

Life in India, and scenes in the mutiny : being a lecture, delivered to the n.c. officers and men of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, in the gymnasium shed, Royal Artillery Park, Halifax, on Friday afternoon, April 27th, 1860 / by H. Chalmers Miles.

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Royal College of Surgeons of England
from the Author
LIFE IN INDIA, ———

AND

SCENES IN THE MUTINY.

BEING

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED TO THE N. C. OFFICERS AND MEN

OF THE

ROYAL ARTILLERY AND ROYAL ENGINEERS,

IN THE

GYMNASIUM SHED, ROYAL ARTILLERY PARK, HALIFAX,

ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 27th, 1860.

BY

H. CHALMERS MILES,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND, LICENTIATE
OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH; MEMBER OF
THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY; UNDER GRADUATE OF THE LONDON
UNIVERSITY; ASSISTANT SURGEON ROYAL ARTILLERY.

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LIFE IN INDIA.

SCENES IN THE MUTINY.

COLONEL TAYLOR.

BY THE AUTHOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. STIMPSON.

GOLDEN BELL.

ROYAL ARMY AND NAVY ENGINEERS.

1857.

THE ORIGINAL COPY OF THIS BOOK IS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE

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ROYAL ARMY AND NAVY ENGINEERS.

H. G. STIMPSON.

PRINTED BY H. G. STIMPSON, 15, SOUTH BARRACK STREET, LONDON.

THE AUTHOR.

Printed in Great Britain.

1857.

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1857.

TO

COLONEL NELSON,

COMMANDING ROYAL ENGINEER,

TO

COLONEL A. BENN,

COMMANDING ROYAL ARTILLERY,

AND TO

THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN

OF THE

ROYAL ARTILLERY AND ROYAL ENGINEERS,

THIS LECTURE IS

DEDICATED

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

SYNOPSIS OF LECTURE.

INTRODUCTION. India, Outline and Aspect—Brief Historical Retrospect—European Life in India—("a soldier's view,")—Contrast to life in other parts of the world—Comparative ease, independence, &c.,—Disadvantages of tropical residence—Life in Barracks—On the March—In the Field, through an Enemy's country—Elephants, Camels, Doolies, Gharries, &c., &c.

SCENES IN THE MUTINY. Prefatory remarks—Attack on Nimbheira—Noble conduct of a Soldier—Repulse of the column—How the Sick and Wounded fared—Neemuch—Story of the Siege—Aspect of Neemuch after Siege—The young B—s—A young Heroine—A brave Beloochee—Execution of Mutineers—Chittore—How we returned to Nusseerabad—Why we went to Awah—The Thakoor's palace—We go to Kotah—Magazines blown up—Lamentable deaths—The Campaign terminates.

CONCLUSION. Reflections on the Mutiny—Henry Lawrence—Have-lock—Neill—The future of India.

LIFE IN INDIA, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

CONTRASTED with my predecessors in the admirable series of Lectures which many of us have heard, and with so much pleasure, delivered in this room, I fear I may seem to labor under several disadvantages. I have but few pictorial illustrations to offer to you, scarce anything which appeals through the eye to the imagination and the intellect, and I have, therefore, to ask from you a larger share of patience, and a greater amount of attention than have been requisite or desirable on previous occasions. My subject embraces a wide range: it is comprehensive in its design, yet minute in its details, but during the exposition I rely upon you to exhibit the intelligent bearing which has distinguished your conduct at former Lectures. Now, most of you are familiar with the outline of Hindostan. It is enclosed, as you will see, by grand natural boundaries. This map, on which Sergeant Cooper* has exhausted so much time, and which reflects great credit on his talents, shews you that the high table-land of Thibet, and the chain of the Himalayah mountains, separate its northern frontier from its western and eastern limits, which are naturally formed by the Indus on the one, and the Brahmapootra on the other, side—the two greatest rivers of India. The southern portion forms an extensive peninsula, bounded, as you perceive, by the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal. India, thus generally defined, may be described as situate between the 8th and 34th degrees of north latitude, and 68th and 92nd east longitude.

Now entering a little more into detail, we see at the N. W. side Kurrachee, which is entitled at the present day to be called the capital of Scinde. All of you may have heard how Sir CHARLES NAPIER earned immortality by the conquest of this Province, and most of you should know something of this great General, who was not merely a hero in the highest sense of the term, but was also the sincerest and most true-hearted friend which I believe the British soldier ever possessed. No man more than he exhibited the finest qualities of a general, and few British officers attained the height of popularity which was freely accorded to the hero of Meeance and Hyderabad, not merely by his countrymen and the followers of his army, but by penitent Sikhs and submissive Ameers.

We next come to the Island of Bombay, which was originally part of the dowry of Catherine, the Portugese Consort of Charles II. His Majesty got it in 1662, and after about eight years possession, finding that he gained little by so poor a property, which had nothing to recommend it but the fact that it offered the finest harbor in India, granted it to the East India Company, to be holden at a rent of £10 in gold, payable yearly! The beautiful island which the East India Company grasped on such facile terms, now contains a city with a population of 400,000, has

* The Schoolmaster Sergeant of the Batteries, stationed at Halifax.

a trade of exports and imports of 14 million pounds sterling, and is the seat and centre of a government—subordinate though it be to supreme authority at Calcutta,—which exercises sway over, and legislates for, 10,000,000 people! Looking further southward we see the Mysore country, which, forming a table-land of nearly three thousand feet above the sea-level, enjoys a temperate and healthy climate; the coast of Malabar, with its crowds of forests and cultured lands; and, last of all, Cape Comorin, which towers up from the deep, like some mighty giant keeping watch and ward amid the seething waves and the howling tempests, which for centuries have impressed the marks of their relentless strife, on this rugged coastline. Point de Galle, which has been wittily described as the ‘posting house’ between Europe and Asia (because it is the place where all travellers have to stop in their transit either to, or from, the east) brings us to Ceylon—an Island remarkable for its beauty of scenery. This exquisite spot seems to realize all that Eastern imagination can picture of Paradise. It teems with the countless products of mineral and precious stones, and as the soft winds sigh through the Cinnamon groves, and an aromatic odour, sweeter than that wafted by the spices of Araby, rises on all sides, like incense, to the sky, the pilgrims who visit its shrines from distant lands, kiss the earth, in thankfulness at the approach of the perfumed breeze, and believe with implicit reverence that they have reached at last ‘the abode of the blest.’

Returning, however, to a description of the Indian Peninsula, the next place to direct your notice is Madras (the capital of the Presidency of that name),—a town situate on the Coromandel Coast, in Central Carnatic. This place is exposed to the whole fury of the monsoons, which burst on its shores with terrific violence. A heavy surf always rolls beside its jetty, pier or landing place; and the peculiarity of the stranger’s landing at Madras is, that he generally first touches *terra firma* with his knees, or on the broad of his back, instead of in a more comfortable, not to say dignified, posture. Whilst speaking of the Madras side, I may allude to Trichinopoly—a town to which a smoker’s wishes ought to be assiduously turned, as you can buy cheroots there at about three shillings a thousand, or about twenty a penny, and of *pure* tobacco. Close to Trichinopoly is Tanjore, famous for a pill which is a specific for the bite of venomous snakes, and the beauty of this specific over all others is, that you can test the virtue of the remedy on the spot, as poisonous serpents abound in the neighbourhood.

We next arrive at Calcutta, the ‘city of palaces,’ and the seat, as you all know, of the supreme government of India. I should exhaust your patience, did I do more than just indicate, the other places it is desirable to know. Running up the Ganges, you have Dinapoor, where a scene of ruthless massacre of innocents was perpetrated; and dashing far away into Oude, you have first Lucknow—immortalized to all time by deeds of sublime heroism—then Shahjehanpooor and Bareilly (names familiar to you), Meerut—the place where the first outbreak of the Mutiny occurred,—and Delhi, the antique capital of the Royal Race of Oude.

Now this country, an outline of which I have thus roughly sketched, presents, as it were, an epitome of the whole world. It has regions that bask beneath the brightest rays of a tropic sun, and others so dreary and profound that they are not surpassed in monotonous gloom by the awful depths of the Arctic pole. The varying degrees of elevation, from table lands 2000 feet high to mountain vallies of the height of 8000, produce here changes, identical with those that arise elsewhere, from the greatest difference of position on the earth’s surface. Its vast plains present the

Mysore.

Malabar Coast.

Cape Comorin.

Ceylon.

Madras.

Trichinopoly.

Tanjore.

Calcutta.

Dinapoor.

Lucknow.

Shahjehanpooor.

Bareilly.

Meerut.

Delhi.

India.

Outline & Aspect

double harvests, the luxuriant foliage, and the burning deserts of the torrid zone—the lower heights are enriched by the fruits and grains of temperate climes—the upper steppes are clothed with the vast colossal pine forests of the north, whilst the highest pinnacles are buried beneath the eternal snows of the Arctic Zone. We do not here, as elsewhere—in Africa and the Polar Regions—see nature under one uniform aspect, for we can trace gradual, yet complete transitions, between the most opposite extremes that can exist, on the surface of this planet. In spite of all design to the contrary, some tracts of country are left uncultured by reason of political disorder or misrule; while in others Nature, under the combined influence of heat and moisture, makes efforts so powerful that they cannot be subjugated by the spade or the plough, and baffles all attempts to modify or control her. It is then that she runs riot in unbounded luxuriance, covering mighty tracts with a dense, dark, impenetrable mass of foliage, crowded and twined together, and this—the jungle of India—opposes an almost impassible barrier to armies. Trees spreading on all sides their giant arms—thorns and prickly shrubs of every size and shape—canes, shooting in a few weeks to the height of sixty feet—compose these wondrous natural palisades. In these wooded tracts the monarchs of the forest hold disputed sway. The lion, in his glorious majesty and strength; the magnificently-spotted tiger, with his fierce and dangerous growl; the leopard, with well-poised spring; the panther, with stealthy tread; the elephant, with angry roar and irresistible power; with a crowd of lesser auxiliaries, wrestle with man for the mastery of the domain. In those parts of India, however, in which Europeans are generally quartered, you do not hear of any depredations committed by wild animals in places adjacent to the Station, though it is far from uncommon for the *pugs*, or foot-prints, of a tiger, or other wild beast, to be seen close to cantonments.

The Jungle.

Its denizens.

It would be well to pause here for a moment, to review the circumstances under which we originally became located in the country. The growth of our Indian Empire, looking to the period when it first took root, and then to the enormous extent of territory and population which it now comprises, may fairly be said to constitute the 'wonder of the world!' In 1757—but little more than one hundred years ago—England, besides being mistress of a few factories on the Coromandel and Malabar coasts, exercised sovereignty over something less than 5,000 square miles of territory, acquired by treaty from the Nabob of Bengal. In 1793—just 36 years after—we had contrived to obtain upwards of 200,000 square miles, and a population little short of forty millions acknowledged our supremacy. This vast acquisition had again grown in 1813—when the last India charter was renewed—to nearly double its extent in 1793; which was further increased in 1833 to 462,000 square miles, and a hundred millions of natives had become our subjects and dependants. At the present day the extent of land which contributes taxation to the Indian exchequer is about 600,000 square miles, whilst the population over which we rule may be stated in round numbers at *one hundred and fifty millions!*

Brief Historical Retrospect.

From Cape Comorin to the Himalayahs, and from Bombay to Arracan, there is not a principality, or chiefship, or state, or province, which is not more or less intimately connected with British power, by treaties admissive of our supremacy. It would be foreign to, it would be beside the object of the present lecture to trace in more detail the extension of our power in India, but I will just submit to you these facts.

From the time when a little colony of merchants settled down to trade at Surat, and the first English factory was established at Ahmedabad, to our contests with the French, and the glorious battle of Plassy, which virtually transferred to Great Britain the sceptre of India; from the successes of CLIVE to the magnificent but audacious government of WARREN HASTINGS; from the advent of the MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY and the long series of triumphs which greeted his more prudent, though not peaceful, administration, to the time when his brother, Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY, first commenced that career of unparalleled splendor, which, while it exhibited his consummate generalship, consolidated and maintained our aggressive supremacy; from those days I say to the period of LORD DALHOUSIE, who looked upon annexation as a "wise and sound policy, and thought that no rightful opportunity should be neglected of adding to our rule," only a hundred years have elapsed, and we are now acknowledged in the face of the world, to hold dominant sway over this mighty empire—to subject to moral vassalage a hundred and fifty millions of souls, and to be greeted as the lords paramount of India!

European Life
in India.

'a soldier's view.'

The life of the European in the East is widely different from that followed in any other part of the world. From his first landing in the country all that he sees around him, impresses the soldier with the conviction that he belongs to the regnant and superior race. The rule which, when off parade, he quickly learns to put into practice, and which becomes his guiding star, is "*never to do anything for himself which a native can do for him*;" and than the British soldier, I know no harsher master. Thus, when he arrives at the Presidency—either Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta, as the case may be—and goes into barracks, the first discovery he makes is, that *there are servants to wait upon him!* Natives roll up and make his bed; natives cook for him. When he wants water he calls a native; if the barrack room is too hot he shouts to a native; if he wishes his boots cleaned, he tells a native to clean them; if the barrack room is to be swept who does it? not the soldier, but a native. Should he be in the cavalry a native groom dresses his horse; if his horse wants water a native groom takes him to the tank; if he wants grass or corn a native brings it. When the soldier leaves the barracks 'on pass' and walks about the town the natives *sa'aam*, or bow, to him, and call him *sahib*, or sir. Thus you will see that a soldier in India is in a position strangely changed from that which obtains in other countries. We will enter more into detail.

Contrast to life
in other parts.

Comparative
ease, independ-
ence, &c.

Every European regiment of the line (and what I say of a line regiment applies more or less to all other corps) has attached to it a native bazaar. This establishment numbers perhaps from 150 to 300 natives, and its object is to supply the soldier with everything necessary for his health and comfort. Thus you have *bunyahs*, or merchants, who will sell everything from a trumpery English pocket-knife to magnificent rings, and other ornament made of glass. Of these soldiers are generally very fond. Then you have tobacco merchants, and tradesmen who sell rice, flour, corn, and sweets; people who sell thread and light clothing of all sorts and colors; *dhobies*, or washermen, who will clean them for you so well that they wash and beat all the color out of your variegated robe; *dhersies*, or tailors, who make and mend your clothes; licensed dealers in arrack, who also sell other bad spirits; *chuprasses*, *puggies*, or policemen, who stop and prevent thieving, and are good enough to bring soldiers up to barracks, when they are unable to take care of themselves. In fact the regimental bazaar furnishes to the soldier every conceivable thing he may want, and everything which he does not. It would be impossible, how-

ever, for any corps to get on without its bazaar establishment, as it is only through this agency, that the soldier can purchase either necessaries or luxuries. It also affords to the men an outlet for spending their superfluous cash, which is very desirable, as whenever a man in India gets overburdened with wealth he invariably contrives to get into trouble.

Now, getting into trouble is as you all know bad enough anywhere, but the misfortune is greatly aggravated in India. A soldier rarely, if ever, learns more of Hindostanee than a few common-place terms, and these he manages to pronounce in so extraordinary a manner that no villager, or native out of cantonments, would be able to comprehend him. If, therefore, in a mad freak he breaks out of barracks, the result is generally very lamentable. Wherever he goes the natives run away from him; they are frightened at him; and if he gets a few miles from camp, and approaches a village not well accustomed to Europeans, the men of the village turn out in a body, armed with clubs, just as they would at the approach of a wild beast, or any other dangerous animal. The end is, the man is either found, or heard of, some few miles beyond camp limit, dying of thirst, half starved, or the victim of brain fever, produced by exposure to the sun.

The remarkable language we hear in barrack-rooms in India is quite unique. A soldier who has been five years or so in the country would feel quite insulted if he were supposed to be utterly ignorant of the language; and although the men scarcely ever have opportunities of even hearing Hindostanee spoken, as the bazaar people all talk in camp-dialect or bad English and broken Hindostanee), still a man is apt to pride himself on the acquisition of a foreign tongue. I will give you an instance of the sort of talk you would hear:—*Bobberjee-khanah* means a cook-room; *hanah* means meat. A man will cry out perhaps, 'Holloa, you *idher how, kiko je bobberjee khanah turm lazy sour tao?*'—why don't you bring the cook-house here you lazy pig?—This means, of course, that our querulous friend is hungry and wants his dinner. Well, the chances are, the cook-boy understands him, and brings his meal when ready; but you will hardly be surprised, that many natives would not comprehend his meaning.

Now, notwithstanding the comparative ease and independence of a life in India, there are certain slight drawbacks and disappointments, which creep in on a nearer acquaintance, and go to complete the picture. You rise very early in the morning; for during the greater part of the year the sun is powerful, and the air oppressive by 8, a. m. After 10, a. m., the mass of troops would certainly not be liable for duty, and therefore need not be exposed to the intense heat. During the day, and almost till sundown, the men keep in their barrack-rooms. But there are several causes in operation which go to make up the day's excitement. Musquitoes are little insects poetically styled "demons of mid-air," which are very persecuting, and extremely resolute. Then, there are black ants which creep in your clothes as you lie down, and manage to draw blood in a most ingenious way, while their white *confreres* are as assiduous in undermining your charpoy* as the others are in destroying your bodily peace. Centipedes alleviate the day's monotony; they look very pretty two or three together, as they cosily rest themselves on your trowsers or in your shirt, after their morning's walk. Should the weather be unusually hot, scorpions look in upon you, and prevent drowsiness; and if much thirst prevails, and the bheesties† are slow in bringing water, snakes of

Disadvantages
of tropical
residence.

* Bedstead. † Water-carriers.

all kinds—the cobra, with its deadly hiss; the whip-snake, with its darting glide; the carpet-snake, with its diamond-pattern back—all arouse you from sloth, and teach you to recollect that if you do not look out for yourself, others are good enough to look after you. To prejudiced minds such familiar friends as I describe are nuisances, to philosophers they act as antidotes against careless indolence.

Life in Barracks.

The sort of life a soldier leads in barracks is pretty much this. The *revielle* sounds at 3¼, a. m., and men are under arms by 4¼, and by 5 they begin the parade which lasts perhaps till 8 o'clock; breakfast follows, and then the men are shut up in their barrack-rooms till 5, p. m. At noon the canteen opens, and there are men weak enough, I might almost say mad enough—for it amounts to madness so rash is the act—who will be found to leave their cool and comfortable barrack-rooms, and rush into the burning heat and fierce glaring sun, and cross to the canteen, for a dram. Dinners, at 1, p. m., of all sorts of luxuries—game, venison, &c.—unheard of in Europe, and then there is repose till 4, when the *mussa's** belonging to each room come in to make up beds, (which are allowed to be kept down during the day), and the soldier accoutres himself for evening parade.

The barrack-rooms in India are exceedingly well built, comfortable, even beautiful, at many stations. They are all (for Queen's troops) *pucka* built, or built of bricks, lath and mortar, with tile roofs; the floor raised about 1½ feet from the ground, and outside the base of the building a broad verandah extends for 4 feet or so. Each room contains about 87 men (the strength of a company), is well lighted, thoroughly ventilated, and over each window is a *kuskas tattie* † propped by two poles, over which, during the heat of the day, a *tattie wallah*, or what the soldiers call a *pawnee wallah*, (from *pawnee* ‡—water, and *wallah*—attendant,) throws continual supplies of water, so as to keep the room as pleasantly cool as the burning heat outside will permit. Should the night be very hot, the men can put their beds, if they like, in the verandahs, instead of the interior of the building. Such is the daily routine of the inactive life in barracks. On the march it is wholly different. Here a soldier has something to do for himself; although were the native servants to desert, I fear he could not march a mile!

On the March.

There is something exciting, even of a fascinating kind, in a first march in India. Everything around you is novel; all the arrangements are generally so complete—the preparations are made on so grand a scale—the wonderful number of camp followers which attend you—the crowd of camels, and elephants, and bullock carts—the flocks of sheep, and herds of goats,—all seem to make up a motley yet well-ordered assemblage, which is irresistibly attractive. Your tents are marvellous contrivances, and the *kelasses*, or tent-servants, are so adroit in packing or unpacking them, that not a tent-peg is missed, nor a rope out of place, after a long and arduous march. Now marching in India is no light work. The sort of life you lead, through its incessant exertion, and the consequent excitement which it engenders, though it is calculated to keep you in good health, tries and vastly develops such power of endurance as men possess. With a heat, from 8, in the forenoon, to 4, p. m., of about 120 degrees Fahrenheit, it would be obviously impracticable to march during the day in India, without causing great distress to the men, and a large amount of sickness. You, therefore, have to march during the night, and rest (if you can) during the day. An average march in India

* Servants, or attendants. † Grass mat, or blind. ‡ Hindostanee *pané*.

would be about 12 miles. You march at from 2½ to 3 miles an hour; men carrying arms and ammunition, but not knapsacks, which are brought on by camels. The mode of procedure in an ordinary march of from 12 to 15 miles would be for the first bugle to sound and arouse the camp at 2½, a. m., men to fall in at 3½, and march at 4, a. m.

Soon as the sounds of the first bugle have died away the camp is all in an uproar. Soldiers shouting for *bheesties* to bring water, not to wash with, but to drink; and some bellowing for *mussalchies*, or torch-bearers; the more sensible trying to find their boots and get first to the cook-boys for hot coffee (which I hope is now always served out to the troops before marching); men tumbling over tent-pegs, or incontinently arousing some unlucky camel, who thereupon begins groaning and grunting before his time; all these disturbing causes come into play, so soon as the first bugle sounds. At the ¼ bugle the tumult increases. Natives are undoing ropes and knocking up tent-pegs, and gathering bushes to make fires, in all directions, and then through the murky blaze you see the men hard at work pulling down their tent-walls, and holding on for their lives to the ropes, lest the tent-poles should suddenly topple over and come to grief. Others are wandering about looking for the camels to carry their tents, who, instead of being where the *Oontwa'lah** left them just before he went to take his last smoke, or replenish his *hubby-bubble*, have gone off in a body to take revenge on some other camels, who possibly injured their feelings by biting their tails, on a previous march. And so the hubbub goes on, till clear and defiant, above all uproar, rings out the remorseless 'Fall in!' which always causes an electric thrill, even to the oldest campaigner.

Then comes the 'tug of war,' not so much to the men, for they have to stick together, but to some unlucky 'Sub.,' who stopt to finish his coffee, or unfortunate Captain who has lost his company, and has pleasant visions of his men marching off without him. I know indeed few things more perplexing, though you may be only a hundred yards off, than the attempt to find your corps when it has once started. You have heard vaguely over-night that the men are to assemble at a given point, where a light is to be erected on a bamboo pole by the side of a bullock-gharry.† You start hurriedly for a lofty light you see in the distance, and to reach it you find that you have planned no easy task. The ground looks pitch dark, and is covered with cooking-places where the natives have been making *khanah*,‡ and your horse goes plunging and dancing amid the red hot cinders, as he jumps from one fire place to another, you come unawares into a string of camels and train of bullock-gharries, and the yells of the natives and groans of ill-natured camels warn you off, perhaps as rapidly as you came. Well, after infinite trouble, it generally turns out that you come across some doolies with sick, and find that your corps is about a mile ahead on its march, and you must then ride along as you can—avoiding elephants and not going too near camels (who bite fearfully)—until at the first halt you may be permitted to join your men. Few, after an experience of this kind, miss falling in betimes when the column marches.

But if an ordinary march possesses these elements of excitement, how greatly is the interest enhanced, when you have the luck to be in the field marching in an enemy's country. Indeed, I know no more picturesque scene in this world, as the god of day dawns resplendent in the heavens, than that presented by an army on its march in India!

In the Field
through an ene-
my's country.

* Camel-driver. † Cart or waggon. ‡ Dinner.

Suppose the case of a wayfarer who overtakes the column. After plunging with steady tramp through the sand, during the weary darkness of the night, as the grey tints streak the sky at early dawn, and the sun, like a ball of fire, slowly spreads and deepens along the horizon, you begin to find out, your associates of the night. You are in the midst of a vast host; and, as you pass along, your wonder increases at every step. But first look around you! Far on ahead is the column steadily advancing, as betokened by that white cloud of dust, gradually clearing to the view, and beside are the *doolies* (sedan couches with 6 or 8 porters), each containing a sick or wounded soldier; then strings of camels pass you with haggard invalids, reclining, one on each side, of the grumbling though patient animal, as he goes slowly past with his human freight; then the heavy-toned bells, which make your horse so restless, warn you that the elephants are at hand, and there, as you turn to gaze, sure enough they are. Warily yet majestically they march along, their small eyes twinkling with ill-repressed pugnacity, their tails coiled or uncoiling at every step—their trunks now poised in the air, and then gently trailed, as they sniff the sand, whilst swaying their bodies to and fro, the *mahout* (or driver) seated on their necks armed with a tomahawk, ready to 'teach them the way they should go' at a moment's notice, the *howdah* (a large seat sufficient to hold 10 or 12 persons) crowded with foot-sore troops—one by one they pass, emblems of gigantic strength. After these come the bullock gharries (each cart drawn by 4 or more *by'es* or cows), containing their cargo of invalid humanity; and looking far back as the eye can see, you still trace an apparently interminable line of camp followers mounted on *tattoes* (or ponies), with flocks of sheep and herds of goats, and crowd upon crowd of natives massed in the distance.

You ride slowly past the column, and see the effects of the toilsome night march, on the worn and wearied, features of the troops; and on, on in advance you go, past native infantry, in their curious costume (the soldier's tunic, with *langooties* or *dhoties*, a sort of linen cloth which swathes their loins, their legs being bare), past European troops, past *sowars* (native troopers), past *golaundaze* (or native gunners), past British infantry, past British cavalry, past European artillery, till you come to the head of the column—fully four or five miles from the spot whence you started. And then, perhaps, you get permission to join the advance guard. You now enjoy the luxury and pleasure of the scene, as you are far removed from the dust and heat of the column.

Nothing is more beautiful! You are passing along a vast *meidan* (or plain) covered with tall wavy grass; here and there on the horizon's edge a darkish spot denotes a *tope** of trees, adjacent to which there is sure to be a village; and perhaps a mud fort or two may be seen afar off. Every now and again, you see a white movable ball, and then it is hidden in the tall grass, and yet it seems to move as you do, though it is a long distance away. Presently as the eye begins to get more skilful in distinguishing objects, you find that these white movable balls, as they seemed at first, are our cavalry videttes, thrown out in large numbers in advance and on either flank, and that they are stealthily creeping on, looking out for traces of the enemy's troopers. Hush! a bugle note rings faintly in the air; and see, quick as thought, there comes a *chuprasse* to warn the column of it, as he flies past us on his *suwarree* camel, who, with head low and bells tinkling, strides fleetly along, at a pace which for rapidity and endurance, almost surpasses the Arab's pluck

* A cluster or belt of trees.

and power. A gun booms in the distance: another and another slowly follow. Ah! we have reached him at last: we are *in the enemy's country*.

Such is a brief, though very imperfect sketch of some of the realities of a soldier's life in India; and I trust you will be able to comprehend—the better for these introductory remarks—my narrative of some scenes which occurred in the Mutiny.

SCENES IN THE MUTINY.

In giving this Lecture the title, Scenes from the Indian Mutiny, it is possible I may have led some to anticipate that I was going to represent to you some of those grand and dramatic events which have occurred during the late disastrous epoch, in places associated to all time in the minds of Englishmen with deeds “glorious with consummate courage, and bright with flashing valor.” But though it is not in my power to do this—though I am unable to place before you vivid sketches of the great struggles won by sheer pluck and matchless audacity by British troops against countless odds—though I only propose to arouse your sympathy and awaken your attention to the drama enacted on a much smaller stage—still I trust that in attempting to place before you some phases of the death-struggle which for eighteen months waged incessantly around us—which was carried on by a handful of Englishmen at isolated stations, against increasing hordes of savage or mercenary fiends, which through all depressing influences, through privation and desertion, through famine and death, through evil report and good report—was still sustained by ever fresh energies by a few of our countrymen, against a nation maddened into blood-thirstiness by unappeased revenge, and lashed into ungovernable fury by unexpected delay—though I can do no more than undertake to bring to your notice the lesser scenes and minor episodes of the marvellous outbreak—I am indued with the belief that such a narrative as this, related by one who witnessed such scenes, as not an unusual part of his daily duty, may be useful and serviceable, nay, even impressive, to some amongst you, who take an interest in what your comrades in arms achieved—what your fellow-countrymen endured—in this heroic and wondrous, yet magnificent undertaking.

Prefatory remarks.

When tidings of the first burst of the Mutiny reached my corps, then in cantonments at Deesa, I was on sick leave at Abooghur, a hill station some 80 miles distant. Swiftly came the news to myself and others that we were to march for Nusseerabad—our regiment being ordered to hold itself in readiness to march at any moment, after the 24 hours' notice had expired. There was nothing, therefore, to be done, but for such of us as were on leave to join Head Quarters as rapidly as possible, and to trust to the servants to bring on our baggage. The order to join, reached us one afternoon in the latter end of May, 1857; an hour after sunset, we were on our way. Aboo, I must tell you, is a beautiful hill station, situate about 5000 feet above sea level, and the road which leads up the mountain side to it, is cut through massive rocks, and has been a work of immense and prolonged labor. The pathway is spiral—very like a cork-

screw in appearance, and occasionally very steep; now and then sharp turns in the road bring you to the very edge of the precipice, and timid folks look with apprehension on the stupendous abyss beneath. You are carried up and down by *coolies* (porters) on ordinary rush or cane chairs, with a loose rope fastened to the legs, so that you may fix your feet firmly upon it, and thus keep your balance, which would otherwise be endangered at some of the sharp angles of the road. The *coolies* fasten two long bamboo poles to each side of the chair, they then hoist you, chair and all, on their shoulders, and trot down the hill at a pace surprisingly swift. A light weight will be carried by 6 or 8 porters; a heavy person requires a greater number of bearers.* Well, we got to the base of the hill before it was dark, and mounting our horses, which had been sent down before, cantered off to Mysaneh, the half-way *bunga'ow* (house) between Deesa and Aboo. At early dawn we again started, and went slowly on till sunrise, when we rode into camp as rapidly as the heat, and our tired horses would permit. Deesa was in an uproar—startled out of its polite propriety. Everything was in complete confusion—everybody in breathless excitement. We were to march for Nusseerabad that very night.

To my great disappointment, instead of going into the field with my own corps, I found that I was detailed to march in charge of the 12th Native Infantry. Many were the weary marches before us—across broad rivers, through mighty jungles, over mountain passes, and miles upon miles of plain ever expanding to the view, until towards the middle of June the long white line of the cantonments at Nusseerabad gratified our exhausted and wayworn frames. For only a few days did some of us rest at Nusseerabad, as a detachment of the 83rd, the 12th N. I., and a squadron of native cavalry, were ordered to proceed to Neemuch, myself in medical charge. On the road, we heard why we were sent. The troops at Neemuch had revolted just before our force reached Nusseerabad; the station had been plundered, great outrages committed, and we were sent to hold the cantonments—a handful of troops (though as many as could be spared) against hostile natives and a district in arms. After a few weeks, comparative quiet being restored at Neemuch, we proceeded against Nimbheira, a large and well-fortified town. It would be foreign to the scope of this lecture to give you the reasons which were considered to warrant this step; all I need remark is, that the attack on the town was one of those ill-advised, badly-planned and rashly-conducted proceedings, which were not unfrequent during the Mutiny,—attacks planned by politicians who were not soldiers, and conducted by soldiers inexperienced in command. Our force was very small—something like 500 men of all arms—and we attacked a strongly-fortified town, containing a garrison counting over 2,000 fighting men; who could fire with comparative impunity behind their defences, with little risk to themselves, but with deadly effect on an attacking force. Well, our efforts against the place being partially unsuccessful, it was determined to attempt to blow up the principal gate, and take the town by storm. But just as the storming party was within a few yards of the walls our guns were found to be 'embarrassed'—hard stuck in a bog, drivers and horses being exposed to a heavy fire, and a small party of us, about 80 in number, were literally knocked about, by the terrible fire of chain shot, and musketry, from the walls, which did much execution amongst us.

Attack on
Nimbheira.

* Called indifferently, hammalls, coolies, bigarries, &c., &c.

Just about this time I was shot through the thigh by a bitten musket bullet—one of those implements of war, which cause immensely unpleasant and jagged wounds. The feeling when you are hit is peculiar; it is just as if a red hot iron was suddenly plunged into your thigh, and the channel it formed filled with molten lead; then a scalding, unpleasant pain passes through you; and then there is a sensation of faintness, yet relief, and the ball is out!

So soon as I staggered from the dull aching pain of the ball, a soldier rushed from the ranks, caught me up in his arms, as if I was a much smaller personage and lighter weight than I am, sprang across the road, under a raking fire, and threw me over a milk-bush hedge, under shelter of which some wounded Sepoys were lying. As I reached the ground, the hissing sound, and dull heavy thud of a chain shot was heard through the bush, and down by my side, weltering in his blood, fell the corpse of the gallant soldier of the 83rd, who, with a devotion I shall never forget, with a true-hearted courage, which I shall remember as long as I live, sacrificed his life in the noble endeavor to save mine. Noble conduct of
a Soldier.

In the end, we had to retire; but though the enemy evacuated the town during the night, we marched back as best we could to Neemuch, not feeling particularly inclined to plume ourselves on the result of our expedition. The march of a column, which has sustained repulse,—the men jaded and dispirited—worn out with fatigue and want of food and rest,—irritable from over-watching—anxious for the safety of their comrades, whom they see in such crowds disabled and wounded, is a very dreary business indeed. But if it is so to 'effectives,' how is the misery enhanced—the distress increased—to those who have the misfortune to be either sick or wounded! How they fared, I will now tell you. Repulse of the
Column.

At dark, on the day following our unfortunate attack on Nimbheira, tents were struck, and the force commenced its return to Neemuch. To avoid the enemy, who were hovering about us in large numbers, we took a very circuitous route back; and in the darkness of the night, got into a swamp, and lost our way. We impressed a neighbouring village for *ghomwallahs*,* and *charpoys*† in which to carry our sick and disabled. Never shall I get rid of the remembrance of that horrible journey. Some of the wounded were carried on rude bedsteads by six to eight unwilling villagers; others were accommodated with doolies, and I was one of those fortunate few. A few soldiers were told off to march by us, as protection in case of attack; luckily, however, our alarm on this head was groundless. All through the weary night we jolted on; the rocking swing of the dooley, as the *hanuals* (or bearers)—unskilled laborers—new to the trade—bore us over the wild waste, was something so excruciating, that it surpasses power of description. Those borne on charpoys perhaps suffered a little more, as the bearers were rude villagers, only accustomed to bear weight on their backs, and not on their shoulders. The shuffling trot, the ordinary pace of a native peasant, is about the most ungainly affair possible; but to be carried by him when wounded, at such a pace, must be extreme torture. Some of the sick were brought back on baggage camels, and their condition was very shocking when they reached Neemuch; many, I fear, could not be carried at all, and one shudders at their probable fate. How the Sick
and Wounded
fared.

On our return to Neemuch we took up quarters in the Fortified Square, but after a few weeks the Europeans were ordered to occupy a large building, termed the "Residency," some way from the Fort, as it was Neemuch.

* Villagers.

† Bedsteads.

thought the neighbouring towns would otherwise believe we were so weak, and in such dread of attack, that we were frightened to appear about the station. About six weeks after the attack on Nimbheira, rumors became prevalent that the Thakoor, or native ruler, at that place, was assembling all the forces he could, with a view to drive us from Neemuch, and consolidate his own sway over the country around. These reports became so frequent, and the additional 'shaves' which we heard daily repeated in the native bazaar were so outrageous and extravagant, that after a short time we began to attach no credit to them; and did not care to remember how few we were in number, and how weak was our position.

The Residency, where the detachment of the 83rd was quartered, was a long low building about a mile distant from the Fort, and a wide *meidan** separated it from a few detached bungalows,† in one of which two or three officers and myself, were lodged. One afternoon while at tiffin,‡ we noticed immense excitement amongst our men, who were running about in the verandah of the Residency, and right in the centre of the plain, were a couple of sowars§ galloping hard away towards the open country. Like a lightning flash the news spread—quickly it reached us;—the enemy were half a mile off in large numbers, with cavalry and guns. I scarcely understood the value of time, till that day! The men were under arms, and loaded, I won't say in how few minutes, and very slowly retired on the Fort. Just as I was about to follow them, I recollected my cross belt with instruments had been left in the bungalow, and seeing as yet no appearance of the enemy, a brother officer and myself thought we should have time to ride across to the house, overtaking the troops, by a different road, before they reached the Fort. We had hardly, however, entered a room in the bungalow, before a cry from my *ghora-wallah*|| made me start and turn, and just at the moment through a gate of our compound,¶ rode two of the enemy's horsemen. There was no time to lose! Luckily, our horses were not on the side of the verandah by which they approached. My companion rushing out at the instant, and firing his revolver at the nearest sowar, created a momentary diversion, sufficient to permit me to mount (which I did with difficulty, my wound not having healed), and off we galloped, the balls from the troopers' matchlocks whistling harmlessly past our ears. We overtook the men, and were soon safely housed in the Fort.**

Story of the
Siege.

During the night the enemy took possession of the Station, and were apparently in no hurry to attack us. They occupied the first day or two in burning houses looting†† the bazaar, and making themselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted. On the third morning after their arrival they came pleasantly down in overwhelming numbers, arrayed themselves along the earthen parapet, which extended to three sides of the square called "Shower's Folly," planted a small brass gun so as to enfilade the bastion at either angle, and commenced a trench for the protection of their sharpshooters, on the outer side of the parapet. Very skilful marksmen they were, for after a couple of days practice we in the fort were greatly incommoded by the precision and accuracy of their aim. The enemy's force was ascertained, after the termination of the siege, to have been at first about 4,000 men of all arms, but with the reinforce-

* Plain. † Houses. ‡ Lunch. § Native horsemen.

|| Groom. ¶ Enclosure.

** Capt. Dawson, R. E., had kindly drawn a plan of the fort at Neemuch for me, so that the description of our besiegement in the Fort was possibly more intelligible to the audience than it will be to the reader.

†† Plundering.

ments they subsequently received from Mundisore it probably numbered from 6,000 to 8,000. Our force, on the other hand, was only 87 men of the 83rd regt.,—16 of whom were non-effective, 26 Sepoys, and about 40 other natives, with a few Bengal Europeans. The Officers were about 16 in number, and there was a medical officer (who was sick) in addition to myself. We had provisions for a fortnight in the fort, though an insufficient quantity of food for the natives, who do not eat meat, but only flour and grain. A few ladies, women and children, embarrassed the garrison, and added to its weakness. The fort was by no means a strong place, and as the casemates were open you will perceive it did not afford any very great protection to those within. The inside of the square was crowded with horses, some miserable sheep, and a swarm of affrighted native followers.

Now I cannot go into the story of the siege, for its details would alone occupy the time devoted to this lecture; I can only attempt a brief outline. After the enemy had completed their trench outside the parapet, they kept up a steady and incessant fire, night and day, upon us. You could not show the rim of your cap in passing along the rampart but a dozen balls whizzed at you, and somehow they were so well protected behind "Shower's Folly," that although we shot very well we did, I fancy, but little execution. After about the 5th day the work got very hard. The men of the 83rd could only leave their posts during meals; and when they lay down to sleep at night, their beds were made on the ramparts over the casemates, until their turn came to relieve those on duty. You will perceive in the sketch some trees around the Fort. Well, the enemy sent matchlockmen into these trees, who clothed themselves with boughs and leaves, and from this vantage post commanded the whole of the interior of the fort. Some of these men made beautiful practice, as I had to acknowledge pretty often. It was my duty to be constantly about, as I was in charge of the garrison, (with the exception of the few Bengal European women and children,) I could only walk slowly, with the aid of a stick, and as I visited the different casemates I afforded them constant excitement. Indeed the attention they bestowed upon me, is amongst my most lively recollections. For the first six days the enemy had not done us any more harm than the having wounded several Europeans who could ill be spared; but, about the eighth day, they began to throw chain shot and hot coppers,* and all sorts of queer implements, right into the square—frightening thereby the horses, which broke loose and became very troublesome—their chain shot occasionally tearing down our parapet, and causing great annoyance.

During the two or three previous nights we could hear them shouting; and the sound of saws, &c., led us to believe that they were busy making scaling ladders; and so it proved, as, on the evening of the eighth day, they tried a night attack in rear and on both sides of our square, and very nearly got their ladders up to the walls. After a very heavy fire, however, they retired, leaving their ladders, which we saw in the morning, only a few feet from the walls. For three nights consecutively they repeated these attempts, but always retired after a short time, as they seemed unwilling to face the fire with which we received them. On the twelfth day their numbers were largely augmented; during the night they attacked us in three columns, and receiving their usual repulse, some hours after, just as all seemed quiet, they came on again without our observance, close up to the walls, and succeeded in planting their ladders

* Coppers, or *Pice*, are coins weighing about three times as much as an English penny.

against them. Our men, though worn out with these repeated attacks, fired as quickly as could be expected; and so well was our fire conducted that, towards dawn, the whole body of the enemy rushed clean away, leaving nine scaling ladders against the walls, which we hauled in during the day.

Sickness had greatly increased; many Europeans were wounded, a large proportion of sepoys disabled, and the desertion amongst the natives became more frequent each night. Message after message had been sent off to Nusseerabad, asking for reinforcements and describing our position, and on this, the tenth day, we received answer. A poor *dakwallah** came in, ears cut off, nose slit; and wounded by our men, who took him for one of the enemy, as he incautiously approached the fort without making any of the stipulated signs. The despatch he brought told us that from Nusseerabad there was no chance of assistance, as no troops could be spared further than about fifty of the 83d, and a large amount of ammunition which had already been dispatched, and of which there was no fixed tidings. Our only hope of relief was from the Madras side, Brigadier Stewart, with the Mhow Force, having heard of our position, and being on his way to relieve us. The enemy had caught our *dakwallah* as he was nearing Neemuch, and having searched him without success, let him go after mutilation in the manner described. The despatch was rolled in a quill, hid in the sole of one of his shoes!

After this we got several messages, and it was curious the way they were concealed. Some of our spies had them in their ears, the slip of paper being well waxed for the purpose; some carried them in their nostrils, and occasional difficulty occurred in getting them out; many swallowed them, and I then became a person of importance until the unlucky native brought the despatch to light; and one or two sewed the message up in their eyelids—a painful proceeding, I apprehend!

After the receipt of our first despatch, affairs assumed a very serious aspect. Its contents, somehow, got about, and desertion amongst the natives alarmingly increased. The commanding officer paraded the sepoys and promised, if they remained faithful to their duty, a donation of six month's *batta*,† in the name of the Government. Perhaps this was the only step to take, but this officer's proceeding was gravely censured by the authorities.

On the fourteenth day matters became almost desperate. But few of our miserable sheep remained; all our stores were nearly exhausted, and the water in the wells was running short! A large portion of the garrison were wounded, nearly all the Europeans disabled or sick, and but few of the officers were effective and fit for duty. The enemy's attacks became more numerous, and their vigilance increased in proportion as the force of our fire diminished. Large numbers of sepoys escaped daily, though we could not discover how or when, and we had a conviction that some of the natives were in communication with the enemy.

The enemy had discovered where the ladies and children were quartered, and fired incessantly in their direction, adding thereby greatly to our distress and anxiety. For the next two days, though we had to sustain the usual heavy fire during daylight, the enemy made no night attack, but we could hear them at night shouting to one another to come on and kill the sahibs and women. Apparently, too, they received constant intelligence, for once or twice we distinguished men ride into camp mounted on Suwarree camels, who seemed to ride away again in hot haste.

* *Dakwallah* or *Tappahwallah* means postman.

† Field allowance.

On the night of the seventeenth day their bugles sounded the advance, and they came, under a very heavy fire, up to the walls, but we did not notice scaling ladders with them, and, after making a great noise, they abruptly retired, though they kept us on the watch for the rest of the night. At the first glimpse of day we heard a great tumult in their direction, and as dawn broke we saw them, to our astonishment, in full march across the country!

There they went, sure enough! Perhaps a thousand horsemen, with a foot-soldier running beside either stirrup; then a long column of infantry, stretching away for a mile and a-half, armed with matchlocks, tulwars,* and circular shields; elephants, camels and palanquins passed before our wonderstruck gaze—a motley rabble closed the procession, and they were gone!

Two hours afterwards an officer of the Hyderabad Contingent rode in, with an escort, and informed us that the Mhow column under Brigadier Stewart had just taken Mundisore—a place about thirty miles off, and that our enemy having received intelligence of his approach, had started to join the rebels at Awah.

Few places could look more desolate and wretched than did Neemuch after the Siege. Charred rafters, broken columns, unroofed outhouses, marked the site of our former dwelling places, while occasionally we came across some of our property, despoiled, or half burnt, in all sorts of odd corners. We found that our besiegers had made themselves very comfortable. All along their trench outside "Showers Folly," at regular intervals were placed *charpoys*,† and beside each were cooking places and *hubby bubbles*,‡ so that the men could, when they were tired of aiming at us, lie down and smoke their pipe or cook their food without ever quitting their posts. Broken spirit bottles, and large *chatties*§ of arrack, shewed that their religious prejudices were not proof against spiritual consolation.

Aspect of Neemuch after the Siege.

Beside the road and over the fields, corn and flour, pillaged from the bazaar granaries, were strewn in prodigal heaps. In the wretched outhouses by the way-side, in the pitiful tenements of the native quarter of the town, costly furniture, or magnificent drapery had been dragged to form the covering of some loathsome pariah,|| or been bespattered with slime, in the hideous gratification of fanatical and deadly hate. Here and there we passed the mangled form of some one of our own followers, or servants, who had fallen into the enemy's remorseless clutches; and hanging against a tree within sight of the Fort, suspended by the heels, and close by the embers of a half extinguished fire, was the body of one of our spies, who had whilst alive been basted with hot oil, and then set on fire, and thus perished by as horrible a torture as human malice could devise!

But a few wounded wretches had the enemy left behind, and most of these had attempted suicide. One or two were armed with loaded matchlocks, and these wounded some of the soldiers who in cautiously approached. One of our servants passed too near one of these miscreants as he lay, apparently dead, on the ground, and just as the poor fellow was stepping over the body, the mutineer caught him by the heel, and expired with his teeth so firmly fixed in the servant's foot that we had to hack the head and sever the jaw, before the teeth could be unclasped from their tenacious hold; the boy died the next day from lock-jaw.

I must now give you a story or two connected with the Siege.

* A tulwar is a sort of scimitar or curved sword.

† *Charpoys*, bedsteads. ‡ *Hubby bubbles*, pipes. § *Chatties*, large earthen jars.

|| *Pariah*, outcast.

The young
B——s.

When we first arrived at Neemuch, amongst others who had taken shelter in the Fort was an Indian officer, (employed on political service) with his wife and family—three sons (all young) and a daughter, sixteen years of age, constituted the family party. A few days before the enemy attacked Neemuch, in the manner described to you, this gentleman called upon me (prior to starting) accompanied by his two sons, to resume his official duties at Kotah. It was his intention, should he find the country comparatively quiet, to send back for his wife and daughter. Poor old man! he started, never to return, neither he nor his gallant boys. They arrived at Kotah without harm, and the Rajah gave the Political Agent a state audience. The next day the native troops (so the Rajah said) revolted, and proceeded against the British Embassy. The doomed veteran was warned, by a servant that remained faithful to him, of their approach, but it was too late; for as he prepared for flight they were actually at hand. Barricading the doors and windows as well as they could, the old soldier took shelter on the flat roof of the building. The troops came on, shouting for their lives—thirsting for their blood—and surrounded the house. Finding that their victims were in their toils, they proceeded to heap wood beside the walls of the Residency, and then set it on fire; but as the flames did not spread quickly enough to appease their hot haste, the murderous villains, led on by a *servant in English pay*, planted ladders against the walls, and mounted to the roof. Two, three, four, of the swarthy traitors, paid the penalty of life, ere they reached the side of that hoary warrior; but alas! alas! his time was come. One moment a tulwar's bright blade gleamed in the air, and the next it descended with a horrible crash, right through the silver crown of his snowy locks—through muscle and bone, deep into the shoulder of that quivering frame.

Ah! I think that the cry of agony—wilder than the wildest shriek of any maniac—which burst from the lips of those anguish-stricken boys, who lay, in another moment, clasped in each other's arms, in the sleep of death, close to their father's mangled corpse—must have exceeded the power of human description.

A young
Heroine.

The account of the barbarous murder of this gentleman, and the fate of his sons, reached us just before we were besieged in the Fort at Neemuch. It was endeavored to keep the news from Mrs. B—— and her daughter, but they overheard their servants narrating to each other the lamentable tale. The poor bereaved lady lost her reason; and during the long days and weary nights of the defence of the Fort, we were often shocked at hearing the piercing cries and distressing wail—which came from the depths of a sorrow so profound and so holy—that all our efforts in sympathy would have been a mockery to assuage it. The daughter bore with a sublime courage, above all praise, the remarkable horror of her position. What would have been her fate, had the enemy gained entrance into the Fort? What would have become of the boy-brother left? Probably she would have seen her brother butchered before her eyes, her mother suffering some enormity of torture, and herself the miserable toy of some loathsome rajah, until death relieved her from the lingering anguish of her position.

As it was, the conduct of the poor young girl was quite a marvel of heroism. Although the casemate in which she and her mother were quartered was exposed to a heavy fire night and day, and the vigilance required in attendance on her bereaved parent, must have been unceasing; whilst anxiety for her one remaining brother—who had to do duty, and was, therefore, equally exposed to danger with the rest of us—vastly added to the distress of her agonized position, not a murmur escaped her lips,

nor was an accent of despair ever heard to be uttered. There are tales told in history of martyrs and heroines—there are anecdotes related of religious enthusiasts and virgin saints—of youthful and fair women who have mounted the scaffold and dared the stake; but in recent days I do not know that it will be the privilege of any amongst you to witness a nobler instance than this, of sublime courage and undaunted endurance.

Well might the familiar lines of Thomas Hood, though written with a very different purpose, have occurred to the mind of this brave young girl:

“Mad with life’s history;
Glad of Death’s mystery;
Swift to be hurled;
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.”

One other anecdote before we quit Neemuch. A young Beloochee—a soldier in the 12th N. I., was a very plucky fellow, and entertained a notion that on one occasion, I had been the means of saving his life. With the characteristic fidelity of his race, he therefore, devoted himself to the task of looking after me, whenever he thought I was exposed to unusual danger. Frequently he proved of no little service. Soon after our expedition to Nimbheira, the squadron of Native Cavalry quartered near us was considered disaffected; but although we were thoroughly aware of the danger, it was considered wiser that we should face it out, and were, therefore, requested to sleep as usual in our houses; a rendezvous being named, at which officers were to assemble, in the event of an outbreak. One night I was asleep in my bungalow—which was in the centre of the 12th N. I. lines, and midway between the disaffected cavalry and the barracks of my own corps—when I was gently awoken by the Beloochee, who had crawled over from his own lines to warn me of danger. He told me that the Sepoys were under arms—that the native troopers were marching to attack the 83rd—and they would pass my house, on the way to the 83rd barrack, almost immediately. He blew out the light, and we remained perfectly still. In a few minutes I heard the stealthy tread of many footsteps, mingled now and then with a steady, unmistakeable tramp of the regular Sepoy, and the doors and windows of the bungalow being open—as is usual during the hot nights in India—I distinctly saw the white outline of some of the men’s figures, as they peered warily in, ere they passed on. Probably, seeing the house so dark and still, they must have thought I had quitted it, to go and sleep at the residence of the other officers. I was only just dressed in time to get down to the 12th’s hospital, when numerous shots were fired, and the revolted troopers, as they retired from a fruitless attack on the 83rd barrack, took refuge in the bungalow I had just quitted, and from which, after some sharp work, they were ultimately dislodged by the men of my own corps and the Sepoys.

Well, the Beloochee did me several other good services; but it was to a gallant act of his, during the defence of the Fort, that I wish to direct your notice. One day, I told you, that after a night attack the enemy had left their scaling ladders against the walls; during the morning they made an attack in large numbers, with the apparent design of bringing in their ladders. A special feature in the affair was, that in advancing to the walls they carried with them their green and gold standards—these being considered by the natives as sacred symbols, and looked upon by them with awe and reverence. A portion of the enemy’s column was repulsed, and one of the standard-bearers, in wild terror, threw his flag on

A brave
Beloochee.

the ground, about thirty yards from the walls, and bolted in a most undignified manner. On seeing this, the young Beloochee at once volunteered to go and bring in the standard. Down he went, swiftly and silently, by means of one of their ladders which remained against the wall, and had crawled so cunningly along the ground that it was only as he rose, standard in hand, to return to the Fort, that the enemy perceived his daring attempt. Of course they howled with fury, and opened on him a terrible volley, but he made straight for the walls; once he stumbled, and we feared it was all over with him, but he was soon on his legs again, while we covered his approach towards the walls by as rapid and well-directed a fire as we ever poured on the enemy. After one or two feints at letting down a rope to haul him in at places where he was unlikely to make the attempt—these feints effecting the object we wished—that of withdrawing the enemy's attention from the movements of the Beloochee; we got him up by means of a stout rope, with a piece of bamboo cane fastened to the end, let down through one of the embrasures; and up this he climbed with the agility of a monkey, and we safely landed him on the rampart, standard in hand, amid deafening cheers. Poor boy, he was shot through the back and both legs, but he recovered in time, and was made a *havildar*,* and given a gratuity on the spot. So much for a favorable instance of native pluck and courage.

Execution of
Mutineers.

And now, fast and thick came good news; reinforcements to relieve us were on their way, and we were soon to return to Nusseerabad; but some very unpleasant and distasteful duty first devolved on us. The Mhow column, being required in the field, sent us in all the prisoners taken at Mundisore and elsewhere for drum-head Courts-Martial; and all the *meidan* about Neemuch was consequently turned into one vast slaughter ground. Many hundred natives were brought in. Long strings used to arrive every few hours—generally about eighty or a hundred at a time. The sowars tied them together very scientifically, to prevent escape. Each native was lashed by the throat and one arm to the man behind, and usually the hands of each were also fastened. Then the leading horseman held one end of the rope, secured to his saddle, and the sowar in rear had the other, and as both were well armed they could shoot or cut down at will any troublesome prisoner.

When the prisoners arrived at the Station we put them in a deep trench, and then unfastened each man as he went for trial; and as soon as thirty or forty were sentenced we had parades every three hours or so, to shoot or hang them, as the case might be. Each batch of prisoners was employed in digging the trench in which the next batch was to be buried. One or two of the ringleaders, who were of high caste and had exercised influence over the rebels, were blown from guns; but such proceedings could not be frequently adopted, as the men were already greatly harrassed with this disgusting work. Indeed, after a week, or two we were obliged to leave most of the sentences to be executed by the sepoy, as I complained that the men of my corps were suffering from sickness induced by their prejudicial employ.

On Christmas Day we were relieved, and towards midnight quitted Neemuch. Few of us, I fancy, will forget the joy with which we looked, for the last time, on the Fort walls, as we marched away—I trust, never to return!

Chitor.

By the middle of January, 1858, we were under canvas within the cantonments of Nusseerabad; and although the country between the different large towns of the Rajpoot Chiefs was more or less in a state of

* Native Sergeant.

civil revolt, no remarkable incidents characterized the march. Only one city claims mention. Chittore (this beautiful stronghold which Mr. Locoek* has sketched for me, with so eloquent a pencil) contained, when we passed, a very strong garrison, which was hostile to our rule. It is one of the most important places in Rajpootana, and is considered by the natives to be impregnable. Certain it is that British troops might hold it for a very long period against an immense attacking force. (The face of the city, shown in the drawing, extends for three miles in length.) We had to march by it with extreme caution, as there was some dread that the garrison might sally out and attack our small, though resolute force. However, we passed Chittore in safety; and so well was this march from Neemuch planned, that the garrison was ignorant of our extreme proximity. When we arrived at Nusseerabad we found all in preparation to start for Awah; and with my usual luck, I was ordered to march with a wing of the 83d, and in charge of the reconnoitring column. Why this expedition was necessary is soon told.

How we returned to Nusseerabad.

Awah was the Head Quarters of a rebel Rajpoot Chief. The Thakoor had disguised his hostility very well, during the early months of the mutiny, but so soon as he heard the result of our attack on Nimbhiera, thinking that our hold on that part of India was lost, he threw off the hypocritical mask, enticed Monk Mason, our political officer, on a visit to his palace, and there had him murdered under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Our friends, who besieged us in Neemuch, had joined his standard; and altogether the Thakoor had gathered around him a goodly force.

Why we went to Awah.

Awah was a large and strongly fortified place, and with a numerous and well-armed garrison, with large quantities of stores, and plenty of ammunition, the rebel chief felt he could hold his own against us. In this he was sadly mistaken, for after a ten day's siege we carried the town by assault, and were rewarded for our trouble by a large acquisition of prize money and loot.

The Palace at Awah will give you some idea as to the kind of residence possessed by a native prince. It was a large, well ordered structure of square shape, and built of massive masonry; its exterior, however, being of unpretending aspect. Inside was a court, with terraces all around it; and the numerous fountains in perpetual play, the trellised sandal-wood staircases, and the quaint forms of sculpture carved along the walls in exuberant arabesque, with the jealously screened galleries devoted to the Zenana†, lent to the dwelling an air of unwearying charm. Some of the apartments were very beautiful. They were all more or less adorned with English furniture, in a gaudy, if not pure, taste; and one gallery lined with exquisite porphyry, with alabaster baths and fountains, and grotesque designs worked in precious stones—sapphires, emeralds, rubies, jaspers, brilliants and pearls—attracted my special attention.

The Thakoor's Palace.

It seemed a pity to destroy this beautiful palace, but so it was ordered; and after its destruction we marched away. At the top of the mountain pass at Beawr we joined the 1st Brigade of the Field Force proceeding to Kotah; and our time for vengeance on the murderers of Major B—and his sons was deemed close at hand. After various perils and many ludicrous disasters, consequent on a very large force marching through an unknown country, we arrived before Kotah, towards the end of March.

We go to Kotah.

Our force consisted of three Brigades, numbering about 15,000 men,

* Lt. Herbert Locoek, R. E.

† Harem—women's apartments.

Magazines
blown up.

including of course the camp-followers. My limits will only permit me to narrate some incidents connected with the capture of this princely city. One day, during the siege, we sent a shell right through the enemy's magazine—the explosion was terrific; and I never remember to have seen a more wonderful sight than that which followed. With the magazine we blew up about 400 natives and horses; and the mass of arms and legs which rose up to the sky in a black cloud, and slowly fell, as the breeze scattered them, in all directions over our camp, formed a very curious, though ghastly spectacle.

Lamentable
deaths.

Just after the town was taken, a spark from a Sepoy's pipe exploded another magazine, and many of our own men met a dreadful death from this cause. The Brigade Major of the 1st Brigade, and a Captain of the 95th regt., who were accidentally passing near at the time, were literally blown off their horses by the explosion, and their charred and mangled remains, as they were carried past, looked very horrible—the eye-balls being torn down, and jammed into their mouths.

Immediately after the capture of the city, the Rajah of Kotab was put on his trial; but the wily traitor bribed plenty of witnesses to perjure themselves, and in the absence of technical proof, the political officers (though convinced of his moral guilt in abetting the murder, if not ordering the death of Major B. and his sons) considered it justifiable to acquit him, and permit the ruthless ruffian to drag out the remainder of his besotted existence.

The Campaign
terminates.

Dispirited and worn with incessant marching, fatigued beyond expression with thirteen month's active service in the field—amid the burning wastes and arid deserts of India—just as the first storms of the monsoon were deluging the plains, we were not sorry to find that our share of the campaign was ended, and we might seek such repose as the climate permitted, under shelter of the welcome roofs at Nusseerabad.

CONCLUSION.

Reflections on
the Mutiny.

In conclusion, I must ask you to bear with me for a few minutes, whilst I submit some brief reflections of a more general nature than the narrative which I have attempted would hitherto permit. You can easily understand how a sort of apathy and listlessness steals over the residents in tropic climes; how the whole course of existence in India,—from boy to manhood, from the lowly condition of the private soldier to the gorgeous state of a Viceroy—leads the European to plume himself on the superiority of the white, over the colored race.

Hindustan, for a hundred years, had been yielding a more pliant neck to the yoke of our supreme and aggressive sway. Though for some time previous to the Great Mutiny, wise and thoughtful men had pointed out that the very breadth and extent of our acquisitions carried with it the elements of danger to our empire, and foreshadowed its ruin, their opinions were only ignored and cried down. And thus it happened that when the Revolt occurred, all the Europeans in India were taken as much by surprise, and thrown into as great consternation, as if they had never heard that the Sepoys were disaffected, or the natives of many districts hostile to our rule.

To us as Englishmen the marvel is, that during the first fierce torrent of the Outbreak, the handful of our countrymen—scattered in small numbers all over the British Possessions—were not driven clean out of the country. Indeed I know nothing more wonderful in the world's history than our retaining hold in India during 1857-58. When we consider the deadly odds against us—the almost countless number of our opponents—the treachery we had to defeat—the perfidy to battle—the religious fanaticism to counteract;—when we remember that the actors in this great drama were in many cases not trained warriors or skilled diplomatists, but ordinary Englishmen—merchants, traders, planters, civilians,—not learned in war's lessons, and soldiers, many of them uninnured to strife—that tender women acted a not inconsiderable part in the mighty enterprise,—I say that I do not know, in the annals of any nation, a more remarkable story.

But, under providence, there were some who contributed more than any other of our countrymen to the gallantry of our resistance and the success of our arms. There have been great men and good who have laid down their lives on the burning plains of Hindostan—there have been brave men and true who have endeavored to spread Christianity amid the swartby hordes of the heathen—there has been many a gallant heart, and there has been many an heroic soul, which have worn out their life's blood in the noble endeavor—but I know of none in the long line of illustrious men who have gathered to themselves an "heritage of fame," who in their devotion were so sublime and in their courage so desperate as HENRY LAWRENCE—HAVELOCK and NEILL!

The former of these great men, WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, the late correspondent of the *Times*.—laying aside for a moment that flimsy criticism and vamping rhetoric which, however they may satisfy the requirements of a newspaper, are singularly ill-adapted to less ephemeral productions—eloquently and thus truly describes: "What a grand, heroic mould that mind was cast in! What a pure type of the Christian soldier! From what I have heard of HENRY LAWRENCE of his natural infirmities—of his immense efforts to overcome them: of his purity of thought, of his charity, of his love, of the virtues which his inner life developed as he increased in years, of his devotion to duty, to friendship, and to Heaven, I am led to think that no such exemplar of a truly good man can be found in the ranks of the servants of any Christian State, in the latter ages of this world."

Of HAVELOCK this sketch was penned by no partial critic:—"General Havelock had seen, perhaps, more Indian service than any living man. He had served throughout the first Burmese war, of which he wrote a clear and graphic history. In 1838-9 he went into Affghanistan, and only left it in 1842, in company with the avenging armies of POLLOCK and NORT; he had in fact remained one of the illustrious garrison of Jelalabad, throughout our terrible disasters in that country. In the campaign of Gwalior in 1843, and in the Sutlej campaigns of 1845-6, he took a distinguished part, having in one action two horses, and in another a third horse, shot under him. In his private life and in manner Havelock was the most quiet and retiring of men. Who indeed that saw that spare figure, below the middle height; that pale, thoughtful face, seldom showing any interest in the general conversation, but often lighted up by the latent fire within, would have thought him capable of mighty deeds? He would sit silent and meditative; he might be thinking of the yet possible destiny of India under a bold and God-fearing policy. The smile would gleam on his face but as quickly die away, for what chance seemed there then of action for him? He was approaching the term of life, the end of

his days, and all India lay before him calm and still, not a breath agitating her bosom, not even a ripple indicating the quarter from which a storm might be approaching. The faith of our rulers in Hindooism was never stronger!

“Who that saw him then would have believed that that pale, thin, spare man, studiously avoiding all fare but the plainest, was the hero who would place his heel on the neck of this terrible rebellion?—was the man who, under a July, August, and September sun, deadly to the strongest, would march without tents against twenty times his number,—would baffle all their attempts to overwhelm him?—who would ever make a retreat a prelude to a further step in advance, and finally, after three month’s encounters with a persevering foe, would succeed in forcing his way at the head of 2,500 British troops through 50,000 fanatics, holding the largest and most defensible city in Asia, and be the first to bring relief to our countrymen? And yet Havelock did all this. This day, (27th November) intelligence has reached Calcutta that he is dead! Mourn not for him my countrymen, for a nobler and a purer spirit never winged its way to its God! Mourn rather for India that, at such a moment as this, a God-fearing soldier, a Christian warrior as yet unsurpassed—in the present crisis unequalled by any—should be removed from the head of her armies.”

Neill.

Neill was a man of very different temperament. One of those men of stern and inflexible will, of iron frame and stubborn audacity, who in Puritan days, or in the time of the Commonwealth, would have achieved pre-eminent renown, as a leader of the most determined party in the realm. Before such a man—who possessed withal a cool brain and calculating courage—is it to be wondered that the natives of India quailed? that the swarthy assassins of our countrymen—that the savage murderers of European women and children—cowered in abject fear? Acting on the maxim, hallowed by inspired writ, “Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.” Neill wiped out, at the head of his avenging army, some of the red-handed traitors which polluted the land. But, alas! he, as well as they, is gone to his last account.

I have now shewn you the three men who, far above all others, stand conspicuous as the first who stemmed the torrent of mutiny, and only the other day we learnt that its course had been finally checked, under the auspices of that gallant veteran, COLIN, LORD CLYDE.

The future of
India.

What will be the future of India? The natives all of classes, lowly and gentle, regard the rule of the English, not only without favor, but with settled detestation; and there is scarce one amongst them all, who conspired against us, who would not rejoice to see our overthrow to-morrow. “Dynasty after dynasty,” says Sir Charles Metcalfe, “tumbles down; revolution succeeds revolution; Hindoo, Pagan, Moghul, Mahratta, Sikh, English, are all masters in turn; but the village community remains the same.” “The main evil of our system,” says another writer, “is the degraded state in which we hold the natives. We suppose them to be only superstitious, ignorant, prone to falsehood, and corrupt, and yet afford them the daily contemplation of scenes which utterly revolt them. What Brahmin can look, except with horror, on persons who habitually slaughter, and devour the flesh of, the sacred cow? What Mahomedan but regards with scorn and loathing the free intermixture of sexes in the social life of their Christian masters? The Hindoo, religious to the grossest superstition, the Mussulman, devout and decorous in his very crimes, alike turn with horror from men, who live—according to their notions—without God in the world, and glory in their shame.

Here lies the imminent peril of our tenure in India—in this the chiefest obstacle to the progress of the missionary. But in the dawn of a fresh career of financial prosperity, of which there are tidings—it is not forbidden to hope that a brighter future may also be at hand for this glorious Empire, and that, taking 'wisely and well' the rough lesson of the past, we may temper with keener sagacity the asperity of our governance in the ages to come.

If we lay aside the policy of unprincipled aggrandizement, if we strive by just and equitable laws to augment the security of human life, to elevate the social position of the millions now groaning beneath our sway; if we endeavor by wise and humane legislation to show the native subjects entrusted to our charge—that we will not henceforward meddle with the strong and oppress and enslave the weak; that the rule of Christian charity and forbearance, if it obtains for the white man, is not abnegated for the colored race—and that whatever may have been the arbitrary injustice of our government in times past, we have now, under the august domination of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen, inaugurated a new era, with Peace and Justice* as its guiding stars;—we may then hope that at no distant day the dark bight of heathenism may pass from the land, and that instead of bowing down to their ghastly idols, or celebrating amid human torture, the rituals of their creed, the people of Hindostan may be brought to a sense of the beauty of that holy and pure religion which commenced its beneficial career at the Cross of Calvary and in the City of Jesus.

* 'Pax et Justicia.'

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers who came to the shores of the continent. These early pioneers faced many hardships, but they persevered and built a new life for themselves. Over time, the colonies grew and developed, and they eventually declared their independence from Great Britain. This was a momentous event in the history of the world, and it led to the birth of a new nation. The United States has since grown into a powerful and influential country, and its history continues to shape the world we live in today.