that still prevails against the 48th, I will be glad, if it can be managed, that one of the Sikh regiments can be sent up here at once, or even a wing. It might be on the plea of taking the place of the 7th. The *coup* is stated to have had great effect in the city, but people

go so far as to tell me that the 48th last night abused the 7th for running away, and said if they had stood the 48th would not have fired. I don't believe one quarter of these reports, but they are not pleasant. The intercepted letter of yesterday evidently fell into the wrong hands. It ended with "it is a question of religion."

I have, &c.,
(*Signed*) H. M. LAWRENCE.

To LORD CANNING.

May 9.

I WENT through the lines of the 48th yesterday and talked to many of the men; all were very civil, though many were downcast at the loss of their private property as well as of their huts. The wretched jumbling up of which (as in the Bengal system) prevent, in cases of fire in a high wind, saving anything.

Last night I held a conversation with a jemadar of the Oude artillery for more than an hour, and was startled by the dogged persistence of the man, a Brahmin of about forty years of age, of excellent character, in the belief that for ten years past Government has been engaged in measures for the forcible, or rather fraudulent, conversion of all the natives. His argument was that, as such was the case, and as we had made our way through India, had won Bhurtpore, Lahore, &c., by fraud, so might it be possible that we mixed bone-dust with the grain sold to the Hindoo. When I told him of our power in Europe, of how the Russian war had quadrupled our army in a year, and in another it could, if necessary, have been interminably increased, and that, in the same way, in six months, any requisite number of Europeans could be brought to India, and therefore that we are not at the mercy of the Sepoys,—he replied he knew we had plenty of men and money, but that Europeans were expensive, and that therefore we wished to take Hindoos to sea to conquer the world for us. On my remarking that the Sepoy, though a good soldier on shore, is a bad one at sea by reason of his poor food, "That is just it," was his rejoinder. "You want us all to eat what you like that we may be stronger and

go anywhere." He gave us credit for nothing. He often repeated, "I tell you what everybody says;" but when I replied, "Fools and traitors may say so, but honest, sensible men cannot so think," he would not say that he himself *did* or did *not* believe, but (as he had previously done) said, "I tell you they are like sheep—the leading one tumbles, and down all the rest roll over him." Such a man is very dangerous. He has his full faculties, is a Brahmin, has served us twenty years, and knows our strength and our weakness, and *hates* us thoroughly. It may be he is only more honest than his neighbours, but he is not the less dangerous. On one only point did he give us credit. I told him that in the year 1846 I had rescued 150 native children left by our army in Cabul, and that, instead of making them Christians, I had restored them to their parents and friends. "Yes," he replied, "I remember well, I was at Lahore." On the other hand, he told me of our making Christians of children purchased during famines. I have spoken to many others of all ranks, especially during the last fortnight; most gave us credit for good intentions, but here is a soldier of our own, selected for promotion over the heads of others, holding opinions that must make him in heart a traitor. My interview with him was occasioned by his commanding officer having specially mentioned his intelligence and good character.

To Dr. Bernard.

Lucknow, May 18, 1857.

My dear James,—

. . . . I leave Meerut and Delhi details to the press, and will confine the one sheet I can write to Oude. From the day I arrived I was struck with the badness of the military arrangements: everything everywhere and no one responsible for anything. Well, I suggested several reforms, &c., but Delhi and Meerut events have forced me to carry them out with more haste than is desirable. We *have* secured our guns as far as circumstances admit, also made our treasury safe, our magazine tolerably so, and have nearly completed the occupation of a strong central position which will secure

us against ordinary events. But it is hard to look for danger from your own troops. I should be happy if I were rid of *one* of our three native regiments (the 48th), and happier if two were away; but, unless something goes wrong in our neighbourhood, I think the Lucknow brigade will remain steady. I have a disaffected city of 600,000 or 700,000 inhabitants regarding which I am comparatively easy, and, indeed, should have no fears about it but for the troops. . . .

Memorandum, 18th May, inserted in SIR HENRY'S *own hand in his letter-book.*

Time is everything just now. Time, firmness, promptness, conciliation, and prudence; every officer, each individual European, high and low, may at this crisis prove most useful or even dangerous. A firm and cheerful aspect must be maintained: there must be no bustle, no appearance of alarm, still less of panic; but at the same time there must be the utmost watchfulness and promptness; everywhere the first germ of insurrection must be put down instantly. Ten men may in an hour quell a row which, after a day's delay, may take weeks to put down. I wish this point to be well understood. In preserving internal tranquillity the chiefs and people of substance may be most usefully employed at this juncture; many of them have as much to lose as we have. Their property, at least, is at stake. Many of them have armed retainers, some few are good shots, and have double-barrelled guns. For instance, (name illegible) can hit a bottle at 100 yards. He is with the ordinary soldiers. I want a dozen such men, European or native, to arm their own people, and to make thannahs of their own houses or some near position, and preserve tranquillity within a circuit around them.

From LORD CANNING.

Calcutta, May 22 1857.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—

I HOPE you will think that I have given you the best proof of the satisfaction and confidence with which all your

proceedings during the last ten days have been viewed in the support which you have received. I have not had time for letter-writing, but there is a lull to-day; every preparation, present and prospective, that can be made here being complete; and I take the opportunity to send you one word of earnest thanks for your invaluable service. I cannot express the satisfaction I feel in having you in Oude. You have got authority to ask Jung Bahadoor for his Ghoorkas. It is most unpalatable to me to give it, and to you, probably, to receive it. It is a humiliating confession of our weakness. But the proof of that weakness, in the event of a rising, and of our inability to protect our officers, would not be less a humiliation, and in other respects much worse. . . . The panic of some of the people here—officers of Government, who ought to set the example of a bold front, at least, seeing that some of them have swords at their sides—is disgraceful.

To Colonel Masters.

[*Private.*]

24th May.

We hear of meetings to-day among the Sepoys and of another intended for to-night. I should be glad to know your opinion of the present state of feeling in your corps. While the present state of excitement lasts it would be well to keep one third or one half of the men accoutred and horses saddled at night. Should any alarm or outbreak take place in this cantonment by night or by day you will immediately get your corps under arms, and send me word whether they are to be entirely trusted, or to what extent. An officer with orderlies should bring the message, which should be in writing if time admit, the officer being informed of its purport. If your men are staunch come down and join the Europeans at a steady pace, quick or slow, according to circumstances; but when within sight your pace should be a walk; and an officer should be sent to Colonel Inglis to notify your approach. Should you on march come across any person plundering or firing you will at once charge them: it will be a great matter

to *commit* your regiment in favour of Government. . . . I think our proper line is to evince no unnecessary suspicion, but to be on the alert.

To SIR GEORGE LAWRENCE, *Agent in Rajpootana.*

May 24.

I HAVE not written to you, as I do not want to hamper you with advice. I think you ought to be down in the plain in this juncture. But at this distance it is impossible to judge correctly. Neemuch, on the whole, seems the best place, as Dixon is at Ajmere. Certainly either Neemuch or Ajmere. I should be disposed to be at Neemuch, and to tell the Rana in passing by that there was an opportunity to earn a good name. The Neemuch fortified square ought to be held by at least 100 men, half Rajpoot and other irregulars and half Sepoys; 300 men in the same proportion in the Ajmere magazine, where the treasure ought also to be placed. I would get the Ranee to send off a regiment or two to Ajmere. . . . This is a grand opportunity for the Rajpoot chiefs to stave off annexation. . . .

To LORD CANNING.

May 27, 1857.

MY DEAR LORD,—

I AM much indebted to your lordship for your two kind letters of the 22nd and 24th.

I have refrained from writing, as I had nothing pleasant to say, and, indeed, little more than a detail of daily alarms and hourly reports. Our three positions are now strong. In the cantonment where I reside the 270 or so men of H.M.'s 32nd, with eight guns, could at any time knock to pieces the four native regiments; and both the city Residency and the Muchi Bawn positions are safe against all probable comers —the latter quite so. But the work is harassing for all, and now that we have no tidings from Delhi my outside perplexities are hourly increasing. This day (29th) I had tidings of the murder of a tuhseeldar in one direction, and of the cry of Islam and the raising of the green standard in another. I have also had reports of disaffection in three

several irregular corps. Hitherto, the country has been quiet, and we have played the irregulars against the line regiments; but being constituted of exactly the same materials, the taint is fast pervading them, and in a few weeks, if not days—unless Delhi be in the interim captured—there will be one feeling throughout the army—a feeling that our prestige is gone—and that feeling will be more dangerous than any other. Religion, fear, hatred, one and all, have their influences; but there is still a reverence for the Company's *Ikbal.* When it is gone we shall have few friends, indeed. The tone and talk of many have greatly altered within the last few days, and we are now asked, almost in terms of insolence, whether Delhi is recaptured, or when it will be. It was only just after the Cabul massacre, and when we hesitated to advance through the Khyber, that, in my memory, such a tone ever before prevailed. Every effort should be made to recover Delhi. The *King* is a watchword to Mahomedans. The loss of a capital is a stigma on us, and to these are added the fear prevailing among all classes regarding all classes. A native letter, recently sent to your lordship from Bareilly, fairly depicts the feeling of the *better* classes of natives, and especially of natives. They think that we are ungrateful, and that we no longer respect their religion, or care for their interests. There is no positive abuse in that letter, whereas in all that are posted or dropped here the chief ingredients are abuse and violence.

Once Delhi is recaptured the game will again be in our own hands if we play the cards with ordinary skill. I will, as directed, submit my views on the army. Radical reform is required, especially among the officers. From top to bottom there are very few who both know and do their duty. The instances of gross ignorance and apathy that I daily encounter are most lamentable. I have been obliged to speak plainly and even roughly to many, and to record my opinions in orders. I have awakened some, and probably incurred the hatred of others.

Press of work stopped me here. We have since had the *émeute*, which I have lately suppressed. We are now positively

better off than we were. We now know our friends and enemies. The latter beggars have no stomach for a fight, though they are capital incendiaries. We followed them on Sunday morning with the guns six miles, and only once got within range. I went with a few horsemen four or five miles further, and Mr. Gubbins, with only four horsemen, headed them four miles still further. We got sixty prisoners in all, and I am now trying them and others by three drum-head courts-martial. Yesterday evening we had several large gatherings in the city, and towards evening they opened fire on the police and on a post of irregulars. The former behaved admirably, and thrashed them well, killed several, and took six prisoners. Among the former was a brother-in-law of the King's Vakeel. The Kotwal headed the police. I have made him a buhadoor. This evening we hung two men —one a Sepoy who murdered poor Lieutenant Grant, son of the Madras Commander-in-Chief, and a spy. To-morrow I shall get the proceedings of other courts, and will probably hang twenty or thirty. These executions will, I am confident, quiet men's minds. I have told you by telegraph it will never do to retire on Allahabad. We *could not* do it. Besides, I am quite confident we can hold our ground at Lucknow as long as provisions last, and we have already a month's laid in. When Delhi is taken we are all safe. If there is much delay most of our outposts will be lost. The officers killed are Brigadier Handscomb, Lieutenant Grant, and Cornet Raleigh, 7th Light Cavalry; wounded, Lieutenant Chambers, 13th Native Infantry, and Lieutenant Hardinge, 3rd Oude Cavalry—both slightly. Hardinge is a splendid soldier. He led a few horse several times through the burning cantonments, and through a crowd of mutineers. One shot at him within a foot, and then bayonetted him through the fleshy part of the arm. Hardinge shot the fellow dead. Wounded as he was he could not have had an hour's sleep, and yet he was the hero of yesterday's work, and had he had any good cavalry, he would have cut up all the mutineers. I was wrong as to his having been the hero. He was one, Martin Gubbins was another. He, with three

horsemen, did the work of a regiment, and headed the rascals, and brought in six prisoners—for which I have given the three horsemen 600 rupees.—I have, &c.,

(*Signed*) H. M. LAWRENCE.

To CHARLES RAIKES, ESQ.

Lucknow, May 30.

MY DEAR RAIKES,—

KINDLY give me an occasional line till Delhi is taken. We are pretty jolly; but if the Commander-in-Chief delay much longer he may have to recover Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Allahabad—indeed, all down to Calcutta.

We are in a funny position. While we are entrenching two posts in the city we are virtually besieging four regiments —in a quiet way—with 300 Europeans. Not very pleasant diversion to my civil duties. I am daily in the town, four miles off, for some hours, but reside in cantonments, guarded by the gentlemen we are besieging.

Send a copy of this to my brother George at Ajmere. My health is very good *for me*.

Christian is doing very well and pluckily. What I most fear are risings in the districts, and the irregulars getting tainted. Daily I have reports of conspiracies all around. Show this to Mr. Colvin and Reid.

Yours very sincerely,

H. M. LAWRENCE.[10]

"That all Oude should thus have risen against her new masters was a misfortune for which neither Lord Dalhousie nor Sir Henry Lawrence can be held fairly to blame. The former, had he stayed in India, would have taken good care to fill up the place of Outram with some one fitter than a mere Bengal civilian to confront the unwonted difficulties of such a post. On the other hand, had Lawrence been sent a year earlier to Lucknow, the force of his statesmanship and the charm of his personal sway might, perhaps, have done much to reconcile the bulk of his new subjects to

[10] Printed by Mr. Raikes, in his *Notes on the Revolt of the North-Western Provinces.*

a rule which may have aimed at keeping the public peace, oppressing none but criminals, and meting out the same cold justice alike to lord and peasant. If any one Englishman could have forestalled the coming disaster he was the man. As things stood, however, at the recall of Mr. Coverley Jackson no power on earth could have prevented the final explosion for which long years of misrule and anarchy had supplied the combustibles, even if Wajid Ali's dethronement and Mr. Jackson's hard fiscal policy had together applied the torch. When Sir Henry Lawrence took up his new duties the train was already fired. . . It was glory enough for Sir Henry that, with one weak British regiment at his command, he staved off the worst of the coming crash, even to the end of that fatal June." [11]

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[11] TROTTER'S *British Empire in India*, ii. 96.

CHAPTER XX.

Oude, May—July, 1857.

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

Thus far mutiny, although formidable, had been kept in check. On the morning of May 30th, 1857, Sir Henry was under no pressing apprehension of danger, as would appear from his letter to Mr. Raikes, with which my last chapter closes. But, in the night of the same day (May 30) the "long-expected outbreak," to use the words of Mr. Gubbins, broke out. It is unnecessary for me to recapitulate the events of that unhappy period: how the mutineers were effectually defeated, and their revolt suppressed, as far as the city of Lucknow was concerned, but how they made their way out of the town, and escaped to join their more formidable associates at Delhi. For the outlines of the story I refer the reader to the writings of Sir John Kaye, and those of the numerous authors who described

the events at Lucknow itself, each from his particular point of view. I only add a few details, more especially regarding Sir Henry Lawrence himself:—

On that evening (says Colonel Wilson, whom I assume to be the author of he MS.), Sir Henry had a few friends at dinner, for he was anxious that all should go on as much as possible as usual. I sat at the bottom of the table, and when the nine P.M. gun was fired, Sir Henry said with a laugh, "Wilson, your friends are not punctual."[1] I had hardly replied, when we heard the musketry in the lines, and some Chuprassees came and reported the firing. The horses were at once ordered, and Sir Henry stood outside in the moonlight, on the steps of the Residency, impatiently awaiting his horse. There was a guard of a native officer and sixty Sepoys on duty in the Residency, and immediately on the alarm, the native officer had drawn them up in line about thirty yards distant, directly in front of where Sir Henry Lawrence stood. And now the soobahdar came to me, and, saluting, said, "Am I to load?" I turned to Sir Henry, and repeated the question; he said, "Oh, yes, let him load." The order was at once given, and the ramrods fell with that peculiar dull sound on the leaden bullets. I believe Sir Henry was the only man of all that group whose heart did not beat the quicker for it. But he, as the men brought up their muskets with the tubes levelled directly against us, cried out, "I am going to drive those scoundrels out of cantonment: take care while I am away that you all remain at your posts, and allow no one to do any damage here, or enter my house, else when I return I will hang you." Whether through the effect of this speech and Sir Henry's bearing, I know not, but the guard remained steadily at its post, and with the bungalows blazing and shots firing all round, they allowed no one to enter the house, and the residence of Sir Henry was the only one that night in the cantonment that was not either pillaged or burnt.

About four miles (says Mr. G. H. Lawrence,[2] Sir Henry's

[1] Colonel Wilson had given Sir Henry a warning.

[2] MS. in Sir H. Edwardes's collection.

nephew, a member of the Bengal Civil Service), separated the cantonment from the city. Sir Henry's object then was, while crushing the Sepoys, to prevent the fire from spreading to the city. Therefore, taking immediately two guns, and a company of the 32nd with him, on the road to the town, he took posts, blocking up the roads, and effectually cutting off all access to the city. . . . . On several shots being fired from the 71st lines on the 32nd Foot, and guns, the order was given to "open with grape," upon which the Sepoys fled. The remnants of the native regiments, according to previous concert, were now marched up by their officers, and took part with the Europeans. . . . . With the morning came the time for action. A small force moved out in pursuit of the mutineers, who marched too rapidly to suffer from the guns, and some of the cavalry took advantage of it to desert their colours and join the mutinous ranks. . . . On the afternoon of the same day, insurrection broke out in the city. No doubt the citizens and soldiers were to have acted in concert, and the plot had only been defeated by Sir Henry's arrangements. Nevertheless, as Asiatics never act when they ought, and act when they ought not, so now, the opportunity having passed, the city rose. It appears that in the morning some 6,000 city bravos had crossed the Goomtee to join the mutineers, but Sir Henry's prompt attack upon and dispersion of the latter, had disconcerted the plans of the budmashes, who, finding the mutineers gone, returned to the city and commenced an outbreak. However, the hand of the civil power was still heavy, and the police assisted by some of the Oude Irregular Infantry, who were located in the city, and who had not mutinied with their brethren in the regular line, after a sharp fight quelled the *émeute*, and captured the standard of the Prophet.

During the few next days (says Mr. Gubbins) "a court-martial sat in the Muchi Bawn for the trial of the mutineer prisoners. Many of them were executed by hanging. But the sentences of death passed by the court were not all confirmed by Sir Henry Lawrence, for he inclined much to clemency."

I return to the MS. Memorandum from which I have already largely quoted, as containing further intelligence respecting the suppression of the mutiny at Lucknow :—

The Muchi Bawn was on high ground commanding the stone bridge, and overawing the city. Sir Henry, when leaving me in charge of its defences on the 17th May, said that our safety depended on making the Muchi Bawn impregnable to the assaults of a mob. He and Major Anderson daily inspected the fort, and in six days it was ready for all emergencies. The terrepleine and the roofs of the buildings were protected by a parapet. Six heavy guns and eight light field-pieces were in position at various points; 200 popguns, of all sorts and sizes, were ranged over the parapets; a company of Europeans had been added to the gunners; food had been stored; the powder removed into it, and a telegraph erected for communication with the Residency, so that the reports among the natives dwelt strongly on the great strength of the Muchi Bawn; a natural force garrisoned by Europeans and Sikhs, and mounted with "teen sau top."[3] On the 23rd of May, under these circumstances, Sir Henry Lawrence was able to breathe more freely, and on the 24th the row passed off quietly. Sir Henry sent detachments of native troops in various directions, as has been described by the different writers on the subject, and nothing further occurred in particular till the mutiny on the 30th May.

The only point that needs mentioning, from not having been dwelt on in the published accounts of the mutiny, is the conduct of the 13th Native Infantry. A portion of this regiment was in the Muchi Bawn; a portion, by itself, garrisoned the cantonment Residency; the remainder were in their lines. Those in the Muchi Bawn remained quiet and behaved well; those in the cantonment Residency were attacked by the mutineers and successfully defended their post, and drove off their assailants. The mass of the regiment, on the mutiny commencing, turned out of their

[3] Three hundred guns.

lines and formed up under their officers on parade; about fifty only were missing. They were marched off to their arms, and after receiving them and remaining isolated under the fire of the mutineers, were eventually moved up to the position occupied by the 32nd Regiment, and bivouacked with them. This, the 13th Native Infantry, was from the first selected by Sir Henry as the most loyal of the corps. Every one of its native officers remained constant to us during the defence: and of the (about) 180 poorbeahs of it, who formed portion of the garrison, not one deserted; while the casualties among them exceeded their entire number (from the number of those who were more than once wounded).

The position taken up by Sir H. Lawrence prevented any of the mutineer troops from making their way to the city. Next morning (the 31st May) the British force attacked them and drove them northwards.

This was the signal for the rising only in the immediate neighbourhood, for ten days elapsed before all the other corps in Oude had risen in mutiny, and they were influenced from beyond the Eastern frontier. Seetapore alone rose under the pressure from Lucknow, and only half so; it was also influenced from Bareilly and Shahjehanpore, where the troops had mutinied on the 30th and 31st.

The mutineers from Lucknow first marched up the eastern bank of the Goomtee, and then crossed it to the west at Mahona, and proceeded by Mullaon to Futtehgurh, and thence up the trunk road to Delhi.

The other corps at the various stations in Oude mutinied at different dates, and generally successively at the approach of the 17th Native Infantry and other mutineers from Jounpore and Azimgurh. Besides the corps at Lucknow, the only Native Infantry corps in Oude were the 41st at Seetapore, the 22nd at Fyzabad, and the 17th which came in from Jounpore. The 41st seems to have scattered, some remaining in Oude, and others going to Delhi; the 17th had a quarrel with the 22nd regarding booty, and marching across by Roy Bareilly, they took part in the Cawnpore massacre, and formed portion of the force that served under the Nana. Hence the 22nd

Native Infantry was the only Native Infantry Corps that remained in Oude and marched with the local corps against Lucknow.

The most interesting topic at this period of the crisis is the fate of the European residents of the various out-stations, when, or before the troops in mutiny; and it is most remarkable how, on analysis, it appears that with one exception none of the chiefs or peasantry attempted to do them harm, while most were actively friendly and helpful.

The one instance of active hostility was shown to the fugitives from Cawnpore; they (Captain Mowbray Thomson and others) landing in Byswara were attacked by Baboo Ram Buksh, of Doondea Khera, chief of a sept; and were placed by him in much danger. Escaping from him, however, they found refuge with the kind old Rajah of Morar Mow, who gave them protection, and all the comfort in his power—finally escorting them to Havelock's force. Much of his active kindness was said to be due to the honourable feelings of his wife, who is said to have made him bind himself by oath to see to their safety. The Chief of Doondea Khera fell into great disfavour with his Clan and the other Rajpoots for his conduct to the Cawnpore fugitives; and his wife deserted him, writing him a letter which fell into the hands of the British authorities, to say that he could not hope for the favour of God after such inhumanity.

The narratives of the fugitive parties are very fully given in Major Hutchinson's book. I shall here merely analyze them.

From Rohilcund Mr. Edwardes's party found refuge and safety with the Oude chief Hurdeo Buksh.

From Shahjehanpore one party flying northwards joined the residents of Mullapore, whose fate I shall hereafter describe.

Another, coming to Mohumdee, joined the officers there; and the united party proceeding to Seetapore were attacked by their sepoy escort, and all killed except Captain Patrick Orr, who escaped and joined a party of fugitives from Seetapore. From Seetapore there were five parties of fugitives—the first marched into Lucknow at once; the second, con-

sisting of Mrs. Doran and a few others, found shelter in villages, were secreted in carts, and so conveyed into Lucknow; a third, consisting of a Mrs. Phillips and a few friends, found shelter in a village, and remained concealed during the whole outbreak, until one of Lord Clyde's columns proceeding in that direction in April 1858, enabled them to come out of their hiding-places in the face of day; the fourth party escaped towards Mullapore, and joined its residents and the Shahjehanpòre fugitives already mentioned; the fifth, consisting of Miss Jackson, Captain Burnes and others, wandered towards the estate of the Mitholee Rajah; there Mrs. Orr had already found shelter, and thither Captain Patrick Orr escaped from the Mohumdee party. This little band was hardly treated from the commencement. The Mitholee Rajah was a weak and cowardly man, much under the influence of his Mahomedan Vakeel Zuhoor Ool Hussin; and, dreading the anger of the rebel party, he feared to show active kindness to the fugitives. They therefore remained concealed in the jungles in the neighbourhood of his fort on a kind of sufferance, provided with food, and unmolested, but no more. They thus remained from early in June till the end of October, when the rebel Durbar, triumphing over their blockade of Outram's force, as well as the original garrison of the Residency, sent a party of troops who seized this band of fugitives and took them as prisoners into Lucknow. A detachment of troops had been previously sent for the same purpose, but, deterred by reports set astir by Captain Orr, and receiving no active aid from the Mitholee Rajah, they had failed in their object.

The Mullapore party, consisting of the officers from Mullapore and fugitives from Seetapore and Shajehanpore, found refuge at Muthera, the estate of the Dhowrera Rajah. They remained there well cared for and protected until a party of Sepoys from Lucknow coerced them into accompanying them towards Lucknow. Escaping from that party, a few found their way into Nepaul; but the remainder concealed themselves in a village belonging to the Pudnaha Rajah, and there remained unmolested and treated with some

kindness until they were again discovered by the Sepoys and taken into Lucknow in September.

The residents of Fyzabad were in two parties—one the mass of the civil residents, placing reliance on Rajah Maun Sing; the other, the military officers, distrusting him. The troops, on mutinying, made no attempt to murder their officers. The party that trusted Maun Sing first took refuge in his fort of Shahgunge; but the mutineers threatened to attack it if they continued there, and he had to make arrangements for their escape down the Gogra. In these arrangements and in furthering their escape natives of all classes and creeds appear to have joined—the Rajahs Oodres Sing, Narain Sing, and Kugonath Sing; the Mussulmans Meer Bukr Hossein and Nadir Shah; the Mahouts of the Hunnooman Gurhee, and the Lumberdars of the village of Goura, are severally mentioned in the detailed narratives as giving special aid. The party, by their assistance, got safely down the river, occasionally meeting with insult, but nothing worse, from villagers. On getting to his estate they were sheltered for several days by Baboo Madho Persaud of Birheer, and thence being helped on to the Rajah of Gopalpore, they were finally conveyed by him in safety to Dinapore.

The cantonment party left in six boats. Two, after many escapes from mutineers and maltreatment by villagers, reached Gopalpore, and were helped on by the Rajah to Dinapore. A third got as far as Bustee, and thence made their way to Gorruckpore. The other three boatloads were surrounded by mutineers (17th Native Infantry) and cut to pieces, excepting one sergeant, who outran his pursuers and, by the aid of villagers, reached Bustee and thence made his way to Gorruckpore.

The residents of Lenora and Gonda escaped to Bulrampore. There they received honourable protection and kindness from the Rajah, who eventually aided them into Gorruckpore. The residents of Baraitch were also advised to go to Bulrampore, but they instead tried to get to the fort of Pudnaha. On their way was Naupara, the Rajah of which was a minor, and the karinda, or steward, gave them no

assistance, and told them that their road to Pudnaha was obstructed by mutineers. On retracing their steps and endeavouring to cross the Gogra, *en route* to Lucknow, they were discovered and killed by mutineers at the Byram Ghat.

From Sultanpore, before the troops mutinied, the ladies had been escorted with every kindness by the Amethee Rajah into Allahabad. On the mutiny breaking out such officers as escaped from the mutineers found protection and kind treatment at the hands of Roostum Sah of Dehra, who aided them into Jounpore.

The whole of the residents of Selone, before and at the mutiny, were safely and kindly escorted into Allahabad by the Rajah Huncorunt Sing, chief of the Bisen Clan, and the Talookdars of Budree and Dreheyan.

Finally, the fugitives from Durriabad safely reached Lucknow through the good offices of the Talookdar Ram Sahae of Hurraha.

This completes the circle, and, to analyze the cases, one talookdar, Baboo Ram Buksh, was actively hostile to fugitives, *one* Lohnee Sing, Rajah of Mitholee, was unkind, but not actively hostile, to the Seetapore party; *one*, the Rajah of Pudnaha, was passive, and allowed English fugitives to be forcibly seized in his estates by Sepoys; two or three stewards and two or three villagers were insolent to fugitive parties. But, with these exceptions, all other parties, some fourteen in number, received active aid and kindness from all the talookdars and villagers whom they came across; and this was due to the rekindling of the feeling of kindness and gratitude to British officers brought about by Sir H. Lawrence's character, policy, and acts, after lying dormant ever since the annexation. Many of the most active of these friendly talookdars, such as Maun Sing, Hunwunt Sing, and the Amethee Rajah, had suffered severely from the financial administration in the time of Sir Henry Lawrence's predecessor.

There is little doubt that resentment at these losses would, before Sir Henry's arrival, have led to very different lines of

conduct on the part of the country barons and peasantry, in the event of such a crisis as the mutiny; and it is with the view of giving prominence to the results of Sir Henry's presence that I have mentioned and analyzed these details.

To return to Lucknow, the tidings of the various disasters were wringing Sir Henry's heart; and anxiety for those who had still hopes of escape was weighing heavily on his health, debilitated as it was already, and severely tasked by the ceaseless labour entailed by the vigilant and desperate preparations for our own defence. His plan and policy were as before. A large portion of native troops had not yet deserted, and he trusted, under God's providence, to be able to retain a sufficient number thoroughly loyal to us. He believed that, unless he could retain some, our position was utterly hopeless. They would be requisite to add to our numerical strength, and to relieve us of much of the work under which the Europeans would succumb in such a climate. But he wished to limit that number to an equality with the European garrison, and, as the natives still vastly preponderated, the weeding must be effected with great tact and nice discrimination, so as to retain and confirm the really best men. The Sikhs were segregated and formed into companies at an early period of the crisis. For the rest his plan of selection was, by inquiry from officers on whom he could rely, by employment of picked men on responsible duties, by consultation of such native officers as could be trusted, by offering furlough to those who might wish to go, by holding out inducements to the wavering to leave Lucknow, by despatching others individually or in small parties on detached duty, and so forth.

It was necessary to collect and store provisions. To this end the roads must be kept open, and the cantonments must be held. Again, the city must be kept quiet; for this purpose the Muchi Bawn was to be garrisoned and held as a fort as long as might be needful, while the remnants of the old king's soldiers were enlisted into new bodies of police and lodged under the guns of the Muchi Bawn. Hence the worst of the dangerous classes were paid and kept under surveillance. But the main and final point of defence was

the Residency and its surrounding buildings. These were being by degrees connected by a chain of parapets, which, with sundry batteries, formed eventually the position we defended.

But in spite of Sir Henry's well-known wisdom and sagacity the extremity of the crisis caused many people to forget themselves, and from many persons of whose obedience and support he might have had reasonable expectation he received remonstrances against his line of policy, and strong entreaties to concentrate his troops, to evacuate the cantonments and the Muchi Bawn, to send the families to Allahabad, to Nepaul, to disarm all the native troops, and so on. This worry, the constant anxiety, and his over-tasked frame, at length acted on his mind, and his medical advisers insisted on his taking rest; so, that, on the 9th June, he handed over the reins of government to a committee consisting of Gubbins, Ommaney, Inglis, Banks, and Anderson. In this council Ommaney was of one mind with Gubbins; Inglis was carried away by Gubbins's energy and strong will; so that Banks and Anderson, who were fully imbued with Sir Henry's views, were in animosity when Gubbins was opposed to them.

It was at this period (4th June) that Sir Henry despatched to the Governor-General the following characteristic telegram:

If anything happens to me during present disturbances, I earnestly recommend that Major Banks succeed me as Chief Commissioner, and Colonel Inglis in command of the troops, until better times arrive. This is no time for punctilio[4] as regards seniority. They are the right men, in fact the only men for the places. My secretary entirely concurs with me on the above points.

On the 9th of June, says Mr. Gubbins (p. 140),

[4] I find among Sir Henry's papers a draft telegram in his own hand, which was not sent, but superseded by the above. It ends with the words, "There should be no surrender. I commend my children and the Lawrence Asylums to Government."

Sir Henry's health gave way. "An alarming exhaustion came on, and the medical men pronounced that further application to business would endanger his life. A provisional council was accordingly formed by his authority, at which I presided, comprising the Judicial Commissioner, Mr. Ommaney, Major Banks, Colonel Inglis, Major Anderson, the Chief Engineer, and myself."

The Council soon became divided, between those who (Mr. Gubbins at their head) were anxious to take strong measures with apprehended mutineers, and those who were "afraid of bringing on a crisis."

But (says Colonel Wilson, MS. memorandum), affairs did not work well in their hands; and during three or four days that affairs were entrusted to the Council, several steps were taken that Sir Henry did not approve of, and on the third or fourth day (12th June, says Mr. Gubbins), on hearing of some of the acts of the Council, he emphatically, and with some little excitement declared the Council at an end; and that he would resume his work from that moment: which he did.

And I must here resume the narrative of the same MS. memorandum:—

The Council set to work immediately, and Gubbins forthwith began to give effect to his own policy of disarming and dispensing with all Sepoy aid. Step by step he continued to carry it out; till, at length, all the poorbeahs without coercion of any sort gave up their arms at the bidding of their own officers, and were started homewards with their furlough tickets. This was too much for Sir Henry. He dissolved the Council, and on the 12th resumed the active duties of Government, having already sent to Colonel Inglis his letter of the 11th June already quoted, and, sending messengers after the Sepoys who had left, had the satisfaction of seeing

numbers return to their post, with tokens of delight, the honesty of which was verified by their loyalty during the siege.

The disarming of the native troops on the 11th caused the mutiny, on the next day, of the police regiment, but, with this exception the remainder of the month up to the commencement of the siege, showed continuous success in both the material and political preparations.

As the account given by Major Edgell, another witness (MS.) as to the state of affairs between Sir Henry and the council a little differs from that just quoted, and more nearly supports the statements of Mr. Gubbins, I annex it here :—

The European officers of the native troops (says Major Edgell, speaking of the state of things immediately before the siege,) "were on the whole opposed to the want of confidence felt by Sir Henry towards their men. All more or less proclaimed their implicit confidence in their own regiments, and that they were ready to go anywhere and perform any duty with them. Sir Henry was much harassed by the proceedings of commanding officers of native regiments. The native troops at Lucknow had mutinied at the end of May, and killed their brigadier (Handscomb). Many of the prisoners joined them, and the colours of the regiments had but few men left with them. One (the 48th) had less than 100 men, but in the course of the next two or three days it numbered 500 or 600: the other regiments were equally strong: where had these men been, how came their commanding officers to take them back, and what was Sir Henry to do with them? were constant questions occurring to him. Their commanding officers believed them perfectly faithful because they had come back, and were most indignant at the proposal to disarm them, or get rid of them in any way. At last, during Sir Henry's illness, in June, when a council, composed of Messrs. Gubbins, and Ommaney, Major Banks, Colonel Inglis, and Major Anderson, were acting for him, it was determined to send away all who would be induced to go, on

leave. Sir Henry on resuming the direction of affairs a few days afterwards, approved, and the native brigade, including all the Sikhs, was reduced to about 500 men. The Sikhs of the three native regiments were separated from the Poorbeahs by Sir Henry's order, and kept together. Of the Poorbeahs, the men of the 13th behaved admirably throughout the siege; the 48th and 71st did good service; and a body of about 200 Persians under Major Abthorp, 41st Madras Infantry, did well. The infantry Sikhs performed good service; but those of the Cavalry were a source of constant anxiety, and a belief was current in garison that these Sowars were in communication with the enemy.

No work (continues the memorandum) was carried on at the cantonments because none was needed. At the Residency every labourer was employed for whom there was room. The outer walls of the companions embraced within the position were connected by breast works. When necessary, ditches were excavated in front of them, and parapets erected behind them; stakes, palisades, and such like impediments were erected, slopes were scarped; ramparts built at some places, and widened and pierced for batteries; roofs of houses were protected by breast-high walls; windows and doors were barricaded, and walls loopholed. Tykhanas were excavated and roofed to serve as magazines, and the demolition of the surrounding buildings was commenced. I may here mention that there was difference of opinion as to whether the nearest buildings should be demolished. It was expected that, in any siege that might ensue, the enemy would not come too close, but, as at Cawnpore, content themselves with an investment, and a comparatively distant artillery and musketry fire. It was therefore believed by some that the nearest buildings should have only their upper stories knocked down; while the lower storey should be allowed to remain to act as a traverse to our own works from the enemies' fire. There was a species of compromise made. Where our position was weak, the houses were demolished; while near the Cawnpore battery, a few houses were left, which it was hoped we would ourselves be able to occupy as advanced posts, a hope which

was falsified by the event, one of those buildings, called Johanne's House, proving a most murderous post, and doing infinite mischief, until I blew it up by a mine. The result proved the accuracy of the argument on both sides; those fronts where the buildings had been demolished, suffering most severely from artillery fire; those where they still remained, from musketry.

At the Muchi Bawn, the work was almost entirely confined for some time to improving its utility as an *entrepot.* The walls were strengthened and loop-holed, the position of guns improved, and communications opened out; but this, and the demolition of the adjacent commanding buildings was nearly all that was done as purely military measures. The work chiefly lay in supporting the roofs, ventilating and clearing rooms, and making them habitable for the troops, clearing out rooms and excavating tykhanas in which to store the food, ammunition, powder and treasure, that were eventually to go to the Residency. Cholera broke out, and buildings had to be converted into hospitals; state prisoners were brought in, and had to be accommodated; cattle required sheds, and so forth. In fact, after the mutiny, the work and the expenditure at the Muchi Bawn were on making it an *entrepot,* and not a fortress, although the latter would be supposed from what has been stated in most of the published narratives.

The political and other arrangements have been fully detailed by Mr. Gubbins, and others. Pensioners were summoned in, and of the numbers that answered the call, about eighty were selected and remained with us, one of the most useful sections of the garrison. Certain people of position and influence were confined as state prisoners, various intrigues and plots were detected, and the conspirators punished. All the ordnance, however old and useless, that could be found, was brought within the circle of our defences, the Crown jewels were conveyed to the Residency, and constant correspondence was kept up with the most influential Talookdars.

Consequently provisions continued to flow in a regular and

ceaseless stream, and those first lodged in the Mutchi Bawn were removed by degrees, with the treasure and ammunition, to the Residency, as room was prepared for them. Full intelligence used to be received of all events, and although it was frequently exaggerated and calculated to keep us in alarm, from the rumours of approaching attack from various quarters, still the variety of the sources when it was received proved the influence of Sir Henry's character. The Brahmin Maun Sing, the Mahouts of the Hunnooman Ghurhee, the Rajpoot Talookdars of Amethee, and elsewhere, the Zemindars of numerous villages, the Pasees of Ramnuggur, Dhuneyree, and other districts, the Mussulman descendants of the Bhow Begum; all these contrived severally to furnish Sir Henry Lawrence with important intelligence.

I find the following quaint story, appertaining to this period of fortification, among the scattered MS. recollections of those present at the siege:—

June 10.

Very many of the natives endeavoured to dissuade Sir Henry from the completion of the defences round the Residency. About this time a very respectably clad and somewhat aged Hindoo called on the Brigadier-General, and stated to him that, being a well-wisher to the British Government, he had come to tender his advice, which was, that a number of monkeys should be procured, and that they should be kept at the Residency, and attended and fed by high caste Brahmins, and that this measure would not only be the means of propitiating all the Hindoo deities in our favour, but that it would also tend to make the British rule in India again popular with the natives. Sir Henry put on his hat, and, rising, said in the courteous tone for which he was ever remarkable: "Your advice, my friend, is good. Come with me, and I will show you *my* monkeys." And, leading the way, he walked into a newly-completed battery, and laying his hand on the 18-pounder gun which occupied it, observed: "See! here is one of my monkeys; *that*," indicating a pile of shot, "is his food; and this" (pointing to a sentry of the 32nd Foot)

"is the man who feeds them. There! go and tell your friends of *my* monkeys."

It will be well to note here (says Capt. Hutchinson) that the siege of Cawnpore, at this time going on, was felt with the greatest sympathy by all in Lucknow, and numerous were the projects and designs for crossing the Ganges and aiding the gallant band there besieged. With great interest and patience did the late Sir Henry Lawrence listen to all these proposals; but, comparing the intelligence received from Cawnpore with the plans proposed, and our means for executing them, Sir Henry, with firmness, yet with sorrow, decided he could only do his utmost to save all here—for Cawnpore he could send no aid. At last the news reached us through a letter written by a young officer at Cawnpore to his father at Lucknow, that General Wheeler had agreed to treat with the Nana. Sir Henry at once felt all was over with them, and a few hours brought the sorrowful news. It was no slight addition to his cares to have the painful duty of refusing aid to General Wheeler, whose letters were naturally urgent, and plainly expressed that otherwise all would perish. But the attempt was out of the question.

Sir Henry to Sir George Lawrence, at this time Agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana.

June 12.

Bad times here. I hope you are in a better plight than we are. We have very few black faces that can be trusted, but by the blessing of God we hope our 600 whites will make a stand until succour comes. I have considerable hopes of the Rajpoots, but shall be right glad to hear from you that all is well. Pray ask Ebden to get my Company's paper into a safe place as soon as possible, and to keep a copy of the numbers and amounts of all the rotes, and to place another copy in some safe place, until I get it. I feel that I was foolish in not securing the bread of my children. Some of us will probably fall in this struggle—some of us will survive. I trust implicitly to you, in case I fall, to look to my children, to Letitia and to Charlotte; and also to see that, in the event

of the loss of all my papers, which is not improbable, my memory gets fair play. I want no more. Above all, I insist on it that if anything be published, it be simply a statement of facts. George (his nephew) has, I presume given you particulars of our position, which is, perhaps, as anomalous an one as ever a British force was placed in. I ailed for two days from want of sleep and fatigue, but am all right again. Best love to Charlotte, my nieces, Ebden, Forbes, &c.

To COLVIN.

Agra, June 12.

We still hold the cantonment, as well as our two posts, but every outpost (I fear) has fallen, and we daily expect to be besieged by the confederated mutineers and their allies from Cawnpore, Setapore, Secrora, &c. The country is not yet thoroughly up, but every day brings it nearer that condition. . . . . All our irregular cavalry except about sixty Sikhs of Daly's corps, are either very shaky, or have deserted. The remnant of Hardinge's corps, numbering 130 men, must be excepted, and their gallant commander thinks they will remain staunch if got out of Lucknow. They therefore march to-night in the Allahabad direction, though we can ill spare them. The remnant of the Native Infantry regiments have behaved well since the outbreak. Mr. Gubbins has been almost insubordinately urgent on me to disband these remnants; but the fact is they consist of men who either joined us on the night of the *émeute*, or who stood to their guns on that occasion. If not better, they are certainly not worse, than the irregulars, and the military police, on which Mr. Gubbins places, or affects to place, implicit reliance. He is a gallant, energetic, clever fellow, but sees only through his own vista, and is therefore sometimes troublesome. . . . The irregular infantry are behaving pretty well, but once we are besieged, it will be black against white, with some very few exceptions. More than 100 police horse deserted last night, and since I began this page I have received the report of the military police foot having deserted the great central gaol over which they were specially placed. . . . Then, again, we ought to have only one position. I put this question to some sixteen

officers five days ago, but all stood out for the two positions. I am convinced they were wrong, and the best of them now think so, but we are agreed that, on the whole, the Residency is the point to hold. . . . . The Talookdars have all been arming, and some have already regained possession of the villages of which Mr. Gubbins dispossessed them. Their example will soon be followed, and, once committed against Government, it will be their interest to help to destroy us. However, I have strong hopes, under God's blessing, to hold out for a month, by which time I confidently look for succour. If we had one single trustworthy regiment, we could do much and keep the field; it is the almost general disaffection that paralyses us. This is my answer to Mr. Gubbins's accusations of want of energy on my part. . . . .

To LORD CANNING.

June 13th 1857.

. . . . We have still about 100 irregular infantry, 200 cavalry, 200 regular infantry, 30 regular cavalry, and the town police, few of whom can be expected to stand any severe pressure. We, however, hold our ground in cantonment, and daily strengthen both our town positions, bearing in mind that the Residency is to be the final point of concentration. The health of the troops is good, and the weather propitious as long as there is not exposure to the sun. The conduct of the Europeans is beautiful. By God's help we can hold our own for a month, but there should be no delay in sending succour. The appearance of two European regiments would soon enable us to settle the province, but if Lucknow be lost, and this force destroyed, the difficulty would be vastly increased.

I have, &c.,

(*Signed*) H. M. LAWRENCE.

To SIR H. WHEELER.

Cawnpore, June 16th.

I am very sorry indeed to hear of your condition, and grieve that I cannot help you. I have consulted with the chief officers about me, and, except Gubbins, they are unani-

mous in thinking that with the enemy's command of the river, we could not possibly get a single man into your intrenchment. I need not say that I deeply lament being obliged to concur in this opinion, for our own safety is as nearly concerned as yours. We are strong *in* our entrenchments, but by attempting the passage of the river, should be sacrificing a large detachment without a prospect of helping you. Pray do not think me selfish. I would run much risk could I see a commensurate prospect of success. In the present scheme I see none. Mr. Gubbins, who does not understand the difficulties of the most difficult of military operations, the passage of a river in the face of an enemy, is led away by generous enthusiasm to desire impossibilities. I write not only my own opinion, but that of many ready to risk their lives to rescue you. God grant you his protection.

To LORD CANNING.

June 23rd 1857.

A letter from General Wheeler, dated 18th June, 10 P.M., stated that his supplies would hold out for another fortnight, that he had plenty of ammunition, and that his guns were serviceable. The enemy's attacks had always been repulsed with loss, but he was much in want of assistance. Troops are still reported to be assembling at Fyzabad and at Duriabad, with the intention of concentrating and attacking Lucknow, but it does not seem that any onward move has at present been made. Our position is daily getting stronger, but daily some of our few natives are leaving, and if we are besieged, I fear that few, if any, will remain. This will be inconvenient, as it will make more difficult the raising of a native force when we are able to take the field. We still hold the cantonment and can move eight or ten miles out if necessary, but, with no trustworthy cavalry and very few artillerymen, we are obliged to look keenly to our two positions in the city. If either would hold all conveniently, the other should have been abandoned, but such is not the case.

Each has its advantages, and we have to guard against sickness as much as against the enemy. From four sides we

are threatened, but if all go well *quickly* at Delhi, and, still more, if Cawnpore holds out, I doubt if we shall be besieged at all. Our preparations alarm the enemy. It is deep grief to me to be unable to help Cawnpore; I would run much risk for Wheeler's sake, but an attempt, with our means, would only ruin ourselves, without helping Cawnpore. Cholera in a light form is amongst us. We have lost eight Europeans from it during the last fortnight at the Muchi Bawn. At each post four or five natives have died during the last week. All sanitary measures are being taken. The general health is good, and the weather, though hot, is favourable to those not exposed. I am well. European troops moving above Allahabad should have guns with them, and also intelligent officers (civil or military) acquainted with the country. The detachment of H.M.'s 84th came here a fortnight ago, with only cloth clothes. It is important to see that others coming are properly dressed and cared for. We look most anxiously for news. I trust that all the China troops are coming, and that *large* indents have been made in England.

I have, &c.

(*Signed*) H. M. LAWRENCE.

Kindly have a copy of this sent to my son,
Alexander Lawrence,
Oakfield,
Penrith,
Cumberland.

The Gogra is navigable to Fyzabad or even to Byram Ghat for steamers. Give us due notice of the route by which succour will come.

To MR. TUCKER (?), ALLAHABAD.

Lucknow, 26th June 1857.

Your letter of 20th has reached and found us all well and comfortable at Lucknow, though some ten regiments with many guns are collecting eighteen miles off, with the avowed intention of attacking us. This they will hardly do, though they may try and plunder the more distant parts of this

immense city. They wisely collect at a distance beyond a long march, or we should have beaten them with 300 Europeans and four guns, which we can always spare for *one* day at a time, as long as we are not actually besieged. The health of the troops is improving. Delhi captured. . . . This will have immense effect in the country. We only had this news yesterday, and I pass it to you, as the Cawnpore road is closed. General Wheeler is, I fear, in extremity, though I have been making every indirect effort to help him. Otherwise we have not the means. . . . To help him your succour must be speedy. . . . Employ Hindoos rather than Mussulmans. On approaching Cawnpore, care should be taken against treachery. The Nana is a Mahratta, and an adept in deceit. . . . I don't fear as regards Lucknow, but until we have another European regiment we cannot expect to introduce order into the province. At present every villain is abroad, and an internecine war prevails in every quarter.

During the last half of June, the mind of Sir Henry Lawrence was disturbed between the anxieties of his own position and those which he felt on account of poor Wheeler and his helpless party at Cawnpore. All that Lawrence believed himself capable of doing had been done: every indirect method of sending assistance, through promises and bribery, had been tried. On the 24th, Wheeler addressed to Lawrence a most touching letter, describing the death of his son Godfrey, and the miserable extremity to which he was reduced. Lawrence could only answer in a few words conveying hopes which he was unable to realize.

WHEELER *to* LAWRENCE.

June 24.

I avail myself of the return of Maclean's man to give you an account of the past and present. (Here follows the detail of the mutiny of the 4th June). . . . Since then we have had a bombardment in this miserable position three or four times daily, now nineteen days exposed to two twenty-fours

and eight other guns of smaller calibre, and three mortars; to reply with eight nines you know is out of the question—neither would our ammunition permit it. All our carriages more or less disabled, ammunition short; British spirit alone remains, but it cannot last for ever. Yesterday morning they attempted the most formidable assault, but dared not come on; and after above three hours in the trenches cheering the men, I returned to find my favourite darling son killed by a nine-pounder in the room with his mother and sisters: he was not able to accompany me, having been fearfully crippled by a severe contusion. The cannonade was tremendous; I venture to assert such a position so defended has no example, but cruel has been the evil. (Here follows a list of killed and dead). . . . We have no instruments, no medicine; provision for ten days at farthest, and no possibility of getting any, as all communication with the town is cut off. . . . We have been cruelly deserted and left to our fate. We had not above 220 soldiers of all arms at first; the casualties have been numerous. Railway gents and merchants have swollen our ranks to what they are—small as that is, they have done excellent service; but neither they nor I can last for ever. We have all lost everything belonging to us, and have not even a change of linen. Surely we are not to die like rats in a cage. We know nothing of Allahabad, to which place we have sent five notes; but whether they have reached, or even gone, we as yet know not. The ladies, women, and children, have not a safe hole to lie down in, and they all sleep in the trenches for safety and coolness. The barracks are perforated in every direction, and cannot long give even the miserable shelter which they now do.

God bless you. Ever yours.

H. M. WHEELER.

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

LAWRENCE *to* WHEELER.

27th June.

I wrote twice yesterday; I will do all you wish, as far as

in my power. Brigadier Havelock with 400 Europeans, 300 Sikhs, guns, and cavalry, were to march from Allahabad immediately, and *must* be at Cawnpore within two days, and will be closely followed by other detachments. . . . I hope, therefore, you will husband your resources, and not accept any terms from the enemy, as I much fear treachery. You cannot rely on the Nana's promises. *Il a tué beaucoup de prisonniers.*

On the same day Lawrence addressed to his old friend and companion Havelock a letter, which will be found in the memoirs of the latter (p. 281), urging him to immediate movement on Cawnpore. "We," he says, "are threatened by about ten regiments, which are concentrating about eighteen miles off. . . . Our position is safe enough, though they may knock the houses about our ears. . . . Would that we could succour Wheeler, but the enemy hold all the boats on the Cawnpore side." This letter reached Havelock on his arrival at Allahabad from Calcutta.

To Mr. Colvin, *at Agra.*

27th June.

General Wheeler writes on the 24th that he can hold out for eight or ten days longer; he is most anxiously awaiting relief from Allahabad. His assailants content themselves with a continuous cannonade from two heavy guns, three mortars, and other field guns. . . . Wheeler's loss has been very heavy, but he writes in a determined manner, and will no doubt hold out to the last. . . . We hold the Residency, Muchi Bawn, and cantonments, and are strong in the two former positions. Would that we could succour Wheeler, but the enemy hold all the boats on the Cawnpore side. . . . We are threatened on all sides by mutinous regiments of all arms, the nearest regiment being nineteen miles off, at Nawulgunge, and daily increasing in numbers. The whole of Oude is more or less in a state of mutiny, all our outposts are gone, and Lucknow and its

vicinity is the only position which represents the British Government. An addition of one European regiment and 100 European artillerymen will enable us to go anywhere, and re-establish order in Oude. . . . Health good, cholera greatly decreased, supplies plentiful for two and a half months. . . . The rebels talk of opening their trenches on us the day after to-morrow, but we have no fear except for Wheeler, for supplying whom I am making every exertion.

These letters explain Sir Henry's own view of his position down to the end of June, or while he was yet hopeful of Wheeler's safety at Cawnpore. I add one more, before proceeding to compile the short remainder of the story, from the various narratives before me. He had now heard of Wheeler's disaster. "The news was brought," says the author of the *Defence of Lucknow*, "by a staff officer about 7 P.M. of the 28th, by 'three different natives.' Havelock knew it on the 3rd July, by report, from Lieutenant Chalmers, and from 'two spies sent by Sir Henry Lawrence, who had witnessed the massacre.'"—*Memoirs*, p. 284.

To CAPTAIN NIXON, *at Agra.*

June 29, 1857.

MY DEAR NIXON,—

BEST thanks for yours of the 20th, which I answer by Kossid. Pray write again more fully—very fully. Say how all the chiefs and their troops, also our contingents, have behaved. Also say what force my brother (George) has at Ajmeer, and what are the feelings of the Rajpoots, &c. Is the Tonk Rajah against us, or only his troops? . . . It was a sad blow to hear Delhi had not fallen on the 16th, as Major Raikes told us it fell on the 13th. Cawnpore fell by the basest treachery three days ago. I felt certain of the result of a treaty, and warned Wheeler, but too late; he was no sooner embarked than he was attacked and destroyed. I hope the Jauts are behaving well, also Jypoor and Kerowlee. Give us full information; send this to my brother. We

expect to be besieged in two or three days; in many respects we are strong enough, by God's help, to hold out till relief comes.

* * * * *

The above is a copy of what I wrote you by another kossid. This goes by my own man, to whom I have given ten rupees, and told him he will get forty more if he gives the letter in eight days. When Delhi is taken I presume that the troops will move down on Lucknow *viâ* Furruckabad. Unless such diversion is made it is very likely that the Allahabad detachment will be unable to cross, as I calculated that within the next month they will hardly be able to spare more than 1,000 Europeans. With the overwhelming force that may be brought against us we shall not do badly if we hold out a month. I send this to you through the Lieutenant-Governor, who, I know, will do all that is possible for us. 1,000 or 1,500 Europeans, with some Sikhs and Bhurtpore and Kerowlee Jauts and Rajpoots, will be able to make way to Lucknow by one of the Ghauts near Furruckabad. They should bring six or eight guns. Delay may be fatal. I need say no more: I do not mention our points of weakness; you may guess them. Six weeks ago there were no defences, and before I came no one seems to have dreamt that soldiers or defences could ever be required. . . . I was ill for a few days, but am now wonderfully well. We have 632 of H.M.'s 32nd, forty-eight of H.M.'s 84th, and sixty European artillery. We can depend on few others, and have to defend two points.

We had (says Mr. Gubbins,) received regular intelligence of the movements of the mutineer troops in Oude. They had now assembled at Newaubgunge Bara Bankee, twenty miles from Lucknow. These facts were communicated by my daily reports to Sir Henry Lawrence. We knew that the mutineers were in correspondence with the Nana at Cawnpore. No sooner, then, did they hear that the intrenchment there had fallen, than they moved at once upon Lucknow. My scouts brought word early on the 29th of June that an advance guard of not less than 500 infantry and 100 horse had actually arrived at Chinhut, a town on the Fyzabad road, within eight miles of

the Residency from Newaubgunge, to collect supplies for the mutineer army which was expected to arrive there on the following day. Sir Henry Lawrence, upon this being reported to him, ordered Captain H. Forbes, with the Sikh Cavalry, to reconnoitre their position. This officer accordingly went out, and soon came upon the enemy's pickets, who fired upon him. He remained observing them during the whole day, and returned at sunset.

Myself as well as some others in the garrison, had expected as well as hoped that this advance guard would have been attacked and driven back. Sir Henry Lawrence, however, meditated a bolder measure, viz., to attack the enemy in force on the next day, of which myself and those not actually employed were kept in ignorance. In pursuance of this resolve the force in cantonments was quietly withdrawn at sunset, and moved into the Residency position and the Muchi Bawn.—*Mutinies in Oude*, p. 81.

On the 29th June accordingly Sir Henry in person sallied from Lucknow and attacked the insurgents at Chinhut, at a little distance to the west of that city. The force which he led comprised 300 white and 220 native bayonets, thirty-six European, eighty Sikh sabres, and eleven guns. That of the mutineers is but approximatively known; but it is clear that they were in greater force than was apprehended. The disaster which followed, the treachery of the native troops and artillery drivers, the conversion of what was at first meant as a reconnoissance into an attack, the repulse of that attack, our heavy loss and retreat, with no gain but that of safety, into Lucknow, have been recorded in so many narratives both by military men and civilians. But instead of referring to these, I will add the account of this disastrous event given in the "Memorandum" already quoted, by one who was at Sir Henry's side through the whole affair:

On the 26th June, Cawnpore was still holding out gallantly, and all information from the country tended to show that the mutinous troops were fearful to approach us. Several regiments had gone to Delhi; one had gone off to Cawnpore, and the continued defence made by the weak garrison there, with the exaggerated reports of our preparations and our strength, deterred the local corps with the few other old regiments that remained in Oude from approaching to try conclusions with us. Sir Henry, therefore, although (as told to me by his own lips) sure that they would eventually come against us, hoped that they might confine the attack to a distant fire, and that it might perchance be possible to retain the Muchi Bawn and command the city. He therefore gave me instructions to construct two bastions at opposite angles of the position, so as in the first place to flank all its four faces, and, in the second, to enfilade the road to the Residency, so that, with the combined fire of the two positions it might be wholly under our command. It was thus not till after the 20th June that any step was taken to strengthen the Muchi Bawn for a defence against disciplined troops or artillery, and by that time the completion of the rest of the work there freed the labourers for the construction of these additional batteries. On the 24th, false news arrived of the fall of Delhi, and a royal salute was fired. This did more mischief than could have been suspected at the time. It was at once circulated among those hostile to us as a proof of our losing heart, and being obliged to have recourse to falsehood to support our courage. This, with the intelligence of the fall of Cawnpore, emboldened the mutineers who began to concentrate on Nawaubgunge, on the road between Lucknow and Fyzabad. Sir Henry had previously reconnoitred the ground, and had conceived the idea of giving the advanced guard of the enemy a check at Chinhut, six miles out of Lucknow on that road, his object, of course, being to defer a close siege as long as possible. On the 28th, the enemy concentrated at Nawaubgunge, and sent on an advanced guard to Chinhut. On the 29th they were seen by our advanced reconnoitring parties of cavalry; and Sir Henry prepared for action. He

evacuated the cantonments, as there was no longer any object in holding them, and garrisoning only the Muchi Bawn and the Residency, he directed that a force should be prepared at the iron bridge at daybreak to march against the enemy at Chinhut. Sir Henry took to himself the task of planning the operations, and gave directions that the troops should thus assemble and march at daybreak; that coffee, biscuits, and rum should accompany the troops, and be distributed to them on the halt prior to the final advance against the enemy. Except that the provisions did accompany the force, none of these directions were obeyed.[5] It was not till the sun was well above the horizon that the troops started for the iron bridge, and when they halted at the Kokrail nullah, before going into action, the provisions were not served out to them. When, consequently, the troops made their advance, the Europeans were perfectly exhausted, and hardly fit to move, much less to fight.

Subsequent communication with those who fought against us at Chinhut shows that Sir Henry was correct in his estimate of the spirit of the enemy. They came prepared to be beaten, and had no wish to break their heads against stone walls. Their command was divided. The local corps placed themselves under Khan Ali Khan, Karinda of Nuwab, Ali Khan of Mohumdabad, the only Talookdar who sent troops against us at this period of the crisis. The Native Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery were under the command of Burkut Ahmed, Ressaldar of the 15th Irregular Cavalry. They had sent on their advanced guard the day before, and only themselves come up shortly before the action, without being prepared for the contest, and the artillery was placed were it was immovable and easy to be taken.

Sir Henry, on coming within a thousand yards of the enemy, deployed into line; on the right, Native Infantry supported by volunteer Cavalry and European Artillery, on the left, the 32nd Regiment with Sikh Cavalry and Native

[5] I insert this statement as given in the Memorandum; but it is necessary to be cautious in receiving implied charges of this kind made under disappointment.

Artillery; in the midst, on the right, was an 8 lb. howitzer. In advance of either flank was a village: the infantry were ordered to advance and occupy them. The native infantry did so readily and easily, and held the village against all assaults. The 32nd advanced to take Ishmadgunge, the village on their flank, but at so slow a pace that the enemy anticipated them, seized the village before they reached it, and received them with a deadly fire. The 32nd were staggered, and could not advance. The elated enemy threw skirmishers out on the flank of the 32nd, who had to yield and give back. The European infantry being driven back on the road, the rear of the whole was threatened, and the whole force, so to speak, formed front to the left confusedly, and then facing to the original rear, went off in retreat, left (European infantry) in front, the native infantry covering the rear. The elephants of the 8 lb. howitzer being run off with by the Mahouts, that gun fell into the enemy's hands, and the drivers of the two (out of the six) Native Artillery guns upset them into the ditch on the side of the road, and went over to the enemy, but the remainder of the Native Artillerymen continued loyal, losing half their number in killed and wounded in the action.

In this fight there can be little doubt, seeing the ease with which the Native Infantry did their part of the work, that it would have been won, and in a little time, if the 32nd had been in a fit state to fight. The seizure of Ishmad Gunge, the bringing guns to the front, and a charge at the enemy's guns, would have soon gained the day and deferred the siege: but it was not so to be. The disobedience of orders as to the issue of the biscuits, coffee, and rum made the Europeans worse than useless, and the retreat became a complete rout, the enemy being kept in check by the Native Infantry, the Volunteer Cavalry, and one or two guns.

I add Sir Henry's own brief statements in a letter to General Havelock, enclosed in one to Mr. Tucker, at Allahabad:—

June 30.

MY DEAR HAVELOCK,—

THIS morning we went out eight miles to Chinhut to meet the enemy, and we were defeated, and lost five guns through the misconduct chiefly of our Native Artillery, many of whom deserted. The enemy have followed us up, and we have now been besieged for four hours, and shall probably to-night be surrounded. The enemy are very bold, and our Europeans very low. I look on our position now as ten times as bad as it was yesterday; indeed, it is very critical. We shall be obliged to concentrate *if we are able.* We shall have to abandon much supplies, and to blow up much powder. Unless we are relieved quickly, say in ten or fifteen days, we shall hardly be able to maintain our position. We lost three officers killed this morning, and several wounded—Colonel Case, Captain Stephen, and Mr. Brackenbury.

It must, however, be added, that it appears plain that some alteration took place—it were vain to endeavour to explain why, as the secret of his feelings remained in his own breast—in the design of Sir Henry in the course of this unfortunate day.

It had been arranged (says Colonel Wilson, MS.), that the force should start on the morning of the 30th June at daylight. But the sun was up before the force crossed the bridge over the Goomtee, and where it was joined by the party from the Muchi Bawn. A small advance guard was formed, and the force arrived at the Kokrail without adventure of any kind. There, before quite reaching the hedges, it was halted, and Sir Henry with the few cavalry and the staff rode about a quarter of a mile farther on, to a piece of rising ground under some trees. Here some native travellers were met, who, in reply to inquiries, said they had come through Chinhut, but had seen no one. Sir Henry said it was evident they were not going to move that day, and that we would go back, and he told me to go back to the column then halted on the Lucknow side of the bridge, and order them to countermarch. I did so, and saw the order carried into effect, and I

was returning leisurely towards Sir Henry, when about half-way I met Lieutenant Birch, who was acting as A.D.C. to Colonel Inglis. He was galloping, and he said, "The Brigadier-General has sent me to tell you to order the force on." I replied that he must mistake, as I had just countermarched it. He said, "No, it's no mistake. I bring you the order from himself." I then went back, and gave the orders, and returned to Sir Henry, who was still under the trees. He said not a word to me as to his reasons for having changed his mind. Proceeding on to within about two miles of Chinhut, a turn of the road showed us the enemy drawn up, with their centre on the road and their left resting on a lake. The events then followed as already detailed. As they were bringing up some guns, I said to Sir Henry (adds the writer), "I think we are getting the best of it." He said, "Well, *I* don't."

The same writer describes the unfaltering courage with which Sir Henry covered the last retreat, and the effect which his personal daring had in inspiriting his men. The retreat was a trying operation. The enemy's positions[6] and subsequent manœuvres were admirable, and displayed generalship worthy of a better cause. Had the leader commanding the rebel army been obeyed to the letter, and had he had under his command men of ordinary valour instead of a cowardly mass of native soldiers, distrustful of their own powers, not one man of our little force would have reached Lucknow to tell the tale of our disaster. Sir Henry Lawrence was seen in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from one part of it to another amidst a terrific fire of grape, round shot, and musketry, which made us lose men at every step. When near the Kokrail Bridge he wrung his hands in

[6] REES's *Personal Narrative*, p. 71.

the greatest agony of mind, and, forgetful of himself, thought only of his poor soldiers. "My God! my God!" he was heard to say; "and I brought them to this!" One hundred and eighteen European officers and men were missed—all slain in fight or massacred.

What there may have been of error or miscalculation in the conduct of a brave leader leading a few hundred brave men in the dark, as it were, on a daring enterprise, ignorant of the force opposed to them, without confidence in their own native followers, treason in front, on both flanks and on their rear, in the tumultuous city which they left behind them, matters little as regards the estimate which men have formed, and will form, of Sir Henry Lawrence's memory. It concerns his biographer more to notice a question which has been mooted affecting his moral, not his personal, courage, as if he had been influenced, in ordaining this sally, by the opinions of others, and by his own want of resolution to disregard them.

Even his earnest friend, Sir John Kaye (*Lives of Indian Officers*) takes up this view. "He, Sir Henry, had always, in the weak state of his garrison, been opposed to such offensive movements, thinking that the best chance of present safety and of future victory lay in husbanding his strength for the work of defence; but there were some about him—the most prominent of whom was Mr. Gubbins—whose irrepressible gallantry led them to counsel a more forward policy; and Lawrence appears now to have thought that the opportunity was a favourable one for trying this bolder and more pronounced style of action and threatening the enemy at a distance from the city walls. . . . He said afterwards that he had acted

against his own judgment, and reproached himself for having been moved by the fear of man to undertake so hazardous an enterprise."

The authority for these words is Mrs. Harris, the wife of the clergyman at Lucknow, who reports them as used by Sir Henry in his last hours. But I cannot make out that the lady positively states that she heard them. They occur only in the course of a desultory narrative;[7] and I must add that the impressions which I derive from the evidence in my possession (I refer rather to general inference than to any specific statement) is that the movement on Chinhut was Sir Henry Lawrence's own act, and in accordance with his deliberate policy. It was done in pursuit of his plan of prolonging, as much as possible, his defences until "better times," as he called them, should arrive—not in departure from it. If he had succeeded, as there was every fair reason to expect—succeeded, that is, to the extent, not of dispersing, but of delaying, the body of mutineers advancing to besiege the city, another chance for ultimate resistance was gained. He had a farther reason; the expediency of testing the fidelity of the few native troops he had in hand, especially the Sikhs. He risked the attempt on these grounds, though with some chances of serious failure against him, and he failed; but I am slow to believe that he assumed the blame in somewhat effeminate self-condemnation of having acted through "the fear of man," unless it

[7] Mrs. Harris adds, that Sir Henry owned at the same time "that deference to the fear of man had been always his fault; that he had sinned in accepting the Chief Commissionership of Oude; that he had disapproved of the annexation, and should never have come there but he had been actuated by pique." I do not find other testimony to these expressions.

was at a moment when he was shaken by physical suffering.

I do not think (says Colonel Edgell, writing to Sir H. Edwardes), Mr. Gubbins urged Sir Henry to go out specially to Chinhut. He was for aggressive measures generally, and what Sir Henry termed "wild expeditions" with detachments of the 32nd. I do not think Chinhut was mentioned until it was known the enemy were there, the day before we went out. I also think that the strength of the enemy was not accurately known to Mr. Gubbins or to any one else until we had found it out—to our cost. An expedition like Chinhut was hazardous at the time, because we could not venture to leave half the artillery—the native portion—behind at the Residency, all our European artillery—one company—going with us. As we went out, Sir Henry and many others doubted how the native artillery would behave; but Sir Henry said, "We must try and blood them"—meaning, commit them on our side. The result was a failure. We should have done better with our four guns, manned by Europeans alone. . . Had the native artillery remained true, the enemy's flank movement would have been met and, no doubt, defeated; but the howitzers and European guns were so pressed in consequence of the defection of our native gunners that they were obliged to retire. The howitzer was lost, because the train of bullocks for the limber was "nowhere," and the elephant with the limber could not be kept steady in several attempts to limber up, and at last fairly bolted. I think Sir Henry, in saying that he went to Chinhut "from fear of men's opinion," did not refer to those about him, but fear of public opinion generally. . . Banks advised him not to go. Banks was a very plain-spoken and straightforward character in all business on duty, though a man of few words, and I am sure he enjoyed Sir Henry's entire confidence."[8]

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[8] Dr. Ogilvie (inspector of prisons), who was at Lucknow during the siege, says in a private letter to Mr. Couper, Sir Henry's secretary (23rd September 1857): "On his return from Chinhut, Sir Henry exclaimed to me: 'Well,

Sir Henry Lawrence has been blamed, (continues Colonel Wilson) for this misfortune; and as he commanded, the responsibility must rest on him. But none but those who were in his immediate confidence are aware of all the difficulties of his position. The whole city of Lucknow was wavering; hourly reports were brought in of the intended defection of our few native adherents. It was well known that the Cawnpore garrison had been destroyed. All the out-stations in Oude were gone. Our servants were deserting. Sir Henry felt that he must endeavour to take the initiative; and yet he was afraid to weaken the garrison too much, or venture too far away, lest he should endanger one or both of the positions we were holding. . . . Throughout that terrible day, during the conflict, and when all was lost, and retreat became all but a rout, and men were falling fast, he displayed the utmost calmness and decision; and as with his hat off, he sat on his horse on the Kokrail bridge, rallying our men for a last stand, himself a distinct mark for the enemy's skirmishers, he seemed to bear a charmed life.

Of Sir Henry's great personal courage these volumes have afforded abundant evidence; nor is it necessary to dwell on so ordinary a quality in one whose titles to hònour are of so much higher an order. Nevertheless there were peculiarities about this side of his character which deserve a moment's attention. His was bravery implanted by Nature, strengthened by habit and discipline, but farther fortified, so to speak, by that deeply-religious cast of habitual thought which, where it prevails, acts on the temperament with the same kind of corroborating influence as the fatalism of the

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Mr. Gubbins has at last had his way, and I hope he has had enough of it.' This observation, however, I understood not as implying that Mr. Gubbins had urged the particular position of Chinut as a suitable field of battle, but as denoting that Sir Henry, in consenting to advance so far, had yielded against his judgment, to the general craving for some dashing exploit which Mr. Gubbins's earnest advocacy of active measures had engendered."

Mussulman; equally intense and far more enduring. Valour so nursed is, in truth, "a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper." But of that share of valour with which men are endued by nature rather than by training there are two kinds. The one is what we popularly call "dash," the temper of mind which derives excitement from danger, and confronts it not merely with equanimity, but in a spirit of enjoyment. The other is of a more passive description, not exactly disregard of danger nor insensibility to it, but a kind of unconscious habitual slighting of it. This may be even allied to something like mental indolence. We shall see presently how Sir Henry exposed himself in the Residency at Lucknow to uncalled-for risk from the fire of the mutineers; how he was entreated to remove to a more sheltered spot; how he assented but delayed for two hours merely because the trouble of moving his papers and effects when fatigued on a very hot day, deterred him. He lost his life thereby; but who can estimate the value of the example which exhibitions of nerve like this afford to companions in peril less endowed with natural or acquired hardihood?

The affair at Chinhut was disastrous to this extent, that it precipitated what was otherwise inevitable, the occupation of the great open city of Lucknow by the victorious insurgents. They showed, indeed, on this occasion an alacrity which did more than usual credit to their determination. During the night after the action (that of the 30th) they loopholed most of the houses in the immediate vicinity, and early next morning "they began a very heavy fire of musketry, and the balls fell in showers everywhere. At one time in the forenoon they made a show of advancing to attack, but were

driven back with loss." And now the siege of the cantonments, which included the "Residency" and the "Muchi Bawn," between which Sir Henry's small force was inevitably divided, began in earnest. The Muchi Bawn, however, was immediately and very successfully abandoned and blown up, and the Residency alone remained for defence. The strength of the garrison on the 1st July was (according to Mr. Gubbins) 927 Europeans and 765 natives. The same authority estimates the forces of the mutineers at this time—that is, of revolted regiments stationed in the province—at nearly 7,000 men. But it is impossible to say to what extent the numbers of this body were swollen by the mass of irregular insurgents and plunderers who attached themselves to its fortunes.

Here, then, Sir Henry was left with the remnants of a few broken corps decimated by disease, and a number of unsteady native policemen and servants, to resist an army of rebels backed by the loose population of an enormous capital. His situation was, in truth, all but desperate; to a degree which subsequent observers have hardly realised, and which he himself was very far from admitting. Had the rebels turned the artillery in their possession to such use as to assail by a converging fire the rotten so-called defences to which the life and safety of the European forlorn hope was now entrusted, the whole fabric would have crumbled to pieces before their assault. Had they continued to evince even that amount of vigour and unity of purpose which they displayed in the march from Chinhut and in the attack of the 1st of July, prolonged resistance would have been impossible. In point of fact, the ultimate repulse of the besiegers and rescue of the

garrison were owing even less to the ample preparations made by Sir Henry than to the strange incapacity of the Oriental military mind for continuous effort, and the entire absence of leaders worthy of the name, which the history of the mutiny throughout displays.

The first efforts of the besiegers of Lucknow were, to all appearance, sufficiently formidable. "The wonder is," says one of the describers, "not that there were so many casualties as there were, but that any person was left alive in the garrison." But as the courage and resources of the defenders increased, the skill as well as fury of the assailants seemed to diminish. The assault of the 20th July (after Sir Henry's death) was "the most serious which occurred throughout the siege." It cost the assailants 1,000 men, the garrison only ten. "There were two others of the same kind, one on the 10th August, the other on the 5th of September; but they were much weaker, conducted with less determination, and lasted a less time than the first attack."

It was not for Sir Henry, however, to count on sheer incapacity and the discouragement of the enemy as his allies to this extent. He had to face the foe such as he at first appeared, and the seeming was formidable enough. He had to keep up the appearance of sanguine confidence, when his whole soul was engrossed with thoughts of the dreadful fate awaiting the helpless creatures, women and children, entrusted to his charge. He had to soothe, argue with, command the miscellaneous tempers which surrounded him and hampered him with their fears and their advice: the timid, who yielded to despair; the impulsive, who were always urging him on what they conceived more

decisive measures; and—perhaps most trying of all—the ingenious schemers who were always placing their devices at his disposal and urging them on his notice, when checked, with that patient argumentativeness which takes no denial. All this he had to endure. For the very necessity of the case threw all orders into a kind of republic, and Sir Henry's authority, though paramount when he chose to make it so, could not be exercised, as the records of the siege abundantly show, without listening to much volunteer as well as professional counsel. Such was his immediate position; around him, at a small distance all was darkness. He had not the ordinary alternative of the commander of a besieged garrison who looks forward either to a calculable relief, or, if needs must be, to an honourable surrender. The prospect of relief was utterly dark; surrender meant abandonment of his charge to massacre. If in circumstances like these, which had, indeed, prevailed more or less for weeks before the actual excitement began, Sir Henry's clearsightedness and prudence did in any instance give way—and the reader has all the materials before him for judging whether it did or no—this is merely to say that his judgment was not infallible under conditions which would have left room to few to exercise a sound judgment at all.[9]

The value of Sir Henry Lawrence's preparation,

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[9] Lovers of old Italian poetry may remember how Pulci describes the state of mind of the Paladin Orlando, when betrayed and beset with his small host in Roncesvalles:—

Credo che Orlando, come acuto e saggio,
  Conosceva il suo mal già presso al fine:
Ma pur mostrava nel volto coraggio:
  Che poco vaglion le nostre dottrine:
Pero che, quando un gran periglio è presso,
Difficil molto è consigliar se stesso.

of the labour of many weeks, both in collecting stores to an extent which some were disposed at the time to ridicule, and in training men, was now to be tested; but not by himself. His career approached its end. Others were to conduct that noble four months' defence—rendered possible only by his forethought—others were to go through the terrible excitement, the alternations of hope and fear, which attended the repeated efforts at relief, with varying success—others to share in Havelock's final triumph, dearly bought by his death. My task is only to retrace the events of the first few hours of the siege, the last of the commander's life.

Sir Henry had taken up his quarters in a room in the Residency, much exposed to shot, but convenient for his purpose of observation.

During the first day (July 1), says Colonel Wilson, the enemy threw an eight inch shell from the howitzer they had captured from us, into the room in which Sir Henry and old Cowper were sitting. It burst between them, and close to both; but without injury to either. We now urged Sir Henry to leave the Residency and go elsewhere, or at least go down below into the lower storey. This, however, he then declined to do, as he laughingly said that he did not believe the enemy had an artilleryman good enough to put another shell into that small room. Later in the day, some round shot came into the top storey of the Residency: and in the evening Mr. Cowper and I both pressed him to go below, and allow his writing things and papers to be moved; and he promised that he would next day. All that day (July 2nd) he was anxious about the withdrawal of the Muchi Bawn garrison, and was busy getting the mortars brought in so as to shell the intervening space. . . . Providentially the enemy had selected that night for the looting of the city, and the two garrisons were concentrated without any loss. . . . To-

A.M. wards 8 P.M. he returned greatly exhausted (the heat was dreadful) and lay down on the bed with his clothes on; and desired me to draw up a memorandum as to how the rations were to be distributed. I went into the next room to write it, but previous to doing so, I reminded him of his promise to go below. He said he was very tired, and would rest a couple of hours, and that then he would have his things moved. In about half-an-hour I went back into the room with what I had written. His nephew, Mr. George Lawrence, was then lying on a bed parallel to his uncle's, with a few feet between them. I went between the beds, and stood on the right-hand side of Sir Henry's, with one knee resting on the bed. A coolie was sitting on the floor pulling the punkah. I read what I had written; it was not quite in accordance with his wishes, and he was in the act of explaining what he wished altered, when the fatal shot came: a sheet of flame, a terrific report and shock, and dense darkness, is all I can describe. I fell down on the floor, and perhaps for a few seconds was quite stunned; and then got up, but could see nothing for the smoke and dust. Neither Sir Henry nor his nephew made any noise, and in great alarm I cried out, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" Twice I thus called out without any answer. The third time he said in a low tone, "I am killed." The punkah had come down, and the ceiling, and a great deal of the plaster, and the dust and smoke was so great that it was some minutes before I could see anything; but as it gradually cleared away, I saw the white coverlid of the bed on which Sir Henry was laid was crimson with his blood. Some soldiers of the 32nd now rushed in, and placed Sir Henry in a chair. I then found that the back of my shirt was all blown off, (I had on only a shirt and trousers) and that I was slightly wounded by a fragment of the shell . . . .

Several narratives of Sir Henry Lawrence's last hours are preserved; some have been used by former writers, some are in my hands in manuscript; all concur in the general portraiture of his resignation

and calmness, his minute and conscientious care for the garrison in his charge and the deeply religious preoccupation of his mind as regarded himself. But, as usual in such cases, the minute differences between observers who were all close at hand are such as to confirm the common impression of the uncertainty of historical testimony in small particulars. I think it sufficient for my purpose to select two: one by Dr. Fayrer, who attended him; one by his nephew George Lawrence, who was at his bedside to the last, who received his latest injunctions, who was wounded in the verandah adjoining, only half an hour before Sir Henry's death, but returned, injured as he was, to receive his last sigh. The tale is also touchingly related by Mrs. Harris, the wife of the clergyman who attended him. She with two other ladies, nursed the dying leader amidst the storm of shot and shell which burst around his couch.[10]

DR. FAYRER *to* COLONEL WILSON.

December 23, 1864.

MY DEAR WILSON,

THE particulars of Sir Henry Lawrence's death were, as nearly as I can remember them, as follows:

On the morning of the 2nd July, 1857, Mr. George Lawrence ran into my house and said that his uncle had been

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[10] Major Banks, in his Diary (printed in Captain Hutchinson's Narrative), says that Sir Henry's last directions communicated to him after his wound were chiefly these:—

"Reserve fire. Check all wall firing.

"Carefully register ammunition for guns and small arms in store. Carefully register daily expenditure as far as possible.

"Spare the precious health of Europeans in every possible way from shot and sun.

"Organize working parties for night labour.

"Entrench, entrench, entrench. Erect traverses. Cut off enemy's fire.

"Turn every horse out of the entrenchments except enough for four guns.

seriously wounded, perhaps killed, and begged me to go over at once and see him. At that moment there was a heavy fire of shot and shell on the Residency house; I went immediately and found Sir Henry laid on a table in the drawing-room with several officers about him; you, I think, and Sir G. Cowper were of the number. Sir Henry was faint and depressed by the wound he had just received, and his first question to me, was, "How long have I got to live!" I replied, that I hoped for some time; but on removing the torn dress and having ascertained the extent of the wound, I said, as he pressed for an answer, that I thought about forty-eight hours. The upper part of the left thigh was lacerated by a piece of shell which had passed through it, comminuting the head of the bone, and causing extensive injury of the soft parts.

We gave him cordials and endeavoured to rouse him; he rallied considerably, though perfect reaction never came, but he spoke fast and freely, and not only then, but during that day and the next, he talked much, and on important subjects.

As round shot and shell were striking and entering the house, all thought it better to remove him, lest he should be hit again, or those around him should suffer; we accordingly carried him over to my house, which was just across the road, and placed him in a bed in the northern verandah, which at that moment was somewhat sheltered from the heavy fire of shot, shell, and musketry raining on the Residency.

We got him over without injury to any one, but he had hardly been placed in the verandah before a terrific fire was

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Keep Sir Henry Lawrence's horse Ludakee; it is a gift to his nephew, George Lawrence.

"Use the State prisoners as a means for getting in supplies, by gentle means if possible, or by threats.

"Enrol every servant as hildar, or carrier of earth. Pay liberally—double, quadruple.

"Turn out every native who will not work (save menials who have more than abundant labour).

"Write daily to Allahabad or Agra.

"Sir Henry Lawrence's servants to receive one year's pay; they are to work for any other gentleman who wants them, or they may leave if they prefer to do so."

opened on it, and it was only by the greatest care in keeping within shelter of the pillars and end walls that our party was protected. The following day indeed, the round shot had so crumbled the walls of the end rooms which sheltered the verandah, that we had to remove him into the drawing-room, which though exposed, became less so than the verandah.

When he had sufficiently rested to bear further examination, I and my friend Dr. Partridge with Dr. Ogilvie, examined him thoroughly under the influence of chloroform, and we found that the injuries were, as I at first supposed, so grave, that even amputation at the hip joint offered no hope of saving life, and we accordingly then thought only of the *Euthanasia*, endeavouring to relieve pain, and make the inevitable passage to the grave as painless as possible.

He remained perfectly sensible that day and for great part of the next, the 3rd. He died from exhaustion on the morning of the 4th, at about eight o'clock. I was there, and his last moments were peaceful and, I think, almost painless. You remember how much he said during the first day, when he gave instructions concerning his successor, about what he wished us to do, and what he thought of the coming troubles; how thoughtfully he dwelt on every point of importance in reference to the defence of the garrison; and also when speaking of himself, how humbly he talked of his own life and services.

I have no doubt you remember that he several times said, he desired that no epitaph should be placed on his tomb but this: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." [11]

He said many kind things to those about him, and spoke most affectionately of those who would most deeply mourn his loss, his children, and near relatives. As his strength failed he spoke less, and during the afternoon and night of the 3rd of July he said little. He gradually sunk and, as I

[11] Mrs. Harris mentions that he added to these words, "This text I should like: 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.' Is it not in Daniel? It was on my dear wife's tomb."

have said, expired on the morning of the 4th July at about eight o'clock.

At one time we entertained hopes, for a few moments, that by amputation at the hip joint a chance of life might be afforded, and I made the necessary preparations; but, on closer examination, we found that the injuries were too extensive to give any hope of success, and the idea was abandoned. I gave him chloroform at intervals, and also opiates and stimulants as appeared to be necessary; and I believe that the pain was much assuaged. Indeed I do not think that his suffering was so intense as those who stood around him imagined. From the moment almost of his arrival in my house a heavy fire was directed on it, and some of the party were wounded: Mr. G. Lawrence for one—a ball having passed through his shoulder.

The late Rev. J. P. Harris, chaplain, was with him constantly, and administered the sacrament; he was with him at his death. Sir Henry was buried in the evening. I did not actually see him interred, for at the moment when the body was being removed I was attending on a wounded man in Gubbins's garrison.

This is, as well as I can remember, how Sir Henry Lawrence died, and what occurred between his death and the infliction of the wound.

He said much that I cannot now sufficiently clearly recall to memory to enable me to put it on paper, but the subject of his conversations were chiefly the garrison, and the steps to be taken for its safety, and the mutiny and the causes of it; of himself he spoke most affectingly and humbly, ignoring his own great merits, and dwelling on what he thought his own shortcomings. He urged the vanity of all worldly ambition at a time like that which had suddenly come to him, and he entreated those who heard him to lay it to heart.

He particularly enjoined economy of ammunition and food, and expressed his deep anxiety about the fate of the women and children.

As all this occurred during great confusion and under a crushing fire, the last moments of his life were necessarily

more disturbed than otherwise they might have been. But he was seldom if ever alone for a moment, and I believe that, as far as might be under the circumstances, his sufferings were relieved. His most constant attendant, who was wounded almost at his side, was his nephew, George Lawrence.

As to what occurred at the moment when he was wounded, and just after his death, you are better informed than I am.

If I have omitted anything, let me know, and I will endeavour to fill up what is wanting.

Yours very sincerely,

J. FAYRER.

Extract of a letter from G. H. LAWRENCE, Esq., C.S., *to his father, dated Calcutta, January* 11*th*, 1858.

. . . . You would like to hear the true account of uncle's death, so I will try and tell you.

On July 2nd, about 8 oclock, just before breakfast, (which was laid in the next room at my suggestion) when uncle and I were lying on our beds, side by side, having just come in from our usual morning walk and inspection, and while Wilson, the Deputy Adjutant-General, was standing between our beds, reading some orders to uncle, an eight-inch shell thrown from a howitzer, came in at the wall, exactly in front of my bed, and at the same instant burst. There was an instant darkness, and a kind of red glare, and for a second or two no one spoke. Finding myself uninjured, though covered with bricks from top to toe, I jumped up, at the same time uncle cried out that he was killed. Assistance came, and we found that Sir Henry's left leg had been almost taken off, high up by the thigh, a painful wound. We carried him from the Residency to Dr. Fayrer's house, amid a shower of bullets, and put him in one of the verandahs; there he seemed to feel that he had received his death-wound, and calling for the head people he gave over the chief commissionership into the hands of Major Banks, and the charge of the garrison to Colonel Inglis, at the same time giving them his last instructions what to do, among which was, "*never to give*

in." He sent for others, such as G. Hardinge, of whom he was very fond, told them what he expected from them, and spoke of the future; he also sent for all those whom he thought he had ever, though unintentionally injured, or even spoken harshly to, and asked their forgiveness. His bed was surrounded by old friends and new friends, and there were few dry eyes there. His old servants he spoke to. He told them of the contents of his will, and who he wished to look after his children, and he spoke also of yourself and mother with great affection. He was pleased to say that I had been like a son to him, and that though he used to think me selfish, he had not found me so, and lastly gave me his blessing; may it avail much.

We all received the communion with him, and at one time the doctors thought of taking off his leg, but it would have been of no use. To drown the pain, they gave him chloroform constantly, and then he cried out rather incoherently about home and his mother. He seemed to me at times in great pain, but the doctor said he was not. He spoke of course, of dear aunt Letty, and a good deal at intervals of his wife, repeating texts she had been fond of. He took part in the prayers read by Mr. Harris, the clergyman, when we thought he was going, but more than once he rallied, though getting weaker and weaker. After the evening of the second he scarcely spoke at all, and the next day was, I think, nearly unconscious. Dr. Ogilvie was very kind in watching with me, and giving him drink when thirsty; and two ladies also, waited on him,—poor Mrs. Dashwood, who has since lost her husband and brother; and Mrs. Harris, the clergyman's wife; and I must not forget Mrs. Clarke. About eight o'clock on the 4th he died, quite quietly; I scarcely knew when the breath left him, for I was sitting at his feet, having just been wounded. Dr. Ogilvie first told me all was over.

A better man never stepped, but we must not grieve for him, but try and follow his example. He was buried in the churchyard, where all the rest were, but no one save the padré could attend, as the place was under fire, and everyone had to be at his post . . . .

It became in a few hours (says Mrs. Harris) necessary to remove the corpse, and my husband summoned some soldiers to help him carry him out into the verandah, and then a very touching scene ensued. The men came in, and, before lifting the charpey, one of them turned down the sheet which covered Sir Henry's face, and, stooping over him, kissed his forehead, and then the rest all did the same. I think there were four of them.

A hurried prayer, amidst the booming of the enemy's cannon, and the fire of their musketry, was read over his remains, and he was lowered into a pit with several other, though lowlier, companions in arms.

The following simple testimonial expresses, at all events, the spontaneous feeling and judgment of the moment among those who surrounded Sir Henry Lawrence at his last hour. It is from Mrs. Ogilvie, wife of the surgeon who attended him, addressed to her mother at Allahabad :—

His death was an irreparable loss to the whole garrison, he was so efficient in every way. . . It is said that no one is perfect; but, if Sir Henry was not, he was the next thing to it. If he had lived I am quite sure he would have got the siege raised without any assistance—he knew natives so well —and would have managed to get us out of the scrape somehow.

"He was a true Christian," wrote Sir John Inglis, the distinguished officer who succeeded him in command, to Sir H. Edwardes, in summing up some observations on the last events of his life, "and a better man never breathed. As an experienced artillery officer, a clear-headed man, and a most efficient civilian, thoroughly understanding the natives' character, and knowing how to deal with them, his loss to

our garrison was irreparable. But, independently of all this, we loved him as a friend, and felt we had lost a father."

It fell to the lot of the same officer to pay the last official tribute to the memory of his predecessor in his report of the 26th September :—

The late lamented Sir H. Lawrence, knowing that his last hour was rapidly approaching, directed me to assume command of the troops, and appointed Major Banks to succeed him in the office of Chief Commissioner. He lingered in great agony till the morning of July 4, when he expired, and the Government was thereby deprived, if I may venture to say so, of the services of a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier. Few men have ever possessed to the same extent the power which he enjoyed of winning the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact, and thus ensuring the warmest and most zealous devotion for himself and for the Government which he served. The successful defence of the position has been, under Providence, solely attributable to the foresight which he evinced in the timely commencement of the necessary operations, and the great skill and untiring personal activity which he exhibited in carrying them into effect. All ranks possessed such confidence in his judgment and his fertility of resource, that the news of his fall was received throughout the garrison with feelings of consternation, only second to the grief which was inspired in the hearts of all by the loss of a public benefactor, and a warm personal friend. Feeling as keenly and as gratefully as I do the obligations that the whole of us are under to this great and good man, I trust the Government in India will pardon me for having attempted, however imperfectly, to portray them. In him, every good and deserving soldier lost a friend and a chief capable of discriminating, and ever on the alert to reward merit, no matter how humble the sphere in which it was exhibited.

Such was the immediate expression of general

feeling on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. But the honour then paid him was not destined to be a mere transitory display. His name and memory only became more and more familiar in men's minds as the distance of time which separated him from the communion of the living grew wider, and the real proportions of his greatness more truly perceptible. What he had done in the Punjaub for the establishment of British rule, for the government and reconcilement of a nation, was only rendered gradually manifest; but the immediate effects of his character and personal influence there were never, perhaps, so truly present to the public mind as on that day, the 14th of August, 1857, when Nicholson marched into the British camp before Delhi at the head of the last Punjaubee levies[12] to decide the fate of the siege. Thanks to the foundation laid by Henry Lawrence and the superstructure raised on it by his brother John, that had come to pass which many a cautious Anglo-Indian had pronounced unsafe or impossible: a motley multitude of Sikhs, Affghans, and other warlike races, led by many a loyal chief, had been brought from the distant frontier to range itself in line of battle alongside of their former conquerors; while our own European and regular garrison of the province had been rendered available for the same purpose by the content and order established in the region hitherto under its protection. The fortifi-

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[12] "It has been officially computed that the total number of Punjaubees actually raised by Sir John Lawrence for service during the Mutiny amounted to 47,351. But, besides these, if we calculate the native contingents, amounting to about 8,000 men, the Punjaubees who had belonged to Hindustani regiments and who remained faithful, and the recruits who flocked to other corps in Hindustan, the total number supplied by the Punjaub could not have been short of 80,000 men."—COLONEL MALLESON, *Recreations of an Indian Official.*

cation of Lucknow as a bastion, against which, long after his death, the impotent surges of the mutiny continued to break in vain; the statesmanship and wisdom through which the Punjaub became available in other hands than his as a main reservoir of the counteracting force, by which that mutiny was at last subdued,—these, as regards the crisis in which he perished, constituted the lofty claim of Lawrence to rank among the highest in that band of heroic fellow-labourers, military and civil, who saved for us the empire of India. Such were his last and crowning services; but they form, in truth, only an insignificant part of the titles which he earned to the gratitude of his country by devotion to her Indian interests in the noblest sense—by example, by precept, by inculcation, on all occasions and against all temptation to swerve aside, of Christian and honourable principles. Of these I need say no more, as they may be learnt, I hope, from the materials contained in these volumes without any idle recapitulation by his biographer.

Fourteen months after Sir Henry's death, in August, 1858, the Government of India passed, under Act of Parliament, from the hands of the East India Company to the direct control of the Crown. He was, therefore, the last of that great line of statesmen soldiers—the last in the list which begins with Clive and ends with himself—who held to the end, and dignified, the simple title of "servants of the Company;" and with him closes one of the strangest and not least glorious chapters in the history of England and of the world.

"He urged the vanity of all earthly ambition," so Dr. Fayrer tells us, "at a time like that which had suddenly come to him." Those who survived him

had to experience a singular and impressive comment on this maxim, as old as the world's history. There was, as yet, no telegraphic communication between India and England; and on the 22nd July, three weeks after his death, the Court of Directors in London resolved that "Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., be appointed provisionally to succeed to the office of Governor-General of India, on the death, resignation, or coming away of Viscount Canning, pending the arrival of a successor from England," in compliance with which resolution, according to the usage of that time, the Crown was advised by its minister to make the appointment. As Lord Canning died in India, Sir Henry, had he lived, would have succeeded him provisionally by virtue of this nomination. As it was, the late Sir W. Denison filled the vacancy for a while, and the present Lord Lawrence was then named to hold the magnificent vice royalty which would have been his brother's.

Some years after Sir Henry's death, a plain tombstone was erected by the subscription of a few friends to his memory, in the English church at Lucknow. His name is also inscribed on the monument raised in the gardens of the same city to those who fell in the siege. And a space for a tablet was allotted to him in St. Paul's by the side of other men eminent in Indian and foreign warfare and government; Sir Charles Napier, Elphinstone, and the two first bishops of Calcutta.

So much of Sir Henry's papers and correspondence throughout his busy life are devoted to household ties and household concerns, that any one who has taken an interest in them may find a short record of the members of his family, whose names have appeared often in these pages, convenient. Sir Henry left three surviving

children :—1. Alexander, in the Indian Civil Service, created a baronet in memory of his father's achievements; he died from an accident, in Upper India, in 1864, leaving an infant son, the present owner of the title. 2. Henry Waldemar, born in Nepaul. 3. Honoria, Sir Henry's child companion after her mother's death in Rajpootana. Sir Henry left also four surviving brothers, who all attained a high position in Indian civil and military service. Lieut.-General Sir George St. Patrick; General Alexander, Madras Cavalry, since dead; Lord Lawrence; and Colonel Richard Lawrence. George Henry, in the Civil Service, who was with Sir Henry at his death, is the eldest son of Sir George. Three married sisters, and one unmarried, also survive him.

The following summary of the steps of his civil and military career, with dates, may be useful as a guide :—

1823. 21st February, arrived in India.
1825. 18th November, appointed adjutant to Artillery, S.E. Division.
1826. 25th April, appointed Deputy Commissary of Ordnance at Akyab.
1830. 10th February, arrived in India from furlough.
1831. 10th August, ordered to act as Adjutant to the left wing of 2nd battalion of Artillery confirmed.
„ 27th September, transferred to Horse Artillery.
„ 23rd October, joined headquarters of 3rd Brigade at Meerut.
„ 29th November, removed to 1st Brigade Horse Artillery.
1832. 12th September, pronounced qualified in the native languages.
„ 6th December, declared qualified for the duties of interpreter.
1833. 13th January, appointed Interpreter and Quartermaster to 7th Battalion of Artillery.

1833. 28th January, permitted to resign the above appointment and reappointed to 1st troop 3rd Brigade Horse Artillery.

,, 20th February, assumed charge of the revenue duties at Moradabad.

,, 22nd February, appointed Assistant Revenue Surveyor.

,, 14th March, removed to 1st Company, 4th Battalion.

1835. 2nd June, promoted to rank of full Surveyor.

1836. 2nd June, employed in superintending the Eastern Division of the Goruckpore Survey.

1837. 4th August, removed to 2nd Brigade Horse Artillery.

,, 4th September, employed in the survey of the District of Allahabad.

1838. 29th September, placed at the disposal of the Commander-in-chief.

1839. 14th January, appointed Officiating Assistant to Political Agent at Loodianah.

,, 21st January, received civil charge of Ferozepore.

,, 21st February, removed to Foot Artillery.

1840. 11th March, posted to 4th troop, 3rd Brigade, Horse Artillery.

,, 31st March, appointed assistant to the Governor-General's agent, for affairs of the Punjaub and north-west frontier.

1842. Accompanied Sikh Auxiliary Force to Cabul, &c.

,, 31st December, appointed to officiate as Superintendent of the Deyrah Dhoon and Mussoorie.

,, 31st December, presented with a sword by the Maharajah of Lahore.

1843. 17th February, appointed Assistant to the Envoy at Lahore.

,, 1st December, appointed Resident at Nepaul.

1846. 3rd January, appointed Governor-General's Agent for Foreign Relations north-west frontier, and Affairs of the Punjaub.

,, 1st April, appointed Governor-General's Agent north-west frontier.

1847. 8th January, appointed Resident at Lahore.

1848. 28th April, created a K.C.B.

1849. 1st February, appointed Resident at Lahore and Chief Commissioner of the Cis and Trans-Sutlej States.

1849. 14th April, appointed President of the Board of Administration for the Affairs of the Punjaub, and Agent to the Governor-General.

1853. 9th February, appointed Agent to the Governor-General for the States of Rajpootana.

1854. 20th June, appointed Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.

1857. 14th March, appointed Chief Commissioner and Agent to the Governor-General in Oude.

„ 2nd July, killed.

Dates of Commissions.

Second Lieutenant Artillery, 10th May, 1822.
First Lieutenant, 5th October, 1825.
Captain, 10th May, 1837.
Major, 23rd December, 1842.
Lieutenant-Colonel, 19th June, 1846.
Colonel, 20th June, 1854.
Lieutenant-Colonel, 18th May, 1856.
Brigadier-General, 19th May, 1857.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

THE following fragment is without date or address, but apparently belongs to the period between the Affghan and Sikh wars.

Purposing to give you a series of letters on matters general and particular, whether civil or military, I will commence with a brief confession of faith.

Our Government is neither so bad nor so good as it is made out to be. We are neither the monsters of the British Association, nor are we the angels of . . . .

Our civil arrangements are very incomplete, they intend well, and they often effect; arrangements have never been maturely and considerately made, and then efficiently administered; but individuals have been allowed to play with the people, making their best interests the subject of crude experiments. There were often zealous men; they passed away, and then came the sluggish and the slothful; the four hour-a-day Kutchery men, they too changing with every crop, and less known to their people. There are and have been many bright exceptions, and at this moment there are perhaps in the civil service, as many working men as in any equal number of functionaries; but there are still too few, and the motive, the incentive, is not much. Let any man acquainted with the service take up the list and look over the

names of any consecutive fifty civilians, and add up their abstract for the period of their service, and the months of their service, and the hours of their occupation; let him do this in a general way, merely without favour, putting down items to the best of his knowledge, he will then sometimes find Mr. —— officiating collector at ——, drawing 1,250 or 1,400, never absent, hard working, eight hours per day; Mr. ——, collector, same service, absent about half his time, of much the same ability, drawing 2,500; another drawing 700 or 1,000, while his inferior in every point is drawing 1,600 or 2,000. But it is not so much the salary in excess given, for all will agree that for a man of ten or twelve years standing 1,500 is good reward; but it is that either of the above classes, favoured or unfavoured, stupid, clever, mischievous, aye, positively mischievous, or however highly gifted, must all shake down into session judges, commissioners, or members of boards. Thus it is, with little exception, in the political and judicial departments; very superior ability will doubtless find its way, and perhaps more readily in this service than elsewhere; but the steady, sober man of sense, with nothing showy, but with habits of business and desire of usefulness, has little chance. . . . Let us turn over the list of those employed on the Affghan expedition at the outset and since, and all will agree that merit did not cause the selection. Intelligence, all will agree, might have been better; for besides the inefficiency of individual agents, the gross ignorance on vital points, on points that might and ought to have destroyed the army, there was a want of fitting in of the parts and dovetailing of establishments, which was cruelly felt . . . . In short, I look upon our Government as most governments, as one of favouritism and of parties, and that merit can seldom get over want of friends at court; and that it should not be so; that our position is such that our able men, our men of business, should be at the head, and that our sluggards should be on the shelf, and our idlers should be unemployed.

The present head of Government is known to mean well, and to be suspicious of intrigue in his appointments, but he

requires both to remember that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and also that it is a cruel mockery to hand over a whole district to a man who is a fool, a drunkard, an idler, or a profligate; that it would be better to hand over to him his salary and prevent him from bringing ruin on his clients and a bad name on the Government.

Our military establishment should be on the most efficient footing, not only as to numbers, but as to perfect field efficiency: which means, that it should be seconded by contingents to (? from) every native State; that these contingents should be commanded and seconded by the choice of our military spirits; that the native officers should be really officers, in emolument, authority, pension, &c., on a lower rate of pay suited to their habits and expenses, but still as gentlemen.

That the divisions should be newly arranged and suited to our present circumstances: that at every post there should be guns: that we should take possession of Nepaul, and either make arrangements for getting Cashmere or secure our communications with Affghanistan. It was the fault of our travellers and reporters, and not of the Government, that we have at an immense expense put ourselves into an advanced and weaker position than had we contented ourselves with securing the passes and left an invader to flounder as he might through them. However, there are deserts and rocks enough still in our front, and we are very safe even from the Russians; but it behoves us to look at home, to prevent causes of disgust, and to be ready at a blow to crush the bud of rebellion.

Wherever we are few, we should be choice, our contingents therefore should be select. We should also mix our troops. We should have corps, or at least companies of Malays . . . and Hillmen; to every European corps we should attach a native company, not as fags, but as an honourable distinction, as a light company with extra pay and privileges. We should have a proportion of our army with only two officers, commandant and second, all the rest to be as proposed, for contingents. The officers to be native gentlemen and picked non-commissioned officers, but the regularly officered corps to have no natives above havildar. . . .

Every officer holding charge of a company should have a colloquial examination; a general staff corps to be formed for the supply of all staff appointments, for every branch, as a supporter and strengthener, and perhaps eventually a substitute for the civil service; but every officer to do five years (regimental) duty, giving him time to study languages, &c.; every one after such service to be eligible before examiners constituted thus: at Kurnaul, Agra, Cawnpore, Benares, and Calcutta; let there be an examiner, before whom exercises to be performed, in two languages, political economy, law, history, particularly Indian, customs, and manners; any other, such as dead and continental languages, science, &c., to be optional.

(Then follow mechanical precautions suggested to secure fairness of examination.)

APPENDIX II.[1]

Release of Prisoners from Cabul.

Sir H. Lawrence *to* —— Elliott, Esq., (Secretary to Government).

Lahore, August (apparently 1846).

Sir,—

I have the honour to enclose a bill for rs. 13,947-4, incurred on account of 142 men, women, and children rescued through Syud Mortuza Shah from Cabul and its vicinity, and request the sanction of the Right Honourable the Governor-General.

I have sent the European boy to the Hill Asylum, and have made over all the native children either to their own friends, or such as appeared likely to treat them well: the latter, in all cases, with the child's full consent; and after I had kept him or her for two months, to give time for relatives to come forward.

The sixteen youngest girls (whose probable fate, if otherwise disposed of, would have been prostitution), have been made over to the missionaries at Loodiana.

I may here mention that another Syud, whom I sent up to Bokhara last July, with large promises of reward if he could procure the release or even tidings of the captivity of any European officers or soldiers in that quarter, has just returned. His mission has been entirely unsuccessful, but he has brought back confirmation of the tidings of the murder of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, though up to the

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[1] Vol. i., chap. IX.

date of his departure last year he assured me that their being still alive was probable. The man had formerly been a servant of Captain Conolly, and it was chiefly owing to the interest he expressed in his late master's fate, and that connections of Captain Conolly shared the Syud's hopes, that I sent him, though with very faint hopes of a happy result so far as concerned the two officers so often reported dead, though I thought it not improbable that information might be obtained of the captivity of other British subjects. I am now disposed to doubt the existence of any Europeans as prisoners in Central Asia.

APPENDIX III.[1]

THE following letter, without date, but addressed about June, 1852, by the Board at Lahore to the Government of India, is included on account of the importance which subsequent events have given to the subject:—

About June 1852.

SIR,—

IN July, 1850, the Jagheer rolls of Huzara were returned to the Board for further information, with an expression of the Most Noble the Governor-General's disapproval of the recommendations thereon. They have since been very carefully revised and reconsidered; and, although the information is still more incomplete than could be wished, the Board, after frequent references to Major Abbott and other quarters, are unable to make more satisfactory returns than are now submitted.

2. The circumstances of Huzara are peculiar, both as to position and mode of acquirement. Held, as the name denotes, by numerous (Huzara, thousands) chiefs. The area of the country is not less than 3,000 square miles, of which fully nine-tenths are mountainous, the rest being narrow dales diverging from Huzara proper, which is a plain of scarcely fifty square miles. The mountains are rocky and wild in the extreme, intersected with few and narrow paths, and occupied by a wild, rude people, who, though poor soldiers in the plain, are formidable in their fastnesses.

3. The country cannot be said to have been over conquered. It does not appear to have even paid tribute to the

[1] Vol. ii., chap. xvii., p. 215.

Kings of Delhi or Affghanistan, or to have been in any way molested by the Viceroys of the Punjaub. The people rather commanded their own terms, and, flanking the high road between Lahore and Peshawur, more usually obtained black mail than paid revenue.

4. The Sikhs harried rather than subdued it. In several instances large bodies of them, under their best leaders, were beaten by the armed peasantry. By combined violence and treachery they at length made good their footing for a time and studded the banks of the Indus and every hill-top with forts, numbering, large and small, scarcely less than a hundred. Thus, though the country was temporarily subdued, the military occupation much more than swallowed up all the resources; and every Mahommedan in the land was prepared to take the first opportunity for insurrection. It came with the Sutlej war, when not only was every small post surrendered or abandoned, but the strong fort of Hurreepoor, the capital of the country, capitulated to the armed peasantry headed by their chiefs, and Moolraj, the Sikh Governor, was permitted to withdraw from the country.

5. In the division of the hill and plain country after the Treaty of Kussoor, Huzara was made over to Maharajah Goolab Sing; but it was soon found he could not hold it in peace, and that he was likely only to perpetuate the Sikh system of alternate foray and defeat; now cutting off a tribe or leader—now subject to the loss of his own detachments, and thus keeping the whole border in agitation. The Resident at Lahore therefore in 1846-7, under sanction of Government, proposed to the Durbar and to Maharajah Goolab Sing an exchange of territory; and after much demur on both sides effected the measure on the basis that an equitable assessment should first be made in Huzara involving the release of Jagheers and other rent-free holdings, and that, *on the reduced income*, lands should be given on another part of the border to *half* the value of those of Huzara.

6. Thus it was that a sort of guarantee was given by British functionaries to the Jagheer status established by Major Abbott, who was at that time—after having concluded the boundary settlement—selected for the delicate task of esta-

blishing peace in Huzara by reducing its burthens, and substituting justice and conciliation for violence and plunder.

7. The scheme was at once found to answer, and has since worked well. The numerous chiefs, proud as they are petty, found for the first time that submission would not entail plunder, and that their rights, privileges, and feelings were safe in Major Abbott's keeping. They therefore stood by him in a body during the insurrection of the Sikh army, not only after the communication with Lahore had been cut off, but even after Dost Mahomed had taken part in the war. Many even stood nobly by his side when their own lands were occupied by the enemy and all they held dearest was at stake.

If then the recommendations of the Board appear over liberal, they beg that the Most Noble the Governor-General in Council will do them the favour of believing that it is not without full consideration of the past and present circumstances of the country, and in the full conviction that it is the cheapest and most politic mode of managing it. The Governor-General is aware that the Board by no means coincide in all Major Abbott's views; they cannot, however, deny the fact that Huzara, with large elements of trouble in and around it, has continued in almost unbroken peace.

8. The Board have consulted not only the old Sikh officials and officers—as Rajah Taj Singh, Dewan Moolraj, and others, who long held commands in Huzara—but with Mr. Cortlandt and Major Chamberlain, both of whom are intimately acquainted with the country, and they quite agree with the latter officers that the power of granting ten or twelve thousand rupees a year in Jagheer, to influential persons as lapses fall, will do more to preserve the country than any moderate number of troops can do. Major Abbott remarks that the full amount of increase of allowances he proposes to those chiefs and their followers, who served him faithfully throughout the war, would only suffice to pay one hundred and sixty matchlock men. This, the Board remarks, is about the expense of one company of infantry; while it cannot be disguised that the discontent or disaffection of a single

individual—even the head of a mere village, however trivial be the cause—may raise a flame that will require regiments to put down, and involve expense incalculably beyond what is now proposed.

9. The Most Noble the Governor-General will observe the terms of each perpetual grant are distinctly for *services* when required, and that to provide against imbecility or other objection, the terms are left open to selection at each demise. This much of uncertainty is generally agreeable to natives of the East. It makes certain that their family will not be extinguished, except for misconduct; that a provision for the family *will be given*, if one worthy man be found, and it makes all emulous of the distinction. The Board are aware that there are objections to the scheme—that it may encourage the intrigues of one against another. This, at any rate, is to be preferred to intrigue against the Government; and, as in their recent recommendation for succession to the Khanship of ——, in Yusufzye, they desire always to uphold the undivided rights of seniority when merits are up to the mark. They do not desire to search for the ablest man among many sons or cousins, but simply to set aside the nearest heir if he be decidedly incompetent or unfaithful.

THE END.

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