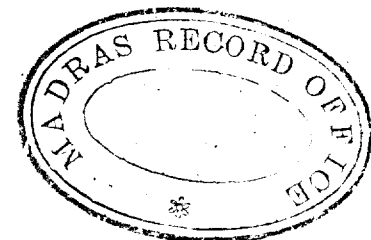


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OUDE IN 1857
SOME MEMORIES
OF THE INDIAN
MUTINY



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O U D E I N 1857

SOME MEMORIES
OF THE INDIAN
MUTINY

By

COLONEL

JOHN BONHAM
C.B.



WILLIAMS & NORGATE
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Foreword

THE story of this MS. which is now published may be briefly told. It is the record of the outbreak of the Mutiny in the outstations of Oude, written by Colonel Bonham, who served in the Bengal Artillery through the Mutiny, and who is the last surviving officer of the defence force of Lucknow.¹

It was Colonel Bonham's intention to finish the account with details of the Battle of Chinhut, and a personal narrative of the Siege of Lucknow. It is a matter of regret that a serious illness in 1917 frustrated his work, and made its completion too great a strain for failing strength to attempt. The unfinished fragment is offered to those who may value it as a contribution to the history of the Mutiny in Oude.

¹ His services are referred to in Kaye's "History of the Sepoy War," vol. III., pp. 476, 507 and 539.



.. Colonel John Bonham, of Ballintaggart, Co. Kildare, was born on July 22nd, 1834. He is the second son of the Rev. John Bonham, of Ballintaggart, and his wife Barbara, daughter of John Norris, of Hughenden Manor, Bucks. He was educated at Rossall and Addiscombe, and entered the Army in 1852, as 2nd lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery. He served during the Indian Mutiny, being present at the action of Chinbut and the defence of Lucknow. He was three times wounded and twice mentioned in dispatches, and received the medal with clasp and his brevet majority. He retired as Colonel in 1875.¹

¹ When visiting India in 1905, Colonel Bonham had the honour of showing the King and Queen (then Prince and Princess of Wales) round the Residency of Lucknow, and recounting to them the story of the Siege.

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OUDE IN 1857

SOME MEMORIES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

I

IN 1857—the Mutiny year—my Battery was stationed at Secrora, an out-station in Oude lying some sixty miles to the north-east of Lucknow. It was an irregular battery, and formed part of a force which was raised in the early part of 1856 for local service in the province. It was known as the Oude Irregular Force, and consisted of 3 batteries of artillery, 1 garrison battery, 3 regiments of cavalry and 10 regiments of infantry, and was intended, as soon as it should be fully organised and equipped, to form the garrison of the whole province of Oude.

In the meantime, however, while these new regiments and batteries were in course of formation, the Army of Occupation, which had been thrown into the country to carry out the annexation, still remained there, and it thus came about that when the mutiny broke out in the following year we had in Oude a force far in excess of the ordinary requirements. We had, in fact, two forces there : the Army of Occupation, consisting of troops of the Regular Army, and the newly raised Irregular Force. These numbered

together upwards of 21,000 men, of whom only one regiment (H.M. 32nd), about 800 strong, and one battery of artillery, were Europeans.

The detail of the troops quartered in Oude at this time was as follows :—

NATIVE TROOPS		
<i>Artillery.</i>		<i>Strength.</i>
2 Regular Batteries (12 guns)		300
3 Irregular Batteries (18 guns)		360
1 Irregular Garrison Battery		100
		760
<i>Cavalry.</i>		
1 Regular Regiment		600
1 Irregular Regiment (Punjab)		600
3 Irregular Regiments (Oude)		1,500
Military Police equipped as Cavalry		700
		3,400
<i>Infantry.</i>		
5 Regular Regiments		6,000
10 Irregular Regiments		8,000
Military Police equipped as Infantry		2,400
		16,400
Total Native Troops		20,560
EUROPEAN TROOPS		
1 Regiment of Infantry (H.M. 32nd)		800
1 Field Battery of Artillery		75
		875
Total		21,435

The Irregular Force was formed on the same system as the force which had been established some years previously in the Punjab, and which, under the administration of Sir Henry Lawrence, had done

such good service in restoring order there after the Punjab and Sutlej campaigns. Following the Punjab system; it was placed under the control of the civil authorities, represented by the Chief Commissioner of Oude, and was entirely independent of the Regular Army and ordinary military authorities. The men were recruited almost exclusively from the disbanded soldiery of the late King of Oude. Many thousands of these men had been thrown out of employment and turned adrift at the time of the annexation, and although they were not, perhaps, the best class of men to select from, it was considered politic to give employment to as many of them as possible, by taking them into our service. Some two or three of the late King of Oude's regiments, indeed, which, during his time had been commanded by European officers, and which were found to be fairly well trained and disciplined, were transferred bodily to the Irregular Service and placed under our own officers.

All the three Oude field batteries were raised at Lucknow. The battery equipment, that is to say, the guns and wagons, as well as the harness and ordnance stores, were supplied from the arsenal at Cawnpore; but everything else—the enrolment of the men, the purchase of the horses, the training and clothing of the men, in short, everything connected with the complete organisation of the batteries—was left entirely in the hands of the battery commandants.

It was interesting work, but it took a considerable time to carry it out, and it was not until a full year had elapsed, that, in March 1857, after inspection by

Brigadier Gray, commanding the Irregular Force, our battery was reported fit for service and ordered to Secrora. We were most fortunate in having for our commandant one of the best officers in the old Bengal artillery—Captain John Stewart Tulloh. He had served with distinction throughout the Sikh Wars, and besides being an excellent officer was the best of good fellows. We had served together at Lahore, where he was the adjutant of the Brigade to which I was posted when I first joined the Service. We had always been the greatest friends, and it was principally through his influence and recommendation that I was appointed to his battery. I was then a subaltern of only three years' standing, and as appointments to the Irregulars were very much sought after, I considered myself extremely lucky to have fallen into so good a berth.

We found Secrora a charming little station. In addition to other recommendations, it was one of the best sporting districts in India. It adjoined the celebrated Nepaul Terai, where the tiger, wild elephant and every kind of huge game, were to be found. In the jungles near at hand antelope and other kinds of deer were plentiful, and the jheels and numerous stretches of water in the neighbourhood swarmed with water-fowl of every description. Pig-sticking was to be had on the banks of the Gograh. In short, for a sportsman it was an ideal station, and as both Tulloh and I were devoted to sport, we were looking forward to the very good time which we thought was in store for us.

There were already two regiments at the station, the 1st Oude Irregular Cavalry and the 2nd Oude Irregular Infantry. The former, better known as Daly's Horse, took its name from Captain Henry Daly, by whom it was raised; but he had left Secrora before our arrival, on appointment to the Guides' Corps in the Punjab, and it was now under command of Captain Hamilton Forbes. The infantry was commanded by Captain G. W. Boileau, an officer of considerable standing; and by virtue of seniority he commanded all the troops at the station.

About this time we were joined by Mr. Charles Wingfield, the Commissioner of the Division. He had previously resided at Bareytch, a civil station in the northern part of the Division, which he had to leave owing to some difficulty in the matter of house accommodation, and he removed his head-quarters to Secrora. There were also several ladies at the station, forming a pleasant addition to our party, and we were altogether a very happy little community.

Shortly before our arrival, some excitement was caused by the appearance in the district of a notorious band of Dacoits. Headed by one Fuzil Ali, they had long held the authority of the late King of Oude in defiance, but since the establishment of our rule they had confined their depredations to the neighbouring State of Nepaul. They had now, however, crossed the boundary into Oude and were paying their unwelcome attentions to the Bareytch District. Orders were therefore given for their apprehension; and being reported to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of

Gonda, a station some sixteen miles to the east of Secrora, a company of the 10th Irregular Infantry stationed there was sent out, under Lieutenant Longueville Clarke, with orders to capture and bring them in. The gang being constantly on the move, and the country people showing a disinclination to give information of their whereabouts, it was some time before they could be located. In the meantime, Mr. Boileau, the Deputy Commissioner of Gonda, hearing that they were at a village a few miles off, also went out in search of them, taking with him a few mounted police. Arrived at the village, he posted his men at the different outlets, and went in himself, accompanied by one of his men. They had not gone far when they came upon Fuzil Ali himself, who promptly shot Boileau, and cutting off his head, hung it up in a tree. Very soon after this Clarke's party arrived at the same village; by this time, however, Fuzil Ali and his men had decamped, but poor Boileau's head was found where Fuzil Ali had placed it, and it was taken into Lucknow for burial. The body had been removed and was not found until some days later, when it was also sent into Lucknow.

After this, a company of the 2nd Oude Irregular Infantry, from Secrora, was added to Clarke's party, and after a long and exciting chase, and much hard marching, the gang was at last run down somewhere in the Nepaul Hills, and Fuzil and most of his men were killed. They made a plucky fight, killing two or three of our Sepoys and wounding Clarke and some four or five of his men.

II

BEFORE we left Lucknow, we had heard that some trouble had arisen in the Presidency in connection with the cartridge question. The 19th Native Infantry, quartered at Bulrampore, had refused to use some cartridges which had been served out to them, alleging that they had been greased, and that to use them would be prejudicial to their caste; and (owing, it was said, to some mismanagement on the part of the commanding officer) the regiment had broken into mutiny, with the result that it was ordered down to Barrackpore (near Calcutta), where it was disarmed and disbanded.

In former days, isolated cases of mutiny in the Bengal regiments had not been at all infrequent; but they had always been put down with a heavy hand and prevented from spreading, and it was thought that the punishment dealt out to the 19th Regiment would be sufficient to put an end to the trouble.

The story of the greased cartridges has often been told. In a few words it was simply this:

In 1856, after the Crimean War, the Government of India had decided to introduce into the Service the new Enfield rifle, to take the place of the old smooth-bore "Brown Bess," which was considered antiquated and out of date. Schools of musketry were accor-

dingly established at different stations in the Bengal Presidency, and to these centres detachments were sent from the native regiments in the vicinity to be instructed in the new rifle drill. At first all went well. The Sepoys were greatly pleased with the new weapon, and fully appreciated the advantage which its long range and accuracy of fire, which had been explained to them, would give them on active service. But when they learnt that the cartridges to be used with it were greased, and the report got about that the grease was composed of the fat of cows and pigs, they became greatly alarmed. It was the custom in those days of muzzle-loaders to bite off the end of the cartridge before inserting it into the rifle, and for a Hindoo to apply to his lips the fat of the sacred cow would be destruction to his caste; and in like manner the fat of swine was to the Mussulman equally abhorrent. The Sepoys saw in it, as they thought, an attempt to destroy their caste and religion, and the cry of their "religion in danger" spread so rapidly from the schools of musketry that in a very short time it had reached every regiment in the Bengal Presidency. When the Government became alive to this very serious state of affairs, they endeavoured by every means in their power to reassure the minds of the Sepoys and restore confidence. It was first suggested that the drill should be altered, and that instead of biting the cartridge, the end should be pinched off by the hand. This, however, did not meet the difficulty, for to handle, or even to touch, the unclean thing would still be destruction to the Hindoo caste. It

was then proposed that the cartridges should be issued without grease, and that the men should grease them themselves. Orders to this effect were actually issued, but this only went to confirm their suspicion of the grease that had been used in the preparation of the cartridges, and the whole affair was looked upon as a vile plot on the part of the Government, first to destroy their caste and religion, and then to convert them forcibly to Christianity.

There was much to be said in justification of the men's objection to the cartridges, for it was admitted that the grease used was tallow, but what the tallow was composed of was never satisfactorily shown, and it is more than probable that it contained animal fat. But, on the other hand, although the cartridges were prepared, and would in the ordinary course have been served out to the men for use, as a matter of fact, they were not sufficiently advanced in their drill to be required to use them.

III

WHEN the country passed under our rule it was divided, for the purposes of the civil administration, into four Divisions and twelve districts: the Khy-rabad Division lying to the north, that of Fyzabad to the south, and Bareytch and Lucknow to the east and west. Each Division was presided over by a Commissioner, and each district was in charge of a Deputy-Commissioner, who had under him one or more assistants. The military occupation was provided for by garrisons established at the principal stations in each Division, and from these centres detachments were sent (generally under a native officer) to take charge of the smaller civil stations.

The first outbreak of mutiny in Oude occurred at Lucknow. One morning early in May, a squad of recruits belonging to the 7th Oude Irregular Infantry, when parading for musketry practice, refused to accept their cartridges, alleging that they were greased. It was a foolish and groundless objection, for the cartridges were the same as those always in use with the regiment, and being of the ordinary kind, for use with the old smooth-bore musket, they had not, of course, been greased.

All this was fully explained by the officer in charge of the parade, but the men still remained obdurate and

persisted in their refusal. The matter was reported to the Brigadier commanding, who ordered a parade of the regiment, haranguing the men and pointing out the folly of the action of the recruits and the severe punishment to which they had rendered themselves liable. The Brigadier's address appeared to have some effect, for the native officers came forward, expressing regret for what had occurred and promised on the morrow to set an example to the men by using the cartridges themselves. The matter was therefore allowed to stand over till the next morning, when the regiment was again paraded; but just as one of the native officers was preparing to carry out their promise of the previous evening, there were shouts from the ranks that it was useless for him to do so, as even if he used the cartridges, they would not. The parade was dismissed, but the men remained sullen and defiant, and later in the day seized their arms, and openly threatened to take the lives of their officers. When this was reported to Sir Henry Lawrence, he determined at once to disarm the regiment, and taking with him H.M. 32nd Regiment, Kaye's European Battery, two regiments of native cavalry, and two of native infantry, he marched down upon the mutineers. The troops had to be collected from several distant points, and it was not until late in the evening that they reached the Moosa Bagh. What then occurred is thus described by Mr. Martin Gubbins, who was himself present on the occasion:

"We found them," he says, "drawn up by bright moonlight, in line. The guns were placed opposite

to them, and they and the European infantry were so disposed as to be able to turn their fire upon the regular native regiments, should they fail in their duty; Sir Henry Lawrence with his Staff occupied the space between the guns and the mutineers.

"Some little delay occurred while the last arrived corps were closing into their place, during which, by some mistake, one of the Artillery sergeants lighted a port-fire. The guns were loaded, and standing as we were with Sir Henry Lawrence, between them and the mutineers, our position was not exactly comfortable. In the uncertain light of the moon some mistake might have occurred. Certainly so thought the mutineers, for not many moments elapsed after the lighting of the port-fire before they were seen to be running. Gaps first appeared here and there in the line, and then the great mass of the regiment broke and fled. About 120 men stood still; a squadron of the 7th Light Cavalry galloped off to intercept the fugitives. Sir Henry rode up to the men that remained and bade them lay on the ground their muskets and accoutrements. The order was at once obeyed; the men laid down their pieces and took off their cross-belts with subdued exclamations of 'Jye company ki' (Victory to the company), 'Jye company Bahadur ki' (Victory to the illustrious company). They were then told to go to their lines; guards of the 4th Oude Irregular Infantry and Gall's 1st Cavalry, both of which had behaved well, were placed; and the affair was over."

On the following day a court of inquiry was held

to investigate and report upon the circumstances connected with the outbreak. The ringleaders, as far as they could be ascertained, were arrested and placed in irons, pending the receipt of orders from the Governor-General in Calcutta as to their disposal.

Sir Henry's promptness in dealing with the 7th Oude Irregular Infantry put a stop for a while to any further trouble in Oude. From other parts, however, outside the province, the most alarming reports were constantly coming in, showing that the spirit of disaffection was rapidly spreading and increasing.

At length, on May 13th, a serious outbreak at Meerut was reported. The report came from Mr. Colvin, the Governor of the north-western provinces, at Agra, and was at first hardly credited, for Meerut being one of our largest and most important stations, there was a very large European force there, equal to, if not outnumbering, the native troops; and of all stations in India it was the one where a rising of the sort was least likely to be successful.

On the following day, however, the report was not only confirmed, but it was further stated that the mutineers, after committing murder and incendiarism, had been allowed to leave the station unmolested; that they had marched to Delhi, seized the Fort and Magazine, and, placing the King of Delhi at their head, had proclaimed the Moghul Empire.

This news, appalling as it was, could scarcely have caused Sir Henry Lawrence any great surprise, for he had long foreseen the danger of placing too much reliance on the fidelity of the native soldiery, and

entrusting them with the charge of our forts and arsenals. Several years previously he had warned the Government of this danger, and had predicted with extraordinary accuracy the events which had now actually occurred. In an article which he published in the *Calcutta Review*, he wrote: "At Delhi we have the magazine and Treasury within the walls. Now suppose any morning 300 men should take possession of these, does any sane man believe that within a week every ploughshare in the Delhi States would not be turned into a sword, and when a sufficient force had been mustered by bringing European regiments from the Hills (which could not be effected within a month), should we not then have a more difficult game to play than Clive had at Plassy or Wellington at Assaye? We should be literally striking for our existence, with the prestige of our name tarnished, and the fact before the eyes of Delhi that the British Force, placed not only to protect but to overawe the city, was afraid to enter it."

As soon as the news of what had occurred at Meerut and Delhi reached Sir Henry, he set himself to consider how he could best make use of the information which had reached him by telegraph, before it became known to the native regiments at Lucknow.

His first step was to settle the case of the 7th Oude Irregular Infantry. Ten days had elapsed since the report of the rising had been sent to Calcutta, and no instructions having been received from the Government as to how the case should be disposed of, he

determined to deal with it himself. Holding the native officers to be chiefly responsible, he dismissed most of them from the Service; a few who had behaved well he promoted; some forty of the ring-leaders he kept in irons to be dealt with later; and the remainder of the regiment he pardoned and ordered that they should return to duty without arms.

His next step was to make a more effective distribution of his troops, and so to dispose the few Europeans he had that they might watch the native regiments and be ready to act to the best advantage when required.

The troops quartered in and about Lucknow at the time consisted of 4 batteries of field artillery, 1 garrison battery, 2 regiments of cavalry, 6 regiments of infantry and a strong force of military police, both horse and foot, numbering in all between 7,000 and 8,000 men, and were located as follows:—

Taking the Residency as the central point, crossing the River Goomtee by the iron bridge, and taking the road in the direction of Seetapore, at about three miles from the Residency, were the old Cantonments of Muriaon. There were quartered there the 13th, 48th and 71st Native Infantry, Simon's Bullock Battery, two batteries of Oude Irregular Artillery, commanded by Lieutenants Ashe and Clare Alexander, and Kaye's European Battery. A mile and a half further on in the same direction were the lines of the 7th Bengal Light Cavalry. All the above were on the north side of the river. On the south side, at the Moosa Bagh, in the western suburbs of the city, were quartered the 4th

Oude Irregular Infantry, and beyond them again, still further to the west, were the lines of the 7th Oude Irregular Infantry, which had already mutinied and were doing duty without arms. To the east of the Residency, about two miles distant from it, at a large native building called the Chowpeyra Istabul, were quartered H.M.'s 32nd Regiment, commanded by Colonel Inglis, and in the same locality, but on the other side of the river, was Gall's Oude Irregular Cavalry. The military police, both horse and foot, were scattered about in different parts of the city.

This haphazard disposition of the troops had now to be altered. The 32nd Regiment was brought up from the Chowpeyra Istabul to the Cantonments, and, together with Kaye's European Battery, was encamped on the native infantry parade ground, immediately facing the lines of the three native infantry regiments. One company of the 32nd was sent to the Residency to protect the Treasury, which at this time was guarded by a company of native infantry drawn from regiments in cantonments.

Sir Henry himself now left the Residency in the city and established his head-quarters at a bungalow in cantonments, where he could be in touch with the main portion of the native regiments and be ready at hand in case of emergency.

His next step was to select a position where he could collect and place in safety his ammunition and ordnance stores, and where, in case of a sudden outbreak, the women and children could assemble and find protection.

For this purpose he selected an old native fort called the Mutcheebhowun, which stood on the banks of the Goomtee, about three-quarters of a mile upstream from the Residency. It was a formidable looking structure, about 100 yards square, with high buttressed walls and bastions at the angles, giving flanking defence. It stood on high ground and completely commanded the stone bridge which gave access from the city to the Muriaon Cantonments and the open country, and from its elevated position it commanded the whole of the western part of the city. As a position of defence against artillery the Engineer's report was unfavourable. The high masonry walls were in a shaky condition, and so fragile that it was said the firing of our own guns from the parapet would probably bring them down. But it was not as a permanent position of defence that Sir Henry required it, for he had already made up his mind that the final stand should be made at the Residency, and the Mutcheebhowun would be required only for temporary purposes whilst the defences of the Residency were in progress. He accordingly gave orders for the Fort to be cleared out and such repairs as might be necessary to be put in hand at once. This work was entrusted to Lieutenant McLeod Innes, an able and energetic officer of the Bengal Engineers, who in a very few days had so far carried out his orders that the ammunition and stores were brought in and the place was ready for occupation.

This old Fort was held by the natives of Lucknow to be a position of great strength, and it being very

Oude in 1857

desirable as far as possible to encourage this delusion, it was heavily armed with artillery. Seven 18-pounder guns and eight 8-inch mortars were placed in position, and some 200 smaller guns and wall-pieces which had belonged to the late King of Oude (most of which were absolutely useless) were mounted on the walls and battlements.

Two companies of the 32nd Regiment, with 600 trustworthy Sikhs and Clare Alexander's Oude Irregular Battery, were told off to form the garrison, and Major Francis, of the 13th Native Infantry, was placed in command.

IV

ABOUT this time Sir Henry Lawrence found it necessary to apply to Government for full military powers in Oude; for, although as Chief Commissioner he held full control over the Irregular Force, the command of the Regulars, which formed part of the Cawnpore Division, was in the hands of Brigadier Handscomb. This was of course no time for a divided command, and Sir Henry's request was at once granted, and he was appointed to the command of the whole of the forces in Oude with the rank of Brigadier-General.

The condition of affairs at Cawnpore was at this time causing Sir Henry considerable anxiety. There were three regiments of native infantry quartered there and one of native cavalry. It was also the headquarters of the Cawnpore Division and contained one of the largest magazines in the north-western provinces. Sir Hugh Wheeler was in command, and as it was on the borders of Oude, from which it was separated only by the River Ganges, any outbreak there was likely to have a very serious effect on the troops at Lucknow. The news of the disaster which had occurred at Meerut and Delhi had reached Cawnpore as soon as, or possibly sooner than, it was received

at Lucknow, and from that time trouble began. On May 20th, an outbreak being at any moment expected, an express messenger was sent to Lucknow, begging for the help of some European soldiers. The difficulty of sparing a single man from Lucknow can well be imagined, but Sir Henry, ever ready to help others in difficulties, at once ordered a small party, consisting of a company of the 32nd Regiment under Captain Lowe, and a squadron of Oude Irregular Cavalry under Lieutenant Barbor, to proceed with all haste to Sir Hugh Wheeler's assistance. Captain Fletcher Hayes, Military Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, went in charge of the party to confer with Wheeler and report on the state of affairs to Sir Henry Lawrence. Mr. Fayrer, a brother of the civil surgeon at Lucknow, joined the party as a volunteer, and was attached to the cavalry. Owing to the intense heat, the Europeans were conveyed in dak gharries, buggies and any other conveyance that came to hand. The party reached Cawnpore the same evening, having covered the distance—forty-eight miles—in something less than twelve hours. They found on arrival that the expected rising had not taken place. It had been tided over for the time, and after a short stay, the cavalry being no longer required there, Hayes obtained permission to take them on an expedition up the Grand Trunk Road in the direction of Alyghur. There had been some disturbance there, and it was thought a demonstration of the sort might have a good effect.

Before leaving Cawnpore, Lieutenant Carey, a young

fellow who was going up country to join his regiment, joined the party. Making forced marches, they reached Bhowgawn, a village on the Grand Trunk Road, on the evening of May 26th, where they had arranged to encamp for the night, intending to continue their march on the following morning. Their camp was only a few miles from the Civil Station of Mynpoorie, and as Hayes wished for information as to the state of the district, he and Carey rode in there to confer with Mr. Power, the local magistrate. They remained there for the night, and very early the following morning they were returning to the camp, and were already within sight of the detachment, when they were met by one of the native officers, who told them that the men had risen and they must fly for their lives. Turning their horses' heads they galloped off in the direction of Mynpoorie, pursued and fired upon by a number of the troopers. It was a ride for life, and was thus graphically described by Carey himself:

"Away we went," he says, "with two troops after us like demons, yelling and sending the bullets from their carbines flying all round us. Thank God, neither I nor my horse was hit. Hayes was riding on the side next the troopers, and before we had gone many yards I saw a native officer ride up alongside of him and cut him down from the saddle. It was the work of an instant and took much less time than I have to relate it. On they all came, shouting, after me, and every now and then 'ping' came a bullet near me. Indeed, I thought my moments were

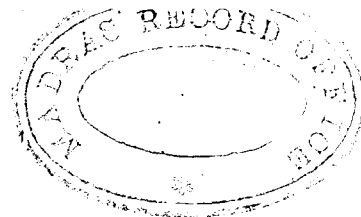
numbered, but as I neared the road at the end of the maidan a ditch presented itself. It was but a moment, I thought—dug my spurs hard in, and the mare flew over it, though she nearly fell on the other side; fortunately I recovered her, and in another moment I was leaving all behind but two sowars who followed me, and poor Hayes' horse tearing along after me. On seeing this, I put my pistol into the holster, having reserved my fire until a man was actually upon me, and took a pull at the mare, as I had still a long ride for it, and knew my riding must now stand me a good turn. So I eased the mare as much as I could, keeping those fiends about 100 yards in rear; and they, I suppose—seeing I was taking it easy and not urging my horse, but merely turning round every now and then to watch them—pulled up, after chasing me a good two miles. Never did I know a happier moment, and most fervently did I thank God for saving my life. Hayes' Arab came dashing along and passed me; I still continued to ride on at a strong pace, fearful of being taken and murdered by some who had taken a short cut unknown to me. Thus up to the sixth mile from home did I continue to fly, when, finding my mare completely done up, and meeting one of the sowars, I immediately stopped him, jumped up behind and ordered him to hasten back to Mynpoorie. After going for about a mile on this beast, we came upon poor Hayes' horse, which had been caught; so on him I sprang, and he bore me safely into cantonments."

Of the fate of Barbor and Fayrer, the following

account was given by one of the native officers who remained faithful and afterwards returned to Lucknow. According to his evidence, it appears that on the morning in question the detachment paraded, according to orders, and it being an intensely hot morning, young Fayrer, before mounting his horse, went to a well and was stooping down, taking some water from a Bhistee's mussuck, when one of the troopers came up behind him and cut him down through the back of the neck with his tulwar, and he fell dead on the spot. The men then went for Barbor, who galloped off along the road, and coming on the advance guard, attempted to charge through them, but was soon overpowered and cut to pieces. Before he fell, he shot two of the sowars with his revolver and ran another through with his sword. Some of the troopers who had remained faithful collected the bodies of the officers and took them to Mynpoorie, where they were buried.

A few days after Hayes' ill-fated party left Lucknow, another and a stronger force was sent out with the object of patrolling the district of the Doab bordering on the Ganges. It was composed entirely of Oude Irregulars, who were thought to be more reliable than the regular troops, and consisted of five companies of infantry, a squadron of Gall's Horse and two guns of Ashe's Irregular Battery. The expedition was not a success. On reaching Cawnpore the infantry mutinied, refusing to go any further, and General Wheeler at once sent them back across the river into Oude. The cavalry and artillery took a few marches further

on, when hearing of what had befallen Hayes' party, they returned to Cawnpore. Wheeler, being short of artillery, kept Ashe and his two guns at Cawnpore and sent the cavalry back to Lucknow.



V

Up to May 25th, although no further overt act of mutiny had occurred, there were abundant signs of the increased disaffection of the Sepoys at Lucknow. Incendiarism, the invariable precursor of mutiny, had been of frequent occurrence. The lines of the 13th and 48th Regiments had been burnt down, and several attempts had been made to fire the officers' bungalow by shooting burning arrows into the thatch. Letters had been intercepted, showing that the 48th Native Infantry in cantonments were intriguing with some of the relatives of the late King of Oude, who were still residing in the city, inviting them to join and place themselves at the head of a general rising of the troops; and placards were posted up at night in the city, calling upon all true Hindoos and Mussulmen to rise and exterminate the "Feringhees."

Under these circumstances it was no longer considered safe for the ladies and children to remain in cantonments, and orders were given for them to remove at once to the City Residency, which Sir Henry had placed at their disposal.

For the next few days, although it was evident that a crisis was not far distant, everything went on just as usual in cantonments. The ordinary duties were performed, the customary parades were held, the officers

joined in their ordinary amusements and recreations, and every evening Sir Henry gave a large dinner party, to which a number of the officers of the Garrison were always invited. But at the same time the strictest watch was kept over the movements of the native regiments.

The line Sir Henry took, and the instructions he gave for the guidance of all under his command, were characteristically expressed in a memorandum published by him at the time :

"Time," he said, "is everything just now. Time, firmness, promptness, conciliation and prudence. Every officer, each individual, high and low, may at this crisis prove most useful, or even dangerous. A firm, cheerful aspect must be maintained ; there must be no bustle, no appearance of alarm, still less of panic ; but at the same time 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 few days' delay, may take weeks to put down. I wish this point to be well understood."

At length, on May 30th, the long-expected outbreak occurred.

Major Wilson, the Assistant Adjutant-General, had received information that a rising for that night had been arranged. The firing of the evening gun at nine o'clock would, it was said, be the signal, but as reports of the kind had been very frequent, no particular attention was paid to it. Sir Henry had his usual dinner party that evening, and as the gun fired he turned towards Wilson and said with a smile, "Your

friends are not punctual to-night." He had scarcely said the words when a discharge of musketry was heard in the direction of the native infantry lines. "The horses were immediately ordered," says Wilson. "Sir Henry stood outside in the moonlight on the steps of the bungalow, impatiently awaiting his horse. There was a guard of a native officer and sixty Sepoys on duty at the Residency, and immediately on the alarm the native officer had drawn them up in line about 30 yards distant, just in front of where Sir Henry was standing ; and now the Subadar came to me, and saluting, said 'Am I to load ?' I turned to Sir Henry and repeated the question : he said 'Oh yes, let them load.' The order was given and the ramrods fell with the peculiar dull sound on the leaden bullets. I believe Sir Henry was the only man of all that party 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 cantonments. Take care while I am away you all remain at your post and allow no one to do any damage here or to enter my house ; else, when I return, I will hang you.'"

Mounting their horses, Sir Henry and his Staff rode down to the European encampment, and taking two companies of the 32nd and two guns, posted them in position on the road leading to Lucknow, thus effectually preventing the mutineers from making their way into the city. A large party of the mutineers advanced boldly across the parade ground and opened

fire upon the European encampment. A few rounds of grape quickly dispersed them and drove them back into cantonments, where they set to work to plunder and fire the officers' bungalows. Before morning every house in cantonments, excepting only Sir Henry's, which was protected by the native guard, was burnt to the ground.

When the firing commenced, the officers of the native regiments hurried down to their lines to endeavour to restrain their men, and so far succeeded that a party of the 13th Native Infantry and a few of the 71st were got together and marched up and took post beside the 32nd and the guns.

Nothing was heard of the 48th until the next morning, when it was found a few of them also had remained faithful. Brigadier Handscomb, who was one of the first to arrive at the scene of the outbreak, was almost immediately struck by a bullet and fell dead from his horse. Lieutenant Grant, who was in command of the main guard, was cruelly murdered by his own men, and Lieutenant Hardinge and Chambers were wounded.

Having completed their work of destruction, the mutineers cleared out of cantonments, and, it having been ascertained that some 1,200 of them were collected near the cavalry lines at Moodkepore, a party of the 32nd Regiment with Kaye's Battery and some Oude Irregular Cavalry were sent out to attack them and drive them off. They showed but little resistance, and after a few rounds from the guns they broke and fled. The cavalry went in pursuit and brought in

about sixty prisoners, amongst whom was one of the men concerned in the murder of Lieutenant Grant. He was hanged the same evening.

During the next few days, courts-martial were assembled to try the prisoners that had been brought in, when many of them were convicted and condemned to death. The executions were carried out in an open space under the walls of the Mutcheebhowun, where gallows were erected for the purpose. For moral effect they were made as public as possible, and they were attended by vast crowds of the city people, who were held in check by the 32nd Regiment, supported by the guns of the fort, which were loaded with grape, the gunners standing by, ready to fire on the mob should any attempt at rescue be made.

Mrs. Lysaght, Mrs. Key, Mrs. Bowling, Mrs. Shiels, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. —, four children, Lieutenant Shiels (Veteran Establishment), Mr. Jenkins, C.S.

VI

ON the same day and almost at the same hour that Sir Henry was driving the mutineers from Lucknow, another mutiny was going on at Shajehanpore, a small station just beyond our north-west boundary; and as the fugitives from there joined our officers from Mohumdee, one of our frontier stations, it may be well to give an account of the sad fate which befel them a few days after. The story is told by Mr. Patrick Orr, the Assistant Commissioner of Mohumdee, in a letter to his brother at Lucknow. It is best to give it in his own words. He says:

"On the 31st of May (Sunday) the 28th Native Infantry broke into open mutiny at Shajehanpore, and some of the men rushed into the Church and murdered Collector Ricketts and wounded Spens of the 20th, and killed the doctor. Major James was killed on his parade ground. The following escaped:

Captains Sneyd, Lysaght and Salmon.

Lieutenants Key, Robertson, Scott, Pitt, Rutherford.

Ensigns Spens, Johnson and Scott.

Quarter-Master-Sergeant Grant.

Bandmaster, one drummer, Mrs. Scott, Miss Scott,

"They ran away to Powaree, but the Rajah turned them out the next morning and they came to Mohumdee. Thomason and myself, hearing of this sad affair at Shajehanpore, consulted together, and sent away Mrs. Orr to Mithowlee, and went ourselves to the Fort to protect the treasure if possible.

"On Monday, the 1st of June, the party from Shajehanpore arrived; and from that time the most alarming symptoms showed themselves amongst the men. I used every means in my power to pacify them, but in vain. By the most strenuous efforts I persuaded them from hour to hour to return to their allegiance. Every moment seemed to be our last. The men were civil to me to the last, but each one said he could not answer for what some of the bad characters would do. I succeeded in gaining some influence over them and kept them quiet till a detachment of fifty men came in on Thursday morning, the 4th, from Seetapore, sent by Christian, the Commissioner, to escort the ladies in. These men brought with them the report that the whole of their light company at Mutcheebhowun had been cut up by the Europeans,¹ and that they were determined to take their revenge. Seeing the state of things I sent for the native officers,

¹ This report was, of course, untrue.

and told them to let me know at once, like men, what their intentions were, and, if reasonable, I would give my consent. They came to the resolution of marching at once to Seetapore, and swore they would spare our lives and take Thomason and me into Seetapore and would allow the others to go away unmolested.

"I made them take a solemn oath and they all put their hands on Lutchmuns jemadar.

"Well, we left Mohumdee at 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, after the men had secured the treasure—about one lakh and ten thousand rupees—and released the prisoners. I put as many ladies as I could into the buggy, others on the baggage carts, and we reached Burwan at about 10.30 p.m. Next morning, Friday the 5th, we marched towards Arungabad. When we had come about two koss (a koss is about two miles) the halt was sounded and a trooper told us to go on ahead where we liked. We went on for some distance, when we saw a party coming along. They soon joined us and followed the buggy, which we were pushing on with all our might.

"When within half a mile of Arungabad, a sepoy rushed forward and snatched Kay's gun from him and shot down poor old Shiels, who was riding my horse. Then the most infernal carnage ever witnessed by man began. We all collected under a tree close by, and put the ladies down from the buggy.

"Shots were firing in all directions amidst the most fearful yells. The poor ladies all joined

in prayer, coolly and undauntedly awaiting their fate.

"I stopped for about three minutes amongst them, but, thinking of my poor wife and child here, I endeavoured to save my life for their sakes.

"I rushed out towards the insurgents, and one of our men, Goordeen, 6th Company, called out to me to throw down my pistol and he would save me. I did so, and he then put himself between me and the men, and several others followed his example. In about ten minutes more they had completed their hellish work. I was about three hundred yards from them at the utmost. Poor Lysaght was kneeling out on the open ground, with his hands folded across his chest, and, although not using his fire-arms, the cowardly wretches would not go up to him till they shot him, and then, rushing forward, they killed the women and the children, butchering them in the most cruel way. With the exception of the drummer-boy everyone was killed of the above list; and, besides, poor good Thomason and our two clerks, the bodies being denuded of their clothes for the sake of plunder.

"They let me have a horse and a few clothes (they had the evening before plundered Thomason's and my property). I persuaded a guard to bring me here, and got a letter from them making me over to Rajah Lonee Sing. On reaching this, the Rajah received me and sent me to a house a koss off, where Annie had been. We remained all Saturday there, and Sunday morning the Rajah's people, hearing of the mutineers coming

to Mithowlee, advised us to remove into the jungle. Here we are since yesterday morning, exposed to the most trying heat, without any shelter from the sun except a few thin branches and a sheet we have put up."

VII

ON May 28th, in furtherance of a scheme suggested by Mr. Christian, the Commissioner of the Khyrabad Division, a movable column of two companies of the 48th Native Infantry, under Captain Burmester and Lieutenant Farquharson, with two troops of the 7th Bengal Cavalry, under Captain Staples and Lieutenants Boulton and Martin, was ordered to march through the Khyrabad Division in the direction of Futteghur. It was thought a demonstration in that direction might be useful, and it would at the same time relieve Lucknow of some of the troops that Sir Henry was anxious to get rid of.

It was intended to distribute the men along the north-west boundary of the Division, where they might possibly be of use, and would at least be out of harm's way. Major Marriott, the pension paymaster of Oude, having some business to do at Futteghur in connection with his department, was placed in command; and Lieutenant Hutchinson, A.D.C. to Sir Henry Lawrence, accompanied the party as political officer, having Lieutenant Tulloch as his assistant. These two officers had a special personal escort of twenty Sikhs of the 1st Oude Irregular Cavalry. The movements of the party rested with Lieutenant Hutchinson.

All went well until June 1st, when the news of the

outbreak at Lucknow reached the column, and insubordination at once showed itself. In the course of the march on the following day they had to pass the station of Mullaon where there was a treasury, guarded by a company of native infantry. This appears to have had a strong attraction for them for they demurred at going any further. The men kept falling out from the ranks on one pretext or another, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could be induced to move on.

The place Hutchinson had selected for the encampment was a few miles further on, on the banks of the Ganges, and he had purposely arranged that they should remain on the Oude side of the river so that they might avoid coming in contact with any body of mutineers who might be making their way to Delhi.

Hutchinson and Tulloch remained behind at Mullaon for a short time to make arrangements for supplies for the camp, and when they reached the river they found their men had already crossed over and had pitched their camps at the far side.

Hutchinson was told by his Sikh guard that the men had absolutely refused to encamp where they had been ordered, and that they were only awaiting their opportunity to murder their officers and join the mutineers. He therefore sent a letter begging the officers to leave their men and come over and join him, as he intended to return to Lucknow. Major Marriott and Assistant-Surgeon Darby followed his advice and returned, but the other officers, still blindly trusting their men, elected to remain with them.

It was not until many days after, when some of

their servants returned to Lucknow, that their fate became known. According to their statement, the party, after Hutchinson had left, moved to Chobey-pore on the Grand Trunk Road, where, on the 7th and 8th of the month, they rose and attacked their officers. Burmester, Martin and Farquharson were shot down and killed. Staples was wounded, but Boulton, fortunately getting to his horse, picked him up, and taking him up behind him galloped off, pursued by and fired upon by the mutineers, and Staples fell dead from the horse. Boulton, with a bullet wound in his cheek, made his way to Cawnpore, only to find that mutiny had already broken out there, and that Wheeler was besieged in his trenches. With great good luck he succeeded in making his way through the mutineers unobserved. Not knowing the position of the entrenchment he spent the night in the open; but sighting it at early dawn he rode for it, and clearing the low mud wall, which formed their only defence, at a leap, he found himself in the midst of the beleaguered garrison. He had a narrow escape in getting in; mistaken for one of the enemy he was fired at and his horse was wounded. A few days later he was killed in the entrenchments.

Hutchinson's Sikhs behaved well, and escorted him and the rest of the party safely to Lucknow.

VIII

Up to the time of the mutiny at Lucknow the troops at the out-stations had remained perfectly quiet, but as soon as the capital had set an example they one after another fell away and broke into revolt.

The first station to rise was Seetapore, the principal station in the Khyrabad Division. It was the headquarters of the Civil Department, of which Mr. G. J. Christian, as Commissioner, was the head, having under him Mr. Thornhill as Deputy-Commissioner, and Lieutenant Lester and Sir Mountstewart Jackson as his assistants.

There were three regiments there : the 41st Native Infantry, commanded by Colonel Birch ; the 9th and 10th Irregular Infantry, under Captains Graves and Dorin ; and a regiment of Military Police under Captain Hearsey, who had formerly commanded one of the regiments in the King of Oude's service.

After the mutineers were dispersed and driven from Lucknow, a large body of them made off in a northeasterly direction, and as it was thought probable that they would make for Seetapore, an express messenger was sent to inform Mr. Christian, and put him on his guard.

The messenger reached Seetapore the same evening, and Colonel Birch was at once ordered to take a wing

of his regiment to patrol the road in the direction of Lucknow and prevent the mutineers approaching the station. The men went off in good spirits, loudly proclaiming their loyalty, and boasting of the deeds they would do when they met the mutineers. Their loyalty was not, however, put to the test, for after going some distance along the Lucknow road it was found that the mutineers had struck off in another direction and had gone to join the insurgent party at Delhi. Birch, therefore, returned with his men to cantonments, where he arrived on the evening of June 2nd.

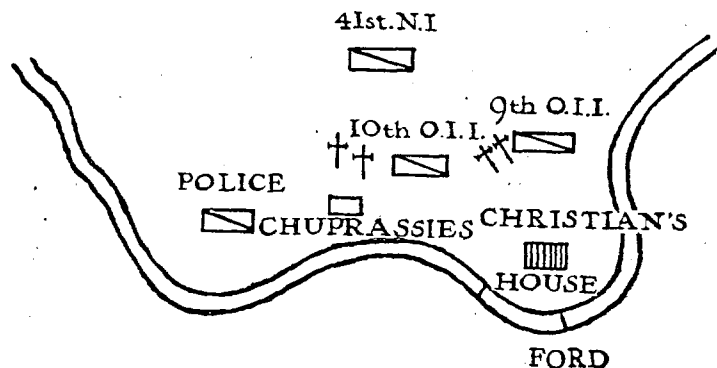
Up to this time Christian was confident that he would be able to hold his own at Seetapore. He distrusted the 41st Regiment, notwithstanding their professions of loyalty, but he had every confidence in the Irregulars and Military Police. He had settled that the best place to make a stand was his own bungalow, and with this in view, he brought up the 9th and 10th Irregulars and Hearsey's men and encamped them in a position to protect the house, where he assembled all the women and children of the Civil Department, and left the 41st Regiment in cantonments at the other end of the station.

Writing to Lieutenant Hutchinson on June 1st, Christian fully explained the arrangements he had made. Referring to the 41st Native Infantry, he says " If they go over we know the worst. Even then I believe the 9th and 10th Irregular Infantry and the Military Police will stand firm. Here you know our position : I have placed all the ladies and children and

women, except some four who will not leave the lines of the 41st Native Infantry, in my house, and have made all secure. I have brought up Hearsey and the headquarters, and have now:—

9th Oude Irregular Infantry	..	250
10th Oude Irregular Infantry	..	330
Military Police	..	280
Military Police, new levies	..	80
Chuprassies	..	200

We have four guns,¹ and are placed, as you know, as represented in the accompanying sketch.



PLAN OF POSITION

N.I. Native Infantry.
O.I.I. Oude Irregular Infantry.

"I now only wait for the attitude of the 41st Native Infantry. If they are staunch and act against the

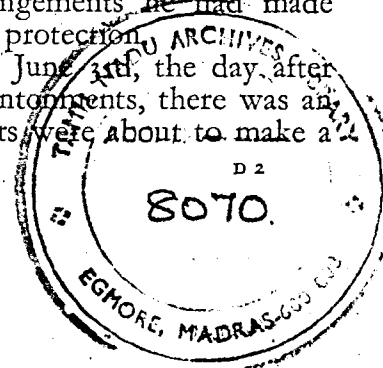
¹ These guns appear to have been received from some of the local Rajahs.

insurgents, all is over and we have no trouble. If they mutiny, I think the bulk of our force is staunch and that the 41st Native Infantry will make a run of it and not attack us."

The sketch speaks for itself. In some respects the position was not a bad one. The Irregulars, the guns and Military Police were well placed to meet a frontal attack, and the river, wide and deep and fordable only at a few places, covered the rear and flanks.

This was all well enough to meet an attack from without, but it was treachery from within that was most to be feared, for if the Irregulars and Military Police turned against them all was lost. Their escape to the rear would be cut off by the river, which they had relied upon for their defence, and their position would then be little better than a death-trap. It seems strange that this did not occur to Mr. Christian, who was a man of considerable ability, and in his own line not wanting in judgment. But he was possessed of a self-assurance which did not admit of his taking counsel with the military, or following the advice of others; so much so, that when, at an earlier date he had been urged by Sir Henry Lawrence to send the ladies and children into Lucknow, where they would have been in comparative safety, he had declined to do so, confident that the arrangements he had made would be sufficient for their protection.

Early on the morning of June 3rd, the day after Colonel Birch's return to cantonments, there was an alarm that the 10th Irregulars were about to make a



raid upon the Government Treasury, which was guarded by a company of the 41st Native Infantry, and Birch, hearing of this, collected some of his men and hurried down to their assistance. The Treasury was some little distance from the 41st lines, and they could scarcely have had more than time to reach these, when shots were heard in that direction, and Lieutenant Graves came galloping back, wounded, and told the officers of the regiment that the Colonel, Lieutenant Smally and the Sergeant-Major, who had gone down with him, had been shot down and killed by their own men.

After a little while, some of the better disposed of the men came and told the officers they were no longer required and that they must leave, offering to provide an escort to accompany them to Lucknow. Seeing that the men were in open mutiny, the offer was accepted. The ladies and children were placed in such wheeled conveyances as were procurable, and leaving all their possessions behind, they hurried off with an escort of some thirty men of the regiment, who remained perfectly faithful and took them safely into Lucknow.

When the firing at the Treasury was heard, it was quickly taken up by the Irregular regiments, and in a very few minutes, without word or warning, Captain Graves, Lieutenant Green and Doctor Hale of the 9th, and Captain Dorrin of the 10th, with Lieutenant Snell and his wife and child, were all killed.

Lieutenant Burns, Sergeant-Major Morton and

Quarter-Master Sergeant Abbott, escaped to the Commissioner's house.

Having completed the massacre of their own officers, they then turned upon the civilians. With shouts and fearful yells they charged down on the Commissioner's bungalow, firing as they went. The thatched roof was soon in a blaze, and our unfortunate people fled panic-stricken from the house. Some were shot down before they reached the river; some perished in it; some were killed on the opposite bank; a few only escaped.

Christian, finding all was up, walked calmly down to the river, preceded by his wife with an infant in her arms, and her little daughter Sophy, a child of three years old, by her side. They had not gone far when Christian fell, riddled with bullets. His poor wife, heedless of her own safety, sat down beside his lifeless body, crying in her despair, "Save my child; oh, who will save my child?" Burns, who was one of the last to leave the house, was passing at the moment, and hearing the poor mother's cries, picked up little Sophy and carried her off. Immediately after, Mrs. Christian and her infant were both killed.

At the river, Burns met Sergeant-Major Morton, who was mounted, and he made the child over to him. The bullets were flying fast and thick in every direction as they plunged into the stream. Before they got across, Morton's horse was shot under him; he, however, held on to the child, and with Burns' assistance they got over, and into the jungle at the far side.

On that morning there were killed at Seetapore twenty-four men, women and children. Amongst those who were in the Commissioner's house during this terrible time were the two Miss Jacksons, charmingly attractive girls, sisters of Sir Mountstewart Jackson, the Assistant Commissioner. They had only quite recently arrived in India, and had spent some time at the Lucknow Residency with their uncle, Mr. Coverley Jackson, who was acting as Chief Commissioner before the arrival of Sir Henry Lawrence. They were quite young, only nineteen and seventeen; and their engaging manners and bright, cheerful dispositions had won the hearts of all at Lucknow. They had joined their brother at Seetapore only a few weeks previously, and whilst his house was being prepared for them they had become the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Christian. In the excitement and confusion of the rush from the house the sisters became separated. Georgiana, the elder one, got to the ford before the Sepoys reached it, and she and Mrs. Green, wife of Lieutenant Green of the 9th (who had already been killed), got safely across; but the younger sister, Madeline, and her brother, were cut off from the ford and were obliged to make for a foot-bridge further up stream. There they came under the fire of the Military Police, but they succeeded in getting across, and after running till they were quite exhausted they hid themselves in some thick jungle, and for the time escaped. During the day they were discovered by some Parsis, who seemed disposed to befriend them. They brought them water and took them to a better

place of concealment, promising to return at nightfall and show them the way to Mithowlee, where, it will be remembered, Captain Patrick Orr and his wife and child had already gone, and were under the protection of Rajah Lonee Singh.

The Parsis returned at night, as they had promised, and took them to a village, where they got some food, but after escorting them a short distance they seized a gun which Jackson had with him, left them and made off.

Left to themselves, and not knowing what direction to take, they wandered in the jungle all night, and in the morning, driven by hunger and fatigue, they entered a village, where the Zemindar befriended them and gave them food and shelter. They heard from him that some other Europeans were in a village a little further on, and on reaching there they were rejoiced to meet Lieutenant Burns, with Sergeant-Major Morton and little Sophy Christian.

Although dreadfully fatigued, they continued on their way to Mithowlee, which was still some twenty miles distant. They fortunately procured a pony for Miss Jackson and the child, the rest of the party being on foot.

Travelling all day through the burning sun, after suffering terribly from the terrific heat, at nightfall they reached Lonee Singh's Fort, but the guard at the entrance refused them admission. Completely worn out, and scarcely able to go a step further, Burns determined at all hazards to see the Rajah, and persuasion and entreaties proving useless, he rushed the

guard and got into the inner court, receiving a severe cut from a tulwar over the head. Covered with blood, he was taken to the presence of the Rajah, who, alarmed at his condition, then admitted the rest of the party into the fort.

After a stay of a few days, Lonce Singh removed them to another of his forts, called Kutchiani, in the heart of the jungle, where he considered they would be less likely to be found by the mutineers, and they were joined there by Captain Patrick Orr and his wife and child. There they remained for nearly three months, when the Rajah made them over to the mutineers. Their subsequent fate, and the terrible sufferings they endured, are described by Sir John Kaye in his "*History of the Sepoy War.*" It is one of the saddest and most touching incidents of the whole Indian Mutiny. It is too long to enter here, and will be found in the Appendix, p. 90.

Of the fate of Mrs. Green and the elder Miss Jackson, who, it will be remembered, succeeded in crossing the ford after leaving the Commissioner's house, the following particulars were given by Captain Hearsey of the Military Police :

It appears that after the massacre on the morning of June 3rd, Hearsey and his Quarter-Master, Sergeant Abbott, with Mrs. Abbott and her stepson, a boy of twelve years old, were taken to a house in civil lines, one of the few houses that had escaped the general conflagration, and were guarded by a party of their men who had remained faithful. In the course of the

day, Hearsey heard that the two ladies had been seen hiding in the jungle, and he immediately sent out some of the most trustworthy of his men, who found them and brought them in. Towards evening it became known that the Police were harbouring some Europeans, and a deputation was sent by the mutineers demanding that they should be made over to them. Seeing that it would be impossible to hold out very long against their demands, the men who were protecting Hearsey urged them to take to flight. As soon as it was dark, the ladies, with Mrs. Abbott and her son, were mounted on Hearsey's elephant (Hearsey and Abbott were on horseback), and the party started off in a northerly direction. After two days' march they reached a village called Baragaun, where, unfortunately, the elephant broke loose, and they were obliged to remain there for two days before it was recovered. They then continued their march to Mutteara, the place they had been making for, the residence of the Rajah of Dhowraira. There they received a letter from Mr. Gonne, the Deputy-Commissioner of Mullapore, stating that he and his assistant, Captain Hastings, had been joined by two of the fugitives from Shahjehanpore—Messrs. Brand and Carew—and suggesting that Hearsey and his party should join them, as he had boats in readiness to take them down by river to Calcutta.

The news was very cheering, and after a few hours' rest at Mutteara, Hearsey procured a boat and the party dropped down the river and joined Mr. Gonne on the following day, when they at once embarked for

Calcutta. The combined parties then consisted of the following eleven persons: Captain Hearsey, Miss Georgiana Jackson, Mrs. Green, Sergeant-Major Rogers and his wife, Mr. Gonne, Captain Hastings, Mr. Brand, Mr. Carew, Mr. Brown (a writer in Mr. Gonne's office), and Mr. Sullivan, the stepson of Sergeant-Major Rogers.

After drifting down the river for two days they heard that Byram Ghaut, which was a short distance ahead, was in the hands of the mutineers, and, afraid to proceed further, they left their boat and returned on foot to Mutteara, where they remained for two months, kindly treated by the Rajah, who promised in case of danger to give them timely warning. At length, one day towards the end of August, an armed party of some 300 men, sent by the mutineers, arrived with orders to take them into Lucknow. For two or three days they held out and refused to go, but finding the Rajah's people would neither assist them nor enable them to make their escape, and seeing no alternative, they at length gave way, and accompanied by the Sepoys who had been sent for them, and 400 of the retainers of the Dhowraira Rajah, they set out for Lucknow.

They soon discovered that treachery was intended and that arrangements had been made for their destruction; so, taking a favourable opportunity, they put the ladies and the Sergeant-Major's wife and son on Gonne's elephant, the remainder of the party being mounted, and fled in the direction of Kulloapore, where they had reason to believe the Rajah would receive them.

They travelled all through the night and until the afternoon of the following day, and were completely done up when they halted at a village for food and rest. Whilst they were resting, the villagers brought word that a party of the Dhowraira Rajah's people who had been sent in pursuit of them were close at hand, so they immediately started again and reached the banks of the Mohan River, where they were overtaken and fired upon. Our people dismounted and returned the fire with good effect, killing the leader, which for a while checked their advance. Meanwhile the party on the elephant, with Mr. Carew, made off into the jungle; the rest of the party also retreated, leaving Captain Hearsey and Mr. Hastings to bring up the rear. They were soon, however, driven back, and for some time followed the tracks of the elephant, but darkness setting in, they lost all trace of it. Neither could they find any signs of the rest of the party. They therefore returned to the river, which they swam across, and having lost most of their clothes, and suffering terribly from hunger, spent a miserable night in the jungle on the opposite side.

On the following morning, at a village they went to for food, they met Mr. Brand and Sergeant-Major Rogers. They also swam the river in company with Mr. Brown, who, unfortunately, before he got across, was pulled down by an alligator. They reached Kulloapore the same evening, being joined there on the following day by Mr. Gonne. After a stay there of a few days, they got information that the Dhowraira people, who were still searching for them,

had crossed the river and were within a short distance of the place; they therefore made their escape and concealed themselves in the forest at the foot of the Nepaul Hills, and from there found their way to Dholee Kote in Nepaul, where they remained for three months, the Rajah showing them every kindness and attention. During this time Captain Hastings and Mr. Gonne died of jungle fever, contracted in the Terai. Mr. Brand and Sergeant-Major Rogers, who were very ill also from the same cause, were sent to Bootwell, to be forwarded to our nearest military station, and Hearsey, disguising himself as a native trooper, made his way across the hills to Nynce Tal and Mussoorie, ultimately reaching Lucknow in safety.

During their stay at Kulloapore, Hearsey sent out parties well acquainted with the jungle in search of the ladies and others who had become separated from them at the banks of the Mohan, but no tidings of them could be obtained. It was ascertained afterwards that they had fallen into the hands of the Dhowraira Rajah's people and had been taken back to Mutteera, whence they were sent to Lucknow, and on the arrival of a force for the relief of Lucknow were all cruelly put to death by the mutineers.

IX

AFTER the mutiny at Seetapore the next station to rise was Fyzabad, the principal station in the Southern Division. The Civil Department there was represented by Colonel Golding, the Commissioner; Captain J. Reid, Deputy-Commissioner; and two assistants, Captain Alexander Orr and Mr. Bradford. The military consisted of the 22nd Native Infantry, of which Colonel Lennox was in command, and the 6th Oude Irregular Infantry, commanded by Colonel O'Brien, and Mills' battery of native artillery.

Early in June, when the troops first showed signs of disaffection, Sir Henry, feeling anxious for the safety of the women and children, sent instructions for them to be sent into Lucknow. But by this time the country in that direction had become so much disturbed that it was determined to take advantage of an offer made by Rajah Maun Sing, an influential Talookdar in the neighbourhood, and send them to his fort at Shah Gunge, about twelve miles from Fyzabad.

The ladies and children of the Civil Service were accordingly sent there on the night of June 7th, but as it was thought that the removal of the families of the regimental officers would show a want of confidence in their men, and probably precipitate an out-

break, they remained with the officers in cantonments.

On the following morning information was received that the 17th Native Infantry, which had mutinied at Azimghur a few days previously, were marching on Fyzabad and were encamped at Begum Gunge, a village on the Gogra, a few miles lower down the river. Preparations were at once made to receive them. Mills' guns were brought out and placed in position, supported by two companies of the 22nd Regiment, and all was ready for immediate action. Nothing occurred until eleven o'clock at night, when the alarm was sounded in the lines of the 6th Oude Irregular Infantry. This was the signal for the rising. The two companies of the 22nd rushed into the Battery, and pointing their loaded muskets at the heads of the native gunners, took possession of the guns. The rest of the 22nd joining in, the officers were made prisoners and taken to the regimental quarter-guard and kept in confinement all night. On the following morning they were marched down to the river and ordered to embark in four boats, which had been provided for them. Little they knew of the plans that had been laid for their destruction. As soon as they had embarked, a messenger was sent in hot haste to inform the 17th Regiment at Begum Gunge that the officers were on their way down the river, and inviting them to intercept and destroy them. The invitation was readily accepted. As the two leading boats approached Begum Gunge, it was seen that the bank was lined with the mutineers; and as soon as

they came within range they were received with a volley of musketry, which killed one of their number, Sergeant-Major Matthews. The river at this point being comparatively narrow, and completely commanded from the bank, further progress down the river was impossible; it was therefore determined to land. The leading boat, in which were Colonel Goldney, Lieutenant Currie, of the Artillery, Lieutenants Caultey and Ritchie, of the 22nd Regiment, Lieutenant Parsons, 6th Oude Irregular Infantry, and Sergeants Edwards and Busher, of the Artillery, made for the opposite side of the river and there they landed. The mutineers, however, had no intention of letting them escape. Getting boats, they crossed the river in pursuit of them. Goldney, saying he was too old to run, remained on the river bank and was taken back to the rebel camp, where he was immediately shot. The others fled across country, and coming to a deep nullah, two of them, Lieutenants Currie and Parsons, were drowned in endeavouring to get across. The party, now reduced to four, continued their flight, and when quite done up hid themselves in a patch of high grass on the banks of the river. They remained there till evening, when some villagers helped them to get a boat, in which they crossed, intending to make their way on foot to Gye Ghaunt, where they hoped to get boats to take them down to Dinapore. At a village on their way they met Lieutenants Thomas, Lindsay and English, of the 22nd, who were also making their way to the same place. They had left Fyzabad in the last of the four boats, but, being without boatmen and

unable to manage her, they landed before reaching Begum Gunge, and had thus escaped the mutineers. The whole party then continued on their way, meeting with assistance and kind treatment until they reached the Mahomedan village of Marwah Durbar, where the villagers, armed with matchlocks and tulwars, massacred the whole party with the exception of Sergeant-Major Busher, who was taken prisoner; and after suffering extreme hardship and ill-treatment, was ultimately rescued by a party sent out from Gorruchpore.

The second of the two leading boats, when nearing Begum Gunge, stuck on a sand bank in mid-stream, and fell an easy prey to the mutineers. The occupants of it were Major Mill, Lieutenant Bright, Sergeant-Major Hulme and his wife, Quarter-Master Sergeant Russell and Bugler Williamson—not one of whom escaped. Major Mill, who tried to save himself by swimming, was drowned. Bright was taken prisoner and afterwards shot, and the others were put to death in the boat.

In the third boat, not yet accounted for, were Colonel O'Brien, Captain Gordon, Assistant-Surgeon Collison and Lieutenants Anderson and Percival. Shortly after leaving Fyzabad, they put in at Adjudah, where they exchanged their boat for a larger one, such as was used for carrying merchandise, manned by native boatmen; and concealing themselves by lying down at the bottom, they passed Begum Gunge without being observed, and although they were robbed of all they possessed on the way down the river,

they reached Dinapore without further misadventure.

Colonel Lennox of the 22nd, with his wife and family, and Mrs. Mill, the wife of Major Mill, of the Artillery, remained at Fyzabad for some hours after the others had left and were not molested. The Colonel was provided with a boat, which he, however, discarded very shortly afterwards; and he and his wife and children were proceeding on foot in the direction of Gorruchpore, when they were arrested by a native trooper and were being taken back to the mutineers, when they were rescued by a friendly Rajah. After remaining at his place for a few days, they were taken into Gorruchpore by an escort that had been sent from there to bring them in.

Mrs. Mills and her children very unfortunately missed the opportunity of leaving with the Lennox family, and wandered from village to village, receiving kindly treatment from the people, and after many days reached one of the stations, but she had to mourn the loss of one of her children, who died from exposure on the way.

The party who had taken refuge at Shah Gunge, consisting of seven men, eight women and fourteen children, had been there only a few days when—as Maun Sing professed to be no longer able to protect them—they were put into boats and sent down the river. The mutineers of the 17th Native Infantry having by this time left Begum Gunge, after a good deal of hardship they arrived safely at Dinapore.

X

SULTANPORE, which is also in the Fyzabad Division, was the next station to break into revolt.

Lieut.-Colonel Fisher, of the 15th Punjab Irregular Cavalry, was in command there—one of the most popular officers in the Indian Army. He was a keen sportsman and a splendid rider, always keeping one of the finest studs of Arabs in the country. At any kind of sport, shooting, hawking or pig-sticking, few, if any, could equal him. I had the good fortune to meet him when I was quartered at Lahore a few years previously, when he had shown me the greatest kindness in asking me to join his sporting expeditions, and although I was only a boy at the time we became great friends.

Besides the 15th Irregulars, the regiments there were the 8th Oude Irregular Infantry, commanded by Captain W. Smith, and the 1st Military Police, under Captain Bunbury.

Some days previous to the outbreak, all the ladies and children had been sent for safety to Allahabad, and thus escaped the horrors of the rising which was soon to follow.

On the morning of June 8th, some disturbance having been reported in the lines of the Military Police, the Colonel rode down to endeavour to restore order,

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and as he was returning he was shot in the back by one of the police.

The wound was mortal, but he managed to get back to his own lines, where he was met by his two officers, Captain Gubbings and Lieutenant Tucker, who, with some difficulty, got him off his horse and into a dooley, the men of the regiment looking on without offering any assistance. Fisher, feeling that his end was at hand, begged his officers to leave him and make their escape. Before they could do so, however, Captain Gubbings was shot down and killed by his own men, and Tucker, finding he could be of no further service, rode off across country to a fort on the River Goomtee, the residence of Rajah Roostrun Sing, and was there, on the following day, joined by the officers of the 8th Oude Irregular Infantry, Captain W. Smith, Lieutenant Lewis and Dr. O'Donel, and Captain Bunbury of the Military Police, all of whom had escaped uninjured. After some days they managed to communicate with Benares, and they were brought in there by an escort sent out for the purpose by Mr. Tucker, the Commissioner.

When the trouble commenced, Mr. Block and Mr. Stroyan, of the Civil Service, accepted an offer of protection from Yassen Khan, a Zemindar of Sultanpore, and they went to his house, which was about a mile from the station. At first they were well received, but shortly after he turned them out, and betrayed them to the mutineers, and they were done to death on the banks of the river.

At Salone, the third station in the Fyzabad Divi-

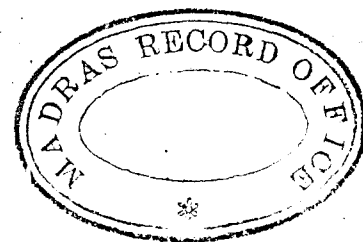
sion, there were six companies of the 1st Oude Irregular Infantry under Captain Thompson, the Civil Service being represented by Captain Barrow, Deputy-Commissioner.

The infantry had behaved well until the other stations in the Division had mutinied, and then, setting to work in a businesslike manner, they first released the prisoners in the gaol and then told the officers they were no longer required, and must go. No resistance was possible, and no attempt was made on their lives. They left the station and found shelter with an influential talooqdār named Honwurit Sing at Dharoopore, where they were well treated, and after some days he formed an escort of his retainers and took them down to Allahabad.

In the Lucknow Division the only out-station of any importance was Durriabad. There was only one regiment there, the 5th Oude Irregular Infantry, under the command of Captain Hawes. There was a large amount of treasure at the station, which some days previously Hawes was anxious to take into Lucknow, but finding his men would be likely to oppose its removal, the matter was not pressed at the time; but as the stations around were falling one after another he determined to make the attempt. The treasure was laden on carts and an order was given for the march. The men left the station cheering, but they had scarcely left it when an altercation arose amongst them. Some wished to proceed with the treasure, while others wished to retain it. Some firing took place, and the mutinous party prevailing, the carts were counter-

marched and the treasure was taken back to cantonments.

When the firing commenced Hawes rode off and had a marvellous escape from a shower of bullets which was sent after him. All the other officers, both civil and military, with their families, were allowed to leave unmolested, and found their way, without loss of life, into Lucknow.



XI

It now only remains to give an account of the mutinies in our own division of Bareytch. It was the largest of the four Oude Divisions, comprising the whole territory between the River Gogra, which formed its western boundary, and the Nepaul Hills lying to the east. There were two military stations, Gonda and Secrora, and two smaller civil stations, Mullapore and Bareytch.

At Gonda there was only one regiment, the 3rd Oude Irregular Infantry, commanded by Captain Mills. When Mr. Wingfield arrived there from Secrora on the evening of June 9th, he found the regiment to all appearance in a satisfactory condition, and at an interview with the native officers, after telling them of what had occurred at Secrora, he suggested that, all other routes being now closed, the regiment should march with the treasure (of which there was a considerable quantity at the station) to Bulrampore. This they at once agreed to, and they immediately sent some of the men into the city and the neighbouring villages to procure carriages for the treasure, and by the following morning carts had been collected and all

was in readiness for a start. By this time, however, the Sepoys had changed their minds, refusing to go to Bulrampore and saying they would march with their officers and the treasure to Lucknow. This defiance of authority Mr. Wingfield considered tantamount to a declaration of their intention to mutiny, and feeling satisfied that staying any longer was to "court destruction unprofitably," he gave the civil officers leave, and about 10 p.m., in company with Mr. Owen, the Assistant Commissioner, and two officers from Secrora, of the 2nd Oude Irregular Infantry, he set out on horseback for Bulrampore. Captain Mills and his adjutant, Lieutenant Campbell, and Lieutenant Clarke, remained at Gonda during the night, and on the following morning, finding that the regiment had determined to throw in their lot with the mutineers, they also rode into Bulrampore.

After a short stay there the Rajah, threatened by the mutineers, found he was no longer able to protect them, and providing them with an escort of his retainers, sent them in to Gorruchpore.

The next station in the Division to be accounted for is the Civil Station of Bareytch. None of the European officers there lived to tell the tale, and the record of what occurred is derived from native sources.

It is presumed that Lieutenant Longueville Clerke, who was in command of a detachment of the 3rd Oude

Irregular Infantry, must have been aware that an outbreak was imminent, for on the night of June 11th he and the officers of the Civil Service, Mr. Charles Cunliffe, and his assistant, Mr. Jordan, left for Nanpara, some twenty-five miles distant, where they expected to meet with kind treatment from the Rajah, who had been treated with exceptional consideration by the Oude Government.

Instead of being welcomed there they met with the greatest ingratitude; the Rajah not only refused them admittance into his place, but declined to provide them with food or even a few hours' rest. They were therefore obliged to return to Bareytch and resolved to make their way from there into Lucknow.

They had disguised themselves as sowars in native dress, and taking the direct road by Byrum Ghaut, they then fell in with the company of Boileau's regiment which had been sent there from Secrora on the night of June 9th. They had procured a boat and were crossing the river when they were discovered, and the Sepoys, following them in other boats, opened fire upon them. Cunliffe and Clarke were at once shot down and killed, Jordan was taken prisoner, and his life for the time was spared, but on the following morning orders came from the mutineers at Secrora that he was to be killed, and he was taken down to the river and was there shot.

At Mullapore, the last station in the Division, there were at the time no troops, so Mr. Gonne and

Captain Hastings, as has already been told, joined Captain Hearsey and the other fugitives from Seetapore, and died in the Nepaul Terai of jungle fever.

XII

At Secrora we had, as already mentioned, Forbes' Regiment of Oude Irregular Cavalry, Boileau's 2nd Oude Irregular Infantry, and our own Battery, of which, owing to the absence of Captain Tulloh, who had been ordered to the Hills on sick leave, I was in command.

Up till the end of May all remained quiet. The men seemed happy and contented, and to all appearance perfectly loyal; but when the news reached us of the mutiny at Lucknow disaffection very soon began to show itself. This was particularly noticeable amongst the men of Boileau's regiment. Commencing in the usual way, they showed their ill-feeling by burning down the huts belonging to a company of the regiment which was absent on detachment duty. Seditious meetings were held at night in their lines, and it soon became evident that the regiment was fast drifting into mutiny. Our chief anxiety was for the safety of the women and children, for whom we had no possible means of affording protection, and with the massacre at Seetapore before us we dreaded to think of what might happen in the event of a rising, which might at any moment be expected.

Forbes, of the Cavalry, happened to be at Lucknow at the time—he had been ordered in with a party of

trustworthy Sikhs of his regiment for patrol duty. Sir Henry Lawrence, knowing the difficulty we were in, ordered them to return at once to Secrora and bring in all the ladies and children of the Division. They were accompanied by four civilians who had volunteered their services, and arrived on the morning of June 7th. There was no time to be lost, and the officers' families being hastily summoned from Gonda, the whole party, consisting of seven women, four officers and twelve children, with the four volunteers, left the same night on their return journey. Making forced marches, and suffering greatly from the intense heat, they arrived safely at Lucknow on the evening of the 9th.

After the party had left, we had to consider how we could best provide for our own safety. There was, indeed, very little to be done, but we determined to hold together as much as possible, and keeping close watch on Boileau's men, to be prepared for flight should the necessity arise.

Captain Forbes having taken his adjutant in with him, there were now only five of us left at the station: Mr. Wingfield, the Commissioner, Captain Boileau and his adjutant, Lieutenant Hale, Assistant-Surgeon Kendall, and myself. As we thought it not improbable that there might be a rising during the night, Boileau and I left our houses and took up our quarters at the Commissioner's house, which was in a convenient position, near both the Artillery and Infantry lines, and we got up the two Staff Sergeants of my battery, Sergeants Bewsey and Miller, and Sergeant-Major

Court, of Boileau's regiment, to keep watch at the house during the night and give us timely notice in case of any disturbance.

Hale and Kendall were also invited to join us, but preferred remaining in their own house, which was close by, just across the road.

That night and the following day passed off quietly, but about midnight on the 8th we were awakened by the Sergeant on sentry rushing into the house, shouting that the Infantry had risen, and were advancing on the bungalow. We were up in a moment, and Boileau and I went out with the Sergeant, who pointed out to us where he had seen the Sepoys stealing up under cover of the low mud wall, which formed the boundary of the Commissioner's compound. Neither of us could see anything, but there was great disturbance and shouting in the Infantry lines, and I heard enough to satisfy me that I ought to be with my own men; so, telling Boileau I was off to my lines, I went as hard as I could down to the Battery, where, in a few minutes, I was joined by Wingfield, Boileau and the three Sergeants. My men behaved splendidly. They turned out at once, and taking the guns from the gun park, and running them out by hand, soon had them in position, bearing upon the Infantry lines. It was a bright moonlight night, and after some time, the disturbance having quieted down, I sent a mounted man down to reconnoitre, and when he returned and told us it was all quiet in that direction, we parked the guns and returned to the bungalow, thinking it must have been a false alarm. But however that may have been,

it brought matters to a crisis, for on the following morning a deputation from the regiment came up to the bungalow and demanded to see Boileau, and after taking him to task for going to the Artillery lines when he ought to have gone to his own men for protection, said that the guns had been brought out against them and that they had only escaped being murdered in their sleep by the refusal of the gunners to fire upon them. They concluded by saying that as they were no longer to be trusted he must order a parade, and serve out to the regiment all the ammunition in the magazine. To this very cool request, Boileau, thinking it useless to refuse, consented. The parade was ordered for the same evening, and both Boileau and Hale went down to attend it, but when they reached the lines they found the magazine had been broken open, and the men had taken possession of the ammunition.

Everything was still going on as usual in the Battery, and after evening stable duties I returned to the Commissioner's house and found Boileau, Hale and the Doctor, sitting outside waiting for dinner. We noticed the absence of our host, Mr. Wingfield, and on making inquiries we were told he had gone out for his usual evening ride and had not yet returned. We waited some time for him, and as it was getting dark, and long after the usual time for his return, we began to feel very anxious about him. At last we went in to dinner, and we had scarcely been seated when a note was received, explaining his absence. It was merely a few lines in pencil, to the effect that he

did not like the state of affairs at Secrora, and seeing that Boileau's regiment was on the verge of mutiny, he had gone out as if for his usual evening ride, and was then on his way to Gonda. He had left without giving us a word of warning, leaving everything standing in his house. After this, Boileau gave it as his opinion that, now the Commissioner had left, we should be quite justified in following his example and making our escape. In support of this he produced a circular letter from Sir Henry Lawrence, sent to all out-stations, saying: "Should the mutiny of the troops be deemed inevitable, the officers are at liberty to leave their men and consult their own safety," and he considered the time had come to take advantage of this permission.

When the question was put to me, I said my men had behaved well and I could not think of deserting them; that I was determined to stay and make every effort to save the guns, and that if he and the others left, I should march the Battery to Lucknow on the following morning.

While we were discussing the matter, a servant brought in a message that the Havildar Major of the Infantry was outside, and wished to see the Commanding Officer. Boileau accordingly went out. The Havildar told him that it had become known to the men that we were planning to make our escape, and that they had no intention of allowing us to do so; that he, Boileau, must send a company of his regiment to Byram Ghaut to prevent our crossing the river, should we attempt to make for Lucknow. Boileau

gave the order and the company left for Byram Ghaut that night. This did not, however, affect Boileau's arrangements, for he had no intention of going to Lucknow, and had determined to follow Wingfield to Gonda, which was in the opposite direction, and thence they would make their way to Bulrampore, where they had been assured of a welcome from the Rajah, Dergh Bijeh Sing.¹

It was getting late when I wished the others good-bye, and taking with me my two Sergeants and the Sergeant-Major, Bewsey, Miller and Court,² we went down to the Battery, where I had arranged to spend the night with my men. From the very beginning I saw clearly that the only hope of keeping hold over the men was to trust them, and to let them see that I trusted them. I spent much of my time in their lines, mixing with them as much as possible, and doing all I could to prevent them holding any communication with the Infantry and Cavalry. In this I was greatly assisted by my Subadar (chief native officer), Sheik Murdan Ali, a fine old fellow, in whom I had implicit confidence. He gave me the most trustworthy information of what was going on, not only in the Battery but also in the other two regiments. I always had the highest opinion of him, and he remained perfectly faithful and true to the end.

On reaching the lines I was glad to find a good

¹ Boileau and Kendall started first and Hale followed shortly afterwards.

² Sergeants Bewsey and Miller and Sergeant-Major Court, of the 2nd Oude Irregular Infantry, remained with me all the time and did excellent service.

spirit still prevailed. The guns were got out and posted to the best advantage, covering the flanks of the stables and commanding the approach from the Infantry lines. After seeing everything was in order and ready to meet a night attack, I turned into my tent, giving orders that I was to be called at the first signs of alarm; and throwing myself on the bed, being dead-tired, I soon fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning it was broad daylight, and looking from the tent door, I saw the guns which I had posted so carefully over night had been withdrawn and taken back to the gun-park. Inquiring about this, the Subadar told me a meeting had been held during the night between our men and the Infantry, and it had been arranged that they would all act together—whatever one did, the other would do—which meant, of course, that they were all going to mutiny.

This was a terrible blow to my hopes of saving the guns, and I hardly knew what to do. But thinking it best to carry on as usual, I went down to the stables, where I found the stable duties being carried on in the ordinary way. I was walking up and down the lines, feeling very despondent at the thought of losing my guns when I saw a number of men approaching. They looked like Sepoys, and as I had given orders that Boileau's men were on no account to be allowed in the Battery, I sent the Subadar to see who they were and what they wanted. They turned out to be the native officers of Boileau's regiment, and they wished to speak to me. As I thought it as

well to hear what they had to say, they were brought up.

They were quite respectful in their manner, and after saluting me, began a tale of the manner in which they had been treated. They seemed very despondent and complained bitterly of having been deserted by their officers. The misbehaviour of the men, they said, was confined to a few budmashes (scoundrels), who, for their own purposes, wished to lead the others astray. They assured me that the majority of the regiment were perfectly loyal, and as they had now only me to look to, begged me to take command of the regiment.

I was not at all prepared for this, but the thought struck me that there might be some truth in what they were saying. The better disposed of the men might be induced to march with the battery, and the guns might yet be saved. So I told them it was my intention to take the Battery to Lucknow, and if any of their men wished to prove their loyalty and come with me, I should be very glad to take them. They seemed greatly pleased at this, and assuring me that they would do anything I ordered them, they asked me to go with them to their lines and tell the men, myself, that I had taken command of them.

This was indeed coming to the point, but it seemed reasonable enough, and little as I liked the job, I at once consented. I had no sooner said the words than with wild shouts of "Chulye, Sahib!"¹ they carried me off to their lines.

¹ "Come on, Sahib!"

A large crowd soon gathered round me. I told them I had come at the request of their native officers to take command of the regiment, that I was going to march the battery to Lucknow at twelve o'clock, and was asking any of those who wished to go with me to come forward. They cried, "We'll all go! We'll all go!" They would go, they said, to Delhi and fight the budmashes of mutineers, and wherever I went they would be with me, or, as they put it, they would be a "full pace in front of me."

I need not say how delighted I was with the turn things had taken, for I felt sure, if the Infantry would march, I should have no difficulty with my own men.

Just then the Subadar came to report that a large amount of Government treasure had arrived. Upon that I returned to the Infantry lines and made the treasure over in the usual way to the jemadar of the guard. As soon as I had done this a number of the men gathered round me and began to abuse and threaten me.

I then returned to the Battery, and on telling the Subadar what had happened, he appeared much alarmed and said he would go down to the Infantry lines and see what was going on, and that in any case his life should be taken before mine.

I heard now, for the first time, that the Quarter-master-Sergeant of the Infantry was still in his house in the Infantry lines, and considering it unsafe for him to be there I sent for him and advised him to come and join us in the Battery. He did not, however, seem dis-

posed to follow my advice. He said he had property and valuables in the house that he could not leave; that he was not at all afraid of the men, and his wife being a native he was sure they would not harm him.

I pointed out the folly of thinking of his property when he would be lucky if he escaped with his life, but he did not appear to be convinced, and he left me, saying he would consult his wife. This was the last I saw of him, and we heard a rumour afterwards that he was killed by his own men.

As the morning wore on the heat in the tents became so terrific we were obliged to leave them, and took shelter under a large tree which was close to the gun-park, and not far from the shouldaree, which was occupied by the Battery quarter-guard. As ill-luck would have it, this was on that day commanded by a Havildar named Jehangir Bux, an ill-conditioned fellow, who had come from one of the regular Batteries—one of the worst men in the Battery.

We had not long been there when we heard a rattle of arms in the tent, and the ring of the ramrods as they drove home the bullets told us they were loading their carbines. The Subadar had been gone what appeared to us a very long time, and weary of waiting for his return I strolled down to the lines hoping to get some information of what was going on; but there was nobody about, and although I knew the men must be in their huts there was a deadly stillness over the whole place which was quite oppressive.

It was so unlike the reception I always met with in the lines that I began to think the game was up; so I returned and rejoined the Sergeants, who were still where I had left them, under the tree.

It was jumpy work waiting and wondering how it was all going to end, but we felt bound to see the business through, and we were not long kept in suspense, for very soon the Assembly was sounded, and the men, hurrying down from their lines, collected in excited groups in the open space between the stables and the gun-park, and the guard marched down and took post over the guns. Going in amongst them, and asking what had happened and why they had turned out, they said: "We cannot tell: the bugle has sounded." Almost immediately a shout arose: "Tulungar ata hai! Tulungar ata hai!" (the Infantry is coming); and true enough we saw Boileau's regiment coming up in formation towards the Battery.

Mounting our horses, which I had taken the precaution to have ready saddled, we rode out towards them, shouting to them not to come near the Battery. I still hoped that some at least of the men would stick to us. The Sergeants and I carried spikes with which some of the guns could be disabled, and we might use the others against the mutineers; but when we came near the guns the guard threatened us with their carbines and warned us off. Some of the best of the men then came round us and begged us to go; and seeing nothing further could be done we left, escorted by them through the Battery. As we left on the one

side the Infantry came up on the other and took possession of the guns, and, as we afterwards heard, took them off to their own lines. The Subadar remained true to the last, and was coming with us, but the men shouted for him to come back, and as it seemed likely to lead to a disturbance I told him to go back, and on the first opportunity to make his escape and join us at Lucknow. His last words to me were "Don't go to Byrum Ghaut."

We went off with what little dignity remained to us at a foot's pace, and had gone scarcely more than half a mile when we were overtaken by four of my men, who came with us and proved most useful on the way.

It was a question now where we should go. We might have followed Wingfield and Boileau and their party to Gonda, but I thought it probable that the regiment there, which I knew to be in a very shaky condition, might have already mutinied, and the party would have gone on to Bulrampore, besides which I was very anxious to get to Lucknow. Byrum Ghaut was closed to us by the company which had been sent there the previous evening, and remembering the Subadar's warning I determined to try another Ghaut called Gurkumnia, some miles further down the river. There was the danger of falling in with the mutineers from Durriabad, who we knew were coming over to Secrora, and would cross the river at that place; however, it seemed our best chance, and we set out in that direction. On nearing the Ghaut we lay to in a tope of trees and sent the natives on to

reconnoitre. We found the Durriabad mutineers had not yet arrived, but that they were expected at any moment, and that all the ferry-boats had been taken across to bring them over. This we had almost expected, but I thought, if the worst came to the worst, we might swim across with our horses. This, in ordinary times, might have been practicable, but, as was usual at this time of year, the snows on the hills had melted, and the river, swollen to twice its usual size, was running like a mill-race, and to swim it would be utterly impossible.

I therefore sent for the Zemindar (head-man) of the village, who, professing his willingness to help us, declared he was helpless, as all the boats had been taken to the other side to bring over the mutineers, and that it was impossible for us to cross.

We were now in a terrible fix. There was no other Ghaut by which we could cross, and our only hope was to get over before the mutineers arrived. To us every moment was of importance; all persuasion had failed, and feeling sure the Zemindar could help us if he wished, I drew my revolver. Seeing I meant business, he at once admitted that he had one small boat, but it was too small to be of any use to us. On going down to the bank of the river we found not one, but two boats. They were small, neither of them large enough to take us over, but I saw that by lashing them together and making them into one, they could be made to answer our purpose. I had had some experience of this kind of makeshift when we were crossing the Battery over, when on our way to

Secrota. So telling the Zemindar, who by this time had become quite obliging, what we required, he went to the village, and soon returned, bringing ropes and bamboos and several boatmen, who understood the business, and setting to work with all haste, our craft was soon got ready.

We had some difficulty in shipping the horses, and when at length it was accomplished, we all got on board and pushed off into the stream. It was an anxious moment, for we were a heavy load, the water reaching almost to the gunwales. The boatmen, however, worked with a will, and after being carried a long way down stream, Providence befriending us, we were safely landed on the other side.

Before leaving Secrota I had told my Pay Havildar to put 100 rupees into my holsters, which he had faithfully done, so I was able to give the boatmen a handsome backsheesh, which they had so well deserved, and we started again on our way, thankful to leave the river behind us, and feeling the worst of our difficulties were now over.

Towards evening we went to a well to get some water, and there fell in with a man with whom I got into conversation. He turned out to be a pensioner of the Bombay Army, and finding he knew the country in the direction of Lucknow, I proposed he should act as our guide, promising him a good reward. He readily consented, but said the country was so much disturbed he must first go to his village and get his bhai (brother) to accompany him, as he would be afraid to make the return journey alone. When we

reached the village he invited us to go into a serai, where he said we could rest ourselves and our horses, while he went to get us some food, of which we were much in need. The villagers, however, did not appear to be at all too friendly, and not feeling disposed to trust ourselves within the four walls of the courtyard, we declined his offer, and said we would wait for him outside the village.

After waiting for a long time, he at last appeared, but without bringing either his bhai or the food he had promised, and he himself hopelessly drunk. In this condition he was, of course, no use to us; it was, however, now too late to procure another guide, and thinking he might be of use to us when he recovered his senses, we carried him along with our party. We were now left to our own resources to find the way.

From where we were, I calculated that Lucknow must lie to the west, and if we did not overshoot our mark, I knew that sooner or later we were bound to strike the main road from Lucknow to Byrum Ghaut, which ran in an easterly direction from Lucknow. Taking our direction by the stars, we travelled all night, avoiding the roads and villages, and keeping to the open country, without meeting with any further trouble or misadventure. As morning dawned, we came in sight of an unusually large village, which the guide (who before this had become quite sober) told us was Newab Gunge Bara Bauki. We had hit the Byrum Ghaut road about fifteen miles to the east of Lucknow, but as there were parties of mutineers

about, we still kept to the open country until we reached Chinhut. All danger being now over, we dismissed the guide with his promised reward—though I thought he had hardly earned it—and leaving the natives of our party to follow at their leisure, we trotted into Lucknow.

APPENDIX

Extract from "A History of the Sepoy War in India," by SIR JOHN KAYE.

... "THE English captives¹ were sent out into the jungle under a lying pretence that they would be safer there than in the Fort. But scarcely had they been driven out into the wilderness, when the Rajah sent a messenger to our enemies to tell them where our people were to be found. It was plainly the design to betray them; but the insurgents never entered the jungle. The cause of their forbearance is not easily explained, but the result was that the fugitives were left unmolested. Perhaps it was thought that exposure to the sun, the rain and the wild beasts of the jungle, would soon do its work on the white people, and that death would come slowly and painfully, but not less surely upon them. But death did not come upon them in the jungle, though all that makes life, as health and hope, was crushed out of them. They saw each other drooping day by day, or, as time went on, prostrated by jungle-fever, that left them weaker than before, and returned again and again to rack them. From the 6th of August to the 25th of October, they

¹ These were Captain and Mrs. Orr and their little daughter, Mount-stewart Jackson and Madeline Jackson, and Sophie Christian, Lieutenant Burns and Sergeant-Major Morton.

endured these torments; and then they were ordered to prepare for their departure, none knew whither, under a guard of the people of the Rajah of Mythowlee. Their preparations were very slender—for, in truth, they had nothing to take with them. They had no covering for their heads, no covering for their feet; scarcely any covering for their bodies, except some miserable rags; and when they tried to take with them an old sheet or some scraps of cloth, much prized in their pitiable state, the boon was brutally refused with blows.

Weak and fever-stricken, they were dragged out of the jungle, and on the roadside two of the common carts of the country were waiting for them. On these they were huddled together, and then they set forth on their nameless journey. . . .

It was soon apparent that their destination was Lucknow. On they went, a hundred and fifty men and a gun in front of them—a hundred and fifty men and a gun in rear of them. In the villages through which they passed they were made a show to be gazed at, and to be mocked by the people. Their food, scanty and nauseous, was thrown to them as if they had been dogs. Water was given to them grudgingly or not at all. Nothing was omitted that could enhance their agonies both of mind and body.

... As they neared the capital, which was still in possession of the insurgents, a swarm of troops, both horse and foot, came out to meet them. The order was that the captives should be taken to the Kaiser-bagh, one of the old palaces of the kings, in which the

enemy had a strong position. At a little distance from this place they were made to leave the clumsy vehicles on which they had sat, and to walk, or rather to stagger, through the streets, gazed at by an insolent crowd, which pressed upon them, rejoicing in their humiliation.

It was, indeed, a ghastly procession. Orr carried his little daughter in his arms; Burns carried Sophie Christian; Mountstewart Jackson was so reduced by fever and ague, that he could scarcely crawl to his new prison house, and he no sooner entered it than he fell down in a swoon. . . .

Here, then, in a small apartment of the Kaiser-bagh the prisoners lay for some weeks. Literally, it may be said that they died daily, for they felt that each hour might be their last. . . .

On the morning of the 16th November a party of the 71st Sepoy Regiment, fully armed and equipped, entered the dwelling place of the captives, and said that they were bidden to take the gentlemen away. With difficulty, in their debilitated state, Jackson and Orr rose from their recumbent position, took a sad and solemn farewell of those who were so near and dear to them, and then with their comrades Burns and Morton, calmly suffered themselves to be bound. A rattle of musketry was presently heard; and although the gaolers assured our affrighted gentlewomen that it portended only the execution of some native prisoners, the terrible truth soon became apparent to them. Our women and children had lost their protectors. . . .

A few days after this butchery another of the cap-

tives was delivered by death. Little Sophie Christian, who had for some time been reduced to an extremity of weakness by the ravages of disease, faded away so gently that those about her scarcely knew the time of her deliverance.

The prisoners in the Kaiser-bagh were now reduced to two women and one child. . . . Whilst they ceased to hope for their own safety . . . their tender hearts were torn by the thought of what might be the fate of the little child who shared their captivity. So they resolved that they would endeavour to effect its deliverance, and cast about in their minds how this might best be accomplished. Among those who guarded them, or had influence over the guardians, were one or two less stern and cruel than the rest. One, indeed, had been their friend from the first of their captivity in the Kaiser-bagh. His name was Wajid Ali, and he was a Darogah of the Native Government. Counsel was now taken with him as to the best means of saving the child. The sympathies of a native woman—a resident of Lucknow—were enlisted in favour of the child and her mother; and one day, after some earlier schemes had failed, the deliverance was accomplished. They stained the hands and the feet of the little girl so as to resemble those of a native child, and the woman who was acting this good part wrapped her in a sheet, and with well-simulated weepings and lamentations carried out the precious burden as though she were taking the body of her own little one to burial, and thus eluded the vigilance of the guards. The little captive was

taken to the house of Maun Singh, and after some days, was conveyed in safety to the British camp in the Alum-bagh.

Then, after this, to the two who were left there was a season of weary suspense. Although British arms had been triumphant on every great occasion of conflict, the enemy still held positions in parts of the city and suburbs, and might any day sweep in upon them with murderous intent. But Wajid Ali was still true to them, and when it was seen that the Kaiser-bagh was no longer safe, under the vigorous bombardment to which it was now subjected, he placed them in a palanquin, and, not without difficulty, conveyed them to another abode. But this was not beyond the reach of danger, so a second departure became necessary, and now they were housed beneath the same roof as Wajid Ali's wife and children, safe from the fire of our guns, but not secure against the assaults of the enemy. . . .

Renewed exertions were, therefore, to be made to open communications with our people; so Mrs. Orr wrote a letter, to be delivered to the first British officer that could be found, and it was intrusted to the care of the brother-in-law of Wajid Ali. Providence favoured the effort, for he had scarcely started when he came upon a detachment of a Goorkha force, accompanied by two English officers. These were Captain M'Neill and Lieutenant Bogle, of the Artillery. To read the letter was to grasp the suggestion of immediate action. They hastened to the house where the captives dwelt, seized a palanquin, placed the

English women in it, improvised a set of bearers from the ever-ready Goorkhas, and under charge of Captain M'Neill they were carried through the narrow, tortuous streets, till the welcome sight of General Macgregor's camp at last assured them that they were safe; and soon in a tent pitched for them by the General, where all they needed was supplied to them, they thanked God for their merciful deliverance. Next day they were passed on to the camp of Sir James Outram."

