

wherefore I galloped with my escort to his aid. We met two of his men, one having a horse wounded. McMurdo had attacked a small party, which fled, but when returning with captured cattle through the pass he was assailed by a matchlock fire from the rocks. He retired and thus drew the enemy towards him on low but rough ground, and was just going to charge when another band came up in his rear; then he made a flank movement and the bands joined; whereupon he charged, seized the pass, sent the men we met to seek aid, and ordered two others to drive the booty through, while he again charged, drove the enemy back and came off safely. This affair was very gallant, and the success entirely owing to McMurdo's intrepidity; for on the first discharge his men flew about frightened, and he was going to shoot one, but finally they rallied and behaved admirably: they were men of my Scinde Horse escort. The cattle they brought in sold high, and I gave them the money."

Here, while awaiting the result of Ali Moorad's negotiations, which finally failed and produced a new system of operations, the general gave Lord Ellenborough the following review of all that had passed, which, though necessarily repeating some facts, puts the whole operation in such a clear light, and adds so many interesting particulars, that compressed extracts will be well introduced: extracts only however, for it ranged over the whole policy of Scinde and India, and was a most remarkable document.

"Lord Ellenborough. February 9th, Sebreë.—On the 13th of January my campaign opened. I had a week before taken advantage of the sickness in the 78th to write a letter to the Khan of Khelat, saying my troops were too sickly to take the field till next cold season; but the hill men should not escape, as Wullee Chandia and Ali Moorad would march against them. This letter I caused to fall into Beja's hands, and knowing he had friends in the Khelat durbar, sent a duplicate there that Beja might have the same story two ways: the trick succeeded. Wullee Chandia went ahead

against Poolagee, Jacob followed by forced marches and reached Rojan the same moment that I reached Khangur. But I found many of Jacob's horses had died of fatigue and thirst, and so, having notice that the enemy occupied Shapoor, it entered my head that if Wullee was true he would that night attack Poolagee; and Jacob, no longer able to reach that place in time, might be sent against Shapoor instead of my marching there myself. The enemy would thus be driven eastward, while I moved upon Ooch, a watering-place in the desert.

“ Well. If Wullee entered Poolagee and Jacob assailed Shapoor, it followed, that unless Jacob was beaten the enemy would fly to the nearest watering-place eastward, that is to Ooch, which was forty miles off and there was no road, all being loose sand and after a shower the best guide is lost: nevertheless in half an hour after reaching Khangur Captain Salter started with cavalry and guns to Ooch; and my orders went to Jacob to attack Shapoor that night. Salter had not been gone an hour when intelligence came that many chiefs and a strong force were at Ooch; whereupon, fearing Salter being overpowered I set off after him with two guns and 200 cavalry though they had already come sixteen miles: however we made the additional march of forty miles just before daybreak. Being a little tired with riding and incessant thought from daybreak on the 15th till daybreak on the 16th, I fell asleep on my horse and was awaked by his stopping: then I found that the advanced guard, with which I was, saw lights not far off, but when we looked for the cavalry and guns they were lost! This was very awkward, for we were but fifty men in a desert, close to a numerous enemy. Still we hoped to find Salter. Day broke, McMurdo rode to the top of a sand cliff and returned to me, saying he saw Beloochees firing in the plain below. I drew up our handful of troopers, in whose pluck it must be confessed I had not much confidence, but thought they would stick by the ‘*sahibs*’ of the

staff. Having removed out of matchlock fire from the sand cliff we awaited adventures, and at that instant our errant guns and main body came round another hillock of sand ! to my no small satisfaction, for fifty tired men and horses were not in a state to give battle to many hundreds of good swordsmen quite fresh.

“ Officers were instantly sent out to ascertain what the shooting before us was, and they found it was from Salter’s force. He had gallantly engaged and defeated the enemy in the night, and the firing was between his videttes and single robbers, who were lurking about to get back their cattle. He had captured more than three thousand, and double that number would have been taken but for the fatigue of this very rare march with guns over a sandy desert ! Soon a horseman came at speed to say Shapoor had also been surprized. My letter had deceived them at both places ; they thought when they saw our men coming on that they were the Chandikas, and fought until the vigour of the attack told them who they had to deal with. I immediately remounted and reached Shapoor that evening, tired enough : I thought I should never wake again.

“ After a few days my infantry came up, and I thought that by pushing the cavalry to Lheree and Poolagee, on the west, the tribes would be enclosed in their hills and driven eastwards as I wished : but instead of moving up the Teyaga valley to the most northern of their hills, which were menaced by their enemies the Murrees, they moved south of all, along the edge of the desert. When I found they had abandoned Tonge I marched by Ooch and Zooree-Khushta : the infantry of the Bundlecund Legion were coming up, but I could not wait and left orders for them to proceed under General Simpson to Poolagee, turn there and move eastward up the valley of the Teyaga, while I forced the pass of Lallee in front of Zuranee. That pass was abandoned to me, and also the Jummuk pass beyond it. My conviction then was, and now I am sure of it, that the enemy thought I would

heedlessly thread both passes to join Simpson and march upon Deyrah, when he would have seized these passes with five or six thousand men and cut me off from my magazines, and cavalry. I might have regained them by force, but if I failed all my infantry would be lost.

“My plan was however not to fight, but to starve the tribes by occupying lines across their country which they could not force: hence my camp was at once fixed between the passes and occupying both, and in this camp we halted until we had gathered above 6000 head of cattle altogether. I then moved in advance, but during my halt two things of importance had occurred. First our camel men, hired at Shikarpoor, took fright when we entered the passes and deserted with five hundred camels: the government camels were then nearly exhausted, my supplies were thus stopped, and there was little in camp from the rapidity of our previous marches! Amongst many expedients to remedy this heavy blow I dismounted half the camel corps, and in one march Fitzgerald brought up 44,000 lbs. of flour from Shapoor! I am still in great difficulty, but have taken very active measures to relieve myself. Twelve days' provisions are still in camp, and more coming up, and there is six weeks' supply at Shapoor, which on emergency can be brought up by dismounting half the cavalry and the camel corps: at the worst two forced marches would take me to Shapoor, but my expectation is to get 600 camels from Dadur.

“The second occurrence was that four chiefs, viz. Beja Khan Doomkee; Deriah Khan Jackranee; Islam Khan Bhogtee, and another great hill chief little known, called Ali Sha Khosa, have sent terms to ask for surrender. This is very opportune; my own camels are failing, and the enemy has been allowed, contrary to the pretended orders of the Mooltan government, to enter the Mooltan territory. This makes me feel now very generously inclined to do what under other circumstances I might refuse. Still I do feel

inclined to treat these men according to their own feelings rather than mine. Robbers they are, but have been made so by circumstances, and had I been a Doomkee I should have been as great a robber as Beja Khan! My offer to him therefore has been, to lay down his arms at the head of his tribe in my camp, and then live in Ali Moorad's territory on the left of the Indus in quietude. To the Jackra-nees I have offered ground in our territory, also on the left bank; but if they won't go, extermination! To the Bhoogtees, to swear on the Koran and write what they swear therein, never again to plunder our frontier, and to acknowledge allegiance to the Khan of Khelat: I think their chief will send his son as hostage to Ali Moorad. This was proposed by Ali with some object not clear to me, so I refused to notice it; but I hear the Bhoogtee will refuse fealty to the Khan, in which case he shall be excused if he sends his son as a hostage. Yet, if the Khan sends me 600 camels I will make Islam Bhoogtee bow before him.

"The Murrees have not acted against me, but have not helped as they promised. They shall therefore give up the four guns they took from Clarke and Clibborn and have put up in a mosque as trophies. I have now turned their strong defiles of Noofusk and Sartoof, and we command a good cannon road from Deyrah to Kahun, their capital; they are therefore in dreadful alarm, and have sent their women forty miles to the northward. My new line across the Bhoogtee country is in the sketch I send, and there is a mark half-way between this place and Deyrah, where two hundred cavalry will be on the 12th with orders to scour those valleys; this day also, four companies, sent toward that point to scour the ravines between us, have killed four robbers and brought in 500 cattle. Four other companies go to-morrow to scour the rocks and valleys between the camp and Hunter's, for I left him with a detachment in the passes. Meanwhile all the tribes in front are suffering from eating only flesh, for their grain depôts were captured.

moor and Ooch: it is a war in all
 is to end it with less blood-
 have lost but one officer,
 noble soldier. His
 mortally wounded in
 his state I went to see the
 to give him hopes. General,
 y, I have done my duty, I am a
 demands my life I cannot die better.
 a great honour. He was perfectly com-
 ess, and his death took place almost imme-
 affecting and a glorious one, but it tries the
 commander to see such men expire. Accursed be
 ed, in the House of Commons, accused me of mur-

Ali Moorad is positive that one thousand Doomkees will
 lay down their arms on the 14th, and the general opinion is
 so amongst all ranks. How these general opinions arise in
 a camp cannot be said, but they are generally correct in the
 main: if so here, my return to Scinde shall be rapid to
 put an end to expence. Napoleon says that war amongst
 deserts is the most difficult of any; and really it is exceed-
 ingly embarrassing. To get supplies is difficult; to move
 is difficult; to find a road is difficult: in short it is a chain
 of difficulties that no other country presents; and we have
 here the agreeable addition of mountains and rocks, all
 barren and wild, and full of passes: desert behind, rocks
 before! Well, it teaches a man his trade, though with me
 too late, for I grow perceptibly weaker, principally from
 extreme anxiety lest I should blunder.

“Since your lordship left India I have had to endure
 much petty annoyance from Sir G. Arthur’s government,
 and but for Sir H. Hardinge should have had a great deal
 more. I am sure that if any other person had succeeded
 you I should have been driven out of Scinde by the Bom-
 bay people. Ali Moorad behaves very well. He at first

tried, of course, to upset me with Hardinge. He concluded he would upset all your lordship's men, but was sadly taken aback to find his secret vakeel was sent away from Calcutta. He has a fine body of troops here, and the people sent to trace the slayers of the dâk party free his men from blame. These *Puggees*, so they are called, are very clever, they will trace footsteps for days with certainty.

"I am puzzled how to treat the Khan of Khelat. Brown tells me he is a handsome young man, with the most engaging dignified manners. He said. You killed my father and took all my treasure, therefore I am weak and my sirdars do as they please. He is in fact a prisoner, and if I give him money he will be a milch cow: no good can come of that. My wish is to pay for him a body of troops with English officers for a certain number of years: his revenue will then be large, for the rich countries about Bagh, Lheree, and Gundava, now laid waste by the robber tribes, will when the latter plundering confederation is broken up by my present enterprise become one sheet of cultivation. I have frightened his sirdars; his vizier's brother played tricks and got this warning. 'In six weeks I can and will take any man that offends me between this and Candahar, hence if you Mohamed Ameer do not behave well you shall be hanged a your friend Nowbut was, even though you fled to Bokara.' The effect was that the Khan himself, who had hitherto kept aloof, offered to meet me whenever it was my pleasure to appoint; and he added all sorts of offers to co-operate against his rebel subjects in these hills."

This letter, which in its extent embraced an immense variety of subjects, political and military, and grasped the whole government of India, was certainly a remarkable instance of mental vigour, being written in camp in the midst of very perplexing and vexing negotiations demanding the nicest judgment. It was written also under the pressure of sickness, fatigue, and age overtaken. Yet he is found at the same time soliciting the Jam of Beila for fruit trees to

plant at Kurrachee, and strange to say, composing doggrel verses upon Beja Khan, which, though of no poetical value, possess verve and point enough to shew his mastery of mind and vivacity amidst the difficulties and dangers of his position. Written when expecting Beja to come down on his army, they expressed also that fierceness of spirit which made him so terrible in battle, against his milder nature.

“Come on stout Beja, to the strife !
 Nor you nor I will spare a life !
 Unhonoured war ! of mercy reft,
 And hopes alone in victory left !
 Barbarians, whom no pity ties,
 The victor kills, the beaten dies !
 So be it Beja ! Stand or run,
 We shan't both see the setting sun !
 If you beat me, a corpse I'll lie !
 If I take you, I'll hang you high !
 For you, shall be no burial rites
 Swinging in air you'll feed the kites !

“I feel no less poetical than merciful ! However, I really do mean to hang Beja if he plays foul.”

FIFTEENTH EPOCH.

FOURTH PERIOD.

THE negotiations with the chiefs only led to a renewal of operations, more difficult and dangerous than those already executed ; yet the first part had been very remarkable. The marches across the desert to surprize the enemy would alone have won the applause of a nation, if the general had not been obnoxious to faction: and the hardiness and spirit of the soldiers were astonishing. Jacob's column marched fifty miles, Salter's forty miles, through deep sand ; and through that sand also worked for forty miles a body of the Scinde police under Lieutenant Smallpage, so entirely had they been imbued with the highest military qualities ; so pushed forward also in the cause of civilization, for these men had been brought up as robbers themselves. The general's own column marched fifty-six miles ; he was in the saddle for thirty hours, the last two in a violent land storm of the most oppressive nature. Less hardihood, less military genius, has in other times called forth the orator's burning words and a nation's gratitude: but when was faction anything but base ?

“ Journal.—While awaiting the result of the negotiations I will explain the cause of my halt for ten days between the Jummuk and Lallee passes. The terrible robber tribes of Doomkees, Bhoogtees and Jackranees were feared in all the surrounding countries, and had been so for centuries ; but they were not on good terms with the Sikhs, and my hope was, that my own request and the demand of the political agent at Lahore, Major Broadfoot, made at my desire, that the Lahore government should preserve neutrality would be

effectual. Moreover the entrance of thousands of these robbers into the Sikh territories, pursued by a British army, was a thing for the Sikh inhabitants to fear, and therefore I believed they would oppose it.

Islam Khan has married a daughter of the Keytrian, Hadjee Khan, whose territory is northwards, touching the Mooltan frontier, and Hadjee told Islam he would receive him if in distress but not his tribe. Of course, with this fear of the British, he would not receive the other two tribes, and hence my conviction was that they could not escape me; this reconciled me to halting, but want of provisions was the cause: arrangements had been made to form a principal magazine at Shapoor, and to forward supplies from thence to the active columns. The first convoys rapidly followed up the more rapid marches of the troops to Shapoor, and that magazine was well stored for two months when we moved to the Lallee and Jum-muk passes. But suddenly the robbers shewed themselves on our line of convoys, and Beja sent threatening messages to the contractors and camel drivers, causing a panic in the rear, which was augmented by a belief that the army was sure to be defeated in the hills. General and troops it was said would be destroyed; Shikarpoor would be plundered, and vengeance fall on all who had assisted in the war against Beja Khan: and this belief was also industriously inculcated by the Bombay clique and the newspapers. The contractors would not then fulfil their contracts, saying they could not get camels; the camel men refused to enter the hills, saying they dared not: the officer commanding at Shikarpoor menaced them, and held out promises of greater gain, but in vain, and in one night all the camel men went off with their animals, just when the rapid marches had outstripped supply: thus all was stopped!

“ I was not well able to see a way through this difficulty: and the dangers were. 1°. Checking my rapidity of operations, for which all my previous preparations had been made.

2°. This check would induce surrounding nations to think the British had again failed, as they had before done in the hills at Seebee, at Moostung, at Noofusk, at Sartoof, and at Khaheree: for six hundred years it was said no force had entered the hills and returned unscathed, and the tribes being thus unconquered were by all Asiatic nations deemed unconquerable. 3°. This opinion might easily turn the Murrees and the troops of Khelat against us; and then a flame of war would have been kindled in all the hill ranges, for the Cabool massacre was a source of pride with these nations: there was a burning zeal to repeat it, and from all the mountain tops keen eyes were bent upon the British force. This danger did not alarm me, I knew my troops too well, and was forearmed against it as a probable occurrence; but my object and hope was to attain success without bloodshed.

“Worse than this check however was to be apprehended. It might be necessary to go back even to Shapoor for sustenance, and there is no saying what misfortunes want of carriage will entail on an Indian army: success may be within its grasp and yet be lost in a moment. Had I retreated, a shout of victory would have pealed along the Cutchee Hills to Seebee, would have reverberated in the Bolan rocks and echoed along the Hala range to Sehwan:—and then a wild storm of swords shields and matchlocks would have swept the plains. Again: if the spies are deceived about the Keytrian chief's refusal to receive the tribes the line of operations would have been much lengthened, and with little time for action, which from the heat cannot be maintained beyond the 1st of April in the desert. My troops are full of fight, but young; and when did young soldiers like halting and half rations? The camp gossip also was bad. *Beja Khan could not be caught; the thing was impossible.* And truly the rocky passes and strongholds presented by the defiles furnished excuses for such language. But my great fear was, that downcast



spirits as to what appeared a wildgoose chase might produce sickness : some cases did occur. A last, though least source of disquietude, was the swarming of the robbers round the camp in small bands, killing stragglers. Against all these evils I made head as I could, resolving not to retreat happen what would until the last gasp : when every advantage was gained it would have been hard to fail merely from want of carriage ; a thing that ought never to happen, and never would with an Indian army if a baggage corps such as I have projected were established in every presidency. I am now awaiting events.

“ 4th of February.—Can there be treason going on ? Are they getting a force from Mooltan ? If so we shall thrash them, for I have 800 European infantry, 500 Sepoys, 10 guns, 600 cavalry here, and 1000 more at Shapoor in reserve. No ! There can be no treason ; but if there be I will make another Meeanee. Ali Moorad must be an absolute idiot if he is a traitor ; if he is staunch his two thousand men are of my army : my opinion is that the enemy has some intrigue with the Mooltan people for leave to go into their territory, and if refused they will surrender.

“ 12th.—Ali Moorad still confident that Beja will surrender. I took out the troops to-day and studied my ground. It will do : should twenty thousand attack me, we shall beat them ! So come on Beja !

“ Feb. 13th.—Hunter's camp has joined mine from the passes, and Simpson is in a strong post at Deyrah. 2 o'clock. The chiefs are coming, and have sent their kinsmen to feel the way at Ali Moorad's camp. Now if I give orders, as I ought, to cut their throats the chiefs will decline further attentions, but if received decently the grandees will follow. The kinsmen have done their bidding, and my answer was, Come all together or not at all. Give us one day longer. Not an hour ! to-morrow I march, and mercy has gone back with my heavy baggage to Shapoor.

"14th.—The kinsmen say the chiefs did not understand they were to come in personally, and have gone back to tell them. However my word shall be kept, and to-morrow I will march in pursuance of it to *Douze Kushta*, the most eastern entrance to their rocks: I have given them a longer day though, as the kinsmen say the distance would preclude their appearing sooner. If I could ascertain exactly where they are, I would this night surprize them instead of giving more law.

"15th.—Still here. The kinsmen were ready to surrender in the names of their chiefs, but were by me flatly refused. This put them in terror and they are gone off, but with my promise to wait until the 19th at *Douze Kushta*, because I heard that Beja was sick, and that his wife was dead, and I would not press on his affliction. My word that *with God's blessing* I would march this day has however been kept; for God would not let me march as I intended: such heavy rain fell that our tents could not be carried, and perforce we remain here to-day and to-morrow. Of this I am glad, for it will facilitate the surrender of the chiefs. Then why did I not order a halt? Because, if my promise to march had been voluntarily broken there would have been no end to the barbarians' tricks and negociations. They would have painted pictures in their vivid Eastern imaginations; such as that I could not march from want of camels, or of provisions, or an order from the governor-general, or that Ali Moorad overruled me, and so talked themselves into longer resistance. Ali Moorad has said he also will march to *Douze Kushta*, despite of my orders to the contrary: he has now got a letter that will, it is hoped, make him comprehend who is master here. His delay in moving on Gundooe when I was at Zuranee, enabled the chiefs to escape eastward with their families, and so prolonged the contest. He now pretends to cross my march and interfere with my operations! If he does not obey and is found encamped by the water at *Douze Kushta*, a six-pound shot shall go through his tent;



for a word and a blow is my rule with barbarians, and I insist on gratitude for not following their own custom and striking the blow first.

“February 16th.—Last evening we were again gasping for water, when down came from the hills, through the middle of our camp, a river some sixty yards broad and two feet deep! I expected this *Fiumara*, knowing them of old in Portugal, Spain, Italy and Greece. The soldiers were delighted, and a miracle could have been made of this by riding towards the mountain awaiting the torrent, and then galloping back at the head of the rushing stream from the pass! How many phenomena there are in this country admitting of a miraculous gloss! In the desert, Ali Bey, my orderly, brought me a handful of manna, saying, Look sir, this is a miracle, it is on the bushes, it is food! it comes from God! Down from Heaven! Ali was quite right: it does come from God, it is food and it is a miracle—but one that God works all the days of the year. All that comes to feed man is miraculous; reading and writing are miraculous; it is a miracle that we are born, one that we live, one that we die. Whence we come we know not; what we do we know not; what is around us we know not. Merciful God! what are we?

“But we have a part to perform in this drama! yes! so has the bug that bites us! Which has the most important part of the two? We both act by the direction of our nature, and who shall presume to decide? the bug may produce a sleepless night for the body, and to the ingenious mind thus kept wakeful some great invention may occur. Who is the originator? The bug which sucks blood, or the man who unwillingly lies awake under the operation of bug grazing. Yet the invention may overturn the order of things, perhaps enable us to reach the moon! Oh! vain and miserable man! Take a beautiful horse and place it alongside of a fat red-nosed bumboat woman of Portsmouth: woman is divine! but if this be our divinity what is her

adorer, man? Is not the beautiful horse at her side more divine? more beautiful, more clean, more gentle, more innocent? Look at the elegantly-formed gnat that stings her: is he not more divine with his light glistening wings? But he bites! Yes! And ask a bullock what she does. Now put her beside a luxurious bishop. Where is the difference? He is full of wine, as she is of gin: is the vine a finer plant than the juniper? She dresses her own beef-steak, obtained by her labour: his is dressed by a skilful cook, and paid for by others' labour! Oh! vain miserable man! 'we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us!' Well, I am only laughing at the absurdities of the vanity which claims superiority in the eyes of God.

"February 17th.—The second anniversary of Meeanee, and I am again in the field! Am I doomed to war and blood? Well, this is at least a righteous war, but so was that against Pottinger's friends the Ameers. This day two years what heaps of dead were around me! How many friends were dying! The shrieks from the hospital tent where men were suffering amputation! Peace be with all, for all behaved nobly—those who died and those who survived that terrible conflict. I am still awaiting the robber chiefs, and it is curious that the name of the place, Douze Kushta, means the thief's death in the Belooch tongue. I have been on horseback from four o'clock in the morning until two of the afternoon, and without food: it is not every man of sixty-three who can do that, and work afterwards.

"February 18th. — Salter, just come from Deyrah, confirms my secret intelligence that no surrender was intended; but Ali Moorad has made me lose six days; and himself too, for I believe he was deceived as well as me by his quartermaster-general Kummal Khan, a black crooked-faced smiling old knave who shall be paid off some day. This place is covered with petrifications of sea shells, and a sea crab of great size has been found. Iron and sulphur extend all over these hills, very beautiful specimens. Being

close to the Indus this might be turned to account by enterprise: but India belongs to the 'Honourable Company of Merchants trading to the East,' which has as much idea of good government as it has of honesty: agents of the devil to make men miserable.

"Nothing of the chiefs yet! I have now done all that is possible to prevent their being slaughtered, and this night I will march in search of them with an edged sword; the soldiers will not give them quarter, nor will they ask for it: they are brave men, but will when spared, if occasion offers, kill the man who spares them. However they shall be tamed, if caught, by hard work and the comforts produced by labour, good food, good houses; and if the present men cannot be broken to civilization their children may: it is worth the trial. How impatient I feel! it is a want of sound sense. Which is worst, impatience or dawdling? both mark weakness of mind, dawdling the most so."

Patient as Issachar while he had hope of peace; when that vanished, he was again the Lion of Judah.

"Shore, 20th.—Beja did not come, so I marched, hoping to surprize him here but failed, because, contrary to the strictest orders some fellows lighted a fire and we were discovered. However we have taken 150 camels' load of baggage and much wheat. I have been twenty-two hours in the saddle, and am sadly annoyed at missing the robbers.

"February 21st.—Slept thirteen hours without turning a hair! One robber chief, Ali Shere, has come in. He is quite a lad: his district, Bushoree, being in the midst of the others he could not come before. He shall have some employment in Scinde, for it is idle to punish vice unless you give food to virtue: the latter may be its own reward, but will scarcely be so accepted by a tribe of robbers with empty bellies. To chastise these knaves is but half my work, and the most disagreeable half. I want to reclaim them, which is very hard to do, and none in this camp but my three sons-in-law believe it possible. Yet there are here

clever and good men. They doubt the native character, and perhaps they are right: yet much nonsense is talked about the 'native character;' it is human character, modified by political and religious influences for centuries. In a long military life I have been intimately acquainted with many nations, English, Irish, Scotch, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, Greeks, Turks, American Negroes, and East Indians—Hindoo and Mussulman. The human character has therefore been to me as a much-read book. This is an advantage attending military life which has not been noticed; our acquaintance with many nations, principally the military and peasantry of each, enables us to see the different characters of each, because there is a great similarity of military laws and customs, and therefore the military man detects the national character with ease under that disguise.

"The constant study of human nature enforced by military life gives the old soldier more knowledge than other professions do; for the more liberty a man has to follow his own way the less he knows of mankind. He may be shrewd and know much, but liberty makes him a prince, he does what he likes and that is death to a knowledge of human nature. The soldier is always under control; he must study man, and long habit gives him tact to discover the true character. Now this enables me to be sure that the Sepoys of India are like other soldiers, with some difference of religion and customs. As a recruit he is vaunting and eager to fight, so are Europeans; as a veteran he is cool and daring, so are Europeans; both are vain of being soldiers, both will run away at times, and both will fight desperately when well drilled. He has been for ages a slave, and therefore a liar. So have Europeans been, but as they grew free told more truth, and so will the Sepoy: thus I can believe some of our native officers, I cannot believe a man in Ali Moorad's camp. If we look to causes for variety of character we can generally trace those varieties to government and climate, not to difference of race. Let children of many races be brought up

together in a country foreign to all and they will all be as the men of that country are.

“Toosoo, February 22nd.—Left Shore this morning, but dare not venture through the great Goojroo pass in my front. It is about twenty miles long, with perpendicular sides of rock—a long stone trough! Flanking parties could not move at top because of the numerous narrow deep cross clefts; and for twelve miles no water could be sent up to them: yet without such parties the enemy would kill us with stones. We are encamped near to, but north of Meerza-ke-Gurree, and my chance is now to decoy Beja into his final refuge at Trukkee, a place the robbers and all Asiatics imagine impregnable. We must now find out where Trukkee is! We are in the dark. I have one good guide, who says it is two marches from Deyrah, where we shall be tomorrow. The last day's march was through a terrible country, armies have been destroyed here, and no wonder; but I have hold of the pass into the plain of Deyrah, and would not let it go for all India! I also hold the defile of Goojroo: Ali Moorad has that of Lootes. Hunter has moved back on the Lallee and Jummuk passes, while my march is on Deyrah. We have thus complete possession of this country, and now I must make the Murrees say whether they will accept it from me.

“Deyrah, 23rd.—This is a beautiful and fertile plain, a rich soil and fine stream of pure water, with a strong mud fort flanked by eight round towers: it is the robber's haunt and denotes his trade, for there is not any cultivation except just round the fort. This vale, by nature rich, is a waste. There is grass, running water, wood, and the finest air I ever breathed; nature has been prodigal, and the place could, and should be made by me if my mastery were real, one mass of luxuriant produce. Oh! it is grievous to see it the lair of a robber, with his fort enclosing mud huts like Irish cabins to hold his women and his plunder!

“The Murrees have sent to say they are coming to salaam:

they are in terror. So here am I receiving homage as a conqueror from the very tribe that defeated our troops and took our guns four years ago, when the politicals those precious inventions of Lord Auckland ruled. They were invented by Whigs to put down the military, and down they did put them in the Tezeen valley! there fifteen thousand skeletons, victims of Lord Auckland and Sir William McNaughten, are grinning with ghastly mirth at the Affghan hills! Here lie the bones of Clarke's detachment within sight of my tent, and hard by is Noofusk, with its near neighbour Sartoo, the scene of Clibborn's defeat; and both, like the Tezeen valley, are drenched with the blood of our soldiers, whitened with their bones, landmarks of our shame and dishonoured arms. Well, I have in some measure wiped out these stains: the colours of England float over my tent in defiance of the rugged passes through which they were then dragged in the dirt. Honour however be to the memory of the noble soldier Clarke! He fell with his men gallantly fighting, a sacrifice to the incapacity of Lord Auckland for governing a great empire. Let me be understood literally: governing a great empire. The opinion, said to have been propagated by Sir A. Burns, is rife, namely, that his good feelings and good sense were opposed to the war, but his counsellors, especially Sir W. McNaughten, overruled his judgment.

"February 25th.—I am like a galvanized body. My mind makes desperate efforts and spurs the body to convulsive exertions, and then both sink. To complain would look like want of firmness, but the overwhelming weakness of my limbs is beyond description. I am growing uneasy also about provisions; we have been on half rations for a week and in two days shall have none: these Bengal commissaries, of whom I have heard so much, appear not very good, and these last few days' operations have been rapid and perplexing."

They were not only rapid and perplexing but of the

highest order as to military decision and calculation. In the Administration of Scinde they are explained in detail, with drawings of the wild defiles.

“ We had no knowledge of the enemy's positions, nor of the country : he had spies everywhere and we could get none ; all persons were terrified, and that as much from the efforts of the villainous newspapers as from fear of Beja : even my own servant, who has been with me ever since my landing in India, was I firmly believe a spy : he was faithful in other respects, but reported everything I said to some one ; perhaps Outram, or some friend of his in Bombay. Well, be that as it may, I could get no spies ; but being confident that the tribes were driven together among the eastern rocks, and having an intimation that they were at Shore twenty-one miles off on the edge of the Mazaree Sikhs' district, I resolved to surprize them ; and my force was fit for the exertion, I having then reduced my baggage to the smallest quantity that was possible consistent with health ; perhaps below what any Indian army ever voluntarily marched with before.

“ It was said that the robbers were encamped absolutely within the Sikh frontier, and I reflected on the inconvenience of assailing them on neutral ground ; but as those neutrals had broken faith by admitting them, and the country was so wild and savage that the exact line would be hard to ascertain I resolved to march. Accident prevented the surprize, and finding myself in the midst of terrible mountain rocks I took a detachment to explore Goojroo, a desperate pass. Riding in it a mile I sent officers with parties to the summits on either hand, who saw the enemy's camp a few miles off. My first thought was to dash through at them ; but my troops had been twenty-two hours in movement, it was nearly dark, and the danger of being destroyed in the pass decided me to halt for the night. Moreover, I then knew for the first time exactly where the enemy was ; that he could retreat no further and would

likely push for Deyrah to regain his rocks ; or that he would throw himself into Trukkee, a celebrated stronghold, its site unknown to me. My position was very critical.

Expecting battle all my troops and Ali Moorad's had been concentrated at Shore ; and my design, failing of a battle, was to entice Beja to enter Trukkee rather than he should move westward, where however Jacob was still posted with guns and cavalry to bar progress. But Beja being beyond the Goojroo defile northward, could get before me to Deyrah westward, and my business was to forestal him. Wherefore, leaving the Bundlecund legion at Shore under a resolute soldier, Captain Beatson, I sent Ali Moorad to the Loootee pass behind Beatson, and ordered General Hunter back to the Jummuk defiles, which, leading to Deyrah, are secured by the fort I had constructed there. Meanwhile I moved in person direct upon Deyrah, to baffle the enemy in effecting either of two courses open to him. One was the turning of my left by Deyrah and forcing the Jummuk pass before Hunter could arrive: the other, moving down the Teyaga valley and breaking through Jacob's posts ; these were desperate measures for him to attempt, but he was in a desperate state and so to be watched.

“ My new dispositions were calculated to meet all these possible events ; but my communication with Shapoor was now very long ; not less than one hundred miles of very difficult and dangerous ground ; and yet all my supplies, it might be even water, were to come from thence by camels, and there were well-mounted bands of robbers lurking to cut them off. It was to secure this line that Hunter was sent to the Jummuk pass, for he was there to meet the convoys, turn them back by that pass, and so enable them to gain Deyrah, thus shortening the line of communication, which he was also to guard. I was very anxious for his arrival, but he lost a day. We are now so placed, that if the enemy attempts to descend into the plain of Deyrah we shall attack him when in a confused enormous mass of men .

women children, cattle and baggage. This would be a dreadful slaughter, and I had avoided such an attack before on the 18th of January. Beja was then moving from Tonge across my front, but I would not fall on him, wishing to give time for the women and children to escape into the hill: thus I lost my blow for their sakes. These poor creatures however have never believed that we spare life: some children found here, have regularly asked every day *When are we to be killed?* The poor little things thought the good food given to them daily, and which they enjoyed exceedingly, was preparatory to their being killed, and of course eaten by the Kaffirs! I have them close to my tent, and have found two of their own women to look after them, and they are as merry as grigs.

“I long for rest to my mind: to get up and feel that there is no work, and that there will be no neglect of duty. Now every moment that the traces feel slack the whip of conscience cuts to the bone, and convulsive exertions follow. I do not make the most of my tools either, for all my life the idea of making soldiers do what I did not do myself has been odious to me, and hence my own weakness is the measure of exertion. As a young man I would not ride on a march, and often carried a weakly man's musquet, sometimes two. Young officers always ride now, and heap their own comforts upon the horse-keeper who runs on foot at their horse's tail. Such men may be very good fellows but they are incapable of leading men; a commission puts them at the head of men, but they do not lead them; nor will they ever distinguish themselves in history: it is an ignorance of human nature which is a veto on their ever being great men. They are not perhaps worse than men of other days, but those men of other days did not distinguish themselves: I mean those who preferred comfort to military spirit.

“This love of ease appears more general now than formerly: there are very few Spartans in India. Their bodies

are less hardy, they cannot make war without the necessities of life, and to a man who indulges in luxuries those luxuries become necessities: he is then unfit for war. The herd of young men appear to think being what they call *gentlemanly* is fine; and they think to be gentlemanly they should drink a certain quantity of wine, and as much beer as they can hold; that they should be insolent to black servants and have all comforts in great order. This is the officer of all ages, but not the one who makes a great commander. Their talk now is all about promotion, but they never seem to think it necessary to answer the question Sir John Moore put to his young cousin, Simpson of the 43rd, who asked him for promotion. 'I am desirous of serving you, but tell me what you have done that gives you a claim to promotion over others? First distinguish yourself as a good officer and then you may claim promotion at my hands;' this is the real secret.

"There are two essential qualities necessary to make a soldier—courage and zeal: and rather would I see a man without the first than the second. Position, discipline, a hundred things may remedy a failure of courage; but want of zeal is a floorer: it is at one jump to reach the point where age and long service places worn-out men. To this point it is absolutely disgusting to see a man arrive at twenty-five, nay, some at sixteen! There are boys in this camp who require and have more luxuries than myself, who am 63 and governor of Scinde! The want of beer and wine is absolute misfortune to them. These men, or boys, are unfit for war, the essence of which is endurance; and not only that but a pride and glory in privation, and a contempt for comfort as effeminate and disgraceful. The private soldier cannot have luxuries, and if he sees his officer despise them he does the same: but if his officers sacrifice everything to enjoyment, he is not a fool and holds that officer in contempt. Every reprimand he receives from the gentlemanly Sybarite disgusts him, not only with the fop but with the service.

“Regimental officers should not be allowed horses on the field, or to ride on a march; it is offensive to the men, and ought to be so to the pride of the officer himself. Sir John Moore forbid it: Frederick the Great and Napoleon did not allow it. The Duke of Wellington did permit it, but I believe he repented; for he said, after two years’ experience in Spain, that it deprived him of 10,000 cavalry on account of their forage. It is therefore probable he was not satisfied with his plan, but could not easily do away with his order. No service but ours permits it, and we shall in time allow sergeants and corporals to ride, and then privates; and so return to the dark ages when all were cavalry. This is the course of human nature. One man is allowed to ride though his duty does not require it, why should not another?”

The sagacity of these remarks has recently been illustrated. General Bentinck, when before the Sebastopol Committee, is reported to have said, that he thought it would be a wise economy to allow every officer to have a waggon! Being in the Crimea he had caught the spirit of the ancient Scythians, who always went to war with their families in waggons.

“February 26th.—Provisions have arrived and all is right. I shall now occupy Tomb, and stop up the valley of the Illiasse. A vakeel has come with a letter from Islam Khan Bhoogtee; no one can read its contents, but the vakeel tells us the robbers are starving and desire to surrender. The letter is gone to Ali Moorad’s camp to be decyphered, and I have fed the poor messenger, whose appetite confirmed his story of starvation. Thus by perseverance the robbers are brought to their last shift. To-morrow the Murrees will arrive, and if they will accept Deyrah I shall advance: indeed that shall be at any rate, for my provisions being up, the net may be drawn tighter until it becomes one of bayonets. The robbers have but two courses open. To wait and give battle at Partur, where they are now encamped, and which can be reached only by a difficult road or rather

crack in the rocks north of this place; or to throw themselves into Trukkee, famous all over Central Asia.

“Let me now review my past operations. I begun by cooping the enemy up in their hills, cutting them off from water, and making *dours* to catch their cattle as they stole down at night to drink. Then guarding the plains along the foot of the hills east and west with cavalry, I drew a line of infantry and guns across the hills, north and south, and sent small parties to scour the ravines, pick up cattle and kill the lurking fellows who infested our camp. For a time I halted then to let my operations tell, and to get up my own supplies; but when they arrived I moved my chain twenty miles in advance eastward, brought up my right against Shore and Goojroo, and immediately afterwards took post here at Deyrah, thus forming a new loop towards the north and enclosing the enemy. If he is not in that loop he has given me the slip somehow, but this I doubt: if he has he deserves to escape for his ingenuity and boldness. But where can he escape to? I have only to retrace my steps westward, knowing now every inch of the ground, whereas before, when coming eastward, my advance was in the dark: now every step also brings me nearer my magazines and increases my force by the detachments on the line of communication. Hence my pursuit will be rapid, and Beja will find Jacob and Jamison in his front: he will therefore be lost.

“The gist of my operations is patience, slow consuming time is my weapon, the robber’s food is limited, mine now inexhaustible. He lives on his capital, I on my interest; he writhes in agony, I am on a bed of roses: that is, ever since we discovered that he had been refused entrance into the Mazzaree and Keytriau countries, the one on the east the other on the north, while we are on the south and west. Were this war to do again, with my present exact local knowledge it should be finished in three weeks, and indeed would have been so without that knowledge, had I

dared to follow my first plan of advancing from the east as well as the west, to join here at Deyrah. Even as matters were it would have been finished at once had Ali Moorad been true to time ; but he delayed for the Moharum feast, and having gorged himself sick remained still. I am now hauling my strong net closer, and the fishes leap and dance but cannot get out : yet I shall feel no confidence till all are ashore. To-morrow night we will push the enemy close, and be a little more active than lately ; but dash is not the spirit of this war amongst the rocks. The newspapers say I am following a '*Will-o'-the-Wisp*.' We shall see. It is my nature always to think something has been forgotten, but here, after much thinking, nothing occurs to me. I wish my brother William was here with me.

"February 27th.—Heard from Ali Moorad. I wish the vainglorious fellow were away, he does more harm than good, and his camp is as full of traitors as he is full of folly : but he means well. He and Beatson have got their orders to move by the Goojroo passes upon Partur while I march through the rocks northward, to unite and fall on the enemy at that place or on the Marwar plain, whichever the enemy occupies.

"Feb. 28th.—On the 24th I had ascertained that Trukkee was in this neighbourhood, and felt sure that the robbers would finally go there, where they could be shut up ; the exact locality was not known, but I would not allow any detachments, or single men, to go in the direction lest it should prevent the enemy doing what he wished. Meanwhile all was prepared for the march northward on Partur, when this evening, while alone at dinner, a trooper came in at full gallop saying the enemy had attacked a convoy within three miles of the camp, and the escort was engaged. Out I sallied with my guard, ordering a regiment of irregular cavalry to follow, feeling assured the robbers had at last got into Trukkee and that the game was safe. There were some fifty robber cavalry before us,

who retreated and were foolishly attacked by my staff officers before I could restrain them: half would have been cut down if the enemy had faced about, for all were riding loosely. My anger was great, it was altogether improper, and in this instance especially; for my object was to entice the enemy to stop and shew what sort of men, of arms and horses were before me, and to know if their people would come out to support them: in fine by letting them alone to ascertain what they were. Suddenly they disappeared in a chasm amongst the rocks, and my guide exclaimed Trukkee! though he had before said it was two marches off.

“The cool quiet manner in which these robber horsemen vanished in the cleft convinced me that Trukkee was indeed there: wherefore placing the cavalry at the entrance to guard it, I returned to the camp and sent three hundred infantry to support them for the night, resolved to march there with the whole army at daylight. On reaching my tent I found a spy, who told me all the tribes, led by Beja and marching from Partur, had entered Trukkee by a northern entrance, and that they had three thousand men. Instantly I sent a swift camel-rider with orders to Beatson and Ali Moorad to force a march over the Marwar plain, and block that northern entrance; I also despatched the camel corps, taking on their animals three hundred hardy veterans of the 13th. Thus in a short time Trukkee, one of the strongest holds in the world, will be beleaguered to the no small surprize of the enemy, who does not believe we can get to the northern entrance. I find here also the Murree chiefs, who confirm my spy's story.

“Trukkee, March 1st.—I am tired with ascending a high rock to examine the robbers' position, and a devil of a one it is, yet I think to work them out. If we get in upon them there will be terrible slaughter. I hope to God their women and children are not there.

“March 2nd.—Examined the grand entrance, and see no better way of attacking them than by escalading the rock, and

all the Europeans have volunteered; but I have selected Fitzgerald and 250 men; it will be a stiff job I fear.

“ March 3rd.—No news yet of Beatson and Ali Moorad being at the north entrance; until they are I cannot attack. Having carefully examined the rocks, it appears that I must get on to their summits far to our left also and then work on till the pass is surrounded. Lo! the enemy cry *peccavi*. An ambassador is come. Such is the fruit of good military operations. I knew they would be gradually melted if the neutral powers were true, and they have been. And now fear of the ‘*Sheitan-ka-Bhaee*’ is great. Glory be to the Prophet.

“ March 4th.—Beja Khan Doomkeé, Islam Khan Bhoogtee, Deriah Khan Jackranee, Hussein Khan, and another chief of small tribes, came to my tent with the Koran on their heads and fear in their hearts. Beja is a very fine looking old man of great size. Islam is also a handsome man. I think I never saw a set of bigger fellows. Deriah is not so, but has a good countenance and is called a good man. My terms were explicitly laid down, and they went back to consult their tribes, who apparently are not disposed to accept them, for they have sent new proposals. Their real leader, Mundoo Khan, is the bearer, but I refused even to listen.

“ March 5th.—Deriah has come in, the ice is broken.

“ 6th.—The other chiefs refuse, because Captain Postans betrayed Beja: yet the latter knows my character. Now then for a sharp attack from all my posts, and I have sent 300 men to open my communication by Tomb, westward of Trukkee, with Ali Moorad and Beatson, who have attained the northern entrance by great exertion. At daylight small parties shall force the defiles and pursue with fire and sword all they come across, and those who have not surrendered will bite the dust before to-morrow night. My hope is that the women and children may not suffer: I have done all I can to save them hitherto, but can no longer

endanger the expedition; and as all our people are anxious to save them they are not in much danger from us.

"March 7th.—To-night I expect to hear of Beja's being killed or captured: dead or alive I must have the old fox. All this difficulty is owing to Captain Postans; it shall be reported to the governor-general and Postans may defend himself."

Captain Postans was one of those whose talk was about the injustice done to the patriarchal Ameers!

"March 8th.—Not a word of Beja yet! His brother Mundoo and both their families are captured, and my parties pursue him in all directions. We have heard firing to the westward; it must be Hamilton's horse, or Frushard; this suspense is disagreeable. Every horseman of my camp, escort and all, have gone in pursuit! The camel corps owes Beja a grudge and if Fitzgerald overtakes him he is a dead man: that will not displease me, the old villain has been the cause of the war.

"March 9th.—Beja has been captured, the campaign is ended! Great has been my anxiety and labour in this difficult warfare. I know not if I shall get credit, but think it has been well done. However the play is over and Hardinge and the public must decide on my work. I have done my best and want to hang up my sword and live quietly. To be in a public position is not my desire, I am dead tired of the scoundrels who abuse me; and of those who use me to abuse me. I want nothing but to live quietly and die quietly."

This wish was tost on the winds, but prophetic was the anticipation that fair fame would be denied to an exploit, which Napoleon or Wellington might have envied for its surpassing skill and hardihood. His dispatch, garbled in India, was at first suppressed by Lord Ripon; and when Lord Ellenborough forced him, in the House of Lords, to acknowledge and publish it, it was so done as to prevent the public even noticing this feat of arms, though immea-

surably more difficult, and immeasurably more beneficial than that of Ghusnee, for which a peerage had been so recently given. Lord Ripon said he had *forgotten it!* No! he had not forgotten it; he had obeyed his masters the directors. It is dangerous for nations to have the soldier's gallant spirit thus damped by small capacities revelling in the ignorance and insolence of office. Meanwhile the ill-used man was with conscientious energy, straining every nerve, sacrificing health and risking life itself when danger from war was over, to save the purse of the ungrateful Company he served. He was ill, sinking under fatigue, and the plain of Deyrah was delightful, with purest air and limpid water: a beautiful and curious country. There he could have rested in content, avoiding fatigue, heat and business for a time to recover health: yet the moment he had secured his captives his orders were issued for the march back over the desert, to save the Company's government from expence!

What Lord Ripon's real motives were will be seen by the following extracts from a private letter.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Lord Ripon has written to me a very silly letter about your publishing extracts from my private letters, which he says—'have attracted a great deal of attention, and no small degree of uneasiness has manifested itself in Leadenhall Street.'"

These extracts were only used to repel the falsehoods daily promulgated to run Sir O. Napier down in public opinion; and were necessarily therefore distasteful to the directors.

"Lord Ripon says 'I am quite sure I shall be asked, whether I believe that you have been cognizant of, or in any way concerned in the publication of these private letters, and it is therefore of importance that I should know how the fact stands, at as early a period as possible.' I have told him there is nothing injudicious in anything you have published from my letters. That I am sorry Her Majesty's

government should be *embarrassed* by anything said by me and published by you, and I would desire you not to publish any criticism on the Indian government. I was very angry at first, and was going to tell him I would not submit to be brought to book by the Leadenhall men, and they had better get another governor: but recollected that as I am their servant while here, they had a right to call on me not to publish strictures on their government: therefore I did not send my letter in that form, but maintained that you had published nothing injudicious.

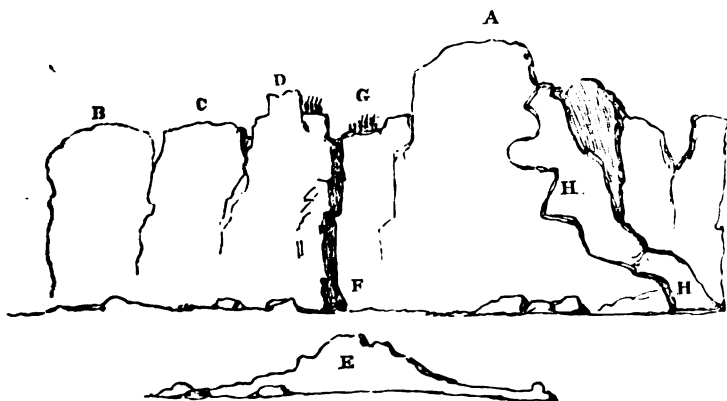
“My own opinion is that he is sore about your mention of Adam’s business. However I know the Leaden *head* people are touchy about the matter; they know the rottenness of their system and dread an exposition. Whether they will displace me God knows, they may please themselves.”

The victor’s description of Trukkee shall now shew the character of his campaign, and the projected plan for storming the entrance drew from the Duke of Wellington strong expressions of approbation, and of his belief that it would have succeeded.

“This famous hold is about twelve miles in length, with an average of six in breadth. The interior is a mass of small rocky hillocks with precipitous sides; so that in any part a strong position could be occupied in this enormous crater, for such it appears to be. It is enclosed by a belt of perpendicular walls, and no minute examination could be made of that, because the whole country around was, for a great distance, one mass of loose stones which destroyed the shoes and feet of the horses: thirty-two shillings was paid for shoeing one! Outside, the rocky belt of Trukkee could not be ascended, but from the interior it could: wherefore this great rude natural bason could only be entered by the passes, or rather passages, for the rocks met overhead: they are splits in the well. This was the southern side. On the northern the inside is precipitous, the outside accessible; and when Beatson’s men got up there, they saw the enemy trying

to move from one part to another by swinging their cattle down rocks and hauling them up others with ropes, shewing the rough nature of the ground. There was abundance of water inside, and a mineral spring, hot yet good for drinking, issued from the southern entrance; but it was not for us, being commanded by the enemy's fire from the overhanging rocks. The supply of water for my troops was therefore difficult, so it was with provisions; and as for shoes, the men and horses had marched day and night over rocks. Hence, without any of those terrible hardships which destroy whole armies at once, the force which operated in the Cutchee hills had as much of troubles and of pains as could well be without destruction; and the cheerful spirit with which all was borne sufficiently indicated that they were resolved to encounter any danger or difficulty.

“My plan for storming this natural fortress, if Deriah Khan's surrender had not disconcerted the defence, was thus.



The entrance F is approached by crossing a rocky valley parallel to the high rocks of the bason, and itself difficult to get into from the loose stones heaped about. It was perhaps 800 yards wide, and the screen of rocks forming it, in oppo-

sition to the Trukkee precipices, is, though lower than them, about 600 feet high. These two walls of rock run parallel to each other for about twenty-five miles westward, but the Trukkee rocks are prolonged eastward to Shore, presenting altogether fifty miles of crags.

“In the narrow valley a mortar battery and one of field guns were to be placed at E. The last to play on the entrance F, the mortars to throw shells upon G, which would drive away the men perched on landing-places to cast down rocks: these shells would also have cast down stones, and some have fallen into the entrance before bursting. The infantry in line were to have formed on the left of E, firing at the enemy along the crest of the heights B C D: but not a man was to go or be seen to the right of the battery. A detachment was also to have gone early far to the left, to climb the rocks there if possible, as a diversion; and if it could get up was to work a way along the crest towards us. Meanwhile the real storming party of volunteers under Fitzgerald was to lie perdu on our right, awaiting orders. The party on the left was to shew first, making much display; it was to skirmish, retire, breakfast, dine, and shew every disposition of intending mischief, while our artillery was being drawn ostentatiously through the chasm in the outward screen of rocks and placed at E in battery. Towards evening the infantry were to form out of matchlock range. Now the hill A, at first occupied by the enemy, had been secretly watched by myself, Simpson, and our staff, for several nights, and we observed that the fire there burned at first all night; but, as I expected, the enemy being undisciplined soon got tired of sending a picquet up there every night in the cold, and after some nights the fire was not seen: the time for storming was then come, and the orders were issued. First the guns mortars and infantry were to open fire with all possible violence, the design being that the direct noise and reverberation of sound, and the smoke and din, should attract the enemy's whole attention to the en-

trance F, and prevent his hearing or observing the ascent of Fitzgerald and his volunteers at H H.

“No one unaccustomed to the reverberation of musketry against even a small sloping height can conceive how great it becomes against perpendicular rocks ; it would have been deafening there, the valley would have been filled with smoke, and then the stormers would have been launched against A. They were too far off to be disclosed by the momentary flashes of the guns, and the stones they might roll down by their ascent would have been unheard. Every man was to have been sworn to silence, even when wounded ; and they would have kept their oaths, as the danger of discovery was strongly impressed on them. If discovered they were to push up strongly and fight ; if not observed, to light a fire and then attack, reserves being ready to support them ; and at that period the entrance F was to be stormed or not according to circumstances : that is, if Fitzgerald gained the top and could hold his footing the whole force was to file up after him. If he was beaten, F was to be stormed before the failure could become known along the enemy's line and give him heart.

“That this storming would be difficult and sanguinary I knew well, but to attempt it was necessary and my troops were men capable of anything : the whole European regiments were eager to go at A in broad day, and while the enemy were on the top ! My intent was not to *order* the storm of F, but to let the soldiers advance voluntarily, firing ; for I judged their natural ardour and the excitement of noise smoke and combat would get up their blood, and they would by degrees approach and finally dash into the chasm of their own accord. Meanwhile the attack was to have been aided by the diversion on the left, and by the simultaneous assault of Ali Moorad and Beatson on the northern entrance : not a false attack, but one with a will, led by three hundred volunteers of the 13th, Jellalabad men, the veterans of Sale and Dennie ! who could have turned them back ? who stand

before them in fair battle! Let me give a proof of their metal.

“When Beatson first reached the northern entrance he pushed in, but a sergeant and ten men of the 13th got on the wrong side of a small ravine, and came to the foot of a rocky platform crowned by the enemy, and where the ravine suddenly deepened to a frightful chasm. The sergeant saw his officer and the main body beyond, gesticulating because they saw the enemy above; they were beckoning to retreat, he thought it was to go on, and at once the stern veterans climbed the rock. As they leaped on to the platform the enemy, eighty in number, fell on them sword in hand, and the fight was desperate. Seventeen hill men were slain, six of the soldiers, and the rest, wounded and overborne, were dashed over the edge and rolled down. Such are British soldiers! Where mortal man can stand in fight they will. Every man of these had a medal, two of them had three on their breasts! They died gloriously but uselessly on that sad cliff in the Cutchee hills: never was the Douranee order so honoured! Their deaths have cast a glorious halo round that order.”

These were the deeds Lord Ripon forgot! but the names of these gallant men are recorded in the History of the Scinde Administration, and their enemies, more susceptible of generous emotions, thus testified to their heroism. Amongst the tribes, when a warrior dies with noted bravery a red or green string is tied round the wrist of the corpse, the red being of most honour: here, before casting the bodies of the slain down from the platform, they tied a red string on both wrists!

“Fitzgerald was sent with his men, after the surrender, up the hill he was to have stormed, to ascertain the time it would have taken. On reaching the top, where he remained during the night, every man's bayonet had a bright flame on the point. A like appearance had also been observed going from Ooch to Shapoor; men and horses were then filled

with electricity in the sand storm we encountered ; the sand adhered to the horses' eyes and nearly blinded them, the officers' hair stood up, and as there was little wind we concluded the sand was raised by an electric influence. None of us had ever before witnessed a sand storm so extraordinary : the feelings were affected by it, and everybody much distressed. Dust storms are things of daily occurrence in these countries, but such a storm as that of the 16th January no one had before known of.

“ Journal, March 10th.—I ought to have hanged Beja : but when a man surrenders at discretion, my own dear brother, Satan himself, could not hang him unless for some peculiarly atrocious act, brought home personally and recent. Had they killed their women every man should have been bayonnetted.

“ Poolagee, 15th.—Issued from the wild Bhoogtee and Doomkee rocks into the vast plain here, naturally fertile but destroyed by the robbers. Met Jacob, who tells me that the rejoicing in these plains at the capture of Beja and putting down the robbers is great and general. Poor people, they will now thrive, and should do so if I were really the master : but I strike in manacles and run in fetters. Were I the real king they call me, how short should be the time before this vast plain was one mass of grain ! But I am free only to do harm. My authority fails me, the rules of the government cannot be broken, and cannot be perfect : and I have not good tools to work with.

“ I have examined the mud fort here. Alas ! there should have been no failure ; one well-led attack would have gone in bodily : it is not a wall but the shell of a wall, about six inches thick ; the men might have loopholed it with their bayonets and shot down all within ; they might have jumped over and closed with the enemy. Why Fitzgerald did not accept the responsibility of making a second attack is strange. Fate overruled ! His doing so would have prevented this expedition of mine, which was to be, and there-

fore Tait's success was not to be : no mortal could prevent my being the '*Sheitan ku Bhacee*' amongst the Cutchee rocks.

"Shapoor, 16th.—This day two months I left this place. A war terminated in two months is not bad ! The young Khan of Khelat is here to meet me—a nice lad enough, but not of calibre for the exigencies of his position I fear : however one cannot judge well through an interpreter. I have given him a letter to the chiefs of Candahar, advising them not to attack him, as he is our ally and it would displease me. He says it will save him, they will not dare to offend me : they do not know how little power I have now or they would disregard me ! I have ordered Shapoor to be placed in a state of defence, to support the Khan, and the Kaharees whom I have restored to Poolagee. Its garrison will also take the robbers in reverse if the *débris* of the tribes attempt mischief, as no doubt they will. In my heart I swore when in Greece to put down banditti there if God permitted, and in Scinde I repeated that oath. The Spirit of Good refused permission in Greece, here He has permitted it ; and as if some outward power moved events all my minutest projects have come to pass. Errors, neglect, and sound calculations, all have turned out right in the end ! Can I then feel proud of my ability ? No ! it is a power unseen, though to me evident, that has guided me ! When I have condemned myself for going to the left instead of the right, it has suddenly answered that the left was the way to go ; have I not then a right to say the unseen power is evident : I have been guided either by the Good Spirit or the bad ? Yet why say the bad ? Do I not pray from the heart's depth to do good and help the poor ? Am I not reckless of the rich and condemn them ? Do I seek for riches ? or high command ? No ! No ! No !

"A forecast of events comes over me, a thousand thoughts collect and bring conviction in an unaccountable manner. Lo ! an example ! Some days ago a conviction came that

the robbers would go into Trukkee : it was not reason, there were as many reasons against as for, but a sort of spirit told me so. On the 28th February my mind was engrossed with my intended movement northward, which was ordered for the 1st of March : while ruminating a man came hastily to say my convoy was attacked. My thoughts were then intent on how to force the enemy to my purpose in the north, whether by skill, or by riding upon them ; but suddenly a voice seemed to repeat Trukkee ! Trukkee ! it had done so before. They cannot be so mad as to go there, I internally repeated. They are, replied the spirit ! What else but a spirit could it be ? I walked about irresolutely. Beware ! beware ! said the warning voice, and suddenly, ere my thoughts could settle, I called out almost involuntarily, Bring my horse ! and in ten minutes we were cantering towards the scene of combat. My staff attacked the retiring enemy. Trukkee, said my guide. *The game is mine*, re-echoed the internal voice. My heart was wrath with McMurdo for pursuing the robbers like a recruit ; I thought he had done me mischief, yet still the voice whispered *The game is yours*. It was not my mind that spoke. I am a child in the hands of God !

“ Shapoor, 17th.—Still here, settling little plans of a little policy, with my little Khan of Khelat.

“ 18th.—Oh, the dawdling of Eastern diplomacy ! I find the fall of Trukkee spreads my fame all over Asia.

“ Jagun, 21st.—On the march I, as usual, got into a jaw with the soldiers. Those glorious men who fell at the northern entrance of Trukkee have not had justice, but they shall by God !

“ Sukkur, 23rd.—The *Napier* and *Meeanee*, steamers, waiting for me. Spoke yesterday with the brave men who escaped with life from the Trukkee precipice, where their six glorious comrades died ; I am not quite pleased with their officer : a gallant Sepoy of the camel corps went up with our men and fought nobly.

"March 24th.—Anniversary of the fight at Hydrabad. Red Rover went down the river yesterday, or he should have had an extra feed of oats. We have however here to feed, *Flibberty Gibbet* who was in the battle, and Fitzgerald's white horse *Glowworm*; Pelley's horse died in the Bhoogetee hills. I give a dinner also, so there are a goodly company of bipeds and quadrupeds going to eat in honour of the fight. I have asked Ali Moorad also, in honour of a battle which hurled his kinsman to the ground. No, I did not do this, he asked himself and he did right. He well knows that all his friends, all his family, all of his religion, all Asia, will regard it as part and parcel of a deception on Europeans.

"25th.—Sat up last night. Dinner disagreeable. Old Hunter chose to compare the relative value of Sepoys and British troops, and I soon saw how little any of my company could reason on human nature. They could not make out the difference between courage and muscular force in troops; or that the force of armies depends upon many things. We English do not study war as a science. An army's strength depends on the physical force of the soldier, and on his physical courage separate from his force; on his moral courage, on his discipline; which last is in my belief capable of winning campaigns in face of superiority in all the other points, except moral courage.

"I could not persuade them that in courage one nation is equal to another. Oh no! because Europeans are the strongest they must be the bravest. That I deny. The strongest men will generally win, but all nations exhibit courage in the highest degree, though all do not exhibit it in conjunction with muscular strength so much as the Englishman and Yankee. This springs from moral causes, and without entering more into this deep study, my advice to these gentry is to study the matter better or they will never command troops well."

The journal of the hill campaign terminates here, and as

the extracts from his long letter to Lord Ellenborough furnished a pithy closing illustration for the first part of the operations, so a like one to his brother William shall here end the second portion.

“Tomb, March.—My energy fails. I know not if others think so, but I feel it, and ‘*no mistake.*’ I do not tire of thinking over matters of importance, but of the pest of the details and correspondence about trifles. It is not real work, it is a mass of common details and constant cavils from Bombay at everything that gives them the slightest excuse. Hardinge has given them one or two slaps in the face. They sent him, more than once, their false versions of matters, meaning to get me into a scrape without communicating with me; but they were thus answered—‘The governor-general in council cannot see why this has not been submitted to the governor of Scinde. Returned to be forwarded for his excellency’s decision!’ These are not perhaps the exact words used, but nearly so. They are rabid at these things done in Hardinge’s quiet way, and I feel safe with him. His support has also saved me from being driven from Scinde by the head-quarters.

“Ali Moorad has behaved well. His presence was a bore because he would not obey orders, and his camp was full of traitors; but he was infinitely less mischievous than I expected, and true himself. I have now the correct measure of his character. Good, natural, well-meaning, full of vanity, energetic to do what he likes, not clever and easily guided. He is wild to go to London, and they won’t let him, why I know not. Islam Bhoogtee has fled with a few followers, and is wandering: all the other chiefs are my captives. Had I not broken this coalition of robber tribes it is hard to say where it would have ended; for all these countries are filled with gentlemen, who maintain from one to four hundred followers well armed and mounted. They wander about seeking service, and accept food and the right to plunder an enemy in war. They flock wherever

war is, and their enemy is always the man they can plunder: the chief only in whose service they enter is exempt. Beja's renown was great, and having plundered our frontier successfully last summer, he would have been far more dangerous next summer; for he would be joined by these roving knights. He would then have threatened Shikarpoor, and, if there happened to be an epidemic at the time would massacre a sick garrison. We should then see strange things, and a second Cabool, even on a small scale, would do more damage than can well be conceived.

"I have told Lord Fitzroy that my conviction is the duke will approve of my doings; for well he knows what an army of robbers is, and these chaps are a very bold race. Five days ago twenty of them on foot met twenty-five Scinde horsemen in the desert, they fired their matchlocks, drew their swords and charged the horsemen; a hot fight followed, the cavalry offered quarter, it was refused and all the robbers died under shield, side by side: not a man flinched. In another action, a hill robber fought desperately when fast on the bayonet of a European soldier. A second, three days ago, being run through with a bayonet wrenched the Englishman's musquet from him, and drawing the bayonet from his own body severely wounded the owner and then dropped dead. The English soldier survives. He and two more are still alive of the nine who attacked the rocky platform, where they killed more than their own number: gallant fellows! each had two medals: the thought of it vexes me sadly.

"The sulphur mine is not worked. Merchants take long to consider before they make an investment. A company undertook to send out wine and beer direct from France and England, and a year and a half have elapsed without a single bottle having yet arrived though the sale is certain. Now, if swill and guzzle take such time and caution you may judge that a mine will take years. The salt discovered requires no working, it lies in beds on the surface several

feet thick. These things must be left to time. The Archimedean screw of potter's work for raising water I did not try, as the common Persian wheel is cheaper. We have got two pumps out from England, and they are up, but I have not yet heard if they answer. At Kurrachee I have succeeded in getting gardens made. Major Blenkins, my commissary, is one of those Robinson Crusoe fellows gifted with the power of turning a wilderness into a paradise. His operations are magical. He arrived at Hyderabad after the battle of Meeanee, and before Dubba was fought his house was built, and all domestic animals that ever entered Noah's ark were in his compound. In two months more he had a magnificent garden which supplied the whole army with vegetables.

“When I reached Kurrachee I found all my orders for forming and improving a garden there had been neglected, though the means were at hand. I brought Blenkins down from Hyderabad. In one month his house was built, and a piece of land, before filled with weeds though called ‘the government garden,’ was by him instantly filled with camp followers at work. The government of Bombay were persuaded to allow sixty rupees a month, and the garden now pays eight hundred rupees a month, furnishing quantities of every kind of vegetable: for one rupee you may buy 18 lbs. weight of esculents! This is magic. The garden, my girls write, is perfectly beautiful and the fashionable evening promenade, full of trees in avenues which already give shade, so rapidly have they grown in that astonishing soil, for all this has been done in six months! Blenkins is making it a scientific garden as well as a useful one, and finds he can produce various things which they cannot grow at Bombay. He is going, under my direction, to make a large farm, and I propose to have some of my robber prisoners there to teach them: at the end of a year, when they have acquired a taste for vegetables, they shall have houses and gardens;

and then they will no longer sigh after the desert. At least their children will not.

"When I first landed at Kurrachee, there was bad bread and bad meat, and not a vegetable could be had: a board of medical men reported that six out of every seven men of the 22nd Regiment were infected with scurvy; yet the government of Bombay was feeding them with salt provisions, for fear meat should spoil! I wrote instantly to Sir George Arthur for vegetables and lime-juice, which he poured in promptly and so saved the regiment. At that time also the troops had to wade from ships under a burning sun to the shore, up to their middle in mud! Yet we had been four years in possession! Now I have made a pier, which, when finished, will be two miles long, and already everybody lands from boats at once. To bring the river Mullaree into the place, from about fourteen miles' distance, is another object; the water of Kurrachee is not good; for this I have not yet got leave from Calcutta, though eight months have passed since my plans and estimates, the latter only £12,000, went in. If allowed to do this it will make Kurrachee delightful, and I will give Blenkins fountains in his gardens, and everybody shall be comfortable as to water. The slowness of Indian work is past endurance. Want of engineers, want of artificers, want of government sanction floors me. Blenkins' garden however has destroyed scurvy, there is not now in my belief a case in Seinde."

He could never obtain even an answer to his letters about the water, and finally cholera came to send thousands of souls to the judgment seat, testifying to the neglect that had destroyed them!

"I wish I could give you more information, but the enormous mass of papers in great disorder, accumulated while in these rocks, prevents my getting at what I want."
- This letter was written in the hills, immediately after the

fall of Trukkee.—“The negotiations with these robbers only kept me from civil business for a few days, and already the pile of trials is about two feet high on my table! I dare say not less than thirty cases, some being from 50 to 90 sheets of foolscap, and life or death involved in many!

“I am likely, thanks to that wise man Lord Ripon, to have a fight about my letters to you, in which case the directors will probably supersede me; for they are, like all civil rulers, extremely violent and unjust. However so indifferent is it to me whether I go or remain, that left to myself it would be a toss up: yet if the coming heat is borne pretty well, to remain for my five years would be agreeable. Three have already passed; in two years more my lamp will be very low, and it may as well flicker in England as here. Bodily strength I still have. Take to-day. I was up at two o'clock in the morning, the march was twenty-two miles and we did not get to the end before twelve o'clock; I then slept under a tree till the baggage arrived, and it was half-past two before my breakfast was ready. People here say that you have set Buist mad with rage: I don't read him.

“Sir Robert Sale told me I ought to have had my whole pay as general and governor in batta the other day; but they gave me only that of general: the first would have been seven thousand pounds, the last is only four thousand, which appears to me plenty I confess. Sale said I ought to memorialize, but that did not meet my notions, though had the money been offered I would have taken it. I have just heard from Bombay that your book is setting the enemy mad there: it has touched their livers worse than the sun. That is right, ‘very moderate’ writing is not to my taste: it is writing which will not call facts by their names; it takes the starch out of men's deeds and leaves the world in doubt whether they did right or wrong, or whether they did anything at all! Our father was abused for using strong language; everybody is at the moment, but not afterwards if borne out by facts—if otherwise, such language is dis-

creditable in proportion to its strength. You say I know 'enough of silly government men.' Don't I! but it is not very hard to bear, and there is no help: it is like a disease, and must be borne as one.

"Hardinge has not taken the slightest notice of my dispatch about the surprize at Ooch, though written two months ago! It was a formal public letter to the governor-general in council, and I also wrote a private one a day after: that night I could do no more from fatigue. Our movements are not in the Gazette, and all has passed as if nothing had taken place! This is curious, but I see Lady Emily Hardinge is ill, and I fear, poor fellow, that his business pressing on him, together with anxiety about his wife, is getting into arrears. I hope the government will approve of what has been done. If not I shall be sorry, but maintain that I am right."

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

THE confederacy of the hill tribes was now at an end, but absolute security for the Scindian frontier was not expected by the conqueror. Islam Bhoogtee had escaped from Trukkee with some hundreds of followers, and there were straggling bands that never entered that stronghold. Rejected by the Sikhs, and by the tribes which had not engaged in the war, these men, the general foresaw, would ultimately be compelled by want to recommence depredations in Scinde. Therefore it was he garrisoned Shapoor and distributed his cavalry under different officers so as to enable them to meet, or at the worst to intercept the marauders on their road from any foray. How he disposed of the captive tribes and chiefs may be seen in the History of the Scindian Administration, and will be occasionally touched upon in his letters and journal.

Having by his great enterprize secured Scinde from external disturbance, he again bent all his energies to its internal advancement; but he was no longer the governor for good he had been under Lord Ellenborough. Crosses and vexations and insults he had now to sustain from men, and hard visitations from nature, for his was a life originally destined to terrible struggles. His power was waning; the support he had a right to expect diminished; the enmity of the directors augmented, and the machinations of the Bombay clique were multiplied in proportion to the encouragement received from England. The abusive language of the press became absolutely frantic; and Outram was now having a book composed—

he was too illiterate to write it himself, but obtained, it is said on good authority, the aid of Mr. Willoughby the secretary, who to avoid detection as to his complicity, employed an amanuensis in his own family to transcribe his contributions and revisions. The work had however but a poor effect, being filled with false assertions, misquotations, and even forged quotations.

“Journal, March 26th. Sukkur.—I am working about an exchange of territory with Ali Moorad, and I was not before aware how easily men in authority can on these occasions enrich themselves. Ali himself has given his own servant, Sheik Ali Hussein, sixty thousand pounds for negotiating with me about the turban! You had nothing to do with that negotiation said Brown to the Sheik. No! but I went between! So carrying messages, about six times, cost Ali Moorad six lacs! Brown and I could therefore have feathered our nests well, and nobody could have produced proof of our rascality. Well, much as I object to the politicals of Lord Auckland I do believe they were all clean-handed honorable men; they squandered the public money in a most abominable manner but took no bribes. What civil servants would do in such situations I cannot say; but believe that generally they are honest on this point, though they all squander the public money. — is said to have taken presents; so did — and —; and — did the same notoriously: but these recipients of improper gains, female and male, are so spoken of as to mark them for exceptions, and shew that honesty is the rule: my belief is that bribery is not more common in India than in England.”

The Sattara parliamentary papers go strongly to contradict this favourable opinion, so far as Bombay was concerned.

“27th.—Letter from Hardinge. He is pleased with our hill campaign: this is satisfactory to me. He asks my leave to emasculate my reply to the secret committee's minute upon Cutch: he may do as he likes. I was

angry at their dirty attack on Lord Ellenborough, and gave the writers, who were only the directors nominally, what they deserved: it was certainly composed by Outram's faction at Bombay; and if I am not mistaken much, by Mr. L——, for it is just like his wishy-washy nonsense. However fat a eunuch Hardinge may make of my paper it will still floor their arguments.

“ 28th.—These robbers will be more difficult to deal with in peace than in war! but I shall manage them yet. Hardinge indicates war in the Punjaub next cool season. I shall not like to go there; my strength is gone, and the idea of making war in a litter like Marshal Saxe is hateful. Another campaign on horseback I might achieve perhaps; but it is not fair to the soldiers to put a man at their head who can no longer dismount to lead them up a hill sword in hand. That is not a general's duty say your wiseacres. No! to do it is not, but he ought to be able to do so. However God decides these things, not men. If I am destined to lead an army again strength will perhaps come, and if I go as far as I can and then drop what better end can be wished for?

“ 29th.—Worked out a draft treaty for exchange of territory with Ali Moorad, and hope the governor-general will confirm it; our respective possessions will thus be separated and unbroken. This treaty may be said to complete my conquest and settlement of Scinde, and my work may now be left to a successor; who will be an ass if he does not carry on the government with a flowing sail. I would stake my life on the tranquillity of the country for fifty years to come if common prudence is exercised. I mean serious disturbance; for that the rascals of the hills will always have little pic-nics we must expect: but no bands of thousands with sword and shield will fret the border again, as was the case before I quelled them.

“ Hyderabad, April 4th.—Bad passage. Had up two villains of jaghirdars, took their immense jaghires from

them, left them in irons, ordered their servant to be flogged, and will hang their five friends. This will cool them in the neighbourhood of Succurunda for some time. I have also inflicted a heavy fine on these villains, and I think they will not forget the Sheitan-ka-Bhaee. My intention was to have strung up these two jaghirdars at once, but as five men must be hanged the effect will be sufficient and my wish is not to take more lives than are actually necessary: they deserve hanging however; and I will break down their system of robbery and murder though it cost a hecatomb of merciless scoundrels. I fear I shall never tame my captives; the life of a robber is too pleasant to be abandoned; but if they get hanged their children will be more manageable. I must however be succeeded by a fellow who will follow up the work, and not be bullied by being called Sheitan-ka-Bhaee, and all the other names heaped upon me. All else going on pretty well here; but the works of the entrenched camp, made by the engineer, are not to be compared to those made by Fitzgerald at Larkaana. The engineers of India seem to me more of builders than military engineers: and they get on slowly. However, Scott and Maxwell and Peate are very active clever men; and perhaps I lay to their slowness what really belongs to their workmen: Scott used to go half mad with those fellows. Waddington would be a capital engineer for Methusalah: he is however a first-rate soldier, and few would suit me better for a siege, being clever resolute and up to his work, which he finally does beautifully; so does Scott, who is a trump: he is a nephew of Sir Walter Scott. Indeed, when I come to analyse, my remarks are not just: the laziness of their workmen not the engineers' slowness should certainly be blamed. Scott has no slowness; Maxwell is all energy, and so is Peate: yet work goes on like a tortoise. Well, patience is the remedy. I have lost Baker: he is very clever and very active, it is a great loss for Scinde.

“ 8th, Kurrachee.—Working at Ali Moorad's treaty. It

is I believe the first treaty ever made in India that took the poor people into consideration: it is made to protect them from tyranny. God knows whether Hardinge will ratify it; he ought, and will if he consults his own feelings, but my fear is that his civil councillors will upset it.

"April 21st.—This day I gave my daughter Emily to her cousin William. How life floats on, and approaches the great fall! I am in the rapids now! I hear the roar, the final scene comes on apace: I can meet it like other men I suppose. Both my beloved daughters are now married; two good and true soldiers have them and my mind is easy for their future.

"Captain Kennedy, April 21st.—This day I gave away Emily to William. They are both good, and I trust religious, without which there is no good, and no power to sustain the blight of this life, which strikes on all more or less.

"I got down the robbers without bloodshed. This was glorious, and delightful to me; and now my hope is to do some good in this fine country. Would that I could but get your agricultural schools to work here. The difficulties are I fear not to be yet surmounted. 1°. Very wild men. 2°. Mahometan religion. 3°. Language. The religion I would not touch, but they would not mix with us: it is not conversion they fear but *contamination*. The language is the worst obstacle: many dialects are spoken in Scinde, but neither Persian nor Hindostanee by the poor, or even the rich. I am giving all who will cultivate fresh land two years rent free, and leases for 14 and 20 years. I have also drafted a treaty with Ali Moorad, one article of which he greatly resists: it provides that no man who flies for protection from one state to the other shall be given up, except for murder or for treason; and then the state so claiming a culprit shall send proofs of delinquency satisfactory to the state under whose protection he is. It also provides that any man may settle in either state at pleasure. Ali says his country will then be a desert. My answer is, 'Treat your

labourers as I treat mine and they won't come to me.' I think it will very likely ruin Ali, and many others, for the tide of immigration is setting strongly into Scinde. Several independent tribes have begged me to take them under our government.

“ M. Genl. W. Napier.—Remember in your work to mention Lieut. Marston 25th Native Infantry. At Meeanee I was alone, in front of his regiment, when a Belooch came over the edge of the bank, ten paces from me : he looked around wildly, but seeing me came on ; not fast, yet with long strides. My hand having been broken, I could not cope with such a customer, but held half my reins with great torture in the broken hand, designing to give Red Rover a chuck that should put his head between me and the coming blow. The Belooch was only four paces from me when Marston, on foot, passed my right side and received the swordsman's blow on his shoulder-strap ; it went deep into the brass scales, and the Belooch caught the counter blow on his shield, which was beaten down ; the next instant the bayonet of a soldier went nearly to the hilt in his side, and my attention to the general fight engrossed me too much for further observation. I might have defended myself, but crippled as I was, I believe Marston saved my life. He slew three other men that day, but not this man ; at least the bayonet shared with his sword. Mention him, for the man who saves his general's life in battle has a claim to notice in history. How kind my intentions were towards Red Rover, poor beast !

“ You ask about the slaughter. I do not exaggerate in saying that at Meeanee there were spots where the dead were in heaps, the centre of each being four bodies at least, piled above the ground. The greatest scene of destruction I ever saw before was the lane going up to Hougumont ; but I assure you it was nothing to the bed of the Fullaillee : it was horrible. When they found they could not force our line their courage fell and their rushes over the edge of the bank

became less frequent, while our men pushed more boldly to the edge; then the Beloochees cut at their legs, but the soldiers growing more cool and expert as the battle went on, stepped back to reload, and putting the muzzles of their musquets just over the edge let fly into the mass. Covered by their shields the Beloochees fell over each other, and wounded men remained beneath the dead, glad of the protection. Those who attempted to run were shot down as they ascended the opposite bank; so that from that part not one man, in my belief, escaped. The soldiers bayoneted all that had life on the top of the heaps as we passed in pursuit, and all below were smothered.

“The Shikargah must also have had numbers of dead, from the hammering with grape it sustained for at least two hours, and from Tew’s fire. The numbers carried away and those who died of wounds cannot be counted; but all the Beloochees said, and still maintain, that eight thousand were killed and wounded. I said six thousand in my dispatch. Scarcely have I met a man, rich or poor, who does not say he lost part of his family in the great battle. These Easterns are tall, but have more delicate bodies. Our musquet-balls probably crushed their smaller bones, and men fell who, had they been Frenchmen would have danced out of action with ‘Oh Ciel,’ ‘Oh Mon Dieu,’ and other pleasant exclamations: the Asiatic, who has only great height is smashed by such a shot. These facts I give you for your work, as accounting for the great slaughter. There are many other things that would be useful to you, but it is impossible for me to find time to look out the papers. You shall however have all our movements before Meeanee and after Dubba.

“The same, April 24th.—I hope Hardinge will be staunch about my treaty with Ali Moorad, for it is only half-work to put down robbers and back up tyranny in ourselves and others. The Indian system seems to be the crushing of the native plebeian and supporting the aris-

toerat, who reason and facts tell us is our deadly enemy. He always must be, for we step into his place; he descends in the scale of society and we stand on his head. The ryot is ruined by us, though willing to be our friend. Yet he is the man to whom we must trust for keeping India, and the only one who can take it from us if we ill use him, for he then joins his hated natural chief! The peril attending strangers and conquerors of one hundred and eighty millions of people cannot be wholly put aside. Yet English and Indians may be amalgamated by just and equal laws, until we are no longer strangers; then, having power, we shall never be attacked before all distinctions are worn out by inter-marriages and blended habits of life: the great operations of nations work changes which man cannot or at least does not command. The final result of our Indian conquests no man can predict; but if we take the people by the hand we may count on ruling India for ages. Justice, rigid justice, even severe justice, will work miracles: it has its basis in the desire of man for protection against cruelty, and cannot be shaken: India is safe if so ruled. But such deeds are done as make me wonder that we hold it a year! Well I will leave my *wild theories*, as old Indians would call them, and answer your letter.

“Hardinge writes to me in delight at your book—first part of the Conquest; but he wants me to write a letter explaining my meaning to the civil servants, in regard to my letter which you have therein printed. This I will *not* do. I did not mean my letter for publication, because unable to fix upon any fact with proof; but I maintain what I said. ‘*Certain civil servants.*’ ‘*These men.*’ ‘*General opinion.*’ are words which should clear me from the accusation of attacking the whole of the governing powers of India. However they have one and all taken it upon themselves, and I suppose will get me removed. They are welcome! I will not explain away one word. What I have said I have said, and repeat it; repeat ‘*the it*’ as Cobbett says. Now

the it, is what you have published, and refers only to the guilty, not to the good, and it is the guilty who are furious of course. I am able to meet and manage their fury; but the Bombay fellows can paralyze my operations here, for we depend on them for everything. Outram's friend Willoughby is secretary, and I am told keeps Sir G. Arthur in his pocket: this may or may not be true, but everybody says so. Buist also is his friend, and is all day long at his house it is said, and I have traced one or two lines in the Bombay Times against me, word for word with those in a letter of his to me; only in the letter it was as a question which prevented its being an attack. Then the heads of departments, and that soft little silky man, Lieut.-Colonel Melville, brother to the Melville who rules the Indian House; if you bring all these upon me it will be difficult to hold Scinde. Buist is I am told, anxious beyond measure to make up with me: he is afraid of you.

"I have put new people and friends into Poolagee, Oolagee, Minote and Bushoree, on the frontier, besides my garrison at Shapoor, to overawe the fragments of robbers, for I expect some partial *rollicking*. I have however just heard, that some robbers who would not surrender have come over the desert with their families to join those captured and settled by me: they having now seen that we keep faith. Captain Postans had ruined our reputation by his conduct towards Beja, and I have laid all the papers of that affair before Hardinge for Postans' answer. He was a political, turned out by Lord Ellenborough, and may be good or bad; but I am here to uphold the honour of our arms, and determined not to let wrong-doing be passed over. Postans' conduct had great weight with me in pardoning the giant Beja: it gave me much trouble, and the robbers' confidence in my faith could hardly overcome their distrust from Postans' conduct, but Ali Moorad was useful in removing the difficulty.

"A curious fact is known. The robbers left faithful ser-

vants with their families when they manned the rocks to fight at Trukkee, giving this order. 'Cut the throats of the women and children if the day goes against us, unless you can see the general himself; then spare, for he has treated the women of the Ameers with all respect and will do so with ours.' True or false this story comes from natives and is an earnest of feeling towards us, for it is certain they directed that their families should be destroyed if attacked by Ali Moorad.

"You and I agree about the Whigs, and Sir Charles Styles writes to me thus. 'I fear I am not a good Whig, and think they should be only let into office once in fifty years, to hold for seven.' My answer was 'for three,' just to gain ground for impeaching them. I have tried to explain to Lord Ripon, who is evidently nervous about Scinde, the causes, there are several, of the loss experienced by the 78th Regiment. Their officers are furious if you say the men drink; but I know they do, and hard too. It was the fashion to say no man could stand Scinde four years, yet here am I at sixty-three, strong for my age and with trials enough: but my brain and liver are not overheated by wine and spirits, and attacks of fever do not hold me fast. The natives get fevers and violently, but recover because they do not drink.

"Your views about executions are exactly mine. I feel indeed very low and distressed at putting so many men to death: it makes me dislike public employment; but it must be done or we should be one sheet of blood which the inundation of the Indus could alone rival. It is wonderful how the poor people rejoice at my success over Beja and his associates. The Bengal Sepoys call me a spirit, not a man, the papers say, a *Deota*: what that exactly signifies I do not know, but it does no harm amongst these wild fellows, it frightens them. I am working now to alleviate the taxation on the poor; and also preparing for a Punjaub war, by forcing on the organization of my baggage corps.

"I send you a copy of my real dispatch about the hill

campaign, but you must only print what Hardinge has printed: he has curtailed it for good reasons no doubt. However it is a paper to shew you the whole thing. The Jackranees are as yet going on well along the frontier, they were settled as cultivators on the tenure of repelling all forays by the robbers who still remain at large. The Bhoogtees of Meer Hussein's tribe there will be trouble with. He is himself a prisoner without any conditions, and he ought to have been hanged; for he it was who betrayed both Clibborn and Clarke: the Murrees told me all about those affairs. He says plumply his tribe shan't work, so I put him in chains and told him he shall remain chained until they do work, and if they rob he and they shall be hanged. Meanwhile I have heard that Islam and his Bhoogtees, who escaped us, being pushed for food plundered the Mazarees, who pursued them, retook the spoil and slew 120 Bhoogtees. Islam then assailed the Murrees, who slew a hundred of them: this added to those I brought away and those we killed has nearly destroyed the tribe.

“ Sir H. Hardinge, April.—As to my letter, which William published, I of course never dreamed of its being published: but I stand by what I said. I heard the general opinion of those I met on my arrival in India, expressing just what I have stated. And as regards *certain persons*, who they were I do not know, and of course should not have repeated this opinion had I imagined my letter would ever have seen the light; though I believed then and believe still the fact to be as stated. But not as regards the ‘*whole civil service*.’ Good God! I must be mad to suppose that a whole body of men could act so; yet I am perfectly satisfied that some did, and that treachery was practised towards Lord Ellenborough. Well, it was to these *some* I referred: *certain persons* was my expression. As to the *wasteful expenditure*, it was well known and spoken of by everybody I met at Bombay; and when I came to Scinde, I myself, on receiving from Major Outram the political department at Sukkur, re-

duced the expence in one day by sixty thousand rupees per annum; and could beneficially have reduced it still more. I can also shew, that my contingent bill averaged from twenty to thirty rupees; whereas those of my predecessor—Outram, were, I believe, not seldom less than as many hundreds, if not thousands! Was not that a *wasteful expenditure of the public money*? And I have heard of one hundred and fifty dozens of claret being ordered up to Affghanistan for one political, at government's expence! These things I imagine gave the tone to the *general opinion*. It is true, that though Ross Bell was a civilian Outram was a military man; so was Pottinger; so was Burnes, for whom the claret was sent up, to shew off before a people who do not drink wine! but they were all acting as civil servants. I dare say they spent the money believing they were acting right: but that does not make the system less ruinous to the state.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, May 7th.—The Bombay Times is trying two things. One is to make out that I attributed the deaths in the 78th to drunkenness, which is a lie; the second, that in my dinner speech, in which I called Buist the ‘*blatant Buist*’ amidst great applause, and which speech he has not got; that I disclosed the whole plan and arrangement of a Punjaub war—which is another lie.”

This lie proved a most pernicious one for the public and was doubtless so intended. The false version of Sir C. Napier's speech in the Bombay Times was read by the Sikhs, and more than one writer has affirmed that it roused that people to hostilities, as thinking the English were going to attack them!

“What I said was, The fame of the robber tribes successes against us last summer, and the hope of plundering Scinde, would have swelled their number to an army, and a very large one; so that next year we might have forty or fifty thousand of those men encamped in the hills along our western frontiers. Now suppose, that despite of the peaceful policy pursued by the governor-general, which God prosper!

still there is danger of a war in the north, as every one may see; and if such were to befall, it would be impossible for us to march northward to assist the grand army while we had such an enemy as the robbers on our frontiers. I dare say Buist will be listened to in *Leadenhead* Street, and that I shall get some worrying letter of inquiries. This India is filled with idle men, whose occupation is to attack through a licentious press every public man: not for what he has done but for what they invent. I must however say that the *Gentleman's Gazette* has justified its title, and the *Agra Uckbar* has also behaved well.

“What you say about death punishment coincides with my views, as indeed all your opinions do. I do not shrink, and the question is easily settled in Scinde. I am one who think it cannot be abolished in any country without producing greater suffering and greater injury to society than by its use. After many years' reflection, my opinion is that to control nature by doctrines is bad: the murderer in prison for life, or even for many years, becomes an object of pity to the mass of men: the crime is forgotten and the culprit becomes a martyr. Society, no doubt, has the right of taking its own measures to disable him for mischief; it has a right to take life or leave it; but it is doubtful how far we have the right to preserve it in misery. Be it so however. After ten or fifteen years he is repentant, a worn-out good man but a miserable one! The feelings of men free him from his prison, but the doctrine holds him fast till death and human nature revolts. I do not mean however that executions should be as they were in England, when a man was hanged almost for sneezing. My conscience is clear as a ruler, but I do not like being a judge! I would rather live a private man; yet being here I must do what is necessary, and these ruffians can only be put down by severity. Even Deriah Khan Jackranee, who has for years expressed his hatred of the robber life and at once closed with my offer, and whose countenance tells of

natural goodness, tries every villainous fraud and lie and trick to rob us: and he does rob his own men!

"I am occupied in forming a baggage corps of camels. In the hills a large valley was quite choked with baggage on the 22nd of February. We had marched at daylight for Deyrah, and the baggage followed a guard which went forward to secure a difficult pass. I remained on horseback from 4 A.M. until 2 P.M. before the baggage had passed me, and from my place to the camp, a valley of three miles, was so jammed that hardly could an order get sent to the troops; and the cavalry, with a battery, were forced to take another route! Such fixes are formidable close to an enemy. With a well-regulated baggage corps I could have cleared that dofile four or five hours sooner. Had an attack been made, and one was expected, the confusion would have been very dangerous. My organization is this. An elephant is to carry a large flag by day, and by night a large lantern, fixed in a howdah. Each company is to have a camel with its own smaller flag of its own colour, and a lantern of some colour; and all the trappings of all the animals of each company are to be of one colour, that of their flag. The drivers are so to be dressed also if I find no inconvenience as to transfers which may possibly be.

"This forming of baggage in regiments will make it more wieldy; and by arming and drilling the drivers, and giving every camel its driver instead of one man to three animals which is now the practice, I shall get rid of the great baggage guards; one man will lead two camels, the other man will flank them, and both will load and unload. I also attach five elephants to apply their force to baggage or guns as necessity demands. My general order of march, where possible, is to have the baggage on the reverse flank. With this new organization the lumber may go to any place, and form a living redoubt defended by the drivers against the wild cavalry of the country, which sweeps round you like a storm and settles on your rear. Their infantry

indeed do the same, for in the hills we lost above thirty people, cut to pieces the moment they passed our sentries.

“ You shall have details of our revenue, but ask Lord Ellenborough about publishing them or you will involve me still more with the directors; their jealousy at anything being made known is inconceivable, and I am bothered enough without more quarrels. Buist republished your book in his paper, and by that act of open piracy hurt the sale.

“ May 12th.—I am working to ameliorate the labouring man's condition; and if I succeed, it will attract population from the neighbouring countries, increasing revenue and diminishing imposts. Kurrachee has already enlarged so that the walls no longer contain the town; streets are springing up outside: this is much in two years. We shall do a great deal in the civil administration this summer, but it is for all that very slow work, because I am afraid to remove an unjust tax until it can be supplanted by a just one: a new one, even though just, may give umbrage to these wild people; they would rather bear a heavy unjust one that ‘ had always been ’ than a light one if new. I am writing for you a paper on the state of these people when we took the country, but have no quiet time; all I do indeed is without quiet.

“ In the late operations the patience of the troops and of the camp followers was really admirable. In one hunt after *wug*, as the Belochees call plunder, two hundred of that beautiful regiment the 2nd Europeans, marched incessantly for fifteen hours over such ground as I suppose the world cannot match for ravines, except in places where it is impossible to march at all. This is a section.



The bottom of these splits are some two or three yards

wide, full of rocks, and the table land covered with boulders: all the horses lost their shoes in them, numbers were lamed and many died. The splits were from two to three hundred feet deep, and when the party came back the men were dead beat, and all without shoes; yet all laughing and delighted, for the *wug* was sold in camp and the money distributed amongst them on the spot: no prize agents! The officers gave their shares to the men. If we have a Punjaub war I hope to have that regiment again: it and the 86th Queen's, which is in magnificent order, would make a hole in a Sikh line of battle. Did I tell you the 22nd were not all Irish, only half exactly." He had said all were, and the error crept into the History of the Conquest. "This like all my letters has been written by fits and starts, and probably has ten times as much words as matter: you have all the rubbish as it comes up."

At this time a memorial against Sir C. Napier by certain civil servants of Bombay was being hawked about, and great menaces made as to its ultimate effect.

"A night's sleep on the civilians' memorial has brought me to laugh at it, and it will be laughed at in England; though here in a small society much connected by marriages, and with a press at command, they make a great fuss: however all I said is true, fuss or no fuss. If I am called upon to prove my words they shall have some vexation; for my first demand shall be for a list of their salaries, and their contingent bills, and all that will be most inconvenient to be made known. I will bring forth the cost of Captain Postans' house, a political agent, some fifty thousand rupees; and Outram's extravagant furniture for his very expensive house. I will have the pay and allowances of other governors compared with mine; and their perquisites also: I having none. When it comes to details they won't like the hot potato in their mouths.

"June 4th.—The civilians at Calcutta are also in arms, and Brown and I are struck with the *little* things done:

every small detail is cavilled at, but I take no notice as there is no change in Hardinge. Jack Ramsay tells John he was in a society of civilians who were abusing you and me, and adduced the matchlock bet at Poonah as a proof of what *liars* we were. Now I have you said Ramsay. I saw the whole affair, and heard Captain St. John say he had lost the bet, and saw him pay : this was a floorer. Your book sits, as a writer in the Gentleman's Gazette says, 'Like a nightmare on the editors of papers as they doze in the editorial chairs.' *The* letter is the only part that has not done well ; but I have told Lord Ripon that I owe an apology to the jackals for comparing them to the *certain civil servants* : jackals are good beasts that only seek their lawful prey.

"A number of prisoners, criminals, here pleaded starvation in excuse for robbery, wherefore I sent queries to all collectors as to the comparative prices of labour and of food. Their reports are clever, and shew that the robbing gentry starve from idleness, and rob from habit. As to revenue we have placed £100,000 in the public treasury since we took Scinde, after paying all the expence of civil government and police. This will cover much more than the barracks yet built have cost ; and I have officially offered to hold Scinde with 5000 troops, which was the number assigned by Lord Auckland for holding Kurrachee and Sukkur only before the conquest. This however is without reference to a Punjaub war. Hardinge must then determine my force : he never mentions the subject to me, but I shall to him. If I enter Mooltan I ought to have at least fifteen thousand men : odds like those at Meeanee must not be the rule, or great mischief will befall. Meanwhile all our frontier is quiet, not a robber to be got for love or money ; Cutchee is getting into cultivation again, and will it is said be one vast sheet of grain, adding two and a-half lacs to the Khan of Khelat's revenue. My settled captive robbers are working hard on their lands, and are said to be all delighted.

except Beja, who is sulky, and complained that Ali Moorad watched him too closely. Ali answered thus. 'To catch you cost me two lacs; to let you escape would cost me more.' The Murrees, who refused to have the Jackranee country when I offered it, write that they have fought the Bhoogtees again and killed sixty, taking much spoil: if half this be true the ancient proud Bhoogtees are *gone coons*. Troops are being collected on the Sutlege in great numbers, so I suppose Hardinge means to attack; but it may be only a protective force.

"My beautiful sword from Lord Ellenborough is come; a magnificent blade and straight, such as the Wahabees used; so moonshee Ali Achar says, and he counts himself a *dab* in these things: a straight Damascus blade such as this is a very rare weapon.

"The robber chiefs would as you say have gone into Mooltan, if I had not been beforehand in writing to the Mazzarees, menacing them if they received the fugitives. The Mooltan man wrote to me, saying one Mazzaree tribe were Sikhs and he had ordered them to aid us with provision and bar entrance to the robbers; that the other tribes were guards of Beja, worse robbers than him, and the more I killed of them the better: but they were the very men I wanted to be my friends, for their country was barren and rugged, and to have invaded then would have enormously extended my line of communication. By good fortune the Bhoogtees had not long before plundered them; and that, with fear of my vengeance which I always keep in vivid colours before the barbarians' eyes, made them send chiefs to me as hostages for their loyalty. The Mooltan or River Mazzarees also kept true, but some rich Hindoo merchants brought the enemy supplies, selling at a cent. per cent.; at Goojroo we captured their goods and shot the owners—fighting however: this made the *spec.* too hazardous to be continued. The principal man behaved boldly. Our first volley killed all their horses, the men tried to escape up the

side of a defile, but our people came on them : the chief would not run, but stalked away with the stately Belooch lounge, until shot after shot brought him down. I was sorry for him, yet could not avoid giving the order to kill all who did not surrender.

“ It is reported that the Kaharees have aided the Bhoogtees under Islam against the Murrees ; if true, but I doubt it, they shall be visited with a rod of iron : they are so hated by surrounding tribes that to withdraw my protection would be a signal for their destruction ; the Murrees alone would be my slaves for ever to let them kill all the Kaharees. — Interrupted by plans for establishing a sheep farm ; we have mountains hard by for summer, and plains for winter, and I have sent for Merino sheep to Bombay—they are to be had there. My two indefatigable improvers, Blenkins, and McLeod the collector of customs, are beginning this farm ; Guinea grass and lucern are flourishing already, and in another year forage will be plentiful at Kurrachee, though it has hitherto all come to us from Cutch at a great expence : money going out for what we ought to abound in. Did I tell you that in this country of monsoons there are no wind-mills ! We are getting two up and expect them to pay us eight or ten thousand pounds a year.

“ Outram lately quarrelled with the Bombay government, by resisting orders and saying they wanted to make a Meeanee slaughter in the Mahratta country : they recalled him, but Colonel Ovans being captured they left Outram ; and when Ovans was liberated Outram *volunteered* to assist in this second *Meeanee slaughter* at the head of a light corps, first making the amende to government. Ovans then resigned, and Outram was put in his place with a large salary and the direction for the war. So much for his principles : all right if he had not volunteered. This I know from Sir George Arthur to be the true story ; but the papers try to cover him, saying he had no quarrel with government.

The Bombay Times bullies about it, and Willoughby writes for the Bombay Times; and as he is Outram's bosom friend is likely to be the author of most of the attacks on me. I detected him in one, though he does not think so: he is remarkably smooth-tongued, and in concert with Outram is getting up a book against me.

“ Henry Napier.—Constant riding in the hill campaign has lamed me, one of my ankles has given way. I was not in much danger from stray robbers. Ali Beg, my *guardsman*, with four Scinde horsemen always keep close to me. I could never ask the birds how they fared in a wood without Ali and his men, carbine in hand, protecting me. No fellow approaches me with a petition but Ali Beg closes half between us on guard; some fellow *may* do me a mischief, but his *death is dight*. There is great fear of my *Moguls*, pronouncing it *Mogulaes*, the accent on the first syllable.

“ Journal, June 10th.—The robbers are all taking kindly to their agriculture. I was quite right: man does not like a state of warfare, he tires of mischief. All is quiet in Scinde: but there are forty-eight princes of the Talpoor family living with Ali Moorad; they have all come in from Rojan; driven away I suspect by the Sikhs of that part, who were alarmed at my progress among the hills. Ali, from vainglory, nothing else, has received them. These men will, if I am obliged to march against Mooltan, make an insurrection in Scinde, which may be dangerous or not according to the quantity of brains in the man I leave in command.

“ The Court of Directors has shewn its usual folly and supreme ignorance of government, in allowing these dethroned princes to return. They, the directors, have my opinion on this matter, and having given it I wash my hands of all culpability unless I neglect to watch these people, which assuredly will not be the case: even as a cat watches mice will I watch them. Treason however sets watchfulness at fault nine times out of ten, and I must ding into the ears of

these fools the danger they incur. ‘*Put down insurrection,*’ yes! but the thing is not to let it get up; to put down costs the lives of brave men on both sides. But when did civil rulers care for the lives of soldiers? Never in all history.”

The Crimea has borne fearful testimony to this truth. An army consigned by vain-glorious incapable ministers to misery and death, with a heartless flippancy and self-laudation sickening to the souls of honest men—the excuse being, that after a long peace war had found them unready! It did not find Florence Nightingale unready, and sublime in force and feeling was the poor sick soldier’s expression of gratitude—“*May she go to Heaven before she dies.*”

“Civil rulers, especially republicans, have always been sanguinary and wasteful; they talk of war’s evils, but always wage it without care or scruple: and they create the necessity for it. This is however human nature. The military ruler takes at least into consideration his own personal suffering and danger in war; whereas the civilian makes war by proxy: his comforts are undisturbed. Lord Auckland sent men to destruction without personal discomfort, and won a coronet by the destruction of an army. The Whigs, false as usual to England’s honour and the welfare of the poor alike, made him an earl: and the Tories were silent! If such reckless scorn of disaster and disgrace is to be glossed over, treated with what the Italians call ‘*riguardo*,’ adieu ambition, that glorious ‘fault of heroes and of gods.’ Adieu patriotism and welcome obscurity, for if wrong is to be lauded what is praise worth?

“11th.—Young Harding of the 22nd Regiment, who was so wounded at Meeanee, is come. I got Simpson to appoint him his A.D.C., and every one thought, as our communication by sea was stopped ere Harding knew of his good fortune, that he would not come till after the monsoon. I knew my man better, and here he is, in defiance of sun, jungle fever, everything! I am delighted with him.

“June 21st.—Letter from Lord Ellenborough, in answer to mine written after the surrender of Trukkee. He seems delighted, and tells me of the duke having expressed himself very strongly on hearing of the surprises at Ooch and Shapoor. Lord E. says, I shewed your first letter and shall shew your last to the duke. He told me he was charmed with what you had done; with your zeal and energy, and that of the officers under you. You have put the right spirit into them.—So he goes on.”

It must be recalled to memory that these eulogiums from a statesman just come from governing India, and from the Duke of Wellington, were bestowed upon operations which Lord Ripon thought so insignificant that he “*really forgot to publish the dispatch!*”

“Lord Ellenborough says with regard to the Punjaub:—The state of preparation imposed is ruinously expensive. I said to Hardinge a year ago—‘*your finances will declare war whether you like it or not.*’

“I have had a sharp attack of liver. I had one last year just after setting off towards the hills. More abuse in the newspapers. Sir C. Metcalfe seems to me to have sought popularity. What *people* do these papers represent? None! they are mere organs of vituperation. With a few exceptions the editors are men whose vileness has driven them from good society. One was driven from the church for some tricks with a child; another was broke for stealing a pearl, and for cowardice. It is plausibly asked, Why mind what such rascals say? But if society, by sustaining and countenancing such papers, evince a belief in what they publish, then we must care. Suppose a set of rascals burn, by force, *deserter* or *thief* on a man’s shoulder or cheek, would he not be annoyed to be so falsely exhibited to the world? Would he not publish the truth? We cannot. The rascal editors assert the grossest lies, and you can’t get them contradicted. I have been called ‘Traitor, murderer, thief.

coward, liar, perjurer, tyrant, epicure,'—and half the good people of India believe every word. How can I enter into a controversy on my own character with such miserable wretches as Buist of the Bombay Times, or Cope of the Delhi Gazette?"—since arrested for thieving. "When we are dead, myself and my brother William may be discovered to have been honourable men; but in the interim we are branded by these fellows, and their worthy coadjutor, Fonblanque of the Examiner in England.

"The English journalists generally have the decency to state facts and reason on them according to the bent of their politics; but these Indian ruffians, for they are neither more nor less, invent the most atrocious falsehoods, and then pour forth abuse as if the things had really been done which they have asserted. Take one of a hundred instances. The Delhi Gazette and Bombay Times distinctly state as a known fact, that a medical board represented to me the danger of sending the 78th Regiment to Sukkur; and that with murderous wilfulness I refused to listen to them. This is simply a fabrication of the editor's, and without a shadow of foundation in truth. This is freedom of the press!

"July 7th.—The Mazzarees from Rojan on the Indus, have made an incursion to Kusmore, which belongs to Scinde. It will not do to be '*patient Grizzle*' with these barbarians. I have therefore sent Major Corsellis with 400 men in steamers to Kusmore, with orders to thrash these Sikhs if they again violate our territory. I kept clear of their ground, but will not quail under their insolence. Reported this to Hardinge, and hope he will approve; if not it will be vexing, because I am certainly right. I want much to know his opinion about the coming war; he has sent for all my bridge boats, all my pontoons, yet tells me nothing. Now, if I am to co-operate he ought to make arrangements in time. God send that he don't

treat the Punjaubees too lightly ! I do not see why Hardinge, who has all the arsenals in India at command, should take my pontoon train ; I got it from Bombay and shall want it even more than he ; for all the rivers come together where I shall have to act, if I act at all.

“ 10th.—The Mazzarees are gathering : they dare not do this unless pushed on by the Sikhs, but if so they will come on. Corsellis, an excellent officer, will hold his own ; if not I shall soon be with him to trounce these Sikhs. I could meet them in Scinde with 8000 men, but could not quit Scinde with so many : yet still with enough to trounce them.

“ 13th.—I have just got a copy of the Bombay civil servants' memoir to the Court of Directors, praying of them to call on me to answer for William's book ! This is excellent, and the directors will doubtless make themselves as ridiculous as their civil servants ! The old story is easily told. Lord Ellenborough turned Outram, a little man, out of office. The little man is the dear friend of Willoughby, secretary to the governor of Bombay, a fat, oily, cunning man, leader of the Bombay clique against Lord Ellenborough. Outram was cried up by this clique as a ninth wonder ; and I having been put in his place was run down as an idiot. Lord Ellenborough had therefore turned out the greatest man in India, for war or politics, to put a noodle in his place. I was obliged in self-defence, after the battles, to shew what a vain ignorant little body their idol was. At first my folly was pitied, but soon I was considered a mischievous ass that must be put down. The Bombay Times is dependent on the Bombay government ; it is Willoughby's paper, and was set at me headlong. Lord E. was then recalled, and the first part of my brother's work, the Conquest of Scinde, came out with my private letter : this gave a cry for Outram's party, which is a largish one, because his creditors desired to get a good

salary for him : they have got Sattara for him, and I dare say will finally get me out of Scinde, for all at Bombay is foulness and intrigue."

It will have been seen from the foregoing extracts that Charles Napier's thoughts were intent upon two main objects, namely, the advancement of Scindian prosperity and the coming Punjaub war. Two public letters selected from many of the same nature shall now disclose his activity in pursuit of the first, and the long forethought with which he prepared for the second ; a forethought by which all his military operations were distinguished : no general was ever more cautious in devising or more rapid and daring in execution.

" Sir H. Hardinge, June.—I am now able to send you a correct sketch of the ground between Sukkur and Shikarpoor. You perceive that the Indus, when at the flood, entered by the north and swept along the line marking the limits of the inundation between Sukkur and Shikarpoor ; and that it made a lake about three miles broad and twenty miles long. But from each side it branched out through nullahs even to Sukkur and Shikarpoor ; and observe also that the southern part of this expanse of water rested on ground below the low water, or cold weather level of the Indus. Therefore, when the inundation abated the lake remained—it had no exit ; but the smaller nullahs, having a higher elevation, returned their waters into this basin, while those which had a lower level remained full until the sun dried up the whole grand quagmire ! Then came fevers, and as the wind blew fever raged. Last autumn it began S. and S.E. and Shikarpoor was all fever ! at the end of September and October the weather grew cold, the wind was N.E. and Sukkur, till then healthy, became full of fever.

" That most able officer, Captain Baker, made the map I send you ; but after his departure two things occurred. First the river made a fierce attack upon the bank, and

threatened to take a new course, running between Shikarpoor and Sukkur. Second, one of Baker's assistants had mistaken some of his levels, and the deluge of water that poured in was so great, that Captain Scott, who is a worthy successor of Baker, found our new road would not give passage over the flood without great additional expence. I therefore decided upon what has now I hope been completed, namely, to form an immense dam—shewn in the map by a red stripe, to cut off the river altogether, and thus secure the country between Sukkur and Shikarpoor. Next winter I mean to examine that piece of ground marked with a cross, and think I can reclaim it: a bad spot, but to leeward, so it is not very dangerous unless the wind blows from the north, which in the unhealthy season does not happen. Such are our plans for combating the Indus.

“The same, June.—There are various reports flying about, or, as they say, *lots of gup in the jungle*. Among others that the Mooltan folks have come down from Roj on the Indus, and occupied some of our territory at K more. I shall know in a few days, but do not give much credit to the report. The moment I hear I shall send an express to you, stating the facts. I now want to ask your orders in case of a war; and it will perhaps be as well, to save time, that I state my views of my position.

“1°. I assume that you would wish me to create a diversion towards Mooltan, conforming to the movements of your left wing.

2°. To do this I propose to divide my force in two portions, leaving six thousand in Scinde and marching with ten thousand. I should form my magazines at the *Ooch* which is near the confluence of the Chenaub and Sutlege, and would then move the chief part of my force to Bhawalpoor. There I would form an expence magazine, and then march in two columns upon Mooltan; they would be within

reach of each other, and unite about Shoojuabad, which must be taken.

“3°. The siege train would go in the steamers, protected by the left column, moving along the left bank of the Chenaub.

“4°. If the Nawab of Bhawalpoor proves staunch I could evacuate that place and occupy Shoojuabad.

“5°. Mooltan should then be attacked and I hope taken.

“6°. With Mooltan and Shoojuabad, or Bhawalpoor for my base of operations, I could advance in whatever direction you pleased, for Mooltan is in the centre of a circle, the five rivers being radii.

“7°. At three hundred miles from your head-quarters I could not expect to receive very detailed instructions, especially as the line would be through an enemy's country; but you would probably give me general instructions to execute as I best could; and those instructions, I imagine, would be to co-operate with your left wing. On this point I think it would be well to give me orders at once in case of any outbreak of the Sikhs.

“8°. I now want you to decide upon this question—With what force ought I to enter the Mooltan territory? It is three hundred miles from Sukkur to Mooltan: a long line of operations! I must leave a garrison at Ooch, and one at Shoojuabad; possibly one also at Bhawalpoor: deduct these garrisons, and the men killed and wounded in capturing Shoojuabad and Mooltan, and what would remain out of 10,000 men? Say 6000, and we know what paper men are! the truth would be 5000, but say 6000: would this be a sufficient force to enter the field with? You alone can decide that.

“9°. I have not now force enough in Scinde to take ten thousand men. I have by last return nearly fourteen thousand rank and file, with eight hundred sick; and in November we shall have a very heavy sick list. In 1843 it

was above seven thousand. In 1844 it was above three thousand. What next November will produce I know not, but it will be far more than now: assuredly not under 2000 men in hospital. I cannot therefore calculate on more than eleven thousand men, and it will be necessary to send reinforcements from Bombay if I move. I am ready to hold Scinde even with 5000 men, but calculate that to be its garrison in peace. If a Punjaub war rages, I think six thousand is the least, viz. 2000, Kurrachee; 1000, Hyderabad; 2000, Shikarpoor; 1000, Sukkur. I do not say that with a smaller garrison we are to lose Scinde: on the contrary, I think it will be perfectly quiet, but it would be imprudent to have a less garrison when war was going on; when Shere Mohamed is in the enemy's ranks, and 48 princes of the dethroned dynasty at Kyrpoor.

“10°. Leaving 5000 men in Scinde gives me but 6000 on paper in November, but at the end of that month, for in the beginning of November you may double the sick list. Say I march with six thousand; from that must be taken the garrisons of Ooch and Shoojuabad, saying nothing of Bhawalpoor: these cannot be less than a regiment, or 600 each. Say nothing of our loss in storming Shoojuabad, which I hear is fortified; 4800 men are left to besiege such a strong place as Mooltan! All this is but an approximate calculation, but forms the groundwork of operations. Now for a little local calculation regarding details.

“11°. First, in this climate we must look out with sharp eyes for epidemics; but as these affect both armies let us leave that as a balance, though to do so is dangerous. In the next place the Sikhs, like all other barbarians, are strong men and very dangerous behind walls. The style of fighting amongst all these nations is the same; and their arms are the same, which is the best proof that their mode of fighting is the same: they are all fatalists also, more or less: Sikh, Hindoo, Mahometan, all refuse quarter and expect no mercy.

At Maharajpooor quarter was indeed given; but our Sepoys there fought with relatives: it was a special case. I have been three years in Scinde, eighteen months of which in the field under canvas, and think I know enough of their method of making war to say, that though we shall manage the Punjaubees in the open field, when it comes to storming a breach the resistance will be desperate. The men I have had to deal with were full of personal courage and bodily strength. In the field these failed before musquetry, but on the breach these qualities reassume their full vigour; for discipline is then no longer opposed to undiscipline, but man to man.

“12°. If I judge correctly of their courage, it would appear that 4800 men would be a very small force with which to undertake the siege of Mooltan. The walls are said to be from forty to fifty feet high, and I know that to make a breach in their walls is very difficult: at Emaum Ghur we tried in vain to effect it with 24lb. howitzers. Shot and shell went clean through without shaking the wall in the slightest degree.

“13°. Such are the difficulties to be prepared for, and the best preparation is the discussion of them; and I think, if my arguments are just, that you will enable me to march with at least ten thousand men, if I am to march at all. However, I need not tell you that I am ready to march with a corporal's guard if you think it enough! The fate of India may at any moment hang upon your sword; and it is the duty of your distant lieutenants to tell you what they want, and what they think they can do. My plan is always to consider every possible difficulty well, and then to work heart and hand to overcome them: it is only when not foreseen and not prepared for that difficulties become really fearful and insurmountable.

“If there be no war in the Punjaub I can spare four regiments with ease from Scinde at Christmas, viz. two regiments

of cavalry and two of infantry, or even more: but if there be a Punjaub war, I can spare none; and if we are to take a part in it I shall require four more regiments. These are the best views I can give of my position here: if they are erroneous you can set me right."

SIXTEENTH. EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE further progress of government enmity towards Sir Charles Napier is now to be traced. His offences were great. He had, contrary to the predictions of faction in power, first conquered and then successfully governed a great province without plundering it : and what was worse, had not allowed others to plunder.

“ M. Genl. W. Napier, July 3.—Boone has given a copy of your book to the Bombay Times, and no other has reached India. The editor boasts that he got it before publication. If Boone does not clear up this, I for one will never darken his doors again. I have enquired about a safe lawyer at Bombay to prosecute Buist for thus pirating your work, but am told your power of attorney is necessary.”

No copy was given. One had been stolen, and Buist's piracy was a result ; and it might be supposed such a literary offence would have debarred his being elected a member of a great scientific association. Not so. Captain H. Napier made the facts known to the Royal Society, of which he was a member, and in the face of them that learned body adopted the pirate as an associate !

“ Hardinge is going to take his council to the N. W. which pleases me, as it will annoy them : but it will be the movement of an army. The Bombay civilians' round robin against me has failed ; the exposure of salaries &c., menaced by me was disagreeable : the potato was too hot to bite. Outram and Willoughby are getting up a book ; they only

waited for the second part of yours: they have it now. The Bombay Times is certainly Willoughby's paper. Conway of the 22nd says the defence of the Residency was his, not Outram's: he has made Outram's testimonial committee take that action from the inscriptions on their presentation sword, where it had been placed amongst Outram's exploits! I never knew of this dispute until a few days ago when my friend, young Harding of the 22nd, told me positively that he *never saw Outram during the fight until he, Harding, got on board the steamer!* Now Harding was the last man that quitted the Residency, and is a noble fellow. At Meeanee he dashed to the edge of the Belooch bank, received two sword cuts on the legs, fell, rose again, turned to cheer on his men and was shot in the back and through the lungs, the ball coming out at his elbow! Then he fell again, close to my horse. He is a very clever fellow as well as a very bold one, and is positive as to the Residency. Outram had made me understand that *he* had done every thing at the Residency."

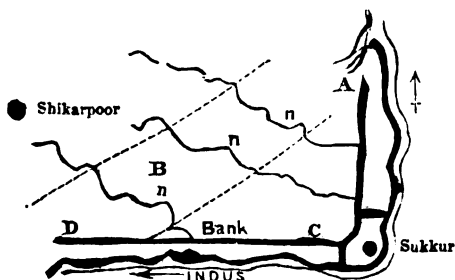
By this fact Outram may be measured exactly. The sword in question was one presented to him by his Bombay friends: but in Captain Conway they found a man of cool resolution who soon stripped the jackdaw!

The general again speaks.

"Nearly all the scattered bands of the hills have come in, and the whole of my captives are happy, and working hard at making canals. The Murrees told me Clarke's death was heroic: he slew seven of their warriors ere he fell, and they tied strings on his wrists: they do so on one wrist when a warrior dies bravely, but they tied them on both his! I have sent the Murrees lots of gunpowder, and their old Chief, Deen Mohamed, will get on well with me. They offered me one of Clibborn's guns, but I said no, all or none; they are monuments of your bravery, if you like to sell them do so, if to keep them do so. They had fortified their passes when I was on the hills, and when I sent moonshee on

an embassy to them he found both defiles defended: but they forgot that I knew of a road to Kahun, their capital, which turned both.

“ If I go into Mooltan I think to take a thousand Murrees, but these tribes are all so wild. All these matters give one anxiety and trouble; and for whom? A set of men who do nothing but abuse me! I well know that if I had suffered a defeat, or even a check on the hills, Ali Moorad’s army and the Court of Directors, would both have been down upon me at once; and a very well-appointed army Ali’s was. If I had good masters, or no master, I could make the Bhoogtee hills a valuable province; but as matters are the preliminary correspondence alone would put me in the grave. My plan would be to quarter two Sepoy regiments in the Deyrah plain, giving them the land and forming a military colony of picked men and officers: in ten years it would be a beautiful garden. Trukkee is full of white marble, and excellent water is to be had with good arrangement. Water in these countries is gold! The hills are full of various minerals, and for all produce there is a close and ready run to the Indus.



“ I have just finished a great work. During the inundation every year the Indus passed in at A to the plain B. But between D and C the levels are below the bed of the river: hence the water lodges in B, and in all the nullahs, n. n. n. B is about three miles broad and twenty-five long: the

dotted lines mark the extent of inundation, and the nullahs add five or six miles on either side of stayed water.

“ When the inundation subsides all this expanse is left still under water, which soon putrifies under the sun during August, but becomes dry towards the end of November. When the wind blows from the S.E. Shikarpoor becomes sickly: when from the N.W. Sukkur becomes sickly. My design, therefore, founded on the reports of Scott and Baker, Company’s engineers, was to cut off the Indus from B, and since March Scott has done it by a bank A, C, D, some thirty miles long. I await the result, for by this time the inundation is at its height. Loss of revenue will ensue certainly, for two years or three; but health will be gained for the troops; and also for the villages which cover the vast plain thus cut off, and which will suffer some loss of produce before the inhabitants will dig wells to supply the want of inundation: they are very angry, because they laugh at the idea of health gained by human means—with them all is fate. There is no doubt of the whole track becoming healthy, or I have made a great mistake. To remedy the want of inundation I have ordered sluice-gates to let small quantities of water in for cultivation, which will not make a marsh. These two cantonments were becoming so deadly that some greater remedy was absolutely necessary, and this is mine. The rich proprietors threaten to cut the bank, but I have placed cavalry guards and we shall see: the work fed all the poor folks—labour and high wages.

“ All here are wild to see that part of your book which Mr. Boone has *favoured* the Bombay Times with. I hear the editor is trying to set the troops against me, but he won’t succeed. His remarks on your book I have not read, but I have read in his paper your account of the two battles, and felt as if I was again in the action. You have given the soldiers of each presidency their due and all are ~~pleased~~——stopped to laugh! McMurdo was reading the battles and got into such a state of excitement, that

hearing some workmen outside who were raising a beam give a cheer, he thought it was the shout of battle and rushed out like a madman. I am getting very weak ; my carcass drags down my mind like a large stone tied to the tail of a kite. The duke at seventy-three has more strength than I have ; his body and mind seem to have made a compact for work : mine are like cat and dog.

“July 12th.—Among the captured hill chiefs was Toork Ali. He had been our bitter foe, but when some women, taken in the caves near Ooch, were sent by me on camels to a holy man, his wife was one and he was so touched, though how he knew it we are ignorant, that he was the first who surrendered. He was a robber, and now mark the love of the Ameers, the ‘Patriarchs’ for their women, from the description of a whip found in Nusseer’s zenana avowedly to flog the women of those fallen princes. The whip-handle is one foot and half an inch long, covered with brass wire for two inches at each end, and silvered wire in the middle. At each end is an ivory knob, and there are two lashes, each one foot five inches and three quarters, exclusive of tassels at the end of each lash. The lashes are made of plaited wire five-eighths of an inch in circumference, and capable of inflicting a terrible flagellation.

“Journal, July 24th.—The whole style of the civil and military correspondence in India is bad and vulgar, and not business-like. Instead of pith, half a sheet is filled with titles and references and dates, where a Horse Guards’ letter would at once touch the subject ; and when you wade through this stuff you come to nothing comprehensible at last, and you have then to refer to other letters for explanation of the one in your hand. Society in India is not above a third-rate English town, so far as manners go, though with more enlarged knowledge perhaps. Amongst the civilians, with many exceptions however, there is an aping of greatness, leaving out that which marks the really high-born

gentleman and lady, kindness and politeness to those below them.

“ July 28th.—A long letter from Lord Ellenborough, and one from Lord Fitzroy by order of the duke, both very flattering and begging me not to resign, as William tells them, they say, he advises me to do. He advises no such thing. He was indignant at Lord Ripon, and had he not made Lord Ripon publish the dispatch I would have resigned.

“ M. Genl. W. Napier, August 2nd.—A message from the duke saying he heard from Lord Ellenborough that you had advised me to resign, because I had not been sufficiently rewarded for my services. Lord Ellenborough writes in the same strain. I send you my answer to both. The duke also wrote to Gough about officers writing *loose opinions* ; of course this meant my letter which you published. He said it embarrassed Her Majesty's government as regards the officers' interest. This I believe refers to the refusal of the directors to let me be commander in chief at Bombay, but no names are mentioned. The memorial of the civil servants is gone home. The object is to get me recalled, and therefore I will not go. If an order removes me it cannot be helped, but nothing they can do shall make me lose temper or resign, or do anything they want of that nature. I cannot get the Batta as governor. I did make a return as advised by the paymaster here ; but if I asked it would be refused and give them a laugh against me. I ask nothing, but what comes I take. The most perfect coolness and caution is the only safeguard against the directors, who do as they like. They wish to make me resign, but I am the Queen's servant, obey my orders and give no hold.

“ The civil servants are in official matters moving heaven and earth to thwart me at Calcutta and Bombay : my work therefore becomes more laborious ; for where there were formerly no letters there are now dozens. Of this they

will tire in time, it is a temporary effervescence, and my pay goes on, though not so well earned, but that is their loss not mine. The English government are friendly to me, the duke says so in as many words, and I will furnish no excuse for them to change an opinion thus guaranteed by the duke. They cannot get rid of me, unless I lose temper, which I will not do till I want to go home: then what I say will tell, for I am in position. They want me to answer for your book to crush me, but I see what they are at. You have laid on your blister, let it draw. They can take no vengeance on you, but I am in their power, and if they could get my name into the firm it would be just what they want:—hence my reply is, All right, but I am not answerable for my brother's book, what control have I over him?

“Their power is immense, and Lord Ripon will be with them, he is their pack-ass; still I do not think they can do much: I am too passive for them, and his conduct arises from imbecility as much as anything else. I have written a violent letter to him, but will not send it as he has now published the dispatch and said he was to blame. Why do you think I am ill used by the Queen's government? I only complain of the rascally clique at Bombay. I have had no ill usage from government, and a peerage I would rather not have. If we are refused the prize money we are all ill treated alike; nothing in that personal to me, therefore make no fight about me. Lord Ellenborough has been ill treated, and I would rather see him without the earldom than not supported.”

This letter demands some explanatory remarks. Lord Ellenborough misconceived the purport of General W. Napier's letter to him. It was simply that Sir C. Napier would do well to decline serving governments which evidently meant to cast him off when his genius had secured success: and this view was just. For at the time, Lord Fitzroy Somerset told the writer, on the part of the duke, that the

latter "wished the second part of the Conquest of Scinde should not be published, as it embarrassed him in fighting Sir C. Napier's battles with the directors!" The book was then out, but in any case should not have been withheld; for it treated of actions that needed no private protection: actions which belonged to the nation not to the directors. But the work was doubtless offensive to them in the extreme, and the fact marked their character as a body; seeing that their anger was aroused by glorious service in the field for England, though it did not immediately conduce to the profit of their nepotism. A high indisputable authority, well acquainted with their proceedings at the time, said, that "*it had set them dancing mad.*"

But was the Duke of Wellington's assertion, that the Queen's government were friendly towards the conqueror of Scinde well founded? Let this after fact, added to the withholding of Parliament thanks and the scanty honour conferred, be the comment. At a dinner given on the opening of the King's College Hospital, Sir Robert Peel, eulogising the British army, instanced in proof of its sustained merit the then recent battles on the Sutlege, naming as distinguished supporters of its fame a string of names, descending from the governor-general to an aide-de-camp, Captain Wood: but he did not recollect the name of Sir C. Napier to add to them! He, it would appear, was not one of those who had upheld the ancient glory of England! Yet it shall now soon be shewn that when that war on the Sutlege was menacing disaster, the man forgotten at the feast, was called for by the army as a sure leader in the fray!

As to the publication of the Conquest of Scinde, Sir C. Napier was not even cognizant of it being undertaken until the first part was nearly ready for the press: it was commenced to meet the infamous attempts then making to ruin him in public estimation, and was not even spontaneous on the part of the writer, who was pushed to it by the urgent remonstrances of a common friend. In fine, it was

as much an act of self-defence for the general as his conquest was one for India: both imperative. At this very time Outram published a letter, addressed to General W. Napier, libellous in the extreme as regarded Sir Charles: and he was being aided by Willoughby, secretary to the Bombay council, in the concoction of a book which accused Sir C. Napier of falsehood to his government; of malversation; of gross nepotism; of ignorance in his command that would disgrace a subaltern; of the murder of the 78th soldiers. And when thus infamously libelled by an officer under his command he will be found appealing to authority for protection, the answer being to appoint the offender to a lucrative post!

“M. Genl. W. Napier, Aug. 4th.—I have just got Outram’s printed letter, which shall be answered by applying for a court-martial upon him. I told you Arthur had annoyed me about a commissariat officer; but I am now pretty certain that Sir George was himself deceived about the matter. However Sir H. Hardinge has twice or thrice overturned, most justly, the decisions of the governor in council at Bombay about this very officer. Sir George is said to be ruled by Willoughby; of this I know not, and if it be true God only knows how far he may go; but he is generally fair, and has given me such sound support on great occasions that I must acknowledge obligations to him. As to Outram calling me a correspondent of the Bombay Times, here is the fact. When the papers were calling my march to Emaum Ghur a *wild goose chase*, I was justly fearful, that as my character was unknown in India they would shake the confidence of the troops under me.

“Nott, after Hykulzie, had in his first anger, exclaimed, ‘God defend me from Bombay troops and Horse Guards generals.’ Now Nott was a man of great mind, and General England’s defeat bore his exclamation out strongly. The desert march was incomprehensible to unmilitary minds, and there was therefore fear of the spirit of the

troops suffering: in my army also were regiments which had been defeated, exclusive of the Cabool and Ghusnee disgrace. Hence, being acquainted with Dr. Kennedy, Wilmoughby's brother-in-law, a gentleman of talent who had command of the *Bombay Times*, I wrote to him the reason for my march. Outram ought to be broke, but probably will be protected. I am sick of self; but remember in your answer to Outram, if you write any, that I have sent in charges against him. I have told Hardinge that if a general in command is to be libelled with impunity by a captain, we must command with duelling pistols in our girdle: nevertheless he will no doubt be supported, and every discontented rascal will be encouraged to libel his commander.

"I lately wrote to the governor-general about the flotilla, the officers of which were quarrelling with General Hunter. I, and my friend Powel, who commands it, agreed that as we should not quarrel the matter had better drop: accordingly my letter was never sent. It was however copied in the secretary's office, and yesterday appeared in the *Bombay Times* at full length! This is, I think, proof of the press being in league with subordinate officials; the editor bribes the clerks. The original letter is in my desk, it was never sent, never of course received, and therefore is a forgery.

"The directors are now aiming blows at me by injuring officers who are useful and favourites with me; this is detestably mean and shameful: I give you names, but you must not mention them or absolute ruin would follow. I was going to remonstrate on one gross case, but the person entreated me not, as certain destruction to him would be the result. There are no tricks too low for Outram and his clique. Apropos! Boone did not send your book to the *Bombay Times*; the one designed for me was stolen and went there, and I am yet without one! Being a king, I cannot hear truths, nor can my princes, John and William and Montagu McMurdo; but we are told that Outram's

letter has given the utmost disgust. My sugar-cane plants from Egypt, with which I designed to establish sugar culture in Scinde, have been stopped at Bombay until they rotted ! This is their style of warfare !

“ I fear Lord Ellenborough is sadly shackled by personal feelings of long association ; and the more noble a man’s feelings are, the more difficult he finds it to deal with such cases. I grow to care less for men every day. I even feel contempt for myself, that I do not give up my post and shoot one of these scoundrels, retiring from all public employment with only one regret, namely, that I had not shot a dozen of them. Outram is a base wretch and as such I will yet treat him.”

He did so in after times, and found him a shrinking opponent.

“ Hardinge, who is all kindness, only delayed noticing my first hill campaign dispatch to get my second, which he felt sure was coming : his notice of the whole was done loyally. He is good and true ; but cannot be expected to manage his men like Lord Ellenborough, whose mastery appeared in every letter : the one has to learn, the other was able to teach. I will now speak more of these things in a letter which may be, and I hope will be read by the respectable Bombay clique. I can prove that a letter of seventy pages from Lord Ellenborough, was picked up after the Shannon was wrecked ; and a person seeing it contained important matter, for the cover was gone, brought it to Willoughby, who said, give it me, and then put it in his pocket instead of instantly sealing it up.

“ Hardinge tells me he will put me in point of pay on the same footing as the lieutenant-governor of the North-Western Provinces. I have told him I am quite satisfied, but of course willing to take anything voluntarily given by government, which is the best judge how it chooses to pay its servants : were I Hardinge, I would not raise the Scinde salary but pull down all the others. However, after being

so ill-used by the Indian public, and members of the Company in England, I feel no compunction at being highly paid in Scinde, where European life ebbs apace.

“After much thought I cannot believe that the duke and Peel are false, tracing no symptoms of it. Ripon is an imbecile, and I put my foot in it when I accepted his offered reconciliation. I have no faith in Graham, thinking him weak and silly, although with plausibility enough to humbug the herd for awhile. But to Peel, the duke, and Hardinge, I look with perfect confidence: you seem to do the same. I am sure the duke is honest in saying he is holding me up against the directors, and I am glad you feel the same confidence in him that I do: he is honest as he is grand, and will die so. Peel is too able a man to play foul; but fancy for a moment what a precipice he is riding on, with wily whigs on one side trying to push him over, and tories hanging about him like chains! He is honest, but he must hold his path of policy steadily. Wellington sits on a throne of glory, and the world cannot shake him; but Peel is only on the rise, and surrounded by treacherous people. I am afraid however that he prevented Lord Ellenborough bringing forward the question of his recall, and that appears to me wrong. It is cautious, and perhaps wise, but it is not grand; and when finally all comes out, and all will in time come out, Peel will be accused by history of timidity and fear of the Leadenhall folks. Tell the duke if you have any more correspondence with him, that I never wanted higher rewards than those given: others said so, but you know that I never did.”

The following extracts give the pith of Sir C. Napier's appeal against Outram's libel.

“The Governor-general, August 3rd.—Captain Outram, brevet Lieut.-Colonel in the service of the hon. Company, has published a libel reflecting on my character as governor of Scinde; and has added the monstrous accusation that I caused the destruction of the 78th regiment. I have not,

either by word or deed, publicly or privately, given to this officer any cause for hostility. His libel professes to be an answer to a work published by my brother, Major-General Napier. Now I, in Asia, am assuredly not answerable for what another man publishes in Europe. I may consider such a publication to be good or bad, eloquent and true, or vulgar and false; but I cannot be responsible for it. Not only was General Napier's book written at such a distance as to be beyond the reach of consultation; but it has only been read by me within forty-eight hours, and the work altogether contains a mass of matter on which I was previously but imperfectly informed.

“My whole conduct as regards Lieut.-Colonel Outram is explained in the two Parliamentary books on Scinde. It was direct, open, official and public. In short, I can only attribute this officer's hostility to me, and the untruths which he states, to that malicious blind vindictiveness which we frequently see arise from disappointed self-sufficiency acting on feeble intellects. I had preserved an army, and the Parliamentary books contain the proofs that had I attended to the advice of Lieut.-Colonel Outram that army would have been annihilated. I therefore, formally demand through your excellency in council the protection of Her Majesty's government, and that of the hon. Court of Directors against the libels of Lieut.-Colonel Outram.

“It is impossible for any man to command a military force, if a captain in the army, of which that force forms a portion, is thus openly and foully to traduce and hold up such general officer to the scorn and contempt of the troops under his orders.

“I do not complain right hon. sir of the effect of Lieut.-Colonel Outram's publication on the troops generally, because they know me too well for such falsehoods to do much harm, or produce any other result than contempt for the writer. Yet in particular cases it may do much mischief; for what are the poor Highlanders to think, when in their

barracks at Poonah they read the gross falsehoods adduced, as having been uttered by me to the disparagement of their noble regiment! and when Lieut.-Colonel Outram tells them in print that their general is more ignorant than any subaltern of five years' standing under his command; and that he recklessly destroyed their comrades!

“Lord Fitzroy Somerset, August. — William has never advised me to resign the government of Scinde; on the contrary no one has been more anxious for me to remain. He was angry at my dispatch from the hills not being at once published, and he appears to have thought that government had determined to suppress it. With that idea his feelings were exactly what mine would have been. But the dispatch being published, he offered me no advice, as the motive no longer existed. Lord Ripon, personally, appears to have meditated the suppression of my dispatch, but no one else. I understand he says he *forgot it*. The excuse does not appear more gratifying than the fact.

“With regard to rewards for my services, pray assure the duke of my perfect sincerity, when I say that at no time did it enter my imagination that I had not been amply rewarded for any service I had or could perform. The affection of friends, or the enthusiasm of soldiers, may cause some to think more of what a man does than he himself thinks, and this I believe has been the case in the present instance; but my own feeling has been that I have been amply rewarded. His grace's speech when the vote of thanks passed in the House of Lords was to me reward enough for ten times any service I ever did! I repeat it my dear Lord Fitzroy, that I consider myself amply rewarded; and neither wife nor daughter, nor friend, nor any human being ever heard me say otherwise. I never thought of receiving any other: William will tell you this.

“Assure the duke that nothing but loss of health can make me quit my command while my services are approved of by Her Majesty's government. And loss of health shall

not if the duke tells me to remain. I do not mean to run away from climate more than I would from any other enemy; only if I should be wounded by it severely I am sure the government would not compel me to die here. Thank God! I am not ill now, and am able to do any work I have to do; not the less so for the kindness of his grace's message, and your own flattering expressions; for really the crowds of rascals who attack me in India, and have done so from the first, seem likely to persuade me I am a knave! So many crimes do they accuse me of that at times I fancy myself the little old woman whose petticoats were cut short! I have not yet *begun to cry*, but William has made *them* do so, and the vagabonds are writhing under his lash, and roaring lustily. My silence worries them too; for I have never in a single instance put pen to paper in my own defence, except in one case:—that of the zenana, which concerned my companions more than myself.

“M. Genl. W. Napier.—Your conversation with the duke made me laugh; God knows what I said in my journal; however he must take things as they come, if he chooses to read what I write to you.”

The duke, having read extracts from Sir C. Napier's journal of the hill campaign, desired to have all that could be given of his correspondence. “But there are many queer rough things in his correspondence your grace.” *So much the better, that is what I want*, was the reply.

“Yesterday I received two hostile chiefs, one being beyond our frontier; but he says I am his king. He stickled hard for a life due to him by the other tribe. If I would let him have one *Noomree* to kill, their accounts would be square. To this the *Noomree* chief said no! He had no objection to give a life if due to the *Chota* tribe, but none was due; the *Chotas* were even in debt a wound from a sword. They were very ferocious, but were brought to agree that four chiefs on each side, with my moonshee, Ali Acbar as president, should agree to a written treaty.

These hostile chiefs finally came before me and made a friendship, but protested that it was only from respect to the Padishaw they did so. I gave each a scarf of honour, and the Chota took leave as sulky as a bear: the Noomree, being our subject, remained and chatted, telling me in confidence, he would if I consented destroy his new friend in no time. They are both Noomrees, a Chota branch and Bulfoot branch, which last is the eldest and therefore called Noomree. The Chota man is the other's nephew, but that does not bar throat-cutting. They both pretend great anger at my making up the quarrel; but as I hanged a Loondee two days before they thought it best not to have a *blood-fuel* with me.

"This Loondee, whose tribe had a *fuel* without just cause with the Rhinds, met a poor fellow of the Lhugarees travelling with his wife daughter and son-in-law; the Loondees were eight in number, and he said, oh! here is a Rhind, I will kill him. I am not a Rhind but a poor Lhugaree, though I live in a Rhind village. Oh said the other Loondees, he is a poor devil of a Lhugaree don't hurt him. He is not a Lhugaree but a Rhind said my friend, and immediately shot down the old man and cut him up with his sword. I hanged him for three reasons. 1°. He carried arms. 2°. He killed a man cruelly without a just cause of quarrel. 3°. He gave that man's tribe the right of having the life of a Loondee. So I gave his to them without their asking, and the account is square. Had I not, the Lhugarees would certainly have taken the life of an innocent Loondee.

"I have hanged four atrocious murderers this month; this Loondee was the least so, but he had no claim to a Rhind's life; for the original cause was that a Rhind being hired as a guard to a traveller soon after Meeanee, was attacked by Loondees, and fell covered with wounds, having first killed a Loondee in self-defence. He did not die, and the Loondees, my ruffian excepted, claimed no life. However I

am getting them into order gradually, they find the English rule just; all the women are pleased, and women, though ill-used, have great influence. This plodding through trials is great labour, but gives me some knowledge of the people, and I find them very noble-minded, that is the Mahomedans: the Hindoos are vile compared to them. The Hindoos have been crushed, and are sly, cheating, cruel and base, so far as my judgment goes; and it is the Mussulmans who have made them so. Their nature is not bad, and they will improve under equal protection, being clever and industrious. In these last qualities the Parsees beat us all in India, and seem to me very like the Greeks. Rich, active, daring, they are made for merchants. As to principle, they have as few scruples as our own merchants, though more than the Americans.

“I am a treasure for the Indian editors. My *persecution* of a native apothecary, a half-caste, is now the theme of abuse. This monster being on board the Zenobia attempted to outrage a sergeant’s wife when she was in the last stage of cholera. He was tried, but the two men who caught him died of cholera before the court could be assembled. Her husband is in the 28th, and if the villain gets near the regiment he will find them worse than me. Yes! I will continue to *persecute* the monster, who is quite a fitting hero and saint for the Bombay Times.

“My opinion is that we shall now soon be able to make an immense reduction of taxation, but it is a serious matter. Is it not too bad that my time should be occupied by such a fellow as Outram, when there is so much good work to do? I am better, but I was very weak and thought my hour was coming fast about a fortnight ago. I have sent a Belooch child’s sword home for the Prince of Wales: it is a curious and pretty thing, and in shape and furniture perfectly Beloochee.”

The home government seem to have demanded an explanation from Outram. There were some in the govern-

ment who wished to call him to account, but they were overborne by others : one of the ministers at the time said to the writer of this, *your brother's enemies are legion*. Now Sir Charles Napier's appeal against Outram shews, that in no manner had he assailed that person save by the official exposition of his conduct when called for by the government ; but it suited the cunning of his enemies to mix him up with the publication of the Conquest of Scinde, and to say that gave to Outram a right of reply. The fallacy is obvious. Sir Charles had nothing to say to the publication of the Conquest ; and that work did not assail Outram beyond the historical bounds set by the Parliamentary papers : it therefore gave no right whatever to Outram to assail Sir C. Napier personally ; still less could it give a right to publish wilful falsehoods injurious both to the general and to the service. Yet the directors rewarded this breach of discipline, of decency, and of truth ; and the home government permitted, if it did not absolutely applaud the proceeding.

“Journal, August.—I am quiet, not from humility I am ashamed to say, but from feeling so strong, so thoroughly honest that I defy all India and England to boot ! What have I to fear ? Nothing ! I have been scrupulously honest in every transaction, even to thought : if there is a charge on my conscience it is for being so angry and vindictive as these people make me for an hour or two. This is wrong, and I will try to crush my anger : but as to fear, Pooh ! I have done all that I thought right, and so far been successful ; if the government turns foully treacherous, what can it do to a man who wants nothing beyond a house and food ; who is honest and stern ; who has provided honestly for his children, and taught them religion and honour ? I laugh the whole world to scorn ! I love, and am loved by those I love. My brother William has recorded my victories, and fame is mine, though I care little about it : so let death come when it will.

“I know I am like all others mortal; I do not expect to live for ever; and the clock has given its tick; it will soon strike, and in such a state of mind who can bend me or break me? I am a rock. I have won victories, conquered a great kingdom and ruled it, and work with heart and soul for the happiness of the poor. I have a wife and children, brothers and sisters and friends, and a grandson to carry down my lineage. A bad fellow I am in many ways, but I feel no intentional wickedness on my conscience, and have a sincere conviction of mercy. My worst sin is the wish to shoot Outram as he deserves, for he is base to the last degree; but that feeling never lasts with me against any man for more than a week. It is however good and wise to be thought revengeful; it prevents evil, and need never be so at heart. Never have I wronged woman in my life. I have kissed away many a tear but never caused one.

“August 10th.—Sixty-three complete this day: the hour comes on sharp now, and the battle where all fall. Well, I go to good company where my best beloved are gone. I suppose we shall all meet; if not we sleep and are at peace. All will be love, as all will be peace.

“August 15th.—Napoleon’s birthday: he too is gone and may be met with hereafter. I am at war with half India: were it the whole I would not care! I laugh them all to scorn. Nothing have I done misbecoming an honest man, and all their malice cannot make me out a knave! My conscience is pure enough to defy the world, and I do defy it: had I done a single act of dishonour I should tremble!

“Aug. 19th.—Letter from William who advises me to do exactly what I have done—cast him and his history overboard, and refuse to answer for his writing. They are sore as skinned eels, writhing and furious.

“August 29th.—What am I accused of? Three main facts. 1°. I carried into effect the orders of the governor-general as to military operations. 2°. I wrote a private

letter, saying the general opinion was that certain civil servants were ruining India. This was published by my brother without my knowledge, or intent; yet certain civil servants were ruining India, and such was the general opinion and generally expressed. 3°. I wrote a letter, also published by my brother, saying that raw spirits were a mortal preparation for malaria! This is the sum total of my crimes, and on these facts every sort of falsehood is built up and torrents of personal abuse poured upon me! It gives me little care, but let a cosmopolite, let even a Yankee, full of free press and license, say where is the advantage to the public that a man holding a place amongst the rulers of the land should be so abused; not for wrong-doing, not for mischievous opinions that he holds or promulgates, not for failures, for I have been singularly successful; no, for none of these things, but in wanton malice without cause? Is this just? is it right or wrong?

“Ought I not to have defence? Can I defend myself against a set of anonymous ruffians? Ought not editors to be made by government to prove the truth of their assertions or suffer for their lies? As glorious old Cobbett, for a glorious man he was with all his alleged faults, said, truth or falsehood should be the test of libel. Then I could prove to India and England that I have served both with clean hands, clear conscience, and with an honour so pure that my motto, ‘*sans tache*,’ should be given if I had it not. My sons and daughters and nephews may blush with anger at my treatment, but never for shame at my deeds. They do redden with anger, I wish they did not, fearing it will get them into quarrels with fellows like Outram, who alone has had the pluck to put his name to falsehoods. The others had at least the shame to conceal themselves while acting infamously; but the *Chevalier sans peur DE reproche*, as William justly christened him, has not done so. So ends my philosophy.

“August 30.—The native regiments here want to re-

main, which the Bombay people don't understand at all, and I won't tell them. There are however two reasons. I give just double leave of absence; they give five men leave and I give ten. Again, my men are never allowed to be on duty more than one day in the week, except in presence of an enemy—their soldiers have but one or two nights in bed! The soldiers know well that I am always watching to save them; and I have always four or five hundred men with their families: this weakens my army numerically, but gives it moral force; and if we had war two-thirds of those absent chaps would reach me before a battle, for they are full of military pride. If volunteering was allowed I could run off with all the Bombay troops. What put this first into my head was, that when two or three regiments went away crippled by fever I thought they would spread terror through the Presidency: and they did so with officers. Hence, turning in mind a remedy, I thought of letting four or five hundred healthy men go home, who would scatter good accounts of Scinde; and they did so with great effect for the Sepoys have all saved much money. Then I diddled the jackals, who desired to raise a military cry against Scinde as a place of death:—Golgotha was their word.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, September.—Take a sample of gratitude. Mr. Edward Townsend who is now secretary to the Bombay government, made two calls on my wife in the Mahableshwar hills, just after Meeanee. The first was to tell her that Anne”—Mrs. Richard Napier—“was his mother's dearest friend and had got him his place from Lord Clare; that he, ‘owed everything to your husband's family Lady Napier, and I can never feel sufficiently grateful.’ Soon after came the report that we had been cut off to a man, and that I was killed. Mr. Edward Townsend hastened to give my wife the agreeable news. The three girls who, having heard it were in agony, placed themselves between her and all visitors but were thus addressed by him, *I suppose you know your father is killed and the whole army de-*

stroyed. So ended visit the second ! Now this Mr. Edward Townsend has been one of the first to sign the memorial against me. A great many have refused to sign it, and it has been got up entirely by Outram's clique. Mr. Townsend might therefore have avoided this : had it been general he might have felt bound to go with the others, and if he had written to say so, whatever I might think, no fault could be found. This marks the kind of men I have to deal with : and I must have constant official correspondence with Mr. E. Townsend !

“ Scinde suffers from the incessant attacks made openly and in the dark upon me : they take up my time. This is one way. A European soldier was murdered at Sukkur and I instantly ordered a court-martial ; before the proceedings could come down to me, the adjutant-general Lumley, in terms disagreeable though not absolutely impertinent, says his excellency the commander in chief has seen in the returns that a man has been murdered, and demands what steps have been taken ? Now, why was Gough—but it was *not* him—to suppose I allowed my soldiers to be murdered without taking proper steps ? To write thus to an ensign might be excusable. The report made to me of the fact, my orders, the trial and return of proceedings, could not by any possibility have been completed here before the 30th of July : yet, on the 15th of August I got this letter ! so impatient are they to know if I permit my soldiers to be murdered with impunity ! All this is from hostile feeling. A Mr. Currie, one of Hardinge's grand secretaries, plays the same game in a way that makes me think he has a syllable too much in his name ; but my resolution is to lose temper at nothing ; and though thoroughly disgusted, to do my best for Scinde and let events work their way. With patience to bear I shall beat all enemies.

“ There is no material error in your book ; those who were present at the fights all agree as to its portraiture, and wonder how you who were not there could give so

just a description. The Bombay Times in his last issue says that Beja Khan is *at this moment plundering the whole frontier at the head of his tribe!* And that I did *nothing in the hills!* Will India believe his lies? and what can exceed this? Beja is however a prisoner with his whole tribe, and the robbers are quietly cultivating the lands I placed them on. Three did rob the other day: one was killed, one escaped; one remained prisoner and my intent was to hang him, but the officers who captured him tried and sentenced him to perpetual imprisonment; and as my wish is to encourage humane feelings with the officers I did not revise their sentence, telling them why. The robber fought gallantly, he knocked over the soldiers and was only taken when desperately wounded. Be assured these civil servants shall not bully me; my only real vexation is that I can use neither pen nor sword in my own defence just now: Hardinge has forbidden me to answer Outram in the papers. I never meant to do so till the government shewed what its intentions are as to protecting me, and I feel perfect confidence in Hardinge here, and the duke in England. It is scarcely possible for government to let me go by the board in this way; but no man in power can be trusted: their way would have been another puzzle for Solomon!

“The same, September 24.—I am trying a curious experiment. I have launched Deriah Khan Jackraanee against the Bhoogtees, his late allies. I expected a good deal of plundering this summer by hungry people from the hills: however not one robbery has occurred, and the season for depredations has passed away. Lately indeed seventy of the Jackraanees' cattle were driven into the desert, beyond our frontier, by nine Bhoogtees, and I allowed the Jackraanees at their own request to go after the Bhoogtees, supporting them with cavalry, but forbidding my men to enter the hills. A '*blood feud*' will then begin, and my uneasiness lest the Jackraanees should return to their old life be at an end. When I first allowed them to settle near the frontier I felt

sure the Bhoogtees would come down for plunder and produce this retaliation; and as many of the best Jackrances are employed and paid by me in different posts I think the frontier job is now nearly settled; and already all Cutchee is covered with grain and cattle. The robbers are down, and if the Court of Directors so love the trade of tyranny and debauchery and cruelty as to set up the Ameers again it is not my fault.

“ Old Indians say ‘ *There is no respect for you in India without magnificence and show!* ’ A greater fallacy does not exist. Trumpery and humbug are our enemies in India, as they were and are the enemies of the barbaric princes. Such folly ruined them and will ruin us; for if we continue to imitate the Eastern style our officers will deteriorate, and the native officers will take the empire from us. A radical reform of the Indian army and an increase of European officers is absolutely necessary. Some years hence, for they will not increase the officers, my words will prove prophetic. The Sepoy now has no European officers to look to, no captain I mean: he is devoted to us as yet, but we take no pains to preserve his attachment. It is no concern of mine, I shall be dead before what I foresee will take place; but it will take place. I would give this opinion in writing if it would do the Company any good; but it will not, for everything I say or do is looked upon as war against them, and I will not play Cassandra for the directors to jeer and laugh.

“ Now take a fact. On the 10th instant six Sepoys deserted with arms and ammunition; no Indian officer ‘ *ever heard of such a thing before!* ’ That is a step in the march of mischief. The commander, foolish and cowed, did not report till the 11th; he could not believe it and thought they had gone shooting, an irregularity which had before occurred. The police tracked, and seeing the men at a distance changed their own clothes to join them as travellers; they thus passed the frontier and went twenty miles beyond, when an opportunity offered for seizing the deserters’ arms

and securing their persons, which was done though the police were only equal in number. Now for the fact: the men left a letter to be opened and read to the Brigadier Douglas, under curses on the finder if he failed to do so. It contained a statement of oppressions by the native adjutant, native captain and native sergeant major, and finished thus, 'We bid adieu to colonel — and to our European officers, who were always kind and good to us; we love and honour them, but they do not know what goes on; we are not allowed to complain. We are high caste men, our oppressors are low caste, and we will not bear the gross abuse they heap upon us, and on our wives who are good and respectable women.'

"One or two very young officers tried to interfere with the native adjutant in this case, but the colonel stupidly took part with the native officer: the same thing had happened with Colonel Moseley when the 64th Regt. mutinied. Thus we find native officers taking the command out of the Europeans' hands. Now certainly, in both instances they angered the men; but suppose a good and clever native, of whom there are plenty, does the same thing and has the whole corps with him? Suppose he shews them what useless negligent people the Europeans are? Suppose he points out some corps with a knave and tyrant, and says, behold what they are! Then where is your hold of India? Here two young subalterns showed sense; but where were the mass of Sepoys to look for protection? No man had a captain, the establishment is only paid for ten companies: could the thing have happened if the regiment had ten, or even six captains with them?

"Experience tells us that young men naturally are glad to avoid the details of a company, which they do not understand and see shifted about from one to another. The native officer is ready to take those details in his hands, and this recent desertion is a decided result, the like of which will on a larger scale again happen. The European officer

is loved by the Sepoy, for he is honourable and just generally; he is the man to lead him in battle, and therefore the man to keep them in discipline:—he is capable of making the Indian army march to Moscow, but he must have fair play. Courage, zeal, ability, and a white face he has; but he must also have experience, which can only be given by keeping him with his regiment, not by giving charge of two companies to an ensign, who was the month before in vulgar fractions at Addiscombe! That youth may lead them in a storm, but he cannot command them in a battle; much less in a gay cantonment with women, balls and races: saying nothing of beer, which I dare not now speak of! I have in some remarks on military law, and their new article of war sent to me for my opinion, told them all this. I said, give ten captains, if not give five, but call them grand division captains and let them have the divisions, that the Sepoy may have a captain to look up to, and be protected by a man who has taught him to be a soldier—not by a boy whom he has taught.

“My opinion will be disregarded and I will give no more, but the present system will have a bad result some fine day as sure as God made Moses; and the Court of Directors will sell the grandest empire the world ever saw. To give large salaries to civil servants and refuse captains for Sepoys: this is their economy! Yet they and their abettors fancy they are fit to govern such an empire, and to organize an army of three hundred thousand men! I have deeply considered and well observed this superb army, and I think the officers are all that can be wished for; but without a proper system they cannot rule this immense force, composed from different nations:—a circumstance that with good regulations gives strength and power, but with bad causes weakness even to dissolution. Were Lord Ellenborough at the Board of Control something might be done, Hardinge being at the same time governor-general and commander in chief; but with Lord Ripon what can

be done! And then the directors! What do these men know of a military system? and yet on the military system India depends.

“It may be asked why do I then take officers from their corps for civil employment in Scinde? Because civil servants of the Company do not work, and as yet the revenue could not sustain their expences. A civil servant turns up his nose at 700 rupees a month; a soldier jumps at it! Would civil servants come to this climate, which *their* Press calls a *Golgotha*, for 700 rupees, thus quitting situations paid in India with nearly as many thousands? Why should they? Your high-paid civil servant in India thus deprives a regiment of its officer and I cannot help myself. Would it not also be hard to see high-paid civil servants come to Scinde, and the men who won it remaining with comparatively low pay in the ranks? Bah! for the Company and its nepotism; I will do my best for the soldiers. Yet my opinion is that the soldiers also are too highly paid in some situations. They should not however be pulled down till all the present owners are done and gone; you cannot touch their allowances. Civil servants should be paid less than the military; there is no reason, that is apparent, for giving them higher pay. However India will be lost if the army be not effectually officered: it is now like a great balloon half filled with gas.

“The robber tribes say that I am the first *king* that ever saw the inside of their hills; but now the charm is broken and the tribes are ruined. They say Ahmed Khan and God knows how many ancient kings tried but all failed at *Tonge*; none ever reached Trukkee, none ever even gained the passes of the first ridge of rocks; detachments they admit have, but all were finally obliged to retreat and most were destroyed. My name in conjunction with Trukkee has been bruited through all the Asiatic world. I long to hear of Deriah's expedition after the cattle: his Jackrances are

Lowlanders, the Bhoogtees Highlanders. The first accustomed to fight in plains trust to their courage only; the second trust to their activity and think nothing of running away, being always ready to fight on another hill: yet the Lowlander seems to me the more resolute soldier. I am going to read the hon. Mr. Shore on Indian affairs. He I hear attacks the civil servants furiously, and is a first-rate authority.

“The Punjaub may be quiet, but I do not know what to think in this matter; my fear is that our having two chiefs will do mischief; the real commander has ability and power, but is not the chief general. The possibility of failure with thirty thousand men and one hundred guns does not realize itself to me; yet if anything can produce a failure it will be two commanders: if any mischief should happen it will be troublesome to repair, and then will arise events of a very puzzling nature, and no plan can be formed beforehand by me. I should however have to consider 1°. The defeated army's line of retreat; whether towards the Ganges or the Indus, for it might not be optional. 2°. The state of the countries around me. 3°. The enemy's forces which would probably be between me and the retiring army, supposing it to retreat on the Jumna and Ganges. 4°. That my force was five times what I could leave in Scinde; for the Mahrattas and the Nizam would be up in Bombay. 5°. What way the folks here would take matters. 6°. What Ali Moorad would do. All these things and their incalculable contingencies are matters of deep import and perfect uncertainty—though they would determine whether I ought to march on the enemy and try to give the grand army time to rally; or if I ought to hold a position for myself at Mooltan, Ooch and Bhawalpoor, or retire and defend Scinde. The last would be cautious and safe, almost certainly so; but in such a case the safety of India must be cared for and something trusted to fortune. These are all matters which no

1 in my position cannot fore-determine, yet he must be
pared to act upon any of them. I am doing so by
sidering our rule here popular—a great matter.

“Hardinge seems to hold the Sikhs cheap, probably
ghtly so as he has great means of knowing. He expects
march over the country at once; it would be indelicate to
ffer suggestions, and they never do good: his position, his
xperience in war, and his courage are all such as to make
ae diffident. If I have time to give him hints about the
moving of Indian baggage it shall be done: he will find it
not a little embarrassing. When he sees it, he will feel as
I did at first, *helpless and hopeless*. I cannot however get
my baggage corps formed yet, though two years have been
spent in praying for the means; it will do great good to
the Indian armies; but I must have support in forming it:
they will not give me money, I can do nothing, and am
much embarrassed. Hitherto my action has been without
regular sanction beyond Lord Ellenborough’s leave; and
now the civil servants are on the look-out, and if they can,
will charge the expences on me personally to my utter ruin.
Being perfectly aware of their power I have been silently
getting clear of all charges against me, to the tune of sixty
or seventy thousand pounds sterling. For some time I was
very uneasy; but now, being safe, I shall do nothing without
full authority and of course the service will suffer. So let it.
All my plans must be dilatory. I have had no answer yet
for the Mullaree river, though in the thirteenth month of
continued application. I will not risk the execution on my
own responsibility, though only £12,000, I will not again
risk a farthing to save India, these people have taught me
better. So much for philanthropy!

“If Hardinge succeeds against the Sikhs I shall have
nothing to do but stand sentry on the frontier; or possibly
dodge along the Indus to attack Peshawur, as a flanking
column. If his opponents know their work they will with
wenty thousand good irregular horsemen, which they have,

as by his ~~inactivity~~ and that his army will suffer dreadfully, unless they have woods for shelter against the sun. The great point in our favour is the people's hatred of the Kalan army. The ~~immense~~ guns ~~found~~ are good if brought into action, but that requires a deal of method, which may be wanting. One day on the hills, when on march, I said to the captain of Bengal Artillery, and he was an excellent officer:—there is a heap of iron that I will throw some shells on to it to let me know what our Bengalees can do. They took a position, but could not get their shells into the howitzers! If this happened with fifteen guns what may not happen with a hundred guns? The heat had melted the stuff which fastens the shells to the rampan plug, and scraping was required for the shell to enter.

"I had suspected we might have some small difficulty of this kind, and therefore thus drilled Colonel Geddes, who has all the qualities of a first-rate artillery officer. He has since been taken away from me, and all my postoon train also; but I have fine batteries and have given each 125 good horses. Of these batteries three could go with me, perhaps four: but if Hardinge wins a great battle two days after passing the Sutlege and so reaches Lahore, we in Scinde shall have nothing to do. I mean if he does his work well; if not there will be a far tougher job than he expects, for these men are not to be despised; and if Gough gets the troops into a difficulty, Hardinge, who never commanded a regiment and has been thirty years out of practice as a staff officer, will hardly get them out of it. What his other generals are I know not; they may be very good, I dare say some are, but they do not command.

"October 24.—I hope Hardinge is not affronted at my appealing home against Outram. I did so because Outram is an outrageous enemy of his brother-in-law, Lord Ellenborough, and I am an old friend of his own, and I thought he would like to have the matter settled at home. I have had much trouble about this matter and shall have a great

deal more, unless Outram is dealt with properly. The influx of people into Scinde is great as the following report from a frontier post shews.

“ ‘ Perfect tranquillity exists here ; the only occurrence of note is the population of Cutchee crowding into our territory. For some days past 60 or 80 families, with all their goods and cattle have daily passed my fort, with intention to settle in Scinde. I have not observed a single armed man : they all appear distressed cultivators seeking an asylum ! ’

“ This shews how well my orders, about carrying arms, is known beyond our frontier : the only subject of regret is that my poor boy, the Khan of Khelat, will be ruined by this emigration. We first killed his father and plundered his capital, and then set up an usurper, but soon pulled down our puppet and restored little Nusseer to his throne. He has been perfectly faithful, but too poor to rule his wild chiefs : his faith enabled General England to retire safely through his Bolan pass, and now all people west of him are his enemies for being our friend ! The Candahar chiefs would have attacked him last Christmas if a warning letter from me had not deterred them : now his own chiefs, and probably himself—for what can the poor boy do ? plunder their ryots, and they come to Scinde ! My desire is to subsidize him, and take Cutch Gundava and the Bhoogtee hills in repayment. We could thus set him up in Khelat and Shawl. Cutch Gundava would in ten years repay all disbursements ; and as there is doubt of this poor boy living long his successor might be cast loose, our obligations being personal and springing only from our stupid work in Lord Auckland’s time, which made us so dependent on the Brahoos Beloochees in the passes.

“ I have written a brief suggestion to Lord Ellenborough as to rendering the Indian army less numerous and more effective ; but with all the internal native principalities it is not possible to hold India without an accumulation of debt and final ruin.”

Sir C. Napier must not be mistaken here. His design was to remove tyrants and govern the people humanely: Lord Dalhousie's recent policy of annexation removes the single tyrant indeed, and so far seems to coincide with Charles Napier's views; but the people are delivered over to a worse tyranny, and the mode of annexation has been oppressive, fraudulent and violent in the extreme: and with respect to Oude hypocritical even to loathsomeness: the policy remains to be proved.

"The Nizam's territory ought to be consolidated with the Bengal territory, as a grand base from the mouths of the Ganges to those of the Indus; and the army should then be organized in four grand corps, viz.

"30,000 on the Indus: head-quarters and civil government at Lahore or Mooltan.

"25,000 on the Godavery: head-quarters and civil government at Hydrabad.

"25,000 on the Bharamputra: head-quarters and civil government Calcutta.

"50,000 at Lucknow or Agra: head-quarters and head seat of civil government in India.

"20,000 for connecting posts.

"This would give 150,000 in all, and each corps must be concentrated as much as possible. Thus we should have:—one commander in chief and governor-general at Agra; three commanders of corps and governors at other places: and at my salary, which is less than half of Sir George Arthur's. With this immense reduction of force the army would still be far more imposing, as four large armies, each concentrated, would make a show to frighten all Asia: but our empire must be one empire, not broken by internal independent princes; and the principle of concentration should be rigorously adhered to. The civil servants should be greatly reduced in numbers and payment, the number of regimental officers increased, and the military disbursements would still be vastly reduced.

This arrangement would be difficult no doubt, but so is every great scheme, and all who are likely to lose would oppose it tooth and nail: yet it could be done by such a man as Lord Ellenborough, and it would double the Company's dividend in London. It would not diminish the patronage at the India House either, though that patronage would be chiefly military. I think 30,000 men could hold the Indus, from Attock to Kurrachee. What the Bharamputra would need I can't say; but surely less than the Indus; and good government would render less than 25,000 necessary on the Godavery. I am sure ten thousand instead of thirty thousand would do for the Indus under a good governor; I will answer for half the line with three thousand, the Punjaub being ours!

“I am sorry now at having appealed against Outram, my first anger being over: his budget of lies could do me no harm, and the loss of time it has and will cost me does great harm, taking me from better work. These are evils which no power can stand against, except the highest; and we have seen one governor-general crushed by them. Other crosses arise. The head-quarter staff are hostile to me, because I took Hunter's part; and now he tells me he confesses he looks upon my saying drink disposed men for fever as a *personal insult*! He behaved admirably at the mutiny, but he never obeys orders and is not clever: however I will not give an inch to him or any man in India who attacks openly; and all smaller things may go as they will. Meanwhile I am trying to get information about Mooltan from a political, but he does not, very properly, like to give it without leave, and I cannot get an answer from Hardinge. Indeed I fear he is overwhelmed, for scarcely do answers come to any letters, and my belief is he applies to home for orders about everything. The greatest inconvenience yet is the uncertainty about Ali Moorad's treaty; it shakes his confidence in us: and then the Mullaree water so much wanted at Kurrachee for health! I thought Hardinge was

a capital man of business, and if he is so this silence is difficult to account for. About my own house, a personal affair, he answered me at once, very kindly : government will take it off my hands. I did not ask this, but said I could not finish it, and did not think it right that a governor should sleep in his dining room ; but if the government would finish it a fair rent should be paid, otherwise I must continue to sleep in my parlour.

“ My soldiers are getting sulky with the Bombay Times. Assuredly I have no disfavour to dread from the troops here, notwithstanding all my imputed villanies towards them, if a judgment is to be formed from the men’s shouts for me when I go to the theatre, and the reception of my health at a large dinner lately where 120 officers sat down. I am not fond of these demonstrations, because they are in fact against orders and may be used both ways ; but what can I do ? It is this feeling that enables me to do what I like with them in the field. I pay no court to earn it, and am rigid in chastisements. Two officers have been broken since my return from the hills, and two soldiers are to be hanged ; but the mass know it is just, and that I stand by them in time of need. I save them from duty as much as possible, no needless guards are allowed ; both officers and men have more leave from me than from any other governor, and I do not plague them about dress. When taken out, they are moved rapidly and not kept standing while people are peddling about some nonsense or another.

“ In the field I work very hard, but it tries me sorely, and I am told not to do this : but you, William, know it is the great secret of success, for if a chief is lazy everybody becomes so. *‘ When I see that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I be idle who am young and strong ? By — I would go into a loaded cannon’s mouth if he ordered me. ’* This was the speech of a young officer on the hills, and when told to me was ample reward for my work : he felt, and all

who heard him felt they had no excuse for disobedience. The great art of commanding is taking a fair share of the work. Men in power can easily avoid this share, and generally do so, and thus spoil the spirit of their troops, who see that fair play does not go on : in the hour of trial their leader is unknown to them, and hence an old man does not do for war. Muley Bey and Marshal Saxe won battles from a litter : but solitary examples will not shake a principle. The soldiers must see their commander and that he takes as little rest as they do ; then matters are done with a will, a spirit not easy to stand against. I know not why I write all this to you, except from a habit of writing to you all I think in opposition to foolish things I hear, and which show me how few men see the real causes of military popularity and successes, independent of movements which may be ill-calculated.

“ Deriah and his Jackranees have come back after making a desperate march. Some cavalry and police went with them, and they say they marched two hundred miles in three days ; yet the Kulpoor Bhoogtees were too much on the alert : however eighty head of cattle were brought in. Lieut. Hamilton has been thrown into a fever by the exertion and I have no report yet. The effect must be good, and show the Bhoogtees we are on the alert : it is said Islam has, in consequence, gone into the Keytrian country ; and daily accounts come to me of the ruin of the tribes by my expedition. The Bhoogtees lately persuaded the Murrees that I was meditating their destruction, and their terror was so great they fortified their passes, abandoned Kahun and sent their families northwards. They wrote however to me to ask if it was true that the Bhoogtees were under my protection, for if so they would not war on them. My answer was—The more Bhoogtees you kill in war the more honour for the Murrees ; and with this a supply of powder. These tangible arguments have more weight than protestations and promises. I like the Murrees much and wanted them to

occupy the beautiful rich valley of Deyrah, but they would not.

“Our revenue is improving. The sums I have set down for you are extracts taken from the office archives, and show a revenue of nearly thirty thousand pounds a month under all the drawbacks of war, locusts, pestilence, and ignorance of the sources of taxation and its proper amount; which of course enabled kardars to defraud us to an immense amount. But here is a net sum averaging twenty lacs, or two hundred thousand pounds sterling surplus. Be assured that in ten years it may be doubled; but here are £360,000 revenue already, £200,000 being clear surplus, after paying a civil government. A rough return for charges of public works, ordinary and extraordinary, and repairs for 1844 being taken from our surplus, leaves still twenty-seven thousand pounds in our favour for that year!! And recollect Sukkur and Kurrachee were ours before the conquest, and would have been a dead loss.

“The same. November 22nd.—You say your book has brought nothing but annoyance to me. This is not so. The same attacks would have been made in some other form, and without your support. On me the vile clique of Bombay were resolved to fall; and though the government might have kept me here and approved of my government, that would not have made it appear in its true honourable light to the public. Sir Hudson Low was supported by the government, but that did not clear his character. There is some difference between us indeed, and time would have brought about truth; but meanwhile, probably, to resign, go to Bombay and after fighting some of those fellows to go home if I escaped, would have been my fate; and I should have been persecuted for the rest of my life, with no other consolation than the having shot a rascal, which, having steady nerves and being a good shot it is likely I should have done. Make your mind easy therefore, as mine is; though at times, when not well and other cares press on me for all

have private cares and troubles, I am low. The hot winds here relax the man from head to foot, and then the firmest mind feels almost incapable of doing its work. Years also press heavily, age cannot consult with youth, I am alone and at times, throwing myself on a couch, I wish the whole story to wind up and end ! Then your book rouses my spirits up to finish my public work and make it worthy of the beginning.

“ Sir George Arthur and I keep on good terms, which is strange, for he gets plain language from me. The 25th N. I. are my favourite Sepoy regiment : it went to Bombay lately, expecting to be received with honour, after five years’ service and being victorious in three actions. Well, the men were landed like dogs, no one even to show them where to go to ! After two days Sir George asked Colonel Woodburn to dinner, *with any officer who had called !* He sent a refusal, and the officers are furious, the soldiers taking up the quarrel. Sir George had written to me. He feared the *controversy*, meaning Outram’s affair, was producing partizan-ship, and the *strife* would do harm to the service. When I heard from my fellows, some of whom came here from Bombay, how the wind blew, Sir George’s letter became intelligible and my answer was. *Strife ! Controversy !* I know not what you mean. What strife between Major-General Sir C. Napier, governor of Scinde, and Captain Outram of the 23rd N. I. No strife. You seem not to estimate the dignity of a governor as high as I do. I have no idea of strife. The captain has been insubordinate, behaved ill, and the major-general has reported him to higher authority, whose decision will appear in form of a fiat : no strife. Nearly all the 25th officers are men who respect and speak well of me, and my belief is that this affront put upon them and their men is solely because they are my favourites. Sir George tried hard, and does so still, to make me answerable for your book, but I pin him like a bulldog, and as fiercely too.

I hear from good authority that the civil servants are sorry they signed the memorial; that it was drawn up by one high in authority and they were bullied into it. Who the *high authority* was is not told, but my conviction is clear as to Willoughby. Buist is in a fury at the London newspapers because they won't adopt his filthy falsehoods; and has told us, that his informants on political and military matters are Sir George Arthur and the commander in chief: for the *sovereign authorities* is his expression, which can only mean the governor and council at Bombay. The commander in chief he plumply names! Sir Thomas McMahon is however a kind-hearted man, who makes diverting speeches sometimes at dinners and suppers; but has, notwithstanding a very rich brogue, really very beautiful manners: he is well polished off, as my wife's maid says—'Indeed my lady our *min* when they get commissions behaves like gintlemin, they'll pass a comrade next day as beautiful as if they'd been officers all their lives; tosses their heads and takes no notice as illigent as the colonel himself. Oh! indeed they do! *polishes off* in great style, quite natral. But *thin* you see my lady, the wives you see, won't polish off at all! Poor craturs, it's not natral to them. They tries their best poor things, but the ladies won't recave them; and thin they can't give up ould customs of a drop in the mornint, and now and thin a little too much, and a lady comes in to call and don't consint to it at all! at all! Somehow they niver does take the polish.'

"Well, Sir Thomas has the polish but he does not pull well with the governor, and at a public dinner, when Sir George gave the commander in chief with a long flattering speech, up he jumped with.—'Pon my word I have been five years in constant official intercourse with his honour the governor, and have never, I declare to God, found out that he has a good opinion of me till this minute.' It was irresistible!"

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

THIRD PERIOD.

HOSTILITY, fomented and encouraged by the directors, and ministers of the Queen's government who truckled to them, was now in full activity against the governor of Scinde, and to his own vigour of mind only could he look for support.

“ M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 3rd.—I fear Sir Geo. Arthur and I shall not long continue friends. He has written what he calls ‘*letters free from a controversial spirit.*’ Your moderate friend is a delightful counsellor : he calms you down by telling you, the least offensive way in the world, that you are a fool, a liar, a blackguard ; everything that Newgate furnishes : he wants you to stand in the pillory and says, Now don’t be annoyed, for really as you have a nose you must be fair to those poor people who only desire to break the bridge of it ; and if you insist upon having eyes, really my dear friend it is unreasonable to complain of having them battered with rotten eggs, which are the softest things they could fling. I have given him about 17 sheets in answer to his 18 ; but in a style to enforce the hoisting of true colours. His great object is to make me defend your book, which as I have dinned into him I will not do ; and he endeavours to excuse Outram in a gross way. Now it is injurious to the service to quarrel with the governor of Bombay, but at a certain point forbearance must end, and my letter will bring this to a decision. He lays great stress upon my having said he gave me zealous assistance. I did say so, I do say

so: but my saying so, is not to decide my opinion of his subsequent conduct.

“The Governor-general, Nov. 7.—We have received our medals, sent to us amongst commissariat stores as a bale of goods, and without ribands or any means of hanging them to our breasts! As Lord Ripon has taken nearly three years to prepare them they might have been finished! Those received from Bengal came in a more gentlemanlike way, from the commander in chief, and through the adjutant-general, the orthodox channel. Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather sent me mine! and some of the officers here received theirs through private hands long before! Indeed it was from them I first heard of the arrival of the medals. Those gentlemen were annoyed and brought their medals to me. However all this is Bombay style and don't much signify, or rather don't signify at all.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, Nov.—I have at last got a copy of your Conquest of Scinde. Hardinge is all right about Outram. The Sikhs are, I hear, trying to make the Sepoys on the Sutlege desert, and have had some success, twenty having gone off it is said. This is not good, but they give no pensions which is the grand thing with us. I still think as I said, the conquest of the Punjaub will not be easy.

“Journal, November 25th.—My Journal is in arrears, having been so overwhelmed with worries and factious business as to be forced to write even upon important affairs *currente calamo*. The chief subject of worry has been Sir G. Arthur's conduct about Outram and other matters.

“E. D. Davenport, Esq., Nov. 28.—I have this moment got your most agreeable letter, which made me laugh, and also feel very much obliged to you for being so good-humoured with me, which I am with nobody. How the devil can I? with a sun frying my liver, until it is, or may be, as big as the lies of the Bombay Times; which are so big,

that if Archimedes had the smallest of them he would no longer have needed a fulcrum to raise the world so far as size goes! An honest man's liver should swell when such lies are put forth. Swell! Yes, blow up like a bomb-shell! Don't expect me ever to be in a good temper until I am in my coffin, I never will, it would be dishonest, ungentlemanlike:—unless I can kill an editor, which would make me fat, sleek, good-humoured. It is said we are not to have war in the Punjaub this year. That no man can tell. I hope we shall not, but when troops command and generals obey, as at Lahore, all depends upon brandy!

“I am so chagrined, so utterly disappointed that no debate took place on Lord Ellenborough's recall that I cannot express my vexation. I have from first to last acted, whether right or wrong the world may judge as it pleases, with the most ardent prayers to the Almighty for doing what was wise for the interests of my country; and these interests I have ever felt must be, not what is expedient but what is really virtuous and right in itself. I have in no case wilfully done wrong that good might come of it; nor has failure occurred to produce self-reproach or regret. Living as I do with the press of India, and hundreds of scoundrels, in one roar of abuse against me, my whole and sole wish is to see all that Lord Ellenborough did, and ordered me to do, as regards Scinde, brought forth into the broadest glare of day, canvassed in print, in Parliament, everywhere, and let me stand the consequences.

“I know you and other friends cast the lies of newspapers to the dogs, and I have no time to answer them: already the time taken up to answer Outram has impeded my work of good government. I do all myself: I must do so, and all that diverts me from work makes my engines stop. I have excellent and very clever officers, but like a regiment they await the word of command, which these cursed squabbles prevent me from giving; thus business accumulates, which obliges me to labour and deprives me of time

for rest, and for reflection on what requires it. I therefore cannot defend myself, and did look to a discussion in Parliament for shewing that I have not deviated in a single instance from the line which religion and honour dictated.

“I may not agree in politics with Lord Ellenborough, whom I never saw, nor do I know what his politics are; but I do admire his genius, his high honour, and his projects to serve the people of India instead of robbing them, which is the great object I believe of the Court of Directors and of plenty of civil servants, so far as history speaks. As to that egregious Lord Ripon, God defend me! Now you will naturally say, when told that I correspond with him, and begin ‘Dear Lord Ripon,’ that I am a hypocritical son of a gun; but harken, though my defence does not satisfy myself. Lord Ripon and I quarrelled long ago. After Meeanee he wrote me a noble letter; that is the expressions were noble, the man is not so; but I gave him credit for his words and we made up our quarrel. Now I am again incensed, but to shew it would injure the public service. It arises thus. Early in 1843 I saw that Scinde was not conquered for any good the people could receive till the hill robbers were subdued; but as we had no quarrel with them there was nothing to do but hope they would keep quiet. Not a bit. The moment the sun began to chain us up by its terrible burning, these hardy robber tribes came down upon us. They crossed the desert, harassed our posts of cavalry, plundered many villages, and murdered all they came across though we had not given the slightest cause of offence: indeed we could not, as the desert lay between us. In one instance they cut to pieces 200 of my camp followers, poor unarmed people who were gathering grass with a guard of twelve troopers: they were in a moment all killed, for these robbers spare not man woman or child.

“I was very severe in my orders upon the officer who commanded the post; and the more so that his wife is my cousin, and my resolve was that no feeling of clanship should

stand between me and justice. He is a good fellow and a proper brave man ; but of great stature, heavy, and unfit to encounter heat. My order worked him up, and the next party of robbers he was too quick for. Burly as he is, he managed to force a battle, in which, with some loss to himself, he paid them off; for as they had no mercy on the grass-cutters the cavalry returned the compliment and every robber was cut to pieces. This was just. They had destroyed twenty-five villages.

“ Well you will say, what has the admirable ‘prosperity Robinson’ and latterly Earl of Ripon to do with this? Why he wrote me a letter very civil and private to say he hoped I would excuse his offering his remarks, but he thought I made *too much* of the little robber affair on the frontier! and he *feared* too much would be made of my orders at home. In fact he was afraid of the Court of Directors and the newspapers. My scorn I swallowed. I had *carte blanche* from Lord Ellenborough to act my pleasure. I calculated the robbers at sixteen thousand fighting men: I have now their numbers accurately, and most of their bodies also, and they were 18,800! During the summer they had harassed us dreadfully; the poor people abandoned whole districts bordering on the desert, and I was obliged to reinforce all my posts, and even send them two pieces of cannon. I ill brooked all this, and when the cool weather came paid them off: they are ruined as independent tribes for ever.

“ Their boast that in 600 years nothing ever entered their mountains is true. Every army that ever marched against them failed at the entrance of their hills and was discomfited. Two of our detachments penetrated in 1840 and were cut to pieces, wanting food and water and having fearful passes still to be forced. However, I being an older soldier than the former enemies did, with 4,800 men and 16 pieces of artillery, force the passes into their hills, and as they call me *king* their boast was broken and their pride

fell! The work was one of anxiety enough God knows; for the danger of losing my whole force if a mistake was made was imminent. Once cut off in those tremendous defiles and not a man could escape; and the difficulty of getting water and bringing up provisions was very great. If a man moved beyond the sentries he was instantly killed: hid in chasms and caves, the robbers stole on us unawares and killed those whom they could surprise. Well, our business was completed, we won rather by our legs than our arms and brought our enemies prisoners in triumph to Scinde. I gave them ground, and they are all delighted with the rich lands which they before harried; they have now raised on them magnificent crops of their own!

“Davenport! I did think that my soldiers, who had laboured so hard, who had with scarcely food to nourish them penetrated those defiles and caverns, reckless of danger or hardship; who had some hard fighting also, and behaved gloriously—I did think, I say, that the least Lord Ripon could do was to say those men did well; but he attempted to burke my dispatch! It was not till Lord Ellenborough threatened to ask him in his place, why my dispatch was not published, that it appeared in the Gazette: the excuse was—*indeed he had forgotten it*. Can you then be surprised at my saying the hottest day in Scinde never made my blood boil as this man did! Yet I begin ‘My dear Lord Ripon!’ God forgive me! I ought to be hanged, but it is one of those unpleasant things I do for the public service. I could not indeed write to him for two months, it took that time to school myself into calmness: but calmness, except that assumed in moments of danger, is the sure sign of a hypocrite, and so I am one: yet I mean some day to bring up my lee-way with a wet sail.

“All my soldiers, the young ones especially, looked to the Gazette for telling their friends I was pleased with them, and that they had done their duty; and that weak creature, lolling in his easy chair, thrusting the dispatch into

his drawer and—*forgetting it!* The poor creature is afraid of the Court of Directors, that is the secret. Oh! England, England! art thou to be thus ruled! to be thus ridden! I am sick of the whole story of public life. I will die here if my remaining can be of any use—and my children being with me I am as well pleased to die here as elsewhere: but for my own satisfaction, I would rather be in a third pair of stairs lodgings in Petticoat-lane.

“I have a grandson who bids fair to have his father’s slaughtering arm in battle: the father alarms me however, because he cannot always be victorious. Two of his brothers have been killed. One was eaten by a tiger: he was but a boy, yet shewed his family pluck, for while in the animal’s mouth he called to his companions—*fire away, I am past help, don’t be afraid of shooting.* They did shoot, killed the tiger, and took the boy up alive, but the animal’s tusks had, as he said, put him past help. The other brother rode down the precipitous stairs at St. Helena and went over the rock, horse and man, down! down! smash! My chap tried to ride across a quicksand here, and how he saved himself no one can tell; he and his horse went down at once, and afterwards, by the most desperate efforts got out separately!

“I quite agree that it is not my friends that require explanation of all I am about but the public. William has gone far to set me right; but there are public documents that would do still more, because they defy contradiction. In the Conquest of Scinde he has not said a word that is not proved as regards facts: as to his opinions of me the world may judge as it likes. There is a very able officer who has attacked the Bombay Times. He began with a letter signed *Omega*, and has gone on with a series of facts, to every one of which every officer in Scinde would swear: he is putting the Indian public right.

“Men do not read in India, so William’s book is known

to a few only : but this gentleman has taken the pith out, and put it in the paper he writes to, and now men's eyes open, and Outram's puffing of himself into notice through the Bombay Times is shewn up. He is in debt to a house in close connection with government, and the latter are puffing him up to excuse its own misconduct in giving him, a captain—for he is only brevet lieutenant-colonel, which I got for him—a place of three thousand a year, as Resident of Sattara. Oh ! the tricks, the jobbing, the devilment of India match Ireland in former days : worse even.

“ Fancy that fellow Outram's saying I tried to get more batta than the regulation. I never even asked for pay as a governor ; they gave me table allowance, or, as they term it, *sumptuary allowance*, but no pay beyond that of major-general. This allowance is ample, making altogether seven thousand a-year, and is really very high pay. At the same time, when it is considered that I have horses and camels to keep in great numbers ; that I cannot do with less than sixteen or seventeen servants, whose wages in Scinde are nearly double what they are in India generally, three times, even four times what Bengal servants get ; and lastly that other governors get about *eighteen thousand a year*, it is not such very high pay. As to my work I do not complain ; I like it, but believe no other governor has so much. I am head of every department : the others have councils, and the judges are all independent. I reckon myself therefore a dear bargain to the public, but a cheaper one than Sir George Arthur, governor of Bombay.

“ I have now lodged a surplus revenue of two hundred thousand pounds in the public treasury. Lord Ellenborough has in vain tried to make Lord Ripon state this in the house ; that silly lord is ‘ *afraid he cannot yet depend on Sir Charles Napier's calculations in so short a time.*’ Well, let him take the way to prove them, viz., put them forth ! Challenge disproof ! I have some first-rate accountants, and

the calculations were made by them not by me, they are official documents! Aye! but they would *disprove the yell against Scinde!*”

The worthlessness and expense of Scinde was the burthen of this yell; and incorrect accounts were laid before the House of Commons in support, while Sir C. Napier's true ones were suppressed.

“Now for the people. Are they content? Judge for yourself. Last Christmas I was *one hundred miles beyond the frontier with nearly half my force*. Not a man moved! behind me all was quiet. Has a single Englishman been murdered, or even attacked? No! Do they not shoot, hunt, travel alone and yet meet with every attention from the people? Yes! Can they safely travel in Bombay? No! They dare not move without guards. But my last reports state more than this, namely, that about five thousand poor people have with all their goods and cattle flocked into Scinde to settle under English rule. I have also letters from the powerful tribes of Hedjee and Pundjoor, in the Mekran or ancient Gedrosian desert, begging me to receive their eight thousand warriors under our rule! These people think I am a king and can do as I please, and do not understand why I refuse them. Are these symptoms of our government being obnoxious to the people? No! They know I work for the protection of the poor, and secure for them the just wages of their labour, and I defy the Court of Directors to restore the Ameers, unless they pay an army to keep them on their thrones.”

Another note of the yell was that the people abhorred Sir C. Napier's tyranny, and only watched an opportunity to rise for their “Beloved Patriarchs.”

“I know nothing of Mohun-Lal, he was not in Scinde with me; but if he says I broke any treaty he lies! If he means that the Ameers did so he is right. Tell your impartial Indian officer. 1°. That I did not accuse the civil servants, but said *certain civil servants*. If he does not under-

stand English I can't help it: I am not his schoolmaster. 2°. If he can read, let him read *Shore on Indian Affairs*. Do read Shore yourself, you will see whether anything said by me or my brother be too strong! but I only repeated what the civil servants said of each other. Tell your impartial Indian officer also that Napier will give his proofs, and his anonymous defender has given them; and he, the *impartial*, ought to know those proofs are true: but he talks like a true old Indian. He must tell Napier where to find time from public duties to defend himself from private aspersions made in infamous newspapers, unless he acts as old Indians generally do, i. e. sacrifice the public to their private convenience!

“ People may fancy a country can be governed in an easy chair with *punkahs*, and all the luxury of the East. I dare say he thinks I receive company, with fellows carrying silver sticks as Outram did, as Pottinger did, and as Sir George Arthur does. If I have done aught of merit it has been by diligence and hard work, and scorning to give way to the lassitude that climate produces. Mirabeau said that revolutions could not be mixt with rosewater. Neither can countries be conquered, nor armies commanded. Your ‘ought to do this’ and ‘ought to do that’ gentry, do nothing themselves in this country but make rupees: they are active at that. Read Shore! Again I say, read Shore! In India it is reckoned the highest authority and standard work, and no one has dared to answer it, that I have heard of. Tell your impartial friend to read it. Well, I am ashamed to have run on in this egotistical letter, and have half a mind to tear it up; but if I die in this land it will tell you I did so with a calm conscience as an honest man. And though it is mostly assertion now, all I say will after my death, before I hope, be as clear as the brilliant sun now shining on me. You will now ask why you are to pay postage for my character? I do not know: a desire to appear worthy of your friendship is my excuse.

“J. Kennedy, December 1st.—The news to-day seems warlike, but Sir Henry Hardinge assures me there will be no war, so far as he can judge. Good: but with these barbarians there is no saying what may happen. At last a sanction for my baggage camel corps has come, and in about two months, if the baggage is not lessened it will at least be directed by experienced men. I give myself great credit for this invention. The stupidity of not having such an one established in India before, can only be accounted for by supposing that generals did not ever think of moving masses with facility, but imagined rapidity consisted in noisy bugles, double quick time, and horse artillery.”

Stupid as this might be, far more intolerable was the stupid malice of the Bombay government which afterwards, avowedly to mortify Sir C. Napier, destroyed this grand military creation, this noble invention which doubled the activity of armies, and swept away half the cares of a general!

“It is to me a strange thing to see, yet I do see it daily, that men of good sense in ordinary matters; aye! even clever men, overlook the sure though apparently trivial points on which the success of their projects essentially depends. On this very point of movement, they fancy galloping of guns and setting of soldiers running are to insure a rapid operation: it never seems to enter their heads that the only good of double quick is to train men to health and exertion, not to obtain results by the superior quickness of running over walking. They do not see that horse artillery need not go faster than columns can march. Nor, that it is arrangement and incessant care that makes an army rapid:—care to raise the moral feelings, care to support the physical strength of the weak, not galloping and trumpeting, and running. It is thus also that our impediments of baggage have been accepted as a necessary evil: yet it can be remedied so as to become only an evil as everything is an evil that does not fight. Fancy fifteen

hundred camels ill-loaded and pushing on without order, each has its driver, to force a march. Then imagine my camels in divisions, companies, sections, each having its non-commissioned officers and officer; each camel its armed driver well drilled; two camels tied together and led by one man, the other flanking to keep off an enemy!"

Now came the Punjaub war.

"Journal, December 24.—The war has broken out at last: the Sikhs have crossed the Sutlege! So Sir Henry Hardinge tells me in a letter, dated the 13th, and he and Gough are in full march: probably there will be a fight on the 18th or 20th. I am to be reinforced with two European and four native regiments, and two batteries; and about the end of January my force will be about 10,000 men, with 48 pieces of field artillery and a siege train.

"December 25.—Reports of all kinds. My arrangements go on quick. I have good troops, I know my work, and my preparations go on fast: the soldiers all mad for fight, and they will begin tricks; but I will bring them up with a rough hand or discipline will go like a shot."

In the history of the *Administration of Scinde*, will be found proofs of the commanding power and facility with which Charles Napier at this time assembled a perfectly-organized army at Roree: there also will be found his just eulogiums of the very able officers who worked under him; especially of that model engineer, Major Peate, whose death followed soon after a display of unbounded talent and energy on this occasion. The assembling of that army was indeed a rare military effort, one that excited the admiration of all but those who should have been foremost to acknowledge and honour the capacity displayed. Lord Ellenborough, himself an able and well-experienced administrator of armies in war, expressed his astonishment, and placed it for military ability even above the campaign by which the conquest was effected: perhaps with reason, for

every material of physical power was combined with a moral excitement almost unexampled: though constrained to order by an unrelaxing discipline, the troops were yet almost frantic in their eagerness. Like plunging steeds, furious though obedient to the pliant hand that ruled their violence, they raged for battle. Alas for the hard fate of trammelled genius! The highest intelligence and energy were employed to bring them to that state, and they were just being loosed for action when an inferior intelligence suddenly drew a barrier across the course, and the whirlwind race could not be run!

“M. Genl. W. Napier, December 25.—The Sikhs have crossed the river, and probably an action was fought the 14th November, as Hardinge was in full march on the 13th from Loodiana to aid General Littler, who has only six thousand men to oppose some twenty-four thousand who had crossed and, as I make out, cut Littler off from Hardinge. Being thus without any communication I only know that Hardinge was about two forced marches from Ferozepoor, and he says he will join the troops from Loodiana next day at Basian—which is not on any map but must be at least 60 miles from Ferozepoor! This flank march is safe from the river being impassable I suppose, but I know nothing. Meanwhile I am shoving every thing up the Indus as hard as possible to form a camp at Roree, where I shall have five batteries, three regiments of horse and 6000 disposable infantry. I suppose I shall be ordered to move on Mooltan.

“This sudden outbreak gives me so much to do that I hardly know which way to turn. The troops are quite wild, the 86th will I think tear down their barracks. I shall set the machine in motion here, and then go to Sukkur. If the Mooltan man comes down, I will wait for him at Shikarpoor and try to make Ali Moorad coax him on to Sukkur; and when his left flank is on the river I will fall on his right and shove him in. Such plans change generally, but

I dare say he will give me some advantage if my wit will let me seize it. My preparations could and should have been made sooner, but were stopped from fear of alarming the Sikhs by sending warlike stores to Bukkur; however all goes on pretty smoothly—only late.

“Poor Considine! he was the best man of his rank I suspect in India. I hoped to have him in this war, but it is not to be.”

Colonel James Considine was to have been brigadier in Scinde. Brought up in the 43rd Regiment he fought with distinguished gallantry during the Peninsular war in almost every battle and siege, and was many times severely wounded. He was afterwards employed by the English government to organize the Turkish army, and when that project was relinquished from the intrigues of Prussia and Russia, he became commander of the Tunisian army. Finally he went to India, where he would have distinguished himself, being of remarkable courage and intelligence, but a sudden death deprived his country of an ardent able soldier.

“Hardinge has behaved with perfect fairness about Outram, having forwarded my complaint home as I desired: he was himself going to inquire when my appeal to the home authorities reached him. I have got the duke’s opinion about Mooltan, and it coincides exactly with all I said to Hardinge even to the most minute particulars; and he also says I ought to have sixteen thousand men to enter that country: this I shall not have I fear. Well, I must go the more cautiously, with one eye over my shoulder to watch that all is clear for a retreat. I now think it is well Lord Ripon did not command in Scinde when I gave ‘too much importance by my orders to the little affairs of the robbers against an outpost, which he feared would be made a handle of.’ Under his military dictum I could not now budge to help Hardinge; but for my hill campaign there would now be as many enemies in my rear as in my front! The mass of the English army on the Sutlege seems to be

assembling *on* the field of battle, and by flank marches! This may be right and unavoidable, but it is against principle.

“Hardinge is a good and brave soldier, and probably knows what he is about, yet that he has been surprized is plain; six thousand men are assailed by twenty thousand, and if the six thousand flinch! but it is great nonsense to discuss these matters in utter ignorance of facts. I wrote a hint to him that Hurreekie was a more important point than Ferozepoor, following military principles; and I suspect that the Sikhs did cross, or will cross a column there and cut him off from Loodiana. However, he has six European regiments, they will clear the road, and I imagine he is at Lahore: he ought to be! I only heard of the war on the 24th; this is the 26th, and already my siege train has advanced one hundred miles towards Roree; that is not bad, and I give myself a month to assemble all at Roree, four hundred miles off, i. e. 26 marches, which are regulated by water. Hardinge promised me six weeks’ notice! But my work is to remedy mishaps, it is half the glory of war to rise over the wave like a ship. There is a work wanted and you are the man to do it when you have time, namely, a compendium of maxims by great commanders, without examples, such as your observations after chapters in your history, and Napoleon in his memoirs. A man at the head of troops wants to refer to such things and keep them fresh in memory: he does not want examples but principles, and such a book is not to be put together by an ordinary writer ignorant of war.

“I have found Frederick of Prussia’s instructions very useful. I cannot tell how, except that they are practical, and bring many things before me as I work; and they are in one little volume; whereas I have to hunt through your six volumes, and through Napoleon’s nine, which are therefore useless to me; for I cannot carry them, and would not have time to hunt out passages. Even Frederick’s

little book might be much less, and thus be better. Jomini is too voluminous; the Archduke Charles is better, but not altogether what I want and mean: Fred is the man. But my book should not be Fred, nor Nap, nor any one, but able extracts from all by a man able also to give his own as you are: the duke is not now likely to do anything of this nature. I have long wished for a work of this kind: ever since I have had a command, and a pamphlet of 100 pages will do."

The duke told the writer of this notice that he meant to leave a plain *didactic* history of his campaigns for publication after his death. Is it in existence?

"If I quit Scinde for this war I shall ask for a deputy-governor. I cannot go through the double labour of war and government at the same time, as I did in the hills. Contradict every report you may hear about Hardinge behaving ill to me; they come from the clique at Bombay, infernal scoundrels, who get up these infamous lies. Hardinge is a right good honourable man, and he has my full confidence as to doing justice so far as it depends upon him."

These reports, raised and published, were that Sir Henry had reprimanded Sir Charles Napier, could not endure his insolence, and knew of and checked his tyranny, &c.

"Journal, December 27.—Three steamers come in with the 1st European and 7th N. I. Not a tent, or a round of ammunition!! So much for Bombay. Letters from Sir G. Arthur with expressions of friendship; he does not hoodwink me. He asks me to take his son with me: of course I will.

"Shall leave the 1st European at Kurrachee; for I must have white faces here, and the 7th are the strongest corps; this will vex the Bombay Europeans, poor fellows, and it grieves me; but Kurrachee must be secure and is of too much importance to trust wholly to natives—not from want of confidence in the Scpoys; but if any accident happened I could never hold up my head, for the place is full of women and children and treasure, and must be held by my best troops.

“ December 29.—Letters saying the two armies are in sight of each other, twenty miles from Ferozepoor: the British forty thousand! Such a force will put the Sikhs into the Sutlege bodily. This is glorious news, in two days we shall hear of the enemy’s destruction, and I hope of peace, with a treaty and a paid force to occupy the country. I dread a summer campaign without shelter for European troops. My force is in full march.

“ December 31st.—Still without news: this silence is not easily accounted for. On the 14th Gough wrote to me thus, ‘ I shall give a good account of them in four days.’ Well, in four days we hear of a fight between the advanced guard; and though no particulars are given, we hear that seventeen guns were taken by us and that we lost General McCaskill. Gough’s letter is thus corroborated so far, that though he had not a good account, meaning a general action, to give, he had arrived in presence on the day he stated. This was enough: he might have many reasons for not attacking that day, or even the following; but surely two armies resolved to fight and being in presence on the 18th would have engaged on the 20th! Well, we have letters from Ferozepoor of the 21st and no word of a battle, though they told us of the advanced guard’s affair in letters of the 19th, and that it happened at Moodkee.

“ January 1st, 1846.—No news: this is strange. Well, patience. Another year, and perhaps one of glory for me. No man can foresee his fate. I am at the head of a force which I think I can use rightly; but these matters are in the hands of God. I will not look ahead, but use all my thoughts to do my work well, that my family may not blush for me: I fear disgrace more than all else. I now go to war with no horrid political responsibility as at Meeanee; and in the hills still more. Yet, after all, when a man does what he feels to be just and right why should he fear any body or thing? This I have done, and am fearless. My hands are clean as a child’s, my mind fearless of mortal man,

my wish earnest to do good to my country—so far as my poor ability goes, for I am not of great ability. I am a pains-taking man, working diligently, but without any of that astounding power of mind like Napoleon, or the duke. Hardinge is a clever man, but I much doubt his being equal to the grand operation of taking the Punjaub : that requires an Ellenborough.

“January 2nd.—I ought to have more troops from Bombay to-day. No letter. This is inconceivable ! There has been a tremendous fight I am sure ; this calm, this utter dearth of news argues violent fighting. I am uneasy about the troops that were called from Sukkur ; however Bhawalpoor is probably faithful, and happen what may it will not be my fault.

“3rd. The battle has been fought and a bloody one ; the victory complete. The enemy had sixty thousand men ; ninety pieces of artillery are taken : three days fighting, one repulsed !

“4th.—The *Notice* of victory come, but no details. It is said Hardinge’s firmness saved the battle. The *Queen*, steamer, has arrived with more troops from Bombay. War ! war ! war ! I feel low-spirited ; we shall lose many men from the heat, and I expect great mischief with little glory. Hardinge is very religious—he had prayers on the field of battle ! *Thou shalt not kill*, is the order, and it seems strange in the heat of disobedience to pray and make parade ! The world loves humbug, and has a right to love what pleases it.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, January 4th.—Another year and another battle ! It was fought at Moodkee the first day ; at Ferohashur the second and third. The Sikhs attacked on the 18th, and were repulsed ; on the 21st and 22nd we attacked : this I have officially. Private accounts say we were repulsed the 21st. My poor friends, Sale and Wallace, are slain ; also General McCaskill, who I did not know. Poor Sale ! He was a gallant good soldier ! Well ! How could

he die better? The army was not able to pursue. The Sikhs seem to have been very ill led: had they fallen upon Littler at once they must have made him *less*. He is a very good officer I believe, but could not have stood with 6000 against 60,000; who would then have been ready for Gough with the advantage of a previous victory. However as I am ignorant of details I cannot account for the Sikhs not having attacked Littler, nor for our allowing such a river to be passed at leisure by so large an army.

“I am awaiting my reinforcements from Bombay. I hope to have eleven thousand men and 50 guns in the field. It is not enough of infantry, but must do. I think Mooltan will not fight now; but had the Sikhs won all India would have been in arms. I do not like this war. We are going headlong into the heat without cover—that is, supposing Hardinge is obliged to advance. The battle should have been fought at the end of November, and Lahore entered before that month was out. Then with December, January, February and March in front we might hope to settle the country between the Sutlege and the Ravee, or even the Chenaub, according to events. The conquest of the Punjaub is not, as they seem to think, *a day's work*! I am not a croaker, and do not say we shall fail, being sure we ought not; but sure also that it is an enormous conquest to make, and will cost great treasure and many lives to accomplish. Waiting as we did to be attacked is not in my mind the way to work; but it is in the spirit of the day and will be approved of. My own opinion is immovable, not to let barbarians attack. Hardinge certainly did not expect to be assailed, for he told me so, and desired me to keep quiet as he would give six weeks' notice.

“I have just got such a vile letter from Lord Ripon as leads me to think him brutish as well as foolish; and I am in doubt whether to answer him savagely or in good-humour. If India is left to his misrule it is lost; but fate rules, or it

would have been long ago swept away like chaff. This letter has so thoroughly disquieted me, that but for the war my resignation should go in: yet this victory has only put off the evil, not put it down, and I may be of some service. Another steamer is in sight from Bombay! Well, that Arthur wins my heart, he does give me such thorough support in war.

"January 5th.—I fear young Somerset is killed, and have not heart to write to Lord Fitzroy.

"6th.—Camels are thronging in, and my exertions are beginning to tell. The Jam of the Jokeas, like a true barbarian, tried to keep them back: he has always been an enemy despite of my kindness. I have sent to arrest him, and he shall have a little of my rough edge: he shall be tamed this time, the old robber! twelve of my horsemen are gone to arrest him in the midst of his tribe; one could do it, for all his people are devoted to our forces. Putting an end to regal power has made him our enemy, and all his people our friends.

"I see nothing pleasant in the war prospect. Hardinge was evidently surprised at the Sikhs crossing the river, and it is said Gough was surprised at Moodkee; how true this last is I know not, but letters from the army say so: if reports are true there has been some sad work. Hardinge on the field seems to have shown the same decision which saved the day at Albuera: this is very fine, and gives him great glory as a brave man, but is not enough to repair the error of the governor-general, in letting 60,000 men and 100 guns of large calibre pass such a river unmolested. With Napoleon, or one of his marshals in front, he would have been lost: the courage of the troops has carried him through. He ought to have known where the Sikh army was assembled, its composition and movements; and the construction of the Sikh's bridge on the 16th or 17th. They ought to have been met on the bank when only half over, or not allowed

to pass; but they were allowed to pass and even to entrench! He has despised his enemy, and altogether I do not think history will let him off without a reprimand.

“I would have had my troops assembled the moment the heat had passed sufficiently to bear tents; would have established spies and telegraphs, and given battle on the banks of the Hyphasis: but it is unfair to criticise while ignorant of details. On one point however I have a right to criticise and strongly: viz. my being left in utter ignorance of what was going on, and what was expected of me to do: even now I am, at the twelfth hour, told I am to be reinforced but not what to do. I cannot assemble a force at Sukkur before the end of this month—it is impossible! Will he meanwhile advance? Will he be content with a victory? What am I to do? Nothing is known to me, except that I ought to have been ordered to prepare two months ago: I wanted to do so but was stopped. Instead of that I was reduced by three regiments! and scarcely had they reached Bombay when six were ordered here! Is there jealousy in all this? Oh no! No noble mind can harbour such a feeling. I can’t comprehend any fine religious mind allowing it to exist ten minutes: it would disgust one with our nature. I feel every wish for Hardinge’s and Gough’s success and glory, and sincerely hope they may both be made peers, so that I am not, for I do not wish to be one: they do. But I am sure if Hardinge advances so late in the year to conquer beyond Lahore he will meet with disaster. I think I may take Mooltan, and he Lahore; but there he should stop, to organize a government in the doab of Barree between the Hyphasis and Hydraotes.

“January 8th.—No details yet, but Sale and Wallace certainly killed. Noble chiefs, and noble deaths! My heart grieves for them both! May I meet with my own death as worthily!

“January 9th.—I have now two batteries one regiment of cavalry and five of infantry in full march for Roree, where

the heavy siege train has crossed from Sukkur. The rest will soon be here, and then I am off for good or evil.

"10th.—Entertained my principal officers: I want to know them. Colonel Pennycuick is a fine soldier."

The death of this brave man and that of his heroic boy at Chillianwallah are well known and should never be forgotten.

"Well I can work with any tools where I work at all; it was not easy to have less practised hands in command of brigades than at Dubba: yet we did our work.

"January 11th.—Slaughter dreadful! This is our only news. The quarter-master general has ordered the 4th N. I. and the battery which I had encamped at Subzulcote to march on to Ferozepoor. This is very strange. I fear Hardinge is crippled and in danger: we are in the dark as to events. There is some screw loose!

"January 13th.—Reports from Bhawalpoor say the Mooltan men are in arms, repairing forts and ready to meet me. We shall see. I go on as if opposed to a French army, taking all pains to make no mistake, and when my troops are brought fairly to battle will trust to their courage. I can do no more. Has Hardinge done as much? Time will clear up much.

"14th.—The Sikhs said to be again crossing the river to attack Hardinge—plucky chaps. His position, as sent to me by Hunter, is a bad one. The Sikhs had thrown over another bridge, from which Harry Smith was five miles and Hardinge twelve miles! Does he mean to entice them on in mass and put the fate of India on a blow? Surely not! This position must be imaginary, he would not be close enough to oppose a passage. If he lets them cross and entrench a second time he has not a good military head; for though a victory would ruin them, a defeat would ruin him.

16th.—Anniversary of Coruña. Thirty-seventh! I was then in battle, and am again going to fight! What a life of restlessness has mine been, not of my own seeking alto-

gether : but when I shall get rest Heaven knows. Letter from Hardinge to Arthur who sends it to me by order. Sir Henry cannot give me support, but desires Sir George to do so to his utmost : he does it right well. Our loss in the battle was 2200 ; that of the Sikhs double. The campaign has been badly managed from the first : the Court of Directors would ruin any country.

“ 17th.—I received news of the Sikhs having crossed the river on the 24th ult. from Sir Henry, just after he had told me there was not the slightest chance of war this year ! I leave this the 20th. My whole force is now in march, and the 7th of Feb., will be all assembled at Roree, that is in forty-five days, though seven regiments had to come from Bombay, twelve hundred miles from Roree—not bad.”

At this time it would appear, from the following letter, that the insolence of the Bombay faction, encouraged by Lord Ripon and the Court of Directors, was pushed to the extent of proposing to employ Outram in Sir C. Napier's army ! A measure that could have but one object, that of insulting the general.

“ Sir George Arthur, January.—I have yours of the 11th inst., and will in this only answer that part which regards Colonel Outram. If he comes to Scinde, I will not allow him to land ; and if he lands without my knowledge I will put him on board again. While I have the honour to command this army I will not submit to insult. If the supreme government chooses that Lieut.-Colonel Outram should be allowed to serve as a volunteer in the army under my orders in Scinde, it has both the right and power to do so ; but that moment I will send in my resignation and go home ; for I should consider it one of the most decided insults that was ever offered to a general officer. So much so that I am perfectly certain Sir Henry Hardinge would not allow of such a transaction ; he would not hear of such a thing ; nor would Sir Hugh Gough. As to Lieutenant-Colonel Outram going to the army under Sir Henry, I have no more to say

to it than the man in the moon. I shall immediately write to Sir Henry on the subject.

“Journal, January 31st.—Major Peate has joined me, and is worth a thousand men. With him and my staff I feel strong as the hind leg of a horse, and think to give Mooltan a settling kick. One dare not boast in war, but a man may feel confident in himself and his troops and I do. I cannot help doing so : it comes over me as I study my game. God does not give this feeling for nothing. He knows how humbly I expect his will ; but He works by instruments and directs thoughts, and his instruments are bound to think. The post-horse must go as he is guided, yet he thinks how to do his work and throws his weight upon the traces. So do I. Every preparation has been made, and confidence is the result. God forgive me if aught has been neglected to insure my comrades’ safety that pains-taking could do : beyond that I am not responsible.”

What that painstaking was may thus be judged. From the prohibition to prepare for war in time, he had but eighteen hundred camels when hostilities began : he had now twelve thousand ; gathered despite of the great Jam’s opposition, which was very powerful in that matter until he was arrested. And not only in camels but in all things he had fitted out his army. Fifty thousand persons were complete in all that was required and assembled five hundred miles from his head-quarters in forty-five days !

“M. Genl. W. Napier, January.—We have now got our camels, but their drivers set me mad, and I am fighting with every one to keep the poor animals from being overloaded and ill used. My baggage corps ought and would have been organized long ago but for the thwartings of power ; but if the directors choose that the armies shall be inefficient let them be so. How the trade of money-making debases the minds of men ! War is the offspring of commerce more than of ambition : nearly every war of modern days can be traced to it. Commercial men, and the advocates of com-

merce and manufactures, call themselves advocates of peace : so they are when they have a monopoly—not otherwise !

“I hear nothing of Outram’s affair, except from Lord Ripon, who says—‘that what Outram has done is all right ! just what people in power must expect. That I must, and he is sure I will, answer it by *doing my duty with more zeal.*’ This is your man in power ! Lord Ripon is however worthy of his colleagues, whose policy is composed of little expedients, wriggling from one episode to another without an idea of great results. The Punjaub is, say 200,000 square miles, and has an army of 200,000 men, and the government and the Court of Directors will expect Hardinge to conquer it with 30,000 men ! and at once !”

This letter of Lord Ripon laid down as a rule that it was right for a subordinate officer to insult a general ; and with gross malignant falsehoods to excite soldiers in the field to discontent—telling them their commander was utterly ignorant, and was their murderer ! It was also right that this subordinate officer should be ostentatiously rewarded for his libels ; and that an incapable person like Lord Ripon should add this miserable insult, and exhort Charles Napier to more zeal, with a view to avoid the insolence of Major Outram !

“Journal, January 22nd.—I am in full movement to create a diversion in favour of Hardinge, and he does not write to me a word ! He is a strange fellow. The opinion of the natives is unfavourable. The Hindoos think we have not had victory, and before I left Kurrachee were sending their money away to Bombay. So much for not sending a dispatch quickly. Above a month and no account of the battle yet published ! People first hear of their friends’ deaths by seeing their commissions filled in the Gazette: this is bitterly complained of. It appears that Gough ordered up troops ; that Hardinge countermanded them, and was thus surprised. Gough then advanced, and being unprepared, had to fight with sixteen thousand men against sixty

thousand. These things have to be accounted for, and hence, apparently, the hitch in publishing the dispatch: the commanders are said not to agree.

“January 24th.—It is publicly said the Ameers are to be let loose and allowed to settle on the Scinde frontier as independent gentlemen! This must be an intrigue of some civil servants to provoke a rebellion here, and then run down military government: it is hellish, but they are capable of anything to war on Lord Ellenborough and myself. Should this be done an insurrection is inevitable. The people believe that I keep the Ameers out, though the Company want to restore them; that I am too powerful now, but shall fail in the end, and the Ameers will then cruelly revenge themselves. The Beloochees will therefore rebel on speculation, and from fear of after vengeance, and will be right: but their blood will flow in torrents, and I will resign. I will not fire a shot against men thus coaxed to rebellion by factious wretches from infernal private pique: base and vile these men are beyond all description. They may get rid of me, and my military government; but they shall not have an insurrection against me; for the moment the Ameers are turned loose I will resign, and those who have raised may quell the disturbance.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, January 30th.—Steaming on the Indus: I left Kurrachee the 2nd. I have arranged the military force to be left in Scinde, so that all regular troops are concentrated; for I do not like to give the mutinous Sirdars of Khelat any idea of my weakness. They have already tried me, by sending in the name of their Boy Khan to ask for money, under pretence that the Candarhees and Affghans will be down upon his territories. My answer was—Not a shilling! if you are attacked my troops will aid you; and if the Affghans attack we can go again to Cabool. But your highness says, if I send you money you can not only keep the Affghans quiet but induce them to help us against the Sikhs. We want no help.

To the Candarbees, who have sent also to offer me their service I have said. We want no auxiliaries, but return thanks for their offer. To Belooch Khan of Lherce, who offers to join me with one hundred cavalry, my answer is thanks ! keep your neighbourhood tranquil according to my orders, for it would grieve me to go again to the hills to punish refractory people. The greatest Sirdar of Scinde, Mahomed Khan Talpoor, came to me the day before yesterday, praying to go with a hundred men at his own charge, and said that with a small pay he would bring five thousand of his '*tenantry*.' I told him the exact truth thus. This would be to me delightful Khan, as showing the world how faithful the Scindians are to our government ; but my love for you and your nation is well known, and you and the Nawab of Bhawalpoor are enemies. Now if I took you into his country he would have just cause to be offended ; he would moreover take alarm, thinking I was going to give you some of his territory in jaghire. It is therefore impossible to take you, but I am very sensible of your good-will and would like to show you my army at Roree. You looked very sharply at my line on the field of Dubba ; but that at Roree will be just four times as long, and it will please me to shew it to a friend instead of an enemy. Wah ! wah ! wah ! said he laughing. Do you think I have seen your regiments pouring into Kurrachee and up the river without knowing the immense power you wield ? God help the Sikhs.

" His observations gave me satisfaction. He, the most powerful of the Scindians, had observed our strength, and would not be inclined to try a third fight with a halter round his neck : even our defeat would hardly tempt him. Alyff Khan, the swordsman, thrashed some Sikhs at Kusmore a few days ago. Alyff did not know my orders against entering the Sikh country, and went in 20 miles, spreading terror with only 6 men ! In fine I am strong

enough, unless those directors and their tool Lord Ripon send the Ameers to make an insurrection in my rear.

“Now for my plans. From Shikarpoor I march at the head of 12,800 men of all arms, and 12 field pieces, at once on Mittenkote which is being prepared for defence. The steamers accompany me up the river with supplies and the heavy artillery. Ali Moorad has again begged to accompany me; his secret object is to get back the territory taken by Runjeet Sing. His offer is accepted on condition that he goes up the right bank of the river and garrisons Mittenkote when it falls. By this arrangement,

“1°. The right bank will be swept of all matchlock bands that would harass unguarded boats, and even guarded ones, vexing my communication.

“2°. A great effect will be produced by having two armies, one on each bank! This will spread as far as Constantinople. So great is Eastern extravagance.

“3°. Mittenkote will be held by an ally of trust; for Ali Moorad's fate and ours are very closely linked; his vanity also is great, and he has no inducement to be false: he will save my troops one garrison.

“4°. If he plays false he cannot injure me, as the river and its left bank will still be mine; and his best troops would come over to me for higher pay. Captain Malet and the two Curlings could therefore hold the fort, for most of the troops would obey them, as they are always taking their part when Ali withholds their pay.

“I shall order Ali to march upon Dera Gazee Khan, a large rich town. His desire to plunder it will induce him to make a few marches, and then his fears will make him halt, and perhaps fall back. But the demonstration will do what I want, viz. distract the attention of the enemy, occupy his troops, and draw him from the defence of the Sutlege. Well, my bridge is prepared, and will be laid across the Indus at *Mitten*, by Major Peate, while we are hammering

Mittenkote with about 80 guns, all blazing concentrically against one spot, and the vertical fire of 20 mortars and howitzers. This appears like killing a gnat with a sledge hammer; but Mittenkote must be crushed at once and a moral effect produced on Soojuabad and Mooltan. I practise all my people at their work, a rehearsal, not pleasant for Mittenkote but useful for our play. I know how dangerous these men are behind stone walls. We saw Herrasti at Ciudad Rodrigo, and others at Saragossa, Gerona, &c. and Acre turned Napoleon's fate. Our military madness in India is contempt for enemies, and for those rules which alone give us the superiority. For these reasons my intent is, despite of growling at trouble, and despite of ridicule, that Mittenkote shall be *squashed* if possible.

“When it is taken, my left column will cross to the left bank of the Indus, where Simpson will be with the remainder of the army, and the whole shall be organized. That done we march upon Ooch, 15,500 fighting men of all arms on paper; say fourteen thousand clear under arms, and which the mass of followers will raise to 50,000. This fighting force ought to do good service if I have skill. I am sure of my troops, but wish my brigadiers had more habit of command. My two divisions will be under Simpson and Hunter; the last never obeys orders, the first always does. Hunter has however good sense and energy, and I must to so far manage him as to be on the spot when obedience is important: when not of the first importance let his energy, which is indomitable, take its own course. In cases of this kind tools must be used as we can, for we cannot make them, and it is comfort to think either Hunter or Simpson can fill my place if I fall.

“My march on Ooch shall be from *Charchur*, opposite Mittenkote. At Ooch I shall form a depôt and fortify it, then cross the Sutlege, the passage of which will probably be opposed; but I have taken the guns from the steamers and made a good many gun-boats, under whose fire and that

from batteries on the bank, where my heavy guns will be placed, the passage shall be forced."

The reader will not fail to observe the extraordinary diligence and capacity which had in so short a time provided and organized so large an army, so well furnished with all means of war.

"This passage will be more sure if Ali Moorad acts bravely towards Dera Gazee Khan, which will draw off both men and guns, for his force will certainly be much magnified. If we get across, I shall form a strong *tête de pont*, and occupy it with the Nawab of Bhawalpoor's troops; and then putting all my hurt people and sick on board the steamers, advance on Soojabad and Mooltan, taking my siege train in boats or by land, according to circumstances. I shall have fifty-four field guns for battle beautifully horsed, thanks to Lord Ellenborough and myself; and shall be fairly pitted against the enemy. On the march I shall get my brigadiers in hand, and if the enemy bring heavy guns against me, my design is to work their horses well by manœuvring and drawing them out of entrenchments if practicable. These are indeed unhatched chickens, but all plans must be so; and without some well-considered plan there can be no sound work. The above is the best I can devise, and if defeated I think to entrench, get supplies by the steamers, and wait for assistance; or, if the enemy blunders, issue forth to recover lost ground. I have always Bukkur, Shikarpoor, and Bhawalpoor to fall back upon.

"All these things revolve in my mind as the game opens, and I have no fear: discipline and tolerable combinations can hardly fail. As to those of Gough and Hardinge my judgment is at fault; I cannot understand them, and from the dispatches nothing is to be discovered. I do not believe the Sikhs have yet recrossed the river, unless some other action has forced them back. You will know enough to form your own judgment before this reaches you, and I do not like to put mine in a letter while only half informed of

events. Criticism is loud in India, but this it would be in any case. I am very anxious to hear from Hardinge: he has given me full support; but my anxiety as to his movements is great, that I may worthily support him. That his courage and presence of mind saved the battle appears undisputed: and being the second desperate battle in which his decision saved victory, it marks him as a man of no ordinary stamp. If I can force the Sutlege at the same time he does, or soon after, the Sikhs will be hampered. However, Teg Sing seems to be an able soldier and will probably handle us both very roughly before he is mastered; for mastered he must be or the results will be awkward, there being it is said no force on our side to fall back upon!

“The enterprize is altogether gigantic, and I know of no one but Lord Ellenborough who justly estimated it beforehand, except yourself. I hope Sir Henry has sufficient means; for if the enemy continue to fight so well, he will need a much larger force. All now depends on two circumstances. 1°. Will the Sikhs be able to maintain a prolonged war? I believe not, and that they will give in, but this opinion is founded on hearsay. 2°. Will India keep quiet in the governor-general’s rear if the Sikhs persist in fighting? Of this there may be fairly entertained hopes; for these barbarians have no idea of great combinations.”

High were Charles Napier’s aspirations now, and his army could scarcely be restrained even by his strong hand, so furious were the soldiers for battle; every material of war was in abundance, his military plans well considered, and with a subtle policy that always accompanied his operations in the field, he had prepared other security for success, hidden but sure. In the Bhawalpoor court he had secretly fixed a powerful man in his interest, and thus gained assurance of faithful co-operation—a most important point, because the Bhawalpoor people were not friendly, and were in a position to be dangerous to his communications. But his master stroke was, that he had by the same means

almost insured the surrender of Mooltan, and had by emissaries, and the fame of his justice and generosity in Scinde, arranged a rising of the whole population along the Indus against the Sikhs as far as Dera Ishmael Gazeec. With these things in prospect, he would have burst upon the Punjaub like a torrent, swelling with a thousand rivulets as it poured onward until the Sikhs were overwhelmed. Why was it not so? Fear was in the great camp on the Sutlege; the enemy there was still in front, and the communications were also menaced: generalship was at a standstill, and the Scindian conqueror's genius was wanted to keep the great machine together and control its movements. This was the barrier drawn across his course of fame, and taken in its best aspect was a profound error, moral and military. Let the thwarted man speak.

“Journal, February 3.—Alas! alas! My plans are all upset. Hardinge would not believe that the Sikhs would war, because his dear friends the civil servants and old Indians, and such rubbish, told him so. He therefore neither gathered troops, nor formed magazines on the frontier to enable him to assemble a powerful army. But the Sikhs did war, they crossed the Sutlege. From that moment indeed Hardinge did all that man could do to repair his error. He rapidly assembled troops, and three times by wise intrepid conduct saved the army, which would otherwise have been lost. Victory was ours, yet, at the end of nearly two months we are still encamped on the field of battle; and this after such bloody battles, and when we have above forty thousand men! Now Hardinge finds, what, had he been an experienced practical commander, he would have known at first: viz., that errors in principle at the head of so large an army cannot escape punishment. Having no magazines, no heavy artillery, no ammunition prepared, he is paralyzed; and instead of being at Lahore, where he ought to have been on last Christmas-day, he cannot move. He feels that he cannot.

“ The fate of India hangs upon his army, he knows it, and I suspect feels also that he is unequal to the command himself: he has never commanded a body of men. At Albuquerque, as at Ferozhashur, his quick eye and firm heart and good sense saved all: but presence of mind in battle and courage are not enough, when thirty years of peace, and other pursuits, have added to the pressure of years to make the command of such an army a difficult affair. He is not only unused to command armies but is also new to Indian armies.

“ He thought, from what the civil blockheads told him, that to put down a native enemy was a pastime. Suddenly he found all this fallacious, and that Indian warfare needs all the resources of art to meet its great difficulties; amongst those are the courage and superior numbers of the natives, and their sun, all bearing down at once and, unless skilfully met, very dangerous. Discipline and courage we have, but food and shelter must also be found, and Hardinge has found neither!

“ In this extremity he has sent for me, and so far as I can yet see, his army is in a most dangerous position. In sending for me he may have done right, if he feels more confidence in me than in Gough or himself; but he has thwarted my campaign, which would have produced an immense effect. He has thus paralyzed fifteen thousand of his best troops, with which I should have conquered Mooltan and all that country up to *Pauk Pittary*; and probably forced the Lahore government to have detached half the Sikh army to meet me: that half I should have drawn after me as far as I could and then beaten it, while Sir Henry advanced upon the remainder in his front. This would have been all practicable, and I should have opened the whole course of the river up to Ferozepoor. Now this advantage is lost. We shall see what will happen.”

The military error is shewn above; the political or moral error is still more apparent: that is, if Sir C. Napier was

called up with a view of directing the movements. For if Gough's talent for command was doubted by Sir Henry Hardinge, and that he would not be guided by a governor-general, it is certain that he would not be so by an inferior officer. Why should he? He was an experienced, gallant and successful soldier, and it is not in human nature to doubt our own abilities in such circumstances. Suppose, not an unlikely case, that the advising general had differed from both the governor-general and the commander in chief! How could he have enforced his views? And what a task! Charles Napier, drawn from the true line of operations, called from the head of an army which he had furnished with all material means and excited morally almost to phrenzy; called to be a hopeless arbitrator and adviser of disputing men in power in face of an enemy! Had they yielded to him, would the policy have been good? No, certainly, for it was to take him from his own well-appointed army with which he was thoroughly acquainted, to act with an army in distress and of which he knew nothing, and by whom he was unknown; to act by deputy as it were in critical circumstances, when rapidity and decision were vital requisites! Again be it said, that it was an error of policy and a military error, heart-breaking to Charles Napier and hurtful to the public interest.

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

FOURTH PERIOD.

THE dream of a glorious campaign was now exchanged for the heavy reality of a dangerous, an evil, a useless journey, which laid the foundation of mortal disease.

“ Journal, February 6th.—My army is in despair at our campaign being stopped. I have given over command to Simpson, and on the 10th shall go in the Napier steamer to Bhawalpoor; this is a little dangerous, but saves a long land march, and instead of twenty days Bhawalpoor will be reached in five!

“ 13th.—Off Mittenkote. In half an hour we shall pass under the town and fort, I trust they will not fire upon us. Had I known that we must pass so close I would not have come by water on any account; a man going to command an army ought not to risk his safety for a trifle; it puts him in a false position, which ought never to be done voluntarily: it marks want of heart.”—“ In my life I was never so ashamed as when a javelin fell near me at the siege of Carthagera” was the expression of the great Scipio.

“ I am very anxious about the army, but as Moore said, I hope all that may happen will not happen. That the Sikhs are ably commanded seems undoubted if what is written from Ferozepoor be true; viz., that seventy thousand men with 120 guns have crossed, and are in Gough’s front, entrenched up to the teeth!

“ Well, I think and think of all this, and find their position one not altogether to be disliked. If I am left to myself I shall get up batteries to enfilade their entrenchment,

try to silence their guns, and then assault them. If my storm fails, I lose some men, but shall not be much worse and will immediately feign a retreat: the enemy will then pour out and I shall turn on him in the plain. If my stormers penetrate, I imagine the Sikhs will rush to the bridge, and numbers will plunge into the river and be drowned. In either case a signal victory may be expected: but without magazines, how are we to draw the profit we ought to draw, viz., the capture of Lahore? To stay where we are, motionless, with only a month of cool weather before us would be madness: the men would perish from heat, and then the Sikh force will *snibble* us up.

“ What Hardinge proposes I know not, but am curious to hear. Gough wants to attack, and I am of his opinion in that. It is puzzling, and if they make a mistake they will lose India. This is a terrible crisis brought about by the Court of Directors; I have not curses deep enough to bestow upon them: this would not have happened if Lord Ellenborough had not been recalled. I do not speak from personal disappointment, for to be called to the command of the finest army ever assembled in India is a far greater honour than I could have expected. No! I speak of what I see, and that is the great and imminent danger to India. No responsibility attaches to me for the difficulty the army is in; but there will be very great responsibility in getting it out! Well my self-confidence is strong, my courage not abated, and forty thousand brave men well led ought not to perish without honour! We will at least hit hard. Now for the deck to look at Mittenkote. It seems a fine old town.

“ February 14.—They fired upon us with matchlocks, and we returned the salute with musquets, at about 150 yards distance: not one of their balls came near us, but the moonshee says he saw one of their men leap up and fall flat. This I suspect to be a poetical shot: yet our shot went very near, probably close to their ears, for officers are

generally good shots, and there were three picked marksmen amongst the soldiers.

“ 15th.—We are now close to the junction of the Trimah and Sutlege, or, according to the ancients, the Hyphasis and Acesines. It seems that in our time, when the Hydaspes or Jelum meets with the Acesines, the united waters take the name of the Chenaub till they meet with the Hydraotes or Ravee: they then take that of Trimah till they unite with the Hyphasis or Sutlege, or Garra, when the trunk stream is denominated the *Punjund*. It is to be observed that the Indus formerly united with the four rivers where the Garra now joins the Trimah. I am very much vexed to miss seeing this, but the enemy seems resolved to defend the fort above where we now are, and I have decided to land and send the steamer down the river. We could pass the fort without much difficulty, but to risk losing life, merely to gratify curiosity won't do: we should have to land some men, and one or two would be killed.

“ A sirdar from the Nawab has just come on board and says the enemy fled on hearing of *my coming*; he himself was in a tremble on meeting me. This terror of me is strange, spreading thus even to our allies. If Hardinge knew of this he would not I suppose have been foolish enough to lose such an advantage by calling me up: sure I am that half the Sikh army would have been detached against me, and would, I also think, have been defeated. His first sixteen thousand men, though surprised ill managed and exhausted beat sixty thousand, and he had hardly a battery brought to bear! Now my fifteen thousand would have been fresh, well fed, brought systematically into action, and eight batteries would have poured in their fire. Surely we could have done our work as effectually as his men: I think much more so. And I would have pursued the defeated army up to Lahore itself, while he with forty thousand men could force the passage of the Sutlege and join me without much trouble. If this could not have

been done he is a defeated not a victorious general; for he who does not face his enemy two months after a victory is not victor.

"This inaction is past my comprehension, unless it arises from want of food, which is scarcely to be understood. Hardinge knew the Sikhs were assembled; he knew or ought to have known their numbers and intentions. If he did not know the last, there was the more danger and greater necessity for providing all things in expectation of battle; such as scouts along the river, spies, a force to oppose the construction of the bridges: above all, vast magazines at Umbala or Sirhind, at Ferozepoor and Loodiana also, if both could be defended; and both ought long before to have been put in a state of defence. How will he get out of his perilous position? He has not provisions or cover, and the heat approaches. The Sikhs defy him from entrenchments on his side of the river. Yet the British are forty thousand strong! All this amazes me. Resting on our arms may exhaust the Sikh means of keeping together: but the sun is on us! And is there either honour or safety for our arms to allow an enemy, a defeated one we call him, to form his *tête-de-pont* within our territory and under our nose! This must not be: however sanguinary the combat the Sikhs must be driven over the river.

"Now there are two ways for this. 1°. Take the bull by the horns and storm: if we fail he can be again fought with in the plain. 2°. Retreat, to entice him out and then turn on him. There is indeed a third course, but very difficult—cross the river and attack his rear. We might also, while storming his entrenchments, try to burn his bridge. All these matters pass through my mind, but my inclination is most for an attack on the entrenchments: the result would be great and the danger of defeat small."

After long hesitation, and the detaching of Sir H. Smith to the combat of Aliwal, this course was being adopted at

the very moment of Charles Napier's lucubrations, and the result was as he foretold, very decisive.

"17th, Ahmedpoor.—This is the favourite residence of the Khan of Bhawalpoor. We could not see his palace as his family was there; but I saw his father's palace in the midst of a fort, in a ruinous state. We were seven, four being Mecanee men. Little Doctor Gibbon had also his medal, but for the Residency: he was at Dubba though, and is as plucky a little devil as ever was in a fight. We wore our medals, for the first anniversary since they were issued! How we do botch these things in England! First they are awarded to all without distinction, and then not issued until three years after! In this case it is all the fault of that selfish Lord Ripon. If I hate any one in the world it is he, but I hate no one.

"February 18th, Kyrpoor.—The Nawab's brother came to meet me: he is a fine honest-looking gigantic barbarian, and all good-humour. He brought an elephant, and no end to chargers for me to ride, as if I was Ducrow himself: the bridles and saddles all gold—preferred my own Red Rover. We heard on the march that, as I expected, the entrenchments had been stormed and the Sikhs have paid dearly for placing themselves in such a position.

"20th, Bhawalpoor.—Our loss has been very severe. Poor General Dick is killed; so is Ryan of the 50th, the last of the old race! not one of my day now remains. I exult in their glory, they have done well, as they always do; yet I grieve for Ryan, though he it was who got our black, our glorious black facings, changed to blue, and our regiment made royal.

"The army will be at Lahore to-day: why does Hardinge now want me? The whole question is settled. There can be no more war; there may be brigands scattered over the land, but war is over. Yet how? Oh! sad, sad work in point of generalship, and statesmanship! It has been a failure; and all that will follow will in my mind be bad.

We have beaten the Sikhs in every action with our glorious, most glorious soldiers ; but thousands of those brave men have bit the dust who ought now to be standing sword in hand victorious at the gates of Lahore. Yes ! our soldiers have done their work ; and on the field the governor-general did his work, gloriously as a brave general : his conduct could not be surpassed. Had he suddenly been put at the head of the army, and not responsible for matters previous to the 10th of December, Hardinge would have stood unsurpassed as a ready and brave general. Alas ! the great errors of generals and statesmen never escape punishment, but it falls on those under them !

“The passage of the river by the Sikhs was unexpected, unprovided for ; yet it had for years I may say, assuredly for months, been a matter of common expectation not only in India but Europe. This was the governor-general’s first error. Every step the Sikhs took ought to have been known beforehand and prepared for. The second error was even greater. A small body of six thousand was left at Ferozpoor and the Sikhs should have destroyed them, and then Feroshashur must have been fought with ten thousand men ; for the six thousand would not have been there, and the Sikhs flushed with victory over them would probably have won Moodkee also. Well, Feroshashur followed, and still the struggle was made by 16,000 against 60,000, less their several losses in the previous actions. Generalship had not diminished the disproportion, though bulldog fighting had taken the enemy’s guns.

“The last of the three days’ fighting was a mere repulse ; we stood victorious but were unable to move : no provisions, no magazines. Thus we remained till the 26th I believe, paralyzed ! And this after such displays of courage by officers and soldiers ! and but forty miles from the enemy’s capital ! The censures of history must fall heavy here. Let us come to the second act of this bloody drama. While we stood inactive, the enemy again crossed higher up and fought



us on our own territory near Loodiana. This is another error for historical judgment, but a minor one; scarcely to be called one as it was remedied at Aliwal: the error was that the enemy could attempt it! But he did more, he poured his battalions over the river in sight of our army, and fortified 70,000 men in a position! and our strength was then 40,000! The governor-general had no right to expect a successful storm of such works if time were given to strengthen them, and he should have assailed them at once. He could not. He was without ammunition for his guns: yet such attacks depend more on musquets and bayonets. History will make no allowance for this. Had the first battle been fought with 40,000, or properly fought with even half that number, we should have been in Lahore within the week; but from December 23rd 1845 till February 1846 was a blank. We are, I suppose, now at Lahore, and the third act of the tragedy is beginning. We are negotiating.

“Hardinge has stopped the great diversion I was about to make; has directed my army upon Bhawalpoor, and I am here, instead of being now master of Mooltan, for it was ready, as I know, to open its gates at once. The whole country along the Indus up to Dhera Ismael Khan, even higher, would have been in arms to aid us, both banks of the Sutlege in our possession, my army in full march on Lahore, and the Sikh army or its *débris* driven towards the hills on the eastward, where Golab Sing would oppose them: and he is a sure ally, for he only waited his time to be revenged on the Kalsa army for murdering his family. Hardinge in those circumstances could now be dictating terms, and annexing the Punjaub to our dominions. But he is ordered to treat, and himself approves of treating, not annexing, and—*the result will be another war!*”

“He says, that is, the Court of Directors say, that we must have the Sikhs as a counterpoise to the Mahometans. What nonsense! If we seize the Punjaub what can the Mahometans do? Let them be, one and all, deadly foes, and

what can they do? Nothing! Put down native princes, give the poor justice, real not lip justice, and the Mahometans may be laughed to scorn: all Asia may be ours, even to Constantinople if we please. This fear of Mahometans is all the miserable folly of old Indians and civil servants; men unfit to rule, and who look upon the 180 millions of people in India as only born to furnish them with luxuries. I fear Hardinge is in their hands; that the Punjaub will be left in slavery to ruffians. Meanwhile India has lost much blood and money, and the tragedy *must be reacted a year or two hence.*"

The world knows how exactly these predictions were fulfilled.

"Such are the results of the mean and feeble rule of men without capacity for governments or war: this is being *moderate*. If we had prepared our means in anticipation of our enterprize India might have been made peaceful and happy for 100 years, or until Russia disturbed us; but ere that India could be made a match for Russia—Delhi would be stronger than St. Petersburg. To me personally it is utterly disgusting to be brought up into this scene of blundering, which though glorious as proof of our courage is degrading to our arms. It will be impossible for me to be consenting, and I go only to be called a *frondeur* when I am not one. I shall have work not suited to me, and which I cannot perform, instead of doing good in Scinde.

"I do not want to be commander in chief: it is an empty name. Mischief will be vigorous, and I shall be weak, encountering it with handcuffs on my wrists and chains on my ankles! And then the evils which cannot be prevented will be laid at my door, and cast in my teeth by the very men whose want of ability has produced them. I do not believe it possible for me to remain long when I join the army. This very idea of protecting ourselves against Mahometans by Sikhs, which Hardinge tells me is the *rule*, is in itself a base cowardly policy of the civil servants: it is not only undignified but fallacious. Who are your Sepoys?

One half are Mahometans, and there is not a Sikh in your army. You want to defend yourself against your own brave troops, by courting your political and military enemies; thus avowing your fears of, and hostility to your own soldiers. Was there ever such folly! It is not possible for me to go with any heart, or to remain with any temper at headquarters. I honour and love Hardinge for his kindness, and his gallantry; but I cannot endure separation from my family, and exhaust my little remains of life to work out the egregious folly of the directors; and then close that life with the blame of error, not my own but of my greatest enemies! I shall do no good. I can do no good!

“In Scinde I do much good. I can there lead many things to a useful consummation of the conquest; but here nothing, and must lose health and fame. This is the record of my opinion, and many years will not pass ere it will be proved true. The whole campaign has been a tissue of errors and will end in error: if I am wrong I am not the proper man to be the executive officer at Lahore. In no way can I be of service to my country or myself. I mean fair fame for myself: as to money I dare say it is to be got, but I neither care for it nor want it.

“February 28th, M. Genl. W. Napier.—My view of affairs may be jaundiced, for I am not well. This country requires a dictator. The Court of Directors are like George Dandin. *Vous l'avez voulu George Dandin.* Well. But for Lord Ellenborough the army of the Sutlege would now have had Gwalior on its rear; and instead of fifteen thousand British troops at Bhawalpoor, Lord Auckland's five thousand men at Kurrachee and Sukkur would have had their throats cut, and one hundred thousand Beloochees under the Ameers marching upon Delhi by Sirsa or Bikaner. All this country was, I find, ready to rise upon us: that would have been disagreeable. Yet ‘all is well that ends well,’ and so this will end better than I think, I hope; for not being well makes me see things gloomily, which I am authorized to

do, being but half informed of the state of affairs. Hardinge is treating. If he attempted to conquer the Punjab now he would likely fail; it is not to be done at this advanced season: he would lose every European soldier. I found at Bhawalpoor that the effect of my campaign, had it not been stopped, would have been double what I expected, and that was not a little.

“Journal, 28th February.—Getting on by long marches. I am very ill with dysentery, which makes me low-spirited and discontented: all is gloomy. Hardinge is a hero on the field of battle, but he is not equal to the ruling of an empire like this at such a moment: his war has been a failure when it might have immortalized him. I have just seen two clever officers who know this country well. They both confirm my views perfectly, and say that had I taken Mooltan and advanced, the Sikh *tête de pont*, stormed on the Sutlege, would have instantly been abandoned to protect Lahore: then Hardinge could have passed the river without loss of a man, and attacked the Sikhs at his pleasure in open field with our united force of 86,000 men. That battle could not have been so sanguinary as the one which took place, and Lahore, Govind Ghur and Umritzer would probably have opened their gates, or been carried without much difficulty.

“It was certainly a great error to leave my fifteen thousand men and above 80 pieces of cannon idle, when they might have borne upon the enemy’s weakest points. My marches would have been all forced, leaving tired men in battalions to follow after a day or two of rest: my design was to have continued my advance as long as I could muster six thousand men under arms, or bring two battalions into action: or even half that number if near Hardinge. If the enemy opposed me with a small force, I should have fought all under twenty thousand; and if he sent a large force I would have retired, and drawn him after me till he could not help his friends against Hardinge, and his heavy guns were unable to move. Then picking up my tired battalions

on the rear, all refreshed, I would have opposed any number not exceeding four times my own. I would have attacked fifty thousand Sikhs with confidence. All is over now: bloodshed in abundance and no grand results.

“My hope is that Hardinge will let me return to Scinde, where my pay can be honestly earned. My rank and position must be too high for a person who thinks the whole thing mismanaged, and that the snake is scotched not killed. India cannot bear a new war every year. Another such victory would ruin us, the honourable John Company may say with Pyrrhus, and with more truth and honesty than John generally has in his phrases. At this moment if I were at the head of the Sikh army, my head should be staked for having every captured gun back in a month, and sending the British army headlong back to Delhi. Let Goolab Sing march his large untouched army through the hills, over the Beas river, upon Simla and Umballa, and he turns our flanks! Sir Henry would then have to fall back on Delhi or Scinde; for he has no magazines and insufficient carriage. These views may however be jaundiced, and I may find matters better on reaching Lahore than they appear to me now: but the two officers spoken of before, assuredly took the same view and without knowing mine, for my tone was that of ignorance on the subject. That which is more in our favour is the Sikhs’ total ignorance of strategy: they have courage, drill, good arms, but no general; had Teg Sing known how to make war we were lost the first week. The total want of preparation on our part must have been the doing of the Court of Directors: I cannot believe it was Hardinge’s own doing.

“Journal. March 22nd, Ferozepoor.—Found here preparations made by Hardinge for my journey to Lahore. Letter from John Napier saying Hardinge wishes me back in Scinde, unless I choose to remain second in command, which now, war being over, I assuredly do not. Indeed fighting, or no fighting, to be second instead of first is not

to my taste. Gough is a glorious old fellow, and, as I have written to my brother George, brave as ten lions, each with two sets of teeth and two tails. My poor old 50th has been cut to pieces—36 officers killed and wounded and only 330 men left under arms! Alas! alas! would I had been with them. To-morrow I shall meet the regiment; it is just 35 years since I left it in Spain! Well, the world comes near its end with me, and strange scenes have I seen, and been an actor in: and despite of this peace more war menaces to come even in my day. I feel sad and gloomy, this illness lowers a man grievously.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, March 4.—I arrived here yesterday. Hardinge is a noble fellow, and just what you told me he was. From the time the Sikhs crossed the river to the present moment his conduct has been admirable: thrice he saved this army. My campaign was spoiled, but there was no help for it; my being ordered up here was thought necessary, and now I shall be allowed to return. I am glad my little army was not sent on without me! The battles here have been bloody, and the soldiers fought like devils: that is the white soldiers, the Sepoys by all accounts were at first fearful of the Sikhs, but got more confidence latterly. Hardinge speaks of the 50th with enthusiasm. At Aliwal, a brigade of one European and two native regiments gave way; the 50th were in line in rear, Harry Smith rode up and appealed to them to save the day, on which, without stop or hesitation they charged through the fugitive brigade and with a shout tumbled the enemy over, carrying all before them, but stood after it only 200 under arms out of 450 that went into action! Ryan, who is not killed as was said, but badly wounded, told me this.

“I cannot enter into the cause of being ordered up here, but it is very honourable; and in all things Hardinge has behaved toward me with extreme personal kindness and in the most flattering manner. His answer to those who on the terrible night of the 21st wanted him to retreat, was



‘No! we will abide the break of day, and then either sweep all before us or die honourably.’ This was worthy of the man who saved Albuera. The Sikh power is said to be quite broken. I can form no judgment; indeed my long march leaves me with little knowledge of affairs. I send 220 captured guns: they are beautiful.”

Here he does not tell of the honours in which faction had no share that were offered to him. The soldiers, men never seen before by him, much less commanded, followed him with shouts and acclamations wherever he moved: even Goolab Sing, while holding himself erect and disdainful to others salaamed almost to the ground before Charles Napier, saying, his *kismet*, or fate, was great. His reception from others is thus told.

“Journal. March, Camp near Ferozepoor.—Forging back to *wife and leetel childers*. Very glad if I reach them, but this complaint brought on by mortification may get worse, and if so, *hop the twig* will be my fate, for I feel indescribably weak and ill. I reached Lahore the 3rd and was most kindly received by everybody. Sir Henry had a large dinner party the 4th. We sat down 150 guests, and never did I see so splendid a party. Speeches of course, and I was not prepared, having felt too ill to think of anything until the moment came: but then such a brilliant assembly of decorated soldiers, the scene, the thought of the late battles and my regret at not having been in them put me up, and words came so readily that my speech was good the boys told me; and indeed the effect was evidently favourable for me amongst the Bengal and Queen’s officers. I heard a good deal from Hardinge, but the pith confirmed me in the correctness of my views as to non-preparation, &c. The danger of divided command was exemplified, but the enemy’s gross mistakes and the treachery of Iall Sing, who betrayed their army, saved ours.

“Hardinge is far above the run of English generals,

the men of whom study their profession, but he stops short in my opinion of a great captain: his having been surprised twice in the last week. I must at the same time say that his army is the discipline, the worst I have ever seen. It is utterly beyond doubt, its conduct, speaking of the Duke's and his been terrible, and the Queen's regiments are no better, which but all persons seem to agree that the Duke's army is highly engaged and the list of killed proves the same. As to discipline the men who go on guard send their arms to the post and go to bed! An officer with his sword on his sword in the head of his guard to salute the governor-general and shifted his sword to his left hand to turn his cap with his right! A sentry when he salutes stands with his legs a foot apart like a clown; and there were no orders or guards not even when close to and in sight of the enemy! I am told however that Harry Smith's army was an honourable exception. The army from its state could not march, and how therefore could any man work fairly with such an army? That it was saved is a miracle.

I am now in the midst of the description of the very beautiful Eastern scene which took place on the signing of the treaty in the governor-general's enormous tent; and the equally beautiful scene of our going on elephants to return the Maharajah's visit at his palace. They exceeded all I have ever seen, and Lahore is an Arabian Nights' town. Going through it on an elephant with Hardinge we looked in at all the upper windows and abundance of pretty girls showed their faces: the rooms were all full of the brunettes. From the street they could not have been seen, but aloft they showed themselves and laughed and salaamed the two Englishmen Bahadurs.

What will be the result of all this affair? I could not find out what Hardinge thinks, but my own thought is that British power has received a great blow! The natives believe truly that we owe our victory to treason. It is

known to all that Lall Sing wrote to poor Nicholson thus—‘I have crossed with the Sikh army. You know my friendship for the British. Tell me what to do.’ Nicholson answers. Do not attack Ferozepoor. Halt as many days as you can, and then march towards the governor-general. Lall Sing did so and Ferozepoor was saved. Had he attacked, our garrison of eight thousand men would have been destroyed, and the victorious sixty thousand would have fallen on Hardinge; who could then have had only eight thousand, for he had but sixteen thousand at Ferozeshah after Littleton joined from Ferozepoor. Had the Sikhs not been betrayed, the governor-general and commander in chief and their troops would certainly have been destroyed, for they were in the midst of an enemy’s country and 250 miles from supplies and support. All the detached regiments coming up with the siege train, and all the ammunition, must have been captured and Delhi have been taken! I alone had fifteen thousand men, and with them might have done something: at all events we could have covered Scinde and awaited the enemy, for I was confident of my troops.

“I feel fearless of an enemy at the head of Bombay troops; but the state of the Bengal army as I saw it, and heard of it, would make me tremble. This is lamentable, for both the European officers and the Sepoys seem to be the materials for admirable soldiers. Now all this negligence is known to our enemies, and they think that with better management they will have better success in future. They hope traitors like Lall Sing will not always command, and therefore my expectation is to see the fragments of the Sikh army unite again in mass. If so, Hardinge tells me he will give me the chief command. That is not my desire. The Bengal army is Augean, and Hardinge says the staff is execrable. There are indeed men amongst them that I could do good with; but to assume the command of a large army, to put it in order, and at the same time make war,

is too much: I being also ignorant of my tools and a stranger! Reform and war together is too much.

"I think Hardinge is right to occupy Lahore; but it is one of those things that if not done well and completely will run risk of disaster. Seeing this, and the dreadful consequences of the force he leaves there being destroyed, and the paucity of good generals, I volunteered to take that command: it appeared to me a duty at so dangerous a crisis, though felt to be an eternal adieu to my family; for to outlive the summer under the work to be done during the first two months could not be. I however gulped down the emotions of the moment and acted rightly: happily for me he refused my offer, and put General Littler there. Were I in that part, my guard should be visited every night of my life in person and at uncertain hours, and never should my own clothes be off my back. Well, we shall I fear have another war.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, March 10.—Thus far on my return to Scinde, after the long weary journey to Lahore. This will be a march of 1800 miles for nothing, but seeing Lahore, the signing of the treaty, and the Bengal army. Perhaps they were worth the trouble, for Lahore is a grand city. The signing and the gifts, &c., &c., were altogether magnificent sights. The great diamond, or mountain of light, if not glass, must be of immense value; and it has two enormous diamonds attached. So much for finery. Now for more important matters. Hardinge did not shew me the treaty, but he creates Goolab Sing, Maharajah or king of all the northern and eastern parts of the Punjaub, and takes the line of the Beas or Hyphasis for our frontier!"

What a king to install! Rising from the lowest foulest sediment of debauchery to float on the highest surge of blood he lifted his besmeared front, and England adorned it with a crown!

"We make the Lahore government pay one and a half million sterling, and the territory we take will yield £300,000

sterling a year. Such are the results of four battles, somewhat bloody. The questions naturally arising are these: will the money and increase of territory be considered sufficient reparation for the insult offered, and the expence of the war? The money will not cover the expence I believe; but assume that it does, the blood expended and the insult offered can hardly be repaid by an estate of £300,000 a year; from which must be deducted the expence of occupation. The Rajah of Putteala has a larger estate! Still this is good, so far as it goes; but the main question is, have we not paid too dear for it? Could we not have taken the Ravee instead of the Beas? and taken Mooltan as well as occupy Lahore?

“The making a king in the north is another questionable affair. The campaign got us into a scrape, and perhaps the making a king was not a bad way to get us out; but my opinion is, after all I have seen, that the Punjaub must be ours up to the Indus, and therefore our making a king is putting a barrier in our own way. You know I never thought we were ripe for the Punjaub till India was more consolidated and better organized; that I thought we ought to be satisfied with the Sutlege: but the weakness of the Punjaub government made the conquest of that kingdom a necessity; war was forced upon us and the result is seen. These questions will be asked in England: the answers I will not give but from what I saw at Lahore, merely say that Hardinge has gotten out of a scrape as well as he well could. I do not know the *carte du pays* sufficiently, but believe that, aided by a civil servant, a Mr. Currie—apparently a good man, but not above mediocrity and of the Auckland school,—Hardinge settled matters without other consultation: in this I think him quite right. He did one day ask my opinion about having a garrison in Lahore, and we agreed as the moral effect will be great; but my belief is that all his people were adverse: yet so advising, I told him, that unless well executed it would lead to disaster.

“The Sikh people are brave, barbarian cunning is notorious and if this garrison be surprised fearful consequences will follow. Yet a garrison ought to be at Lahore that we may show Asia something for our four battles, in which, as all Asia knows, India was five times nearly lost; it required Lall Sing’s treachery in aid of Hardinge’s grand intrepidity and our European soldiers’ desperate courage to save it. Indeed all now say the Feroshashur fight was not a victory; the Sikhs were the victors, but mistook a retrograde movement of our cavalry for an attempt to turn their flank and retired. Do you recollect saying to me ‘the soldiers will fight any general through any blunders?’ Well, now judge your own prophecy.

“Harry Smith did his work well: at least they say so. Being on the march and ill I did not study any battle but that of Sobraon, which, gallantly fought, was miserably planned: certainly Hardinge did not approve of the plan. But I am afraid to write all I think, not feeling at all safe about letters; and the bitter hostility of rascals at Bombay is beyond belief: and at Calcutta also I have reason to believe; for a gentleman unknown to me told a friend of mine to put me on my guard—tell him he said, that several of the secretaries there are hand and glove with the newspaper editors, and the abuse of the general originates with those civil secretaries, who would destroy him if they could. This gentleman knows Calcutta well, and though a perfect stranger to me I had an opportunity of serving him, and believe he told this to my friend out of gratitude. I only care for their spite and enmity so far as it gives me troublesome work, but I fear their working upon Hardinge; they have not yet, for nothing could be more kind than he has been all along, and is. The wretched papers are now trying to puff me, which is more dangerous than anything, and more difficult to deal with, unless they give me praise falsely which I should immediately contradict of course. If war breaks out again I am resolved to go as chief or not at all:

my remonstrances would not be listened to. Gough is, I believe, angry at my being called up; but he is a fine intrepid old soldier, and I like him much as a man. Our poor friend Powell's son is with you in Guernsey you say: his father's grave is at Kurrachee! Often have I stood there and thought of past times; and often resolved to have it repaired, but constant unceasing business and turmoil interfered: it shall however be done. Major Powell's story about Outram and the village is true. I heard of it before. Apropos, I got a most extraordinary letter about Outram's conduct from Lord Ripon, and I am going to answer it. Hardinge tells me he had one on the same subject which he cannot understand *at all!*"

This story was, that being sent with troops, regular and irregular, to quell a disturbance in a village, he had positive orders not to let the irregulars into the place as there was a feud between them and the people: in defiance of this he did put the irregulars in, and they murdered the villagers and sacked the place! It is said, Outram was saved by the interest of Sir J. Carnac.

"No official answer has yet been given to my official complaint. Our excellent friend Hardinge trims a little I think to prevent quarrels; which is very amiable but weak, because it fails when cases are so strong. I detest Ripon. I could not do so more if he was a rascal, his good-natured drivelling is worse than if he spit in one's face. It will be inconvenient to the service to quarrel with him, but how can I avoid it? I am altogether in a curious position. I believe there is a general wish among the troops that I should be at the head of the army if we have war again, and Hardinge I think wishes it. There are brave generals here, but they do not seem to have inspired general confidence in their leading. On the other hand, some of the civil servants at Calcutta and Bombay, and the Court of Directors at home, wish me in hell."

Many of the Queen's ministers also did so; for it was

when these things were known in England, and also the calling of Sir C. Napier up to Lahore, that Sir Robert Peel ignored his name and battles when returning thanks for the army at the King's College Hospital dinner! Yet Sir Robert was certainly not personally inimical to him.

“When in England they hear of the narrow escape of their army, and of India, will *funk* operate sufficiently to make them give me the command? Or will they send out some other man? I suspect the last, if they can find a lieutenant-general who will come. To say nothing of fighting and climate, which if they come are accepted but which old men do not like to *seek*, and our lieutenant-generals are not young, the post is full of labour and danger, for never was our Indian power so shaken: had Feroshahur been an overthrow I fancy Scinde would have been the safest place in all India! My position may change: my choice will be to stay at Kur-rachee; but if Hardinge does not assume command himself in the event of renewed war I may perhaps be the best man at their disposal. I could tell you but dare not, of things convincing as to their undervaluing the exertion necessary for the conquest of the entire Punjaub. It is to be done, and my thought is that I could do it, that is, if left to my own discretion and action as in Scinde. I do not want to go, but if I do must have my own terms to enable me to succeed: to go on any other conditions would be to betray the country the army and myself.

“My good fortune attends me still. I cannot now be thrown suddenly into command because of the heat: Kur-rachee also is shut up by the monsoons from May to September, and no military operations can then take place; this would give me time to make my terms, which on the eve of a battle could not be done. Had the peace not been made, and anything happened to Gough, I must have taken sudden command of an army incapable of manœuvring, according to my judgment. Hardinge was abused for lightening his personal baggage by 60 *elephant loads* and 600

camels' loads. His army was an unmanageable army : with my 15,000 I would have marched round it. Yet such troops ! beautiful ! The old 50th received me with a proper shout : they seem to consider me still as their property."

Sir C. Napier notices in the above letter the extent of the hostility practised against him ; let the reader take the following letter as furnishing a light on the subject : it is indeed one of *the things which speak.*

" March 24, 1846.—I won't write to you of my hatred, my enemies, and my political aversions : it is very foolish. But when a man is daily wasting the little existence he has left to do right and serve people, and is struck down at every step by villains, and amongst them by those he is thus labouring to serve, it is not easy to write to one with whom he has no reserve and yet conceal the fire that consumes him.

" The Bombay Times asserted, and with details, that I was driving the people of Scinde to madness with excessive taxation, and that I had even dared to re-establish the tax called *Transit duty*. These assertions were accompanied with all sorts of abuse such as.—*The sordid shameless leader in Scinde.—The Autocrat of Scinde.—The Scinde Czar.—The unscrupulous murderer of the soldiers of the 78th and 28th Regiments.—The liar at the head of the Scinde government.* Well, all India was thus kept ringing with my infamous attempts to make up a sham revenue, to the destruction of the people and the country ! Now, as I never put one single tax upon the people of Scinde, good bad or indifferent ; never laid a mite upon anything and took off a great many taxes, I laughed at what I knew must be in due time found pure inventions, somewhat like the people Herschel was said to have seen in the moon.

" But could I laugh when, after India had resounded with this cry, I found by a mistake of a clerk at Calcutta in sending a wrong letter—that the Bombay government had transmitted a *secret note of council to be registered at*

Calcutta against me! accusing me of making up a false revenue, not alone by levying taxes, for as I recollect the minute of council only hinted at that, but by a monopoly of grain! the price of which was first raised it said by my command, and then sold at the enhanced price to the troops, so as to make the loss fall on the Bombay government: in short that I had perpetrated so infamous an action, that if there had been an iota of truth in it hanging would be too good for me.

“Had the clerk not made this mistake”—probably a wilful one from disgust at the infamous intrigue—“there would have been in both the Bombay and Calcutta archives, a direct heinous crime registered against me by my bitter enemies, to be hereafter brought out and given to the world, when I am no more, as an irrefragable proof of my bad conduct! And this was done also so ingeniously by the two members of council, who are old practised merchants and accountants, that it took me a good week’s hard work to disprove their villanous accusations, and shew that so far from trying to increase the expence of feeding the troops, if there be one thing to which I have more especially devoted myself for the three years of my ruling in Scinde it has been to reduce the price of grain by destroying all monopoly! But this was not all. The secret minute was recorded, and the authors of it chuckled in their sleeves at having so well shot their assassin bolt. Not content, they manufactured their *minute* into an article for Dr. Buist’s paper, the words just slightly changed to suit a newspaper article: and I, not knowing either its source or anything of the minute of council, laughed, or swore, probably the latter, at Buist’s usual attempts to make me out a scoundrel.

“Well, I answered their minute when it reached me by the mistake noticed, and disproved by document after document every lie they had told. Did this suffice? Was this all the result of the Bombay Times falsehoods about the

taxes? No! Enough in all conscience but not all. I got a letter from Lord Ripon, to say he had heard of my taxation but hoped it was not true; and then he gave all sorts of reasons to prove I ought not to put on the transit duty, showing that he was convinced I had done so—as a nurse says to a naughty child, I hope you have not been doing so and so, when she knows it has. To do Lord Ripon justice he gave me very little trouble to answer him; he displayed such perfect ignorance of the subject that I saw he don't very well know what a transit duty is. But thus again a day was lost in answering him, and my work, real work, thrown in arrear! And what work! Long trials to read, and to decide upon putting five men to death at the time; matter requiring calm thought and great resolution not to err!

“At such times, with my head in agony, my nerves torn, my whole mind and body on the rack, my soul intent to do right in the sight of God, I am to force myself down to think, and write, and dwell upon villany and folly past all belief, and beyond my power to chastise! fortunate that I escape from the power of those who, while profiting from my ebbing life, are seeking my destruction: and all this at sixty-four years of age in a climate proverbial for destroying the energy of mind and body! But to go on with my story. No sooner had I answered Lord Ripon, and thought I had been tormented enough by Dr. Buist's lies as to taxes, when down comes from Calcutta a letter from the secret committee of the Court of Directors—Lord Ripon's colleagues, to know why I had restored the transit duty, which they heard I had done from various sources. Why? as I asked them, do they not tell me *one* of their *various sources*, that I might expose their secret informer. They won't do this: and were we in the days of Venice, the Council of Ten, these very men would very soon put me out of the way.

“Think now of the Nawab of Bhawalpoor making an

application to be placed under my rule! He hates the political agents, and I suppose my good name in Scinde, and my civil manners to him, have won me this compliment. This pleases me more than honours."

Soon after this letter reached England, Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Ripon were publicly charged with corrupt and oppressive conduct; and both displayed in their contradictions such indignation, that the writer of this notice sent to each a copy of the above communication. From Lord Lyndhurst he asked parliamentary aid if required; to Lord Ripon he pointed out the complacent manner in which he had acquiesced in and even countenanced injustice to Sir Charles Napier, though so sore in anger when assailed himself; that being an open attack, easy to be met, and trifling also compared to one made on a distant commander, who was wasting life away in his country's service and had a right to his official protection.

From Lord Ripon came a verbose letter for the most part unintelligible, and where not so, vague and contemptible. Very different was Lord Lyndhurst's response: with the frank spirit and decision that has always marked his bold and manly character, he expressed his condemnation of the atrocity thus brought to his notice, and at once, without reserve, promised his aid to avenge it when called upon. He was not called upon, but this acknowledgment of his generous impulse is rendered with honest respect.

"Journal, April 2nd.—Reached Bhawalpoor the 31st. Saw the Nawab, who met me a mile from the town. He, of course, wanted favours: I granted one and refused one. He seems to be a clever man, and wants me to ask the governor-general to put him in communication with me, instead of the political agents of the North-West Province. He says they treat him with disrespect and even insolence. Very probably: for if I know anything of good manners, nothing can be worse than those of India towards natives of all ranks—a vulgar *bahandeering*; forgetting that these

people are as good as ourselves. The native ways are not our ways, but as to really gentlemanlike manners they appear to me superior. I speak of the manners of the military of both armies: the civilians I have not seen much of in company with natives, and therefore cannot judge of them. Well, I have gained the Nawab's goodwill, and could do a deal more in that way could I speak Persian. Interpreters don't suit me, they do not translate correctly, and some laugh while interpreting: now a foreigner always supposes the laugh is at him, and is affronted without reason: an interpreter should not do so ill-mannered a thing as laugh, except at what the foreigner says and understands.

"I keep my journal badly. I am sick. I know not what ails me, and the constant pain frets my temper sadly. I feel to get weaker every day, and think I am breaking up. What if I am? I am not immortal any more than Grillus the son of Xenophon! And 'tis better to die with one's senses all around, than become what Lord Ripon was born! I have written him a letter that he will not like, and hope we shall quarrel. I have told him enough to show him I will not be treated like a school-boy. In England all the authorities hate me I believe, except Peel, Ellenborough, and the duke; but I am ready to go away, or to die, or whatever God pleases, being totally without ambition beyond that of wishing to do my work well. My God! what numbers of lives I could have saved had I been master in this Sikh war! I think there never was such a galaxy of blunders since war was war! But the whole system of Indian government is constructed for robbery and spoliation, not for conquest, not for good to the multitude, not for justice! I shall be glad when I have no more to say to it. The civil servants seem to be Hardinge's rage. Shore says they are idle, vulgar, and bad.

"We are dropping down the Indus, the water like glass, the beautiful moon high and brilliant, with the stars glitter-

ing around her ; the steamer is at her evening station, and the serenity of the soft scene only disturbed by the hum of voices, heard though by me slightly, being in a towed boat and listening rather to the chirp of the cicada coming over the still waters : yet the Indus is here more than a mile wide. I will go up and look at this calm and beautiful night, on this grand stream, and think of my wife, my children, and my death. This sort of thought is to me not disagreeable : life has not been pleasant to me and I feel no dread at leaving it. What is life that we should love it, and fear to lose it ? It is not from discontent I speak thus, being in spirits and cheerful enough, and generally enjoying life as much as others. No, I am reasoning, thinking, as I sit in this beautiful moonlit tranquil night, looking at the Creator through all this majesty and grandeur.

“ People who love wise *saws*, which I do not over much, say, ‘ If you had been a farmer you would then wish you had gone on as a soldier.’ Very possibly, every mortal has his discontent at times ; but when reason helps, is it not easier for a strong mind to overcome discontent than when reason does not help ? Now reason gave me aid in the excessive pleasure with which I got in my hay at Bloomfield in 1831, and none at all when I won Scinde. Glad I was to win the battles, because to have been beaten would have been wretchedness, but I had no pleasure : on the contrary, exceeding pain when I laid the dead bodies of my comrades side by side, covered with dust and blood and grim in death, while we prepared their graves ! Reason then told me, that to make hay in a field with twenty joyful people and to collect the fruits of the earth was a wise and indescribable pleasure : the same reason tells me war is hellish work, and antagonistic to pleasure and enjoyment. Take the lead to defend yourself, it is like a man : but to go over the earth because skilled to destroy, having in view only to give commerce an advantage over rivals, and to back up the ruling of idiots is not reasonable.

“ I feel indeed conscious of a natural or acquired turn for military matters, and have exercised that turn or talent honourably in Scinde, but my peaceful rule of Cephalonia was far, far better ; my hands were there free from blood ! Not that I have blood on them in guilt, I trust in God it is not so ; but far rather would I have been driving a pitchfork into a load of hay than a sword into the body of an enemy, however innocent that operation may be thought, or be. But then I have immortalized my name, and am a Grand Cross of the Bath ! And what then ? I shall be good for worms before the immortalization takes place, and while in life have suffered more gross abuse from scoundrels than I have gained praise from honest men ! Life ebbs fast. So for the Grand Cross. Pooh ! And for money, I have more than I want and merely take it for others.”

Here it must not be concluded that Charles Napier confined his generosity to the welfare of his own children : his charities were boundless, and one instance of his liberal nature will speak for the character of other instances. Hearing accidentally that the author's son, a deaf and dumb young man, was from poverty unable to marry, he without more hesitation or remark than would attend the gift of a dressing-box, sent him five thousand pounds ! And this at a time when it was generally thought there would be no prize money granted for Hydrabad !

“ I hope to reach Sukkur the 5th. We have just passed boats, having on board the poor wounded fellows from the four battles ; they tell me they are all comfortable, but forty have died !

“ An instance of my influence over these wild barbarian Sikhs was made known this day. When coming up the river a fort here fired on us ; but this day we past it going down, and hearing they had taken some boats of ours I brought up to the bank, called the Sikh commander of the guard on board and gave a letter to the Nizam of Mooltan demanding the release of my boats. While writing this in the cabin,

one of my officers asked the Sikh if it was he who had fired a month before?—Yes. Why did you?—We were ordered, and we thought the general would say, oh they are good soldiers, they are only doing their duty; don't fire the cannon on them: so we fired at you. My name therefore is good with them as a man ready to spare, and generous to enemies. This will have great effect, and these people will the more readily yield to me. I could conquer up to Constantinople as easily, or more so, than Alexander did, for he had Greeks to fight against."

This was no idle boast: the missionary Wolfe has said his fame run throughout Central Asia so strongly that the wild Turcomans and other races were looking for his advent as a conqueror, ready to march and plunder under him, even down to the Mediterranean!

"April 11th.—Just reached home! When I left this on the 20th January, I never expected to return, for I am going fast. God is good to let me come back with my boys all safe.

"April 15.—I have been ill again. Public vexation made me ill first, and private suffering now! Well, this world is full of trouble and we must even bear with it. We see men succeed in public, and miserably fail in private, where they seek happiness in vain. God has decreed that no one shall be perfectly happy, and why should I expect it. This is my cross, and I must take it up and follow Thee! Thou great Redeemer of man. I have two brave sons-in-law; I may say three, for John and Minny"—nephew and step-daughter who were married—"are son and daughter to me: but two is my number. Two wives, two daughters, two sons, two victories, and *two deaths*! I died at Coruña, and now the grim old villain approaches again! And I have two of Epaminondas' daughters also, Meeanee and Hydrabad are as good as Leuctra and Mantinea! Now to work.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, April 12.—In the recent campaign the topography was all against Hardinge: a skilful enemy

might have crossed the Sutlege below Ferozepoor with a hundred thousand men, and marched upon Delhi by Sirsa; there is but one road; Hardinge must have gone back upon Delhi by Umballa, a longer road, while the whole country between Ferozepoor and Delhi would have been in arms, for all were ready to rise. All his ammunition would have been thus taken, for he had not a round at head-quarters; had the Sikhs attacked him between the 28th December and 9th February there was not a gun to fire! On the 9th ammunition arrived and he attacked."

Here, without excusing the error which left the army without ammunition in such critical circumstances, it is impossible not to admire the firmness displayed in holding ground without ammunition: such firmness is certainly one of the qualities of a great captain.

"Harry Smith it is said had three dispatches with orders to attack before he did so: so critical were affairs. He then did it well I am told, for of his operations I know nothing; but had he not attacked, or been defeated, the whole of the heavy artillery and ammunition was gone! When Smith was detached, and before he had fought, Gough wanted to storm the Sikh entrenchments at Soobraon. Hardinge refused, saying, when we force them across the river how are we to advance against Lahore without guns? Had the storm taken place the troops would probably have been beaten: two of the assaults were repulsed as it was. Hardinge did not approve of Gough's arrangements and made others, but his orders were not accurately obeyed: they were good I think, as far as they went; but more was required. I would have dismounted the enemy's guns, along the whole line of those entrenchments which were stormed, by running an approach of 500 yards and forming a heavy enfilading battery to smash their guns, leaving only musquetry for our men to face, and that musquetry cooled by our enfilading fire.

"One thing I have from the first openly contradicted,

namely, that the Sikh artillery was superior to ours. I have observed that after nearly every action men who suffered from the enemy's guns and did not see the effect of their own, say, and think, the enemy's artillery is best. All the captured guns I examined, and perhaps half-a-dozen were bigger than ours at Feroshashur; but they were all inferior in make and bore, and in every way to ours: beautiful-looking however and bright, and the sight of them very fine. Their shot are all hammered, not cast; and none of the bores seemed to me perfectly cylindrical, all ill bored, except those we gave to old Runjeet and now retook. As to our *run-down* artillery, I made a point of asking Colonel Mouton, a very clever French officer on the Sikh side of the battle, and he told me the fire of our guns was absolutely crushing: it was not to be borne, *ah! c'était affreux! horrible!* This outrage against the Company's artillery, which is quite equal to the royal artillery, provokes me. I am ready to go into battle to-morrow with 6-pounders against all the Sikh artillery, and they are said to have 200 pieces still. But if we bring up an exhausted field artillery to fight pieces of position, in position, we shall get hammered. We must manœuvre, or else assail entrenchments filled with artillery as if we were attacking a weak front of fortification.

"I had fifty-four pieces of field artillery in high order and well horsed, 6-pounders and 9-pounders; and I felt, and so did they, confident against anything we might meet. Weak as I was in cavalry, had we met the Sikhs we would have settled their position: they should have been left in them till hunger drove them out. However there is no use talking of these things now. I could not talk to, or discuss the matter with Hardinge, he was too much engaged; and besides, I went to listen and learn not to argue: but my belief is that he thinks higher of the Sikh artillery than I do, and he ought to know best. In November last I would have said to the Sikhs—Disband your army! If they did

not, to cross the river and fall upon them should have been the next move: we took the initiative of tongue and not of blows. Mouton told me that the Delhi Gazette made the Sikhs cross the river. It said we were going to attack them. All the Sikhs read it and other papers, and they said, well, as we must fight let us do so on the left bank. Your plan of advancing from our right and Loodiana, and co-operating with, not joining the force at Ferozepoor, was just what I wanted to do, only on the left not the right. I should have been rapidly down on the right of the Sikhs, and thrown my bridge to Hardinge's left, when he might have crossed under protection of my attack, or attacked at the same time.

“My corps was equal to cope with thirty thousand Sikhs, easily fighting, or not, as I pleased. Considering it as a wing of Hardinge's army, my purpose was to throw it forward and cover Scinde from the Mooltan territory, securing the navigation of the river by seizing both banks and then threatening Lahore. Hardinge on the contrary ordered me to Bhawalpoor, whereby he threw my corps—his left wing, out of action, and exposed Scinde to an invasion in my rear; and I have since learned that they were prepared to try that with 10,000 men. But with the right bank in possession of the Sikhs the river was useless: the sick and wounded men could not go down, nor could supplies go up; whereas in our hands I could have supplied Hardinge's army as well as my own by the steamers. I think my plan was the better one; and the moral effect of taking Mooltan—which had secretly sent me an offer to open gates—would have been great. Hardinge might then have taken Lahore and the line of the Ravee, put his troops into cantonment for the hot season, organized all to the south of that river, and deposed the Maharaja. The Ravee should then have swarmed with gun boats and steamers, and posts should have been established. When the Sikhs first entered the river, Ferozepoor was

helpless, and contained immense stores and a large treasure: all would have been lost and the garrison also but for poor Nicholson's presence of mind, and Lall Sing's treachery.

"I am fully prepared for support, or non-support about Outram, having however grown callous almost about these things. Still I think the duke will do me justice; and I think Hardinge does; but he told me he would never shew me what he had written home, though he wished me to see it. I do not understand this. However he gave plenty of reasons to believe he was hostile to the Bombay fellows. My belief is that he is a good honourable fellow, but a little too much given to smoothing down and calming angry spirits; which is not good in extreme cases. What think you has come to my ears, and on the strongest authority—undeniable authority! When the news of Feroshashur reached Bombay they were in terror, and Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Reid senior member of council, sent to Sattara for Outram express; he arrived, and they made a minute, that he was to be despatched directly to the army to get it out of its difficulties, and teach Hardinge and Gough what should be done! Sir George Arthur was absent, but they wrote to him to sign the minute and send Outram off. He asked them if they were mad? and ordered Outram back to Sattara! This is scarcely credible, but the authority is irrefragable, and it is certain Outram came from Sattara at that time. It is certain also that he volunteered to go to head-quarters, and Gough accepted his offer, and seemed quite surprised when Hardinge forbade it. Outram I do believe is mad. His brother cut his own throat.

"Your desiring me to thank Moses amused me, for really he was in my mind when I thought of the great lantern on an elephant for my baggage corps. I may probably thank that old soldier of the deserts in person yet before you can for his lesson: the Sikhs may settle that question next

autumn, and so introduce me to the best general that ever was:—for such I really think Moses was. The Beloochees say my *kismet* is a cubit longer than any man's now alive: they said also when I was ordered to head-quarters, *now all will be settled at once*. Well, news of the peace and my arrival came together, and the whole country believed that my going did it at once; not by cleverness but fortune, fate! Never was a people so thoroughly fatalists. My conviction is that if I rode at a hundred of them armed their notion of my good fortune would make them run away.

“Lord Ripon.—I have received your letter dated 21st November, and frankly own that it has given me great pain. I think your lordship has misapplied a truism: no man, however weak his intellect expects to discharge his public duties without being attacked. There are men who blaspheme against the Deity himself; how then can mortals expect to escape? Your lordship must excuse my saying, that I did not require a lecture on that subject at my time of life; nor has it any bearing whatever on my formal demand for justice against Lieut.-Colonel Outram. I did not complain of attacks made by any ordinary writer in a newspaper; had I done so your lordship's remarks would have applied. But if, as the tone of your letter appears to indicate, I am not to receive protection in the exercise of my functions as a general officer commanding an army from those subordinate to me, my command must necessarily cease and the articles of war become a dead letter. It will then become necessary for general officers to enforce their orders with duelling pistols in their hands. To that state of things does the doctrine contained in your lordship's letter amount, however far from your intention! My nerves are as good as your lordship's, or any other gentleman's to bear the attacks of the press; nor have I shrunk from a '*steady discharge*' of my duties hitherto: but I and every man must

shrink from discharging them if not supported by superior authority.

“It is evident that every soldier under my command has as much right to accuse me of murdering the men of the 78th Regiment as Lieut.-Colonel Outram has. It is not a case which affects Lieut.-Colonel Outram and Major-General Sir Charles Napier alone; it affects the whole Indian army: it is a principle as well as a special case, and one which, if decided against me, will assuredly be a precedent quickly made use of in the army. I assert my perfect innocence of the crime I stand publicly charged with by the Resident of Sattara, and loudly ask for inquiry into every part of my conduct: but this is not the question Lord Ripon. The questions I ask are

“1°. Is Lieut.-Colonel Outram subject to the articles of war, or is he not?

“2°. Is he to disobey orders, and more especially those of the Governor-General of India, directed to him upon this particular case, or is he not?

“3°. Is he to hold the government of Scinde and commander of the forces there up to public scorn as an infamous character? and is he to point me out to the troops, not only as unfit to command them from my ignorance, but as their murderer? Is he, or his he not to do these things?

“4°. Is Lieut.-Colonel Outram to be rewarded for such conduct by being allowed to hold the highest civil appointment which a man of his rank can hold, or is he not? These questions Lord Ripon must be decided. I feel such reliance on the authorities to which I have appealed, that I have waited with great composure for a reply to my formal complaint of Lieut.-Colonel Outram. That a vile faction in Bombay is labouring to protect Lieut.-Colonel Outram I am well persuaded, but this faction cannot affect the high authorities to which I have appealed.

“Your lordship says ‘I am confident that you will not suffer your feelings to lead you to deviate from the instructions and advice which the Governor-General of India has so considerably given to all parties concerned.’ I know not to what your lordship alludes. I want no *instruction*, and no *advice*. I know the rules of the service, which I hope your lordship will allow are open to me as they are to every soldier in the army? Those rules say, that when a soldier has a grievance he is to apply to the constituted authorities, who will decide. I am a soldier; I have a grievance; I have applied for redress to the proper authorities; and I hope they will give me redress. I have remained many months perfectly passive; I have said nothing, done nothing, written nothing; unless your lordship puts faith in the lying editors of the Indian newspapers, who say, or did say, that I was writing my defence in the *Kurrachee Advertiser*: I cannot imagine that your lordship would believe anything so false; especially as I put a contradiction of the malicious report in the newspapers and signed it.

“Your lordship alludes to my brother’s *controversy* with Lieut.-Colonel Outram. With that I have nothing to do. Had Lieut.-Colonel Outram defended his conduct as a political agent in Scinde, and in so doing attacked my conduct as his chief, he was quite welcome. I have neither right, nor power, nor wish to silence any man who defends his conduct; but his letter, which is the subject of my formal complaint, makes no attempt at any defence of his conduct; nor does it touch on that period! It is merely a concatenation of accusations against me on matters with which he has not the slightest concern, and which have no more to say to the conquest of Scinde, or Lieut.-Colonel Outram, than to North America. No! my lord, I have no *controversy* with Lieut.-Colonel Outram; and I protest against being made answerable for what my brother publishes, unless where my name is appended; in which case I consider that I am re-

sponsible whether intended for publication or not : my brother is both able and willing to defend himself, and the truth. I shall now close this letter by saying, that if I have written warmly my excuse is that I feel deeply wounded at what appears to me the tone of your lordship's letter : a desire to smooth over such conduct in Lieut.-Colonel Outram as I believe was never before ventured upon towards a general officer."

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

FIFTH PERIOD.

DURING the fruitless journey to Lahore, Scindian government business had accumulated, and now pressed heavily upon the governor in his weakened bodily health. The unsettled condition of the Punjaub also kept his attention awake, and his letters throw new lights upon the recent campaign. They furnish also lessons of war for those who have wit to comprehend:—speaking most forcibly to great generals.

“Journal, April 25th.—Such work as I have! Well, I am paid for it, so no grumbling. The Punjaub begins to shew signs of being scotched not killed, and much my fear is of being again trotted up there. I cannot go through it; I have already worked myself to death’s door for those wretches the directors, the secret committee, and drivelling Ripon. The last has been the personification of unqualified evil to me, and I could cut my hand off for having written kindly to him, and say with Cranmer—this unworthy right hand! But I did not sign a falsehood as the old bishop did; I felt at the time that I forgave him, and more fool was I for doing so: never forgive or trust an idiot.

“April 26th.—The following note was made at Lahore, after having agreed with Sir Henry Hardinge as to the propriety of occupying Lahore when he asked my opinion on that point, which was opposed by people about him.

“1°. The occupation of Lahore will be called an adoption of the subsidiary system, so justly reprobated; but in fact it can hardly be so called with justice, for it will not be to

enable a government to oppress a people, but the reverse : it is to rescue a government from the military tyranny of the Lahore prætorian guards !

“ 2° It is to prevent another conflict with the British government.

“ 3°. After all I have heard and seen, I must doubt whether this army could continue hostilities. We want to gain time for re-organizing this most ill-disciplined army. In its present state it is not fit to continue in the field.

“ 4°. The moral effect of occupying Lahore will be very great in all the countries around ; it will appear as a sign of strength, though its real cause is our weakness, which makes us unable to face a protracted war—a war which requires 40,000 good troops, and resources for meeting the losses which battle and sickness will occasion, especially amongst the European troops.

“ 5°. The only sound objection to this occupation is the difficulty of the operation. In case of a general rising in the Punjaub it would be difficult to support the force at Lahore. The Sikhs are said to be well furnished with guns, and their loss of men has been but a fleabite : they have not lost 10,000 out of 300,000. Then Goolab Sing, who hates us and is the most astute rascal on the face of God’s earth, may change sides and attack us ! The garrison therefore ought to be 10,000 men.

“ May 9, M. Genl. W. Napier.—Had war gone forward, pretty nearly what you conjectured would have been my course ; only instead of the Bhawalpoor cavalry protecting my right flank in moving on Mooltan, Jacob’s horse and Fitzgerald’s camel corps would have been there, for the auxiliary native troops could not have been trusted with any important operation. The Nawab is friendly, all others in Bhawalpoor are hostile : this I discovered on my way up. Between ourselves, a great man in Bhawalpoor was in my pocket, and would have obeyed my secret orders : in fact the campaign was in my hands, as far as man can know

these things; but if Fortune takes offence she will make a straw ruin an army. I indeed left no stone unturned to carry Mooltan by force, acting as if a French marshal was in it, but I am sure there would have been no trouble; probably I should have marched, with the Nizam of Mooltan as an auxiliary, against Lahore, as hard as our legs could have carried us. That is to say, if Sir Henry's plan tended to that point, but he never communicated anything to me, nor could I discover what his plan was, or whether he intended to cherish or crush Mooltan.

“My preparations were made to meet any order, and to the extent of my power force of all kinds was ready. Astounded by the inactivity of the main army after Feroshashur I knew not what was going to happen, and never had a line from Hardinge till the 6th of February, except a message through Sir George Arthur, to say he had received orders to reinforce me. Then my resolve was, in case of disaster in the north, to hold Mooltan and Bhawalpoor, trusting to the Belooch Chiefs of Scinde and to Bombay; meanwhile raising all the peasants along the Indus north of my left flank, and compelling Ali Moorad to stay in my camp. I am sure of Scinde, our own regiments were not more keen to fight the Sikhs than my Belooch battalions. For several days I was in doubt whether I could venture on so great a game to aid our main body in distress; or whether to fall back on Scinde, sure of defending it against all comers. In the last case the whole population of both banks of the Sutlege, and of the Ravee, would have poured down on Hardinge and Gough, which decided me to stand fast, or if needs were to advance, but not to go back. My army was a manœuvring one, my confidence in it was great, and my intent was to make my whole march from Sukkur to the banks of the Sutlege a drill as well as a serious operation. All knew this and expected it, and were eager for it, except the Bengal troops with me; but the right spirit could have been infused into them in three days, for they

can be made anything of : they are good in themselves but not well taught.

“You say. ‘But when the Punjaub is conquered?’ Now my mind has long since been made up on that subject. It will be an arduous job, and nothing could induce me to undertake the government of it but Lord Ellenborough being governor-general. I have exhausted myself on Scinde; and what has enabled me to govern it in peace? the power Lord Ellenborough gave me, and which now daily dries up! I cannot get a letter answered, and all things are in arrears. Do not mention this as it would look like complaining of Hardinge, who has himself had too much to do, and it will come all right now I dare say. The Punjaub will require immense exertions, and not to be ruled by me when a volume of correspondence is imposed on the appointment of every constable. All you tell me about the battles I know from Hardinge; and know also what the man must go through who attempts to put things right where all is bad: the staff rule, not the general. A new man will have them all against him, and also all the luxurious, and all the idle. To do the work would require such thorough support as could hardly be expected by me, for the best men view matters differently.

“As to Lord Ripon I did not answer him till I was cool and able to write temperately. Another maudlin letter has come from him; he will have an answer in the same tone, and will grow tired or angry as he pleases: my pen is as good as his, or it must be as bad as his speeches. He tells me of his having praised me on the vote of thanks for the Sutlege battles, and I suppose fancies me to be flattered. I will keep in temper if I can with all, hit my enemies as hard as possible without giving any public hold upon me by the least intemperance, and by success try to keep public opinion on my side; though I know that public is utterly indifferent whether I am shot, hanged, or traduced, or made a peer of. And just as indifferent am I to its opinion. I

fear Sir G. Arthur is very ill; which grieves me, for half his faults spring from timidity.

“The same, 17th May.—You have had my plan of intended movements. One day only I gave for crushing Mittenkote, the fleet of boats was to unite my columns on each bank, and my design was to make the most rapid march possible from Charchur, opposite Mitten, to Atuk on the Sutlege, so as to cross that river before the Mooltan man knew what we were at. Moreover there was a man in my hand there also, and I well knew Mooltan was mine in so many marches. Still my march was to be in one column, excluding Ali Moorad; he would have weakened me, as his people would have plundered the Bhawalpoor country, and the two chiefs would have been fighting before I made two marches.

“I not only could have had Mooltan, but been in full march before any one expected it; either along the Sutlege or the Ravee, or on Lahore, just as Hardinge pleased. And most probably, I will say certainly, I would have raised the population in our favour all along the Indus to Dera Ishmael Khan. Yes William, I would have struck a powerful blow for Hardinge, had he been either embarrassed or victorious. Had he chosen to conquer all he has, and added Mooltan, taking the line of the Ravee, we could have worked in the field up to this very day, and given the Punjaubees such a rasping as would have left no doubt how matters stood. We could have occupied Mooltan safely, for with many inquiries I find that it is healthy; and as Ali Acbar said to me— ‘When did you see a sick or feeble man from Mooltan?’

“We could have had the line of the Ravee at least. But I am afraid to say what I think. First, it would look like a desire to censure Hardinge, whom I love, for he is a noble fellow. Second, it would look as if my wish was to get Gough’s place, which would be false: he also is a noble fellow, but he owes Hardinge a debt of which he is not aware. Third, it would appear boastful; but to you I say

that until at Lahore I had no idea of how much could have been done. Yet will I also say, that taking all things into consideration, the bad state of the army, the want of discipline, mass of baggage &c. Hardinge could not have done more. His long absence from all military work made him I am sure feel unable to take full command: he felt he had, and he has, the great principles of war all right, but not the details, which spring from practice and are required to do good work: there is no Aladdin's lamp for discipline. My hand was in, and I had the Bombay troops, European troops, irregular troops, and many active Bengal officers, with whom I would have worked rapid reform of the Bengalees as we moved, and, I do think, have done more than has been done.

"Plan there has been none, for Hardinge kept me dark, which assures me he had no plan. Yes! we could have worked in the field to this 17th day of May, or say the first of May: all February, all March, all April was in our hands, and had things been previously right all January, and a good week in December. We ought to have had Lahore, and more than we now have on the 1st of January. But science and thought in war I see is nonsense—all is fate. Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, Wellington were just lucky men; skilful, but without the luck their skill would have served them nothing. Well, all is victorious! grand! Admirable! a lot of noble fellows are dead, but England is satisfied: Waterloo is reacted. George disagreed with Bunbury I am told, and says, 'Oh! all will be victorious.' So it is, and therefore I say science and study are all nonsense, foresight a humbug, for there is an unseen power at work that laughs us all to scorn. That power has decided that our India is yet to rise, and the more we blunder the greater shall we be: in a hundred years we shall have our stations on the Helmund and the Oxus.

"I had collected camels and everything wanted with great labour and rapidity, and was on the eve of having my whole force united at Boree when I got the order to go to

Ferozepoor, which half killed me ; hardly could I speak without tears ; I did not think anything could have so floored me ; and my work has been enough to kill a horse. Sir G. Arthur behaved right well, though his government did not ; and from Lord Ripon's speech it is clear Arthur took credit for it : he was right. He has indeed always supported me in war, and I will always feel obliged to him ; yet I cannot trust him, because, the moment Lord Ellenborough went he showed the cloven foot.

“ You ask me for the history of the Sikh artillery ? It is this. A gun is a god, and the men are ready to die at their guns ; our people killed them there. The god won't run away, nor will his worshippers run away from him ; but the infantry do run away, and so the gunners are killed and the guns taken. The first man wounded has his blood smeared over the god, and the last man is therefore more desperate, more devoted than the first. This accounts for so many guns being taken, but our artillery was worth a dozen of theirs notwithstanding. Much as I am disappointed with the Bengal army the material is noble, it is folly which has hurt them ; they seem as if always commanded by a staff, not by a general-in-chief. Lord Ripon wrote to me thus, *The Court of Directors had views of their own*. My answer was, *So have I, so had the Council of Ten at Venice when they murdered their successful Condottieri, Carmagnole*. He won't like this, but he may get plainer language. I care for nobody but Lord Ellenborough — at this moment the little chap, Charlie MacMurdo, came to my elbow, as much as to say, *I am somebody*.”

Now came the most terrible scene of his whole life, a scene of unmitigated horror and terror and anguish, from which thousands fled in wild desperation to perish miserably as the thousands they left behind had perished while they were flying. In this dreadful crisis Charles Napier rose with even more than his usual moral greatness, and shewed himself indeed a man fitted for command in every difficulty

and danger whatever form they took. Here the form was cholera, and sixty thousand persons perished! Amidst this pestilence he strove night and day, preserving order, giving comfort to the dying, and courage to all.

“ M. Genl. W. Napier, June 19.—Our misfortune has indeed been very terrible. The cholera had raged among the natives for some weeks, and in the night of the 14th inst. struck the Europeans; except on the deck of the *Zenobia* the like of the 86th hospital could not be paralleled! It then attacked the 60th; then the Bombay Europeans; then the native regiments; and from the 14th until yesterday raged with a horrible vehemence: had it lasted three days more our whole station must have been destroyed. Cooks, butchers, bakers, all died or fled, and the country is said to be strewed with carcasses: terror prevented fugitives from recollecting that they would have neither water nor aid, nor shelter from the fierce sun which now rages in all its power; but the disease must be with them, and to fall and die are the same thing. The confusion has been so great that I am unable yet to collect all the returns, even of the Europeans, but my fear is that upwards of 400 of my noblest soldiers have fallen victims to this mysterious disease. Seven or eight officers have been ill, but one only has died: it attacked the finest and the strongest men.

“ My first step was to separate the regiments as quickly as my deficiency of carriage enabled me, but nothing stopped the progress of the disease during the first three days; after that, in the night of the 17th, its virulence seemed mitigated. On the 18th, the character of the disease became infinitely milder, and this day not above 12 or 15 soldiers have died, and the medical men expect that to-morrow it will have wholly passed away. This strange disease defies reflection. In some it appeared by violent convulsions, dreadful to behold; in others all was calmness, they came into hospital placid and silent, and not one of these quiet ones lived many hours: the cries of the others were very painful to hear.

“I believe a doctrine obtains among medical men that water is bad in cholera. This appears to be a great error; some of the most violent cases appeared to give way to repeated draughts of cold water: at first this was thrown up, but after two or three times remained on the stomach and the patient recovered. All were calling for water, and especially soda-water, of which thousands and thousands of bottles were drunk. I greatly encouraged the surgeons to give water, because, seeing death was inevitable I thought it cruel to add intense thirst. And by a strange accident I had happened to see, on the very morning before the disease broke out, an advertisement as to the beneficial effects of cold water: the description was exactly what I observed in the hospital and I am persuaded that the remedy is right. The summer is hot beyond anything we have had since we occupied Scinde.

“Tell Henry his letter of rage at my not being made a peer reached me. I am not the least in a rage at it; but see now what value to put upon the hypocritical fine speeches made about me in Parliament. The not noticing my appeal against Outram is another question; the Government has a right to its own judgment in advising the Queen to bestow honours, but has no right to refuse me justice.”

“P.S. by his daughter. Papa is working himself to death. Ever since this dreadful cholera broke out, he has been twice a day round the hospitals; but he has done so much good, for it cheers the poor men so seeing him among them. Except fatigue from this over-exertion and anxiety he is in his usual health, and the rest of us are well, though we have been in great anxiety about John’s poor little girl, who is however to-day pronounced out of danger. Her recovery has been something wonderful. She seemed at the point of death, and father and mother had said good-bye to her for ever. We are happy, and in spirits again at this happy recovery, and the cholera is abated, so we are getting all as usual again. The nights are very oppressive and hot, but the days

pretty cool, and when the monsoon sets in we shall have nothing I hope to complain of."

This hopeful anticipation was soon stifled under a fearful load of misery. Meanwhile, 7000 persons in the town, more than a third; and above 50,000 outside had died. It was indeed a terrible visitation, yet one that would have been much alleviated if his urgent repeated solicitations for leave to bring the Mullaree river to the town had been attended to! It was an afflicting retrospect.

"June 30th.—The horrors of the cholera are not yet over; one hundred and twenty died in the town yesterday, and food has become scarce, for all the neighbouring people fled with their cattle. It is said to be travelling towards Europe; if it reaches you tell your doctors that cold water is the best remedy, if anything be a remedy. At first a few recovered under this treatment; then perhaps half. It is not perhaps a remedy, but nature craves it, and the idea that it does harm is erroneous. Several men who have recovered told me the water did it; to add the horrors of thirst to those of death in pain, or rather agonies, is dreadful. Happily we have a soda-water manufactory here, and I imagine not less than 40,000 bottles were drunk in the week.

"I do not pretend to say I am not chagrined at being a marked man by the government. This has been made evident from nothing having been done for any of my staff in the hill campaign, which would not have been the case under any other general. Then I have no answer about Outram. As to rewards, I can only act as I have always professed; those who are to receive them are not the men to dictate what they shall be. Hardinge and Gough are both my seniors. It is true that Smith is only a colonel and is made a baronet: this is very marked; why I know not, nor do I care. I have worked, and do work from motives of honour and right feeling, and because I love work: if they for whom I work have not the same right feeling I cannot help it. To me however, it is not half so bad as their

breaking through all their own rules to make Colonel England a K.C.B., leaving you and others unnoticed! Yet I would not exchange my campaign and your history of it, for that of the Sutlege when history begins to dissect it.

"I cannot under any affront or even insult resign till after the monsoon; for if I did, be assured they would appoint Outram, who would find his way here by Guzerat and Cutch, to lord it over me before my family could be got off. No! Nothing shall make me resign till the post is open. Outram and Lord Ripon! There never was a man so easily gulled as I, by a fellow assuming generosity of feeling towards me. Lord Ripon is not a rascal by nature, but is so weak of intellect that rascals do what they please with him, and make him act like one of themselves. By the end of the monsoon I shall see more of the plans of my enemies at Bombay, who rule Lord Ripon: one is going to his fathers, Sir Arthur—I forgive him his sins. The doctors think I have asthma; perhaps it is, or water on the chest: neither are entertaining, yet one *pants* after both!

"I know not if it was wise, but I told Hardinge that in his position I would seize the whole Punjaub this winter: there can be no Sikh government, it is humbug to suppose it. We take all their money and pretend to set them up! Why their money was their only strength! If this game was played to get out of a scrape it was right to set up a Maharaja; but when the troops are withdrawn from Lahore the game of moderation will end and that of annexation begin. The hypocrisy of calling it 'moderation' cannot long be concealed; it was a trap, a trick to get out of the well, and if Hardinge does not take the Punjaub next winter he will commit an error: if he does, where is our moderation? I really wish they would restore the Ameers: it would give a lesson. I see Hume proposes it: I suppose he wants a Sikh loan! Cholera fast abating, thank God!"

Now the blow came home.

"July 8th. A man must go through what he is born for,

but sometimes it is very hard. I thought my large family could not all escape, and my boy John has fallen ! He was struck by cholera about three o'clock yesterday as we were sitting down to dinner, and at ten he no longer existed ! I have seen many die, but not one in such dreadful agonies until half an hour before dissolution when he became tranquil, and then expired ! My heart is almost broken William : it was crushed a good deal before, and I have now to tell his wife, who I would not tell last night ; neither she nor her mother yet know it : she begged not to be told anything last night, for she is on the eve of child-birth : if she dies ! Well, I am unable to write.

“ Were it not for the sake of others it would be hard for me to bear up against this storm, but my strength and health seem able for it, God send that my wife's may : it will if Minney gets through safely, if not she will scarcely bear the misery. The poor little child's illness has worn my wife out. For many weeks she wholly attended it ; the child loved her and did not like its parents, would not go to them. The day before yesterday John and I laid this little child in its grave ; to-day I shall lay him there ! It is a fearful dream. He was working with us all yesterday morning in the office, and in a few hours was gone ! What is death in battle to this ? His brother William is sadly cut up ; it is his first great grief : the sight was terrible in the hospitals, but to see John die tried the nerves. Your's and Henry's letters have come, but I fear being unable to answer them this mail : four days of business have accumulated, for I could not go through all my work in those terrible days. Heavy depression hangs on me, but I must not let the work I am paid for executing be neglected. Dear brother we all have our distresses.

“ Journal, July 9th.—I have lost my journal from 26th April, and since then nothing but great suffering has been my fate. John's first illness ; then his child's ; and then the terrible cholera which swept off my soldiers ; and, oh

God ! its last blow struck down my beloved nephew after he and I had laid his child in its grave. I laid him by her side ; he who from his infancy I had saved and cherished, and whom I so loved. Merciful God, how heavily the hand of the evil spirit strikes ! but we go to Thee and the struggle ends ! My time cannot be very distant. I have no wish to hasten it ; and my whole mind is bent to correct myself and be indifferent about worldly happiness, which is out of my reach : hopeless to me !

“ They have marked me also as a public man. There are Hardinge’s letters calling me up from Roree to his headquarters, because things were in danger and he thought I was the man to pull them through. I am not so vain as to think they had no other ; but they thought so, and the army thought so, and I have the governor-general’s letter saying so. The government at home have of course copies, for the letters are official, and yet they have made Gough a baron, Smith a baronet and grand cross, though but a colonel, and for one victory ! To say this is insulting me would scarcely be too strong in the opinion of the world ; but a man who won two great victories, saved an army, conquered a rich kingdom, and tamed eighteen thousand robbers who had before repeatedly defeated our troops and disgraced our arms ; he who has tranquillized and organized the government of Scinde successfully, ruling it also successfully for three years and a half, might surely expect to be noticed : —might expect to have equal honours with a colonel whose one victory was preceded by some disaster ; or with the man whom he was called up to supersede in command.

“ I care nothing for a peerage ; but talking as it were, *gossip*, I have a better right to a peerage than one, and to a baronetcy—which I would not accept—than the other ! But all these things must become history, and noodle Ripon’s ‘ *campaign without an error*,’ his phrase in the house, will be found one huge error. How I run on with this nonsense, but anything to divert my mind from misery. There is no

doubt that had I been summoned in time I should have been detached instead of Harry Smith, who is a good-hearted brave fellow, and it gladdens me that he has been rewarded, for he was the only man that acted with any science and skill as a general officer. Had I been in his place I would, after Aliwal, have crossed the river, pursued the enemy a mile or two, then wheeled to my left and marched rapidly along the right bank of the Sutlege upon the permanent camp at Sobraon, opposite the entrenched camp of the Sikhs on the other side. The moment they perceived the head of my column, about the 4th day after the battle, they would, if not before, have begun to evacuate their entrenchments at Sobraon. No military man needs a further explanation: the whole game would have been in our hands. That done I would have marched straight on Lahore, and in three days been before it, leaving Gough to take care of my rear: there was a great game, but it was not played."

Those who have seen and those who have pictured to themselves the state, the luxury and pomp of eastern governors, will be surprised, perhaps disgusted with the commencement of the following letter, shewing with what simplicity of living, and even discomfort for the ruler, a people may be well governed.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, July 24.—Your letters found me not only in great distress but with more business than usual; and less means, for government-house not being finished I have no room. Poor Minny and her child are in our bedroom, which was also our parlour. We sleep in our hall, and in this climate the doors are only Venetian blinds, so that we might as well be all in one room: this when there is much to do is a serious interruption; but a fresh room will soon be ready and clear me of this pressure. Minny and her little girl are well, but I am uneasy about William: he seems well, but is so thin, so cast down about his brother's death, and always having himself some fever, that my anxiety is considerable. I am indeed in the midst of gloom,

like one on a high mountain with clouds around his head. John gone, his widow and child on my hands; William delicate, Susan not free from fever.

“All kindness is experienced from Hardinge, but he gives me no answer to letters of great importance. I am sure he leaves all to the civilians, and they, out of spite, won't answer: it looks at least very like it. Shere Mohamed, the Lion, has sent ambassadors to me, offering his sword; I have referred him to the governor-general. I will take no more abuse for the sake of the Ameers, let the directors please themselves. I have had a letter from Lord E. which shows me how angry he is: one of his expressions is stronger than I can copy, fearing my letter may *miss*:—but he continues thus. ‘No man who knows anything at all of military affairs would hesitate to place your campaign in the hills, last year, far above all that has been done by generals on the Sutlege, and to award you the superiority without reference to Meeanee or Hydrabad.’ He is true as steel in his feelings towards me, but is trying to avoid any collision on personal grounds, whether relating to me or himself, as he thinks at this moment the welfare of the country is being sacrificed to base feelings. He assures me he shall be delighted to quit office, being prevented from acting with justice towards the navy, which he terms ‘a justly-dissatisfied service.’ The only benefit he has conferred on the navy has been his impartial administration of patronage, which may render a return ‘to the old system of jobbing somewhat difficult for a successor.’ His successors have exposed that error!

“From Lord Ripon a retiring letter of excuses has come, in answer to my charge against him. However I won't quarrel. A strong hitter can make his friend's nose bleed though he has the gloves on! Peerages are now won by a concatenation of blunders, and all England proclaims by acclamation that *no blunder was committed!* Even the bitterness of whig hostility cannot discover errors washed down by huge draughts of blood unnecessarily shed! It cannot

therefore be disputed that John Bull enjoys a massacre: he prefers even a Cabool carnage to a bloodless day's work. There is no distinction made between the private and the commander. They call these late battles '*splendid victories.*' Splendid displays of European courage if you will, which carried the general through. Splendid indeed!

"I shall send you or Lord Ellenborough, this mail, a statement in opposition to that laid before parliament about the cost of Scinde. One of my great outlays has been that of thoroughly cleansing the canals. This has hitherto been done by the kardars at a wild cheating rate, to which no check could be put. Now, from the first I have been forming a canal department; it has cost much pains and money, but has taken surveys and levels all over Scinde for the thorough organization of canals and irrigation of the land. In October it will take the whole of the canals out of the hands of the kardars, who are the natives employed in each district to do everything relative to revenue. Hitherto the Indus has created and destroyed the harvests at its caprice. In June and July the country is one great expanse of water, and the grain shoots up like magic; suddenly down goes the river and all is parched up by the terrible sun. The grain bears this for some time, the earth holding moisture, and if a second rise of water comes grows rich and heavy: but if the river does not rise in time, or enough, or perhaps not at all, the crop perishes altogether.

"Now with our system of sluices, all the great feeders will become long tanks, plentifully supplying the grain by little field drains till ripe, when the sluices will be opened and the canals cleaned out. The water spreads now wildly over the whole surface of the land, and where that happens to be a low level it lies until the sun of August and September dries up the swamp; then a rich mixed vegetation of grain and weeds springs up with a full crop of fever! The people think I am going to starve them in such parts, but will soon find out that they have a command of water

and little fever. In the higher grounds, where they now cannot keep the water, or do not get it at all, they see the good of the new plan; and that, if water cannot be brought upon their ground direct, it will still be brought so close that by means of the Persian wheels they can get plenty. I thus hope next year to see the first action, the A B C, of my sluice system begun, and in ten or twenty years it will be thoroughly understood, and make Scinde a vast farm for cotton, indigo and wheat, with various other grains, and timber also. I defy any man to doubt the riches of an alluvial soil with a hot sun, and good scientific irrigation."

It was part of the directors and the Bombay schemes to represent Scinde, in 1846, as a waste of sand, a dead weight on Indian revenue. Now, in 1856, they are as loud in calling for railroads, on the ground of the wonderful natural riches and advantages of Scinde!

"We want people and agricultural schools, but I can get no answers to letters. For two years have I tried to get an answer confirming or abolishing my treaty with Ali Moorad, and I still remain without even a notice! The officers of the irregular corps do not appear in the Gazette, and therefore are forced to draw their pay on account. I have not less than seventy thousand pounds of what is called '*inefficient balance*' in my treasury, i. e. money advanced to people, or for other things, by order of government but without regular sanction. The sanction comes indeed at last, but with procrastination, which keeps the accounts open and the people discontented and inconvenienced. You see how many ways the civil servants and the inimical military departments have of winging, or rather disabling me, for that is the only worry it gives. Hardinge is not vigorous enough to prevent this: Ellenborough did. If I made a fight, the result would be that Hardinge and myself would be overwhelmed with an enormous correspondence—some two or three quires of paper from each department. Then every department is in close connection with three or four

others, and all would unite to prove they were all quite right ; and after two or three years of hard work, Hardinge would be quite convinced that I was very zealous, very ill-judging, and very ill-informed.

“ This I cannot face, and so limp on with the government, compelled to submit to the intangible hostility of civil and military departments working in coteries. I have once or twice gained my points, but the game is not worth the candle, especially as that candle is my strength, my life. Wherever it relates to justice for individuals, or bodies, I am stiff and gnarled as an old tree ; but where it regards government only I let things go their own gait : the public loses, but it is not my fault. In short I am unable to carry on a contest of this nature : had I even bodily strength it would compel me to abandon things of far more consequence ; and as I will not sacrifice primary to secondary matters the latter must take their chance. There is but one thing to be done, *‘ faire ce qu’il faut, arrive ce qu’il pourra. ’* Time will probably put all to rights : if it does not a clear conscience remains.

“ That I imagine does not belong to Captain Jacob. I have heard that an officer at Hyderabad has had Outram’s book for three weeks, though it has not yet publicly reached Scinde, and none of my friends have been able to get sight of it ; the owner meantime lending it to a coterie to read, of course to form a party against me. Jacob is the man I have strong reason to believe, yet I will not judge till I know that he was the man. If it be so he is a grateful gentleman. I have done more for him than for any man in the Scinde army. I shall however take no notice of him if he is the person ; I will not make a partizan business of my affair with Outram while governor of Scinde, and commanding the troops, or I should be unfit for command. I believe that if Brown Dr. Gibbon and Stanley, be excepted, there is not one of the political set I *found* at Sukkur who is not my secret enemy. Fitzgerald belonged then to the Scinde

Horse, but I believe him to be as true and honest as possible”
—he was so.

“Time cannot be expended on these worries, though, as Montagu McMurdo says, it vexes one to find a man turn out so ungrateful. There are plenty of such sort of traitors about me—*plenty too much* as the natives say:—be it so, it will not shake me. There are some honest and true gentlemen whom I can trust, a man cannot expect more; and he who has no concealments can defy spies, boards of control, courts of directors, and all such-like. If I can hold Scinde with tranquillity during 1847, and then give over my government my work will be honestly done, and I shall have given England more than I ever took from her. Without this wind-up my account ought not to close: it is the proof of a sum in addition by cutting off the top line. A feeling of doing honest service, and justice to my own reputation demand this arrangement, and my health will bear one more hot season here. People say that I have remained here too long for health, but my strength is best known to myself, and another summer I will risk, though two would be too much; they judge from my extreme weakness, forgetting that it was caused by the accursed journey to Lahore, to mortification and dysentery combined: these would have killed half the men of my age in India! My hope is for a quiet winter, but if there be war I shall insist on being at the head of the Scinde troops, or at the head of the Indian army: I will not be second, except to the governor-general, who I know must depend on me.

“I have just gotten our accounts in for 1845-6, ending last April. We have realised thirty-one lacs and some odd thousands. Our increase is apparently very regular. The first year the revenue was at the rate of 18 lacs, for we did not commence collection until June. The next year, with quiet and more experience, gave 27 lacs; this year we have five lacs more, and last month we realised three lacs, or 36

for the year. The collectors think it will increase to 100 lacs in a few years. Scinde is a rich conquest.

“My system of ruling does not suit the directors. They are so sick of me that I mean to ask the Queen’s leave to take the name of *Ipecacuanha Napier*, and then publish a book of my government, with a frontispiece showing the board of control and directors all vomiting: a bottle of physic shall be on the table, and their names over their heads, Ripon’s first, but as Astell is *the ‘most obstinate man in England,’* his medicine shall have a double action. My corrections of the statements made in parliament about our revenue will go off by this mail. I shall send it to Lord Ellenborough and Lord Ripon, and I see no reason why it should not be made public, but do not know the law about contradicting parliamentary papers. My wish is to have my correspondence with Lord Ripon moved for in the house.”

Lord Ripon stifled the corrections and the false statements were adopted!

“I read my Bible like other virtuous men, and take advice; and I wish Joe Hume plenary success, and that the Ameers may be restored, and our troops withdrawn as he desires: in one month anarchy would be at its height; or say one year, for it is unsafe to prophecy in these things, the poor bear so much and so long before they resist. But the poor of Scinde have now justice, work, high wages; the rich have all they had, and more, for they can now keep their riches; the merchants have security: all have gained by the vast diminution of taxation, and twenty-thousand soldiers spend money amongst them. Let the Ameers be restored and the poor will get plenty of work but no wages, no justice; the rich will be plundered to form a fresh treasury; every chief will then be at the mercy of some Ameer to turn him out of his jaghire; the Hindoo merchants will be squeezed, and all the old heavy taxes will be put on again: all this will end in throat-cutting by the people, who

are expert and like the amusement when safely to be practised. Lord Ripon has not perhaps received the balance sheet from me, but he has one from Calcutta, or may have it: however he shall have it. I never wanted him to take my calculations, the public clerks calculate; but where has he found those received from me erroneous? As you say, he probably takes Outram's calculations.

“ From Shere Mohamed's vakeels, when they came to offer me his sword, I got much information. Five princes of the Talpoor house fell at Dubba, with an immense number of minor chiefs. The Ameer himself was close to the village, and the crowds we saw at first, hurrying to their right, were the chiefs with their followers hastening to receive their last orders from him. From the vakeel's account their numbers were very great. The Lion was eight coss, or about twelve miles, from Meeanee when a messenger from the other Ameers told him of the defeat: he had then 12,000 men, and Wullee Chandia had 10,000 on my rear, ten miles off. History will detect no exaggeration in my dispatches, but the reverse. On the 18th I should not have had less than 60,000 enemies in my front. I should however have defeated them all on the position they occupied; for it was contracted, and they could not have engaged more than they did at once: but had Shere Mohamed passed their flank and pushed on through the woods to join Wullee Chandia they would have defeated me, or obliged us to fall back on the Indus without fighting a battle.

“ We might have made good a retreat, but I doubt it; my troops were too young to bear retreating under fire. I could do it now perhaps, being better used to my work and known to the troops. But all this is imagination, science in war is nonsensical, bull-dogs are at a premium! The great thing is to halt two months on the field of battle after a victory, within forty miles of your enemy's capital; then to let him cross a river under your nose and entrench; then lose two thousand men in storming those entrenchments;

taking care meanwhile to have no ammunition in your camp to resist an attack, thus seeking an opportunity for displaying the power of the bayonet! It is disgusting to see a campaign of unsurpassable errors praised to the skies as faultless—errors also, resulting in enormous carnage.

“ Henry Napier, August 3.—This summer has been to me one of great misery privately, and disappointment publicly—about the campaign, not the peerage. The journey to Lahore and back was very severe: and during the cholera I went through the hospitals twice a day, speaking to every man. There were seven hospitals, some two miles asunder, and the nearest two thousand yards from my house. This in such great heat, and being myself weak in health, was trying. And then, when all appeared safe my dear boy was struck down! And Henry!—of all the terrible deaths of agony I witnessed his was the most terrible: I trust his father will not know this. The last half hour he grew quite calm and stupified, and even slept, and my foolish hopes rose, and we hung over him watching his breathing. Merciful God! but this cholera tries the nerves of the heart! In this small place, where altogether we are but a handful of Europeans and natives seven thousand have died. I have lost 800 soldiers, and we are the portion most cared for—having hospitals, able doctors, every comfort, every attendance. One and all cried out as they died, Oh that it were in battle! This was the prevailing feeling. A dying Belooch said to me, Oh general if we were dying in battle with you we should be happy! but to die thus! And how light it would have been to me, comparatively, had my dear boy been smashed by a cannon shot. The mind and heart and nerves all sink under these pestilential slaughters.

“ When trying to cheer up the dying men my looks were as if I felt the confidence my words expressed, but hardly could I keep from tears. There were three carts with four horses plying constantly to carry away dead bodies, heaped, with their legs stiff sticking out—and then the burial

ground! It was shocking to all, and to me who had a wife and eight young ones! I am thankful that but one fell!

“On the 6th day John went with me to see a sick soldier of my escort, who has been with me from my arrival in Scinde, and whose horse was killed close to me at Meeanee. Poor Bandehi was in his agony, and when my dear boy and I left him we were very low, and John had the day before lost his child: next evening he too was gone! The evil spirit hits hard!

“Augst.—Outram’s book is come. I have not read it, but William”—his nephew—“tells me it is full of egregious lies and misrepresentations, and dull as ditch-water. Poor charlatan! By the stress he lays on my not speaking Hindostanee, and ‘*the language*,’ one would imagine Outram was an adept: he cannot speak a word of Persian, nor of Scindee, nor of the Beloochee language. He could never pass even in the common Hindostanee, in which he can only just make himself understood: that he cannot write English every one knows. I shall contradict a statement which William tells me he makes, about my not telling Lord Ellenborough of the territory along the left bank of the Indus when the dispute with the Ameers was going on; it is a sample of his work and the public may thus judge of the rest—my ‘*sacking Hydrabad*’ is capital.

“From the supreme government we get no answers to anything, and the complaint is general; but I say nothing, being afraid of the imputations of jealousy at the ‘*glories of the splendid victories*.’ Jealous of the generalship on the Sutlege! Jesus of Nazareth! Your plan of campaign never reached me before”—See Administration of Scinde. “It is exactly what should have been done, and the not doing it would have lost India, had the Sikhs had a soldier at their head, instead of a traitor and fool like Lall Sing: but British soldiers will fight through anything within the bounds of possibility in these countries.

“I have told Hardinge frankly he ought to take the Pun-

jaub this season : it is necessary for our own glory, for the interests of India, and for humanity. Whether he is angry or not I do not know ; he told me I had changed, having before said the Sutlege was the best boundary—Yes ! a year ago. It was so then, but why ? Because you have the Nizam with six millions of discontented subjects, and the King of Oude with three or four millions ; and God knows how many others within your territory : wherefore you should get your farm in a ring fence before going to the Indus. But I added—‘ you must have war with the Sikhs, for either they or your own treasury will force you into it very soon. Now my Lord you have been, as I said you would be, forced into a war, and you have won four battles : why then arrest the progress of your arms ? Why oblige yourself to keep up an army of observation instead of one of occupation ? Your conduct meets with universal approbation and therefore I am wrong ; but my opinion remains unchanged. I would plant my colours at Peshawur. You say a Sikh government is good between the Hindoos and Mahometans of Affghanistan : I dare say it is, but a British government is better.’

“ How he will take this I know not, but it is truth. He has no military head near him, and in truth his own seems to be confined rather to great presence of mind on a field of battle, without extending far as to great plans of operation. Long quiet life has so directed his thoughts to party politics and financial details, that he is a better secretary of war than commander of an army. My conviction is, that he felt unequal to the details of command or he would have taken command : he could not wield the weapon, and his error in volunteering to be second proves he felt rightly. Had he been master of his game he would have taken supreme command, and thrown the details on Gough. I do not know but think this, and I think also that he is a good fellow, honest and true-hearted.

“ Do not be afraid of your son marrying ; he won’t

starve. There is always bread to be had in the world, and as our old Uncle Richmond said to my mother when he wanted me to marry, 'God sends bread where He sends mouths.'"

Charles Napier did not confine himself to advice; he gave him the means of getting bread when Lord Panmure took it away with gross oppression: young Napier was deaf and dumb, and was not '*Dowb*.'

"I have sent the Prince of Wales a Belooch sword, a good present he may be assured, for rough times are to come: whether he will use it well or ill our children will see; he will have a set of rascals to deal with or the world will change miraculously. There is one sure chance however of making him a great man: let Lord Ripon be his tutor, with orders to counsel his pupil every hour of the day, and give the prince strict orders to do exactly the contrary. This would accomplish what the education people want: for first it would teach the child agreeably, as disobeying a tutor continually and being always right would make it the greatest pleasure. Secondly it would produce reflection for ascertaining exactly the tutor's views and wishes, to secure an uninterrupted road of useful contradiction. The prince would thus, in a Machiavellian way, be led along the paths of wisdom agreeably. I think David must have given a Lord Ripon to Solomon. It is said they have got up a newspaper at Bombay to attack me, and subscribed 30,000 rupees: Outram's name at the head of the list.

"Journal, Sept. 27th.—This day, thirty-six years ago, I was shot through the head at the battle of Busaco, and still at times suffer much from the wound, indeed always when a cold seizes me. No one who has not been hurt in some part which affects the sight, smell, hearing, or passage of food, can tell what small but constant suffering is undergone: for thirty-six years I have not known what it is to breathe freely! Well, all men have their cross, and no cross no crown, say the Quakers. They are right.

“I am irregular now with my journal. My mind is ill suited to discuss the vexations preying on it; public ones I care for little, but I have others like the rest of the world. Outram’s book is out: he is an unprincipled fellow, without gratitude or truth in his composition. Some things in Hardinge have lately staggered me; others make me think myself unjust towards him: I am disgusted with public life. My family are angry at my not being made a peer; I laugh at them, and think they all set me too high, feeling that I was a mere instrument under God’s hand by which He worked his will in Scinde. Yet I am vain; made so by comparing myself with others in public life, and seeing what is only deserving of censure lauded as perfection. Yes! I am more skilful than those people and their sur-rounders. I saw but one man at Lahore on whom I set a very high value—Lieut.-Colonel Irwine of the Engineers, who seemed to me to be a soldier: the young ones were excellent, but had no masters to teach them. The young Hardinges are nice lads, especially the elder who has lost his leg: then there were my own three trumps, John, William, and McMurdo. John would have made a first-rate soldier: my heart is broken at his loss. Montagu McMurdo and William are two boys whose courage, sound sense, and devotion to their work, make them real soldiers both, and able ones. How my heart bleeds for the loss of the third.

“When I went up to Lahore, my hope was to have opportunities of giving each some enterprise singly to train them to distinction and command, and not having the opportunity was one of my great disappointments; it was greater than for myself. I was confident of my own work, knew I was a general, and that no Sikh chief could have stood before me. I have no mock-modesty, but the specimens of Indian generals I have seen do not lower my opinion of myself, though it leaves me open to my dear old Susan Frost’s favourite saying—‘*Aye, boy, by haps he is the best, but bad’s the best.*’”

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

SIXTH PERIOD.

SUFFERING from an incipient mortal disease, produced by mortification of spirit and the fatigue of "the accursed journey to Lahore:"—suffering thus, Charles Napier entered his sixty-fifth year, with enough of mental disquietude and bodily pain to crush any spirit less enduring than his own. He worked hard, but for bad masters, with as little hope of favour as a religious reformer could expect from Spanish Inquisitors; yet he did work most zealously, having the honour of England in view, and the prosperity of a people who had by their subjection obtained a sacred claim on his fostering wisdom. With these objects he scorned the relentless enmity of cabinets and directors, of factions and of fools.

A change of Administration relieved him from Lord Ripon, but brought into power the Grey family to augment the enmity of the men in power. Sir John Hobhouse succeeded Lord Ripon at the Board of Control, and displayed at first good feelings and good-will; but he was unable, if willing, to restrain the ill-will of others:—ill-will developed without regard to truth or decency. Let the following sample suffice. The author of this biography, being then Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, heard from Sir John Hobhouse that some of the ministers were favourable to Sir C. Napier's appeal against Outram, but the majority were with his enemies, and they '*were Legion.*' Such was the expression. That their saying was 'would you ruin the poor devil for writing against Sir C. Napier,

when General W. Napier remains lieutenant-governor, after publishing the *Conquest of Scinde* ?'

This was to assume, with flagitious sophistry, that the *Conquest of Scinde* was libellous and untrue; whereas it was an exact history of events, written with good faith, founded on and sustained by parliamentary and other official documents; it did not contain a word deviating from social or historical decorum, to give a right of comparison with Outram's brutal libels on Sir C. Napier. It was written in defence of a brother, foully assailed by faction when his life was being daily exposed to battle and pestilence, written without his participation; and to mix it up with his appeal, as a general, against infamous and unprovoked aspersions and breach of discipline was a mean and dastardly pretence to cover personal enmity. Proof of that enmity was instantly obtained. I, the author of the work on *Scinde*, formally, in writing, proposed that a dismissal from my government should instantly take place, on the express ground of having published that history:—provided Colonel Outram was brought to trial for his libels and insubordination. There was not courage or honesty enough to accept these terms, and the falseness of the avowed ground for protecting Outram was thus made manifest: to drive me from my government afterwards under other pretences was an easy task for a Grey, and not more honourably executed. These pitiful proceedings did not make Charles Napier swerve from his just and beneficial course.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Feb. 25th. I have made a hurried and imperfect sketch of my government, written off in about two hours for Hobhouse. Neither he nor any one knows what I have really been about, and seeing in the papers that they mean to change the form to their cursed Indian Government system, I thought to give Hobhouse an idea of what *it is* they are going to change, that they may work with their eyes open, and then change. I send you a

copy. I have a farewell letter from Lord Ripon to say :—*how much he had approved all I did, and thanking me !* This is my answer.

“ ‘ My Lord, I have the honour to acknowledge he receipt of, and to thank you for your letter dated 7th July : which however places me in a position distressing to any man of proper feeling. I mean that of obligation for expressions of private kindness, while as president of the Board of Control you have refused me justice. Your lordship refers to the “*difficulties*” which I have had to encounter in Scinde. The greatest and the only painful one has arisen from your lordship’s conduct relative to Major Outram ! While I have strictly obeyed, though with great mental suffering, the orders to be silent, issued by the Governor-General of India to myself and Major Outram, that officer has been, not only allowed but by your silence encouraged to attack me in the public prints, and in a book. And I now find from Lord Hardinge, that your lordship had long ago resolved that I should not receive support from government. My lord, you must excuse me for saying, that if my conduct in Scinde deserved the approbation which it has received from Her Majesty, from Parliament, from the Court of Directors, and from yourself, it deserves a better return than the injustice which I have received from your lordship.—C. NAPIER.’

“ The governor-general writes to me that he had instructions not to notice my appeal any farther ! This was in November last, and is his answer to my second appeal of last August insisting on an answer, which I imagine will reach home about this time. They are miserable wretches these directors, with their secret committee. They, with Lord Ripon, the journey to Lahore, the vexations, the cholera work, and the loss of my poor boy, for I loved him as if he was my own son, have nearly done for me ; aided as they have been by the roasting of the summer, by dysentery, hemorrhoids, and the immense labour of arranging, and

assembling the army at Roree. For though Lord Ripon, in the House, lauded his friend Sir G. Arthur for the assembling of that army, what had he to do? just to give orders for six regiments to be sent to Scinde: the Bombay commander in chief, the head of the navy, the adjutant and quartermaster-generals did the rest, and it was not much altogether. But in Scinde we had to organize and move the whole machine for hundreds of miles; to provide carriage with vast exertions; to move the whole of the large train of artillery provisions and ammunition; to form bridge trains; and to furnish as well as move a complete engineer's park of siege."

It must here be called to mind that Sir C. Napier had repeatedly pointed out to the governor-general the certainty of a Punjaub war, and had desired leave to prepare beforehand, but was absolutely forbidden to do so, and assurances were given that no war would take place; that finally he was suddenly told of a battle and ordered to form an army for the field; an army of 50,000 men and their animals, though the fighting men were but 15,000: the extraordinary efforts required may thus be measured.

"Well, I stood all this, but another such summer I could not weather: I have lost 8lb. in weight, and have no breath for exertion; they tell me it is dyspepsia, but I get well of that and the shortness of breath gets worse; the winter will set me up or down; I must take my chance, and no better way of losing health than in harness. I have offered to send eleven regiments away to Bombay; Hardinge has only allowed four to go. I am sorry for this: I want to show the knaves that no more soldiers are required here than the 5000 originally intended for the occupation by Lord Auckland. Meanwhile I am delighted to say, that the *kafilas* from Central Asia, which used to go to Beila from Khelat have now made arrangements with me to come the safer road by Sehwan, from whence to Kurrachee there is an excellent road now, and safe: formerly it was a very bad and dange-

rous one. From Beila to Soonomeeanee it is not safe ; and between Khelat and Beila it is very dangerous indeed : between Khelat and Sehwan my name keeps the peace, and the result is that Soonomeeanee, the rival port of Kurrachee just beyond our frontier, is sunk : all the trade comes to Kurrachee.

“ My collector of customs lately went up to Beila and has just returned : he was there surrounded by slaves, entreating him to take them away. Their masters came, but were afraid to touch them lest I should be angry : so they said, put their hands in ours, give them to us and we will force them home. He answered, No ! I will not interfere, for the Great Saheb would be angry ; but I hope they will come with me. At last seeing him resolved not to interfere they carried off their poor slaves, except two who had an axe and defended themselves, keeping close to his horse : they are now safe in Scinde. He says a corporal and six men going through that country would produce a rising of the slaves : they all know freedom is found in Scinde, and are kept in chains, I fear in consequence. Meanwhile one of the neighbouring Belooch Chiefs has sent me word, that if I will give him land he will come and settle in Scinde with fifteen hundred cultivators and their families ! I will ! You shall hear more about this. I am having several officers tried by general courts-martial for military crimes ; and several conductors for robbery ; for I am resolved to support discipline though Ripon wont. We are getting hold of some nice statements in answer to the scoundrels about the jewels. Had I not given the Ameers’ women four days to collect ornaments and help themselves without molestation, we should have had above two and a-half millions prize money instead of four hundred thousand ! ”—This alludes to one of the infamous slanders encouraged by authority, namely, that Sir C. Napier had stripped the Ameers’ women of their ornaments, and had even taken the bed from under one who was in labour !

“ Journal.—Lord Ripon has been my evil genius for sixteen years. It makes my English blood boil to see our country’s destinies entrusted to such a man. Good and great God! what other proof can we require that Thou, and Thou alone rulest our destinies; or what would become of the honour and happiness, the safety of twenty millions of people entrusted to such a man!

“ We have discovered a passage by inland creeks from Kurrachee to the Indus:—Houra! Now if I get Mittenkote for a boundary, my good fortune will be complete. Kurrachee is now the real mouth of the Indus; a firm, unvarying, rocky mouth, with a harbour; not one of those shifting mouths, one year shut, another open, according to the river’s vagaries. We shall be able to navigate the Indus from Kurrachee at all seasons, and the devil will drive trade like fire. This will give the lie to the rascals who are running down this glorious country. They will not let me govern Scinde without troops as I wish. My masters do not know what justice and honesty are, and consequently know not what they can do! Fifty years hence it will be said of me, that I knew the people and the country.”

The directors, who would not let Sir C. Napier execute his plans for making Kurrachee harbour, and who endeavoured for some time to ruin what he had done, are now employing English engineers to push forward his views; at the same time however, ignoring him and his works, as if such a man had never existed! Sir Henry Maddox, talking of Kurrachee at a public meeting, had the mean, the miserable effrontery to say, that place had been but a poor fishing village when it first came under the Company, but was now a flourishing place: it was a vile attempt to appropriate for the directors all Sir C. Napier’s conquests, glories and labours!

“ It is said young Hardinge has been taken by the Sikhs, not true I hope, it would distract his father, poor fellow. No one seems to understand that these barbarians cannot be

trusted in such matters. We will have it that their rules of honour and ours are alike, when we see daily, and all histories declare, that nations in a state of barbaric grandeur, or its remains, are inhuman, and their chiefs sacrifice every principle for safety, convenience, or debauchery. They hold on indeed to one or two grand points of honour and religion, and on those you may trust them with some security when you cannot help it: but you are never safe except from their fear. Self-interest you may trust, provided they see their interest: I trust the Scindians because they have no leaders, no money, and have a conviction that we can pour immense forces upon any point we please. Last winter gave them a lesson. One British army defeated the powerful Sikhs, while another started up in Scinde by magic. I know the Scindians said the English were like ants, you see one here, another there in solitary wanderings; but let one of them find what he wants and in an instant myriads are there.

“I am very weak, my hour of going to those I loved comes on, if the terrible events of the last four years which have covered me with the blood of men is not a bar! but that I do not fear. God who has permitted war will not condemn those who make war under circumstances beyond their control. He knows I make no war from my own will, and that my heart bled almost as much for every Belooch slain as for my own people. To this my great and admirable father reared me; to this he, whose like I have never seen for grandeur, or for gentleness of nature, whose body and mind were both cast in the richest forms of strength and beauty, reared me, not as a ruffian to delight in blood but as a soldier to save blood where it could be saved; and to wage war for England with a heart bent to soften its miseries to man: this I have done. I have fought against my will, against my exertions, and my prayers. When war came I made it my first duty as a victor to restore order and repress insult and violence; and lo the result! no anger, no revenge, no strife has been in Scinde since; all has been



peace, and my heart has rejoiced at the amelioration of the people's condition by the battles of Meeanee and Hydrabad.

"I have taken the lives of murderers : I, a sinner, have held a strong hand over my fellow sinners ; but was it for evil, or for any personal advantage ? Assuredly not. I judge not my fellow man, as one full of disobedience himself but as a ruler to protect the weak against the strong, the suffering against the tyrannical, the poor against the rich. I feel reproach only on one point, love of money for the sake of others, not my own sake. I take my hire and save it, because I prefer my own and my brother's children to more just conduct towards people here. I do not mean stuffing of guests, but that I should give more in charity, and not doing so I sacrifice primary to secondary objects, which is a sign of a weak mind and bad head. This I will try to correct, and yet am so anxious about my loved ones that my delight is to provide for them by economy. When I started in life I had not a penny in the world but my pay, of four shillings and eightpence a day ; and for years of my youth a heavy drain was on it, which no human being, not even the object of it, knew of, yet here I am in affluence : and now my prayer is, that God will assist my weak mind to use well the riches He has given.

"October 13.—This day, forty-two years ago, my Father died at the Wells near Bristol : he expired a martyr to his duty. Few men of his time equalled him : I knew none, nor have I since met with one. Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington are the nearest ; but neither Moore, handsome as he was, nor the Duke of Wellington had his looks or his bodily force ; and in him both those gifts were surpassed by his mental endowments. Why fate cast his lot so differently from some men of ordinary abilities is to me not easily conceivable ; but it may, in a great measure, be from his want of subserviency : men in power feared him. His force of character used to break out even without his knowledge and intention, and the demon of jealousy, ever

fierce in vulgar minds, kept down the superior merit it dreaded. England was the loser ; and mankind is, and ever will be governed by the dull minds which it loves to honour.

“October 16th.—News from Lahore that we are getting into trouble by helping Goolab Sing ; this is not impossible, we ought not to have set him up ; we ought to have taken the whole country. Perhaps Hardinge thinks so too now, and is sending these men forward to have a stronger grasp of the country when the mask of moderation is thrown off. With all his physical courage however, he does not take a bold view of politics : on the field of battle he is equal to Sir Launcelot du Lac.

“October 18th.—More news. Emaum-oo-deen, a fanatic, has hoisted the Mahometan flag in Cashmere. If so, it is a result of Hardinge’s talk of making a Sikh governor, as a counterpoise to the Mahometans of Affghanistan. Does he fancy all the Mahometans are in Affghanistan ? Does he forget that the Sepoy ranks are filled with Mahometans ? One-third of the Bombay army are Mahometans, and nearly all the cavalry. What then becomes of a Sikh Government between us and the Mahometans ? Sikhs, Mahometans, Hindoos, one and all must be held by force of arms, and our policy is plain :—Seize every point of strength by arms, keep them by arms, and show ourselves resolved to rule the empire we have won. It is true we have won that empire most unjustly, but it is now impossible to abandon our position. We may not retreat, and can only hold our ground by skill and courage.

“It is not by moderation but by victory that we must hold India ; and we must mix with the people, give them justice, give them riches, give them honours, give them share of all things until we blend with them and become one nation. When a half-caste or a full native can be governor-general we shall not hold India as a colony or conquest, but be part inhabitants, and as numerous as will be required to hold it

as our own. Hardinge has made a king when he ought to have dethroned one; and now he must support his favourite Sikh government, which he first deprived of strength by taking all its money. He has also affronted the Mahometan population, which were devoted to us and would have gloried in giving us the whole Punjaub: we must now support our puppets, and shall see the result of moderation. Brave and excellent Hardinge, you are not made to govern such an empire. Great will be your difficulty to support Goolab Sing if a quarrel begins; but it is not impossible that this acute man may serve you for the moment: there will come a day however when the Punjaub must be conquered, and that within three years. It cannot be otherwise: we are not considered victors on the Sutlege, the natives see the whole story, they do not conceal it, and the result will be great expense of blood and money.

"Oct. 25.—Brown, Rathborne, and Charles Curling, tell me that Captain Jacob is the greatest enemy I have in Scinde, and has actually written part of Outram's book! I can hardly believe this of a man I thought so well of, yet I can hardly doubt my authorities. If true, it is a mark the more against human nature, a deepening of the shades in the picture which render the lights more brilliant and beautiful to contemplate. If I have met with Outrams, with Adams', with Jacobs, with Ripons, I have also met with Napiers, with Moores, with Camerons, with Wilkinsons, with Kennedys. And as to women! one is smothered with the good, the brave, the generous: they beat us men out and out, if we could but keep jealousy from them and divide them! When I say Napiers, I do not mean all Napiers.

"Jacob, I hear, says, he did more for me than I did for him! What did he do for me? He acted without orders at Meeanee, and might have thus lost the battle, for his movement to penetrate the Shikargah on the left was a false one and failed, though he acted with prudence afterwards. Again

he marched from Meerpoor without orders, and thus nearly brought on, or might have brought on what my measures were made to avoid, namely, a war in the Delta; moreover, he found the enemy too strong, and was obliged to retire even before my orders to do so reached him. In the desert, he defeated Shere Mohamed; that is, the Lion fled, for there was no fight; not a musket was discharged: there was no talent required, none exhibited. I had prepared everything and he executed his orders well, and there's an end. In the hills I placed him at the mouth of the valley of the Teyaga with his regiment and two guns, to arrest fugitives and watch Belooch Khan and other friendly tribes, and there again he made offensive mistakes.

“Now, what have I done for him? I found his corps in such bad order when I arrived in Scinde, from the ignorance of his friend Outram and General England as to how troops ought to be treated, that the government had resolved to disband it. I saved it, collected the men together, gave them fair play as a regiment, and put it to its proper use, securing the command for Jacob when the Bombay government wished to give it to Captain Curtis, who had raised it and is said to be a good officer. I afterwards got Jacob the rank of Major and C.B., I got 1000 rupees a month for him as a personal favour from Lord Ellenborough, who had ordered his pay to be reduced to 840. I worked hard to get him the arrears, which he only lost by the carelessness of his friend Mr. Willoughby, the government secretary at Bombay. I then got a second regiment for him, and obtained as a personal favour to myself the command of both for Jacob: he a lieutenant of artillery, for that was his real position though in command of cavalry, having two regiments of horse! Finally, I asked that it should be called by his name!

“Jacob is an ingenious man and a good officer, but self-sufficient, and his anger against me is because I keep Capt. Jacob in *his place*; having however made that place too

high. Outram was afraid of him, for he is far superior to Outram in ability and could not be by him kept in order : he therefore wisely enough let him alone. When I arrived in Scinde the Bombay troops were without discipline, and of those I have brought under command some are discontented ; so they may be, let them ; but I have taught most of them their duty, and there are some superior men, like Lieut.-Colonel Roberts, who justly estimate the system of obedience which alone forms an army, but which had been so injured by the system of politicals.

“ November 2nd.—A letter from Lahore. Hardinge has sent troops as far as Bimbu, to support Goolab Sing. If Goolab enters the passes and conquers Cashmere all is well, and our troops can fall back to the Beas and Sutlege as Hardinge intends : but if Goolab is beaten, are we to leave him or fight ? If the first we admit folly in supporting a man we have not force to put in possession of what he has paid us for. We shall then be in a false position, cramming down the throats of the Cashmerian people a hated and hateful villain, of whom Hardinge said to me, ‘ *He is the most thorough ruffian that ever was created ; he is a villain from a kingdom down to a halfpenny.*’ Yet he makes him a king ! and this is called ‘ *moderation* !’

“ Nov. 6th.—Emaum-oo-Deen has not surrendered and has a good position for several months at least. These Eastern barbarians are too acute to give in till the last moment if they are in difficulties ; and if flourishing they never give up, on the principle of a wise policy, because they never trust to our acting honestly : they never do so themselves, and we have not given them much encouragement to trust us. Scinde is perhaps the only instance of our acting honestly for a long period ; and that only since I took the command, for nothing could be more foul than Lord Auckland’s politicals, Pottinger and Outram, were. Pottinger was the best, and by far the most honest : he appears to have been forced into foul play. Outram’s falsehood and deceit were natural.

“ So King Goolab can't get into his purchased kingdom !
but if the Cashmerians have courage, which is very doubtful,
we may sing—

Oh ! Goolab Sing,
We made you king,
All out of moderation !
But says Cashmere,
You shan't come here,
And all is botheration !

Oh ! Lord Hardinge,
You made me king,
For a con-sid-eration !
Now give me back
Some hundred lac
Paid for your moderation.

Quoth Hardinge No !
I can't do so,
For I have got no money,
But the chamber door
Of the sweet La whore,
I'll watch for you my honey !

Lall Sing and Punk,
May both get drunk
While you may take Cashmere.
Repay your cash !
'T would be too rash,
I cannot be cashier.

“ November 7th.—I am now allowed to get rid of eight regiments and five batteries ; this is not enough but will lighten us, and pleases me as governor of Scinde, while paining me as a general. For the pride of the soldier will be hurt by breaking up this beautiful little Bombay army ; with which I could march to Peshawur, and make the Punjaub as happy and as flourishing as I have made Scinde. But as civil affairs have ever taken precedence of military affairs in my mind, both from reason and feeling, I am far more interested for the good of Scinde than for any fame at the head of an army. The troops do good here, they civilize and attach the people to us by spending money ;

but I have a higher object, namely, to show the world that India may be attached to us by justice and proper government. All our difficulties spring from bad government in this eastern empire :—that is from the directors, the ‘*ignominious tyrants!*’ Oh! thanks Lord Wellesley for the name.

“ I am sick of public life. Would I have been more content than now? A man is weak who cannot be content under his star whatever that is; and to be content, as Graham Moore, Sir John’s brother, said to me, we must look below as well as above us. Content is true religion. Fools think I love war; villains say I do: both falsely. But it is a great and noble science when well applied; and feeling that I have only employed it with honest purpose to save those entrusted to my charge, by God, I cannot help an ardent desire to do it well! My mind has been devoted to the study of it; for how could I else command with honour? how answer for the lives of those entrusted to my charge? An ignorant general is a murderer: all brave men confide in the knowledge he pretends to possess, and when the death trial comes he fails because he has not studied his trade. Their generous blood flows in vain! Merciful God! how can an ignorant man charge himself with so much blood? I have studied it long, earnestly and deeply, yet tremble at my own deficiencies.

“ Nov. 29th.—Hardinge ought to have let me know before this what has been done about Outram. He is too much the servant of the directors, and too much afraid of the press. May I never fall into that weakness: it is terrible when other men’s fate is to be influenced. The press is of immense advantage to the public, but of equal injury if not restricted; and no man of common honesty can deny that the editors ought to be men of good character, not men who have been condemned for crimes against society. I am told the mess of the Scinde Horsemen is the great *dépôt* for abuse against me; though, with exception of young Mal-

colm, I have given them all their appointments. However, such are men, a mixture of good and bad, we meet with both every day. In private life we can generally avoid villains but in public life we cannot.

“Dec. 3rd.—An infamous letter in the *Bombay Times* about William’s History, as regards Stack’s brigade and McMurdo. People seem to think it was written by Delamain. I cannot believe that brave man can be so base a liar. I have never met men so lost to honour as I have met in India: however I will never suppose any man a blackguard until proof is given.”

It was soon discovered that this was one of the detestable modes of warfare employed, marking the character of the whole. Delamain, a man of the highest honour and delicacy, was ill at Lausanne in Switzerland at the time, and the scoundrel who wrote the letter for the *Bombay Times*, dated it from Switzerland, to give it the semblance of coming from Delamain, and then secretly spread that it was from him. Delamain was incapable of anything dishonourable, and capable of everything noble.

“Dec. 6.—If private war is at all allowable, it is so surely when a man is attacked as I have been by this wretched fellow Outram, without having done aught wrong against him or the public. Like all men I have my sins of temper; of swearing like a trooper, which is vulgar and a vile habit; of not being ‘charitable enough; of ambition, overmuch; that is ambition to do my duty well and cleverly before men as well as before God; of being too arbitrary and violent, letting judgment halt tamely after action: in all these things I am frail and culpable. But as regards a vile government that lets such men as Lord Ripon control the fate of a better man than himself, as I am, there is no self-reproach. That government permits, encourages a breach of discipline towards me, and towards all authority, by a man for whom I had risked the anger of Lord Ellenborough, and for whom I had done all that was kind and generous; towards such a

government there is no self-reproach, having served it as perhaps it is not often served: life, health, family, everything has been as nought in the scale against my duty.

“The thanks of Lord Ripon and his friends, the Court of Directors, who would grind one hundred millions of poor people to powder for lucre; their thanks to me for this, have been to support the insolence and falsehoods of this ungrateful wretched Outram. Properly dismissed by Lord Ellenborough, he was restored to office solely by my interference; and now, after doing his best to destroy my army, is made a tool of by the Bombay gang and by the directors to spirt their hatred upon me, because, admiring Lord Ellenborough, I speak my mind, disdaining a sneaking sycophancy; and because Lord Ellenborough invested me with the patronage of Scinde, and I have used it with strict justice for the public service. Outram indeed, exceeding even their falsehoods, accused me of providing for my ‘natural son!’ the honest and excellent Charles Curling! His mother I never saw but once, and that at a dinner, and after he and his brothers were men! Never was a man worse treated by a government than I have been.

“Dec. 12th.—This day five years I landed at Bombay: they have been stirring years. I have gained two victories and conquered two countries, for Cutchee is a large country and was thoroughly conquered. For England I have not only gained the land of Scinde but the good-will and attachment of its inhabitants; freed them from the horrible despotism of low debauched tyrants devoted to the basest revolting lusts, and ignorant how to govern. They had riches and all the instruments of power and pleasures in abundance, yet to make their people happy never entered their heads: to make them pay taxes was the only subject of thought. Having dethroned these wretches, I have in four years made Scinde so flourishing that she now begins to *export grain*, which I cannot learn was ever done before, either during the Ameers’ reign or the Kallora’s before them. She

will be the granary of India if well ruled for the next fifty years: but that I do not expect, they will change my system and she will be overwhelmed with taxation to pay for an extravagant government. Scinde might be the richest of kingdoms. Were I king of it Kurrachee would be my capital for a very little while; my troops should reach Babylon, and Candahar should be my capital, or Babylon itself. I have however done something more in these five years. I have learned that man is a vain fool, that all is vanity, and the happiest man is he who is content and religious: but to be content men must be fed."

His journal for 1846 ends here: a retrospective selection from his private correspondence shall follow.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 8th.—I am wasting life in this climate of death: it dries up the European frame like the hot sand of the desert, and I no longer feel myself of much use. Hardinge is good and honourable, but we are very different in our ideas and character, and he is said to court the directors and civil servants. You will say that is nothing so long as we are friends. As rulers it does signify, because these civil servants, many of them, aye the majority, work darkly against me without Hardinge having any idea of their doings, nor can I prove to him that it is so; hardly could I give even to you an instance to bear out a complaint: yet I feel it is so. In Ellenborough's time, for all I did or proposed to do down came an answer affirmative or negative, direct and decisive, with reason and cause in every line. Now I get no answer for months; and then comes a weak letter, at least what appears to me weak; I do not mean maudlin letters like Lord Ripon's, but letters filled with secondary not primary matters: full of kindness though towards me personally.

"In April 1845 I concerted a draft treaty with Ali Moorad of the highest importance, not only for Scinde in itself but as a frontier province of India. All my letters and personal explanations have failed to obtain an answer. All I ask, all Ali Moorad asks, is for an answer, yea! or

nay! Speaking to Hardinge about it at Lahore, he silenced me by saying—But Ali Moorad wrote privately to say you forced this on him against his will. I was not a little surprised, because Ali Moorad had forced it upon me! if that can be called forcing when both sides thought it fitting: but he proposed it and worried me to complete it! By all Indian rules Hardinge ought not to have received any letters except through me; I said nothing of that, but asked for a copy of this letter, which I could not obtain from Mr. Currie, a psalm-singing gentleman, perhaps fit to be an archbishop but not fit to govern an empire. Nor have I got any answer to any of four letters written to him and as many to Hardinge, privately, telling them that Ali Moorad positively denies having written the letter in question and challenges me to produce it!

“Ali Moorad is so angry at the treaty not being settled that the affair is doing great harm, and I am placed in the awkward position of appearing to have thrown upon a pretended letter my own wish to break off. This a native prince of course attributes to my desire to do him mischief, and doubts our faith altogether. At the same time all sorts of reports are spread about the Ameers’ restoration, which would endanger his safety. Very weak policy this: driving to enmity a frontier prince who was, and is, willing to be ours body and soul! And it hurts that confidence in British faith which Lord Ellenborough and myself have so earnestly sought to establish in these countries.

“That all this is the civil servants’ doing I feel sure; and I have also, from good authority, assurance that at Calcutta all which relates to Scinde is cast aside in the office there with, *Oh! Scinde! never mind that, it will do any time.* I cannot but believe this to be true when I get no answers to anything of importance. Yet it is useless to complain or speak of this, and utterly impossible to remedy it. Lord Ellenborough’s return alone could put such matters to rights; moreover I may be wrong in thinking this procrast-

tination is altogether directed against me, having lately heard that the complaint is general: no one gets an answer. On the other hand Hardinge, I believe, justly estimates the Bombay villains. All this makes me feel of little use, but I am anxious to get through the following points before quitting the government.

“*First.* Reduction of force. *Second.* To establish my system of taxation by abolishing all the vexatious town duties, and establishing posts of collection along the frontier for import and export duties: this I have done, but want to see it work. *Third.* To get possession of Mittenkote, which would at once give us the hills from the river to Dadur as a frontier, instead of being as now, a line of robbers’ nests. Unless we do this and get Dera the hills will again fill with robber bands, and to empty them again will be no easy job; but if we occupy Mitten and Dera the robbers will not collect again. As to my political barometer for quiet, it is certainly good. All the Hindoos had been forced to make loans to the Mahometan Beloochees, and the latter paid or not as convenient: under me the Hindoos have enforced payment, and the two races hate each other for this as well as for their religious tenets. The Hindoos are the most numerous, and if any mischief was brewing they would discover it and give notice. My belief is that a sudden rising is impossible; nor is it desired, the people are satisfied: even the rascal editors are now compelled to acknowledge the complete tranquillity.

“Now let me speak to you about your work—the Conquest of Scinde. I believe firmly that, far from hurting me it has prevented my being crushed by the Bombay villains, by the secret committee, by the Court of Directors. That some inconvenience should arise from the hostility of the civil servants was natural: how can any good be done by man without some evil, much less without some inconvenience? This however is true:—when my spirit has been almost broken by heat, ill health, and the torrent of abuse

poured out upon all I do, or could do, by villains as unprincipled as ever existed and by difficulties hard in their nature to overcome, your book has, like food, given me strength and vigour to throw my enemies off and go my own course. People may talk about despising newspaper abuse; but to be held up to the world as a liar, a murderer, a ruffian without feeling or honour, is very disgusting when we know that at least half of our countrymen believe every word of it.

"Despise the writers! Yes! one does despise them as we despise any assassin, or a venomous reptile; but we cannot despise the wounds they inflict. Take the case of Ali Moorad. He reads the Bombay Times and Courier and finds every sort of atrocity ascribed to me by my own countrymen: will he not be influenced by this? The French Colonel Mouton said to me:—

"Your Delhi Gazette and other newspapers said you were preparing to attack the Punjab, and were calling on your governor-general to do so. We all knew you meant to do so, and the army then said, *let us begin and have the first blow!*" These were his words, and I know how much mischief the editors have done me. They killed Ross Bell; they cannot kill me, but they have made me almost despair of being useful, and would have quite done so but for your book, which gives me assurance that I am right and that the world has the means of judging of my real conduct. Do not therefore regret that you have written. It cheers me, and it requires four years of Scindian sun to know how the mind and body, wasted by that sun until both lose all vigour and elasticity, require cheering.

"Your offer to Hobhouse of being dismissed to procure justice for me, was, thank God, not accepted by him. The argument of my enemies is specious, not strong: I have never complained of truth, or of opinion, but of gross unqualified falsehoods:—and Ripon writes to me not to heed such things but do my duty steadily, while he not only

heeds them, but is guided by them to injustice against me ! Yes ! yes ! I have clearly seen my own position from first to last and repeat that your book has saved me. Why even Moore's greatness and death could not save his fame : even now it is blurted upon by miserable scoundrels and idiots. Had he been defended at the time as you have defended me, this would not have happened, and but for you in later times he would have gone overboard altogether. Now, when so glorious a man as he was could not by his own great deeds, against such an opponent as Napoleon, get justice from that country to whose justice he appealed when dying of his wounds in the blaze of victory, what have I who am a dwarf compared to him to expect ?

"Brown has just left me : he has been reading Outram's book, and says he never read such unqualified falsehoods."

Brown served under Outram as a political, was government secretary in Scinde, cognizant of every event, and a man of great ability and honour.

"Two things have gratified me in a silly way. A painter here, Mr. Smart, has hit off my face well, and the 12th N. I. have asked me to sit to him for them : the 25th N. I. also have from Bombay sent for another. This is flattering, for in both regiments are many of Outram's old friends. Mr. Smart has also had some twelve or thirteen orders from Englishmen and natives. One from Agha Khan, the '*old man of the mountain* !' He is a great friend of mine, very brave, and very rascally. He never wears anything but a dagger, and I have exchanged daggers with him. He means to dethrone his cousin the King of Persia, and his followers are innumerable and spread all over India and Asia. Have you got Edwards' drawing of the hill passes ? They will show you what mortal places they were ; and yet we are all agreed that Trukkee is in reality more formidable than the drawing represents it. Had I stormed it, and the soldiers were all mad to try, we should have had blood enough to have made me a peer ; for in passing the chasm

they would have pounded us with rocks as well as fire. My Belooch battalion beat all the others on the march to Bhawalpoor; nothing can tire them, and they were wild to fight the Sikhs.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, Nov. 8th.—My enemies are numerous, and spread over two empires! Even people who know neither Outram nor me are working against me: however patience will in time bring out truth. The spirits sink under such abuse and injustice:—such abuse as the editors themselves say with exultation, no man ever yet had poured out upon him by the public press. And for what? Tell Hobhouse how much I value his kindly feelings, and disposition to do me justice amidst this storm of ill-treatment, which I lay entirely at Lord Ripon’s door. I would rather have to do with any felon from Newgate than with him who, insensible of honour and incapable of decision, is ready to sacrifice another man’s honour to his own ease and idleness and incapacity. I doubt Sir John Hobhouse being able to do me much good: Mr. Crawford, the companion of Reid in the secret minute affair, is now in London working against me; and Reid himself is temporary governor of Bombay. My enemies are I fear too powerful for Hobhouse; however I can afford to hold such fellows in contempt, and I do so. Our army will soon not be an army for service; war will then come, and ignorant soldiers will have to do the work and carnage will abound.”—Crimea to wit!

“Hardinge I believe wishes me well, but his view of things is wrong. He meant never to have let me hear of the vile minute concocted at Bombay by Reid, Crawford and Willoughby: he told me so, and said he was governor-general to prevent not to foment quarrels. This was honest, because I should not have known he thought so if he had not told me it was a mistake of the clerk, who ought not to have sent the letter! Whether Hardinge ever wrote to Sir G. Arthur to say how wrong the minute was is unknown to

me. What a good government it must be that tries to distress those who are serving it with zeal and honour, and I may add with success! Sir G. Arthur writes to Lord Seaton, that I was ‘shamefully treated by the Bombay press.’ Why did he not order his attorney-general to prosecute for libel? that would have put a stop to it at once, as he well knows. Willoughby was his dry nurse, and the author of two-thirds of the attacks on me.

“ ‘Moderation’ seems, from the papers, to be leading us into a mess in the Punjaub. An intruded king; politicals again over generals; a people recusant, with a strong country; a leader and an army in existence; an approaching winter, and our military operations restricted to the wrong pass for entering Cashmere. The intruded king Goolab excluded, after having bought what we were privileged to take but scarcely to sell to one whom the people hate. The kings of Leadenhall-street will soon be puzzled to keep up their pretended moderation. Hardinge’s real motives were plain enough: he did not feel able to besiege Lahore, Umritzer and Govind Ghur. He was short of powder, he saw that immense activity and energy were necessary to success, and he had not means for any of these operations; his large force was immovable, not fit for a campaign. I was astounded at it and know not what he or Gough could have done with such a force!

“An army of observation will turn out costly or my mistake is great; yet I would bet on what I wrote to Hardinge. He seems to think the size of the rivers an impediment for us, whereas, in my opinion, it is an immense advantage. The information sought for by me has not yet been got; but it is almost certain that I could take steamers into the heart of Cashmere, and form magazines at Mazafurabad. We could then, early in the spring, run into Baramula when the job would be done. And when Cashmere was ours, a dozen good officers spread through the valleys, doing justice vigorously and protecting the ryots and manufacturers, would in three months make the grand valley of Cashmere

devoted to us ; and in a year or two, a happy people would pay 50 lacs a year in money and kind. All this I think our mismanagement has thrown away.

“Hardinge will not reduce my force below 8000 ; yet he says my reasoning is ‘close and sound ;’ but that all would be right while I am here. This is not well founded. The people are not quiet because I am here ; they were so at first, but now they are quiet because they are getting rich and enjoy the fruits of their labour ; because justice makes them happy. Their quietude is not a result of force, and will not be affected by the diminution of our troops : it is not fear of me but love for themselves. A man whom the Ameers drove from Scinde has recently offered to return with fifteen hundred cultivators and their families, and I have given him old Kurrachee, now a ruin, six miles distant. He held it originally and promises to rebuild it. Rathborne who is hot in argument, but a noble-hearted and noble-headed fellow, says I must stay two years more or evil will befall : but another hot season would I think put me alongside my dear boy John ; from that however I have no desire to flinch, save that of seeing you all first. Enclosed is a copy of my letter to Hardinge.

“LORD HARDINGE.—I feel perfect confidence in the tranquillity of Scinde, for the following reasons which I think sound :—

“1°. There is no leader who has money.

“2°. There are no chiefs who are in possession of property in Scinde that will risk the loss of it by insurrection. They have all they possessed, most of them *more* than under the Ameers ; who, having themselves become princes by conquest within recent memory and even the life of some men, were not in possession of the hearts of the people, nor even of their good wishes : their avaricious grasping at money had greatly alienated men’s minds.

“3°. The condition of the poor is very much improved ; everywhere work is plentiful and wages high : before, wages, beyond a little grain, were not the fashion.

“4°. We have few robberies or murders, and the latter have no political colour. I read over every trial myself once, sometimes twice, thrice, and therefore have not only the crimes but their causes before me daily, and not one has taken place of a political character; most of them are of wives, and a few from blood feuds between families: not a Sepoy or an Englishman has even been insulted since we took the country; we travel where we please without guards and without danger.

“5°. The rich Hindoos, who are more sensible of danger than any other class of people, are perfectly at their ease: they apprehend no danger, and say the Mahometans and Scindees are satisfied, and have no cause of discontent.

“6°. The Talpoor family have all run. One army defeated the Sikhs while another assembled here, in an instant almost, must have made them feel our power was beyond any attack they could make.

“7°. No opposition is anywhere made to our police: on the contrary, our police generally receive assistance from the villagers.

“These things form the ground of my confidence as to holding Scinde with a small garrison, a confidence of two years' growth, and which was complete when I left the province with a great portion of the troops to attack the hill tribes in 1844-5. And again last spring, when the Sikhs made their attack. The only thing which can disturb Scinde is the rumour, so often repeated, that we are to give back the country to the Ameers. This has greatly injured our commerce, and must do so; for the merchants being all Hindoos are determined to abandon the country if the Ameers return.” Here follow military details of no interest.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, November 15th.—Lord Lyndhurst's letter would be very flattering if anything could flatter me from men in power; but I am callous to expressions of good opinion. I feel no misanthropy, but am suspicious of all public men; and this has made me begin thus, lest I

should forget it while telling you of little men who are not so bad. What I had heard of Jacob gave me great pain, and it is delightful to tell you now that he was grossly belied; he has proved as true as gold to me. That he is a friend of Outram, and has been so all his life is true, and Outram wrote to him to get information for his book. Jacob's answer was—'I am serving under Sir C. Napier's banner, I am under the deepest obligations to him, and can never think of supplying information to be used to his hurt or dishonour.' This was honourable, and has given me more gratification than I can well express: for to think Jacob a traitor was painful. My resolve was that nothing should make me change my conduct towards him as an officer, or make me the general of a faction, instead of the commander of an army; still my intent was to tell Jacob he must explain, or all respect for him as a man would cease."

Jacob's letter was only a deeper treachery.

"For myself, little is my care about anybody's opinion: the duke's is fame, yet I confess to feeling it less valuable since his praise of the battles on the Sutlege, which was a mere political bolstering up of a bad military job; but I suppose he could not help it. Henry is not satisfied with Lord Ellenborough. I am. He cannot get off the habits of a Tory education, and will not attack the conduct of his party: that is all. My mole has now reached sufficiently deep water, and a steamer is this day lying alongside to take in cargo for Sukkur. I have appropriated two war steamers, the only river steamers we have, to this experiment of trading by the Indus. A grand step towards the commerce of Central Asia has thus been made. The Kur-rachee merchants are a little timid, or rather cunning; they want to frighten me into low fares—good men! my calculations were made as low as we can afford, and if you do not like them, buy steamers for yourselves; or, as before, send your goods by camels to Skikarpoor:—no force black pig if you won't eat grains. A camel reaches Shikarpoor in



five weeks, a steamer in sixteen days! A camel must be guarded, and may be robbed; a steamer is safe, and one man attends the whole merchandize, whereas each camel requires a man to lead and another to guard, making some thirty men for a '*kafila*,' to be kept and paid for, perhaps three months! Oh! they will come to my shop.

"The rich Shikarpoor merchants are cleverer, and take larger views; they see that the price of freight must be enough to cover the cost of fuel, and are all ready. I am however making the officers of the army a little sulky, by refusing them a passage in my merchant steamers. I know they would go on board, occupy all the room, treat my rich merchants and supercargoes with insolence, and very probably drink and thrash the people. '*Know thyself*,' said the oracle, and next to that it is good to know our countrymen! I will give passages in the war steamers, but not in my merchant steamers till my experiment can run alone; then I shall turn it over to the merchants, who will not be able to return to slow camel carriage: at present my little child must be nursed.

"The Cape affairs seem badly conducted. Maitland is, say my letters, going to advance across the Key river with 3000 men and a week's provisions. Stockenstrom is head general, with a council of missionaries and traders who sell gunpowder to the Kaffirs. After that as George says, *comes a horse to be shaved*. Thus are soldiers' lives sacrificed, and widows and orphans made to weep and starve! Had George been there these things would not have happened I think; he would never have given an excuse to the savages to attack us; and having a war he would not have *done up* Dragoon Guards in attacking a jungle. Nor, when his cavalry were done up, would he have got into the open plains with his infantry to catch Kaffirs and be without provisions.

"A letter from Hobhouse, who supposes the governor-general will tell me what is done about Outram but he

gives me no idea of what it is. Hobhouæ's letter is honest straightforward and manly about Scinde: he invites or rather orders me to communicate with him direct about the country. This is all I want: I had indeed power to do so with Ripon, but writing to a man so ignorant, of what use was it? He submitted all I said to his masters and my enemies, and therefore mischief only could accrue. Goolab Sing, our made King, conquered Cashmere some years back for Runjeet Sing; he took 5000 prisoners, skinned all the chiefs alive, half skinned the others, that is so far as not to kill outright, and sent them to die at their villages! This is Goolab's own account of himself, which is indeed the only doubt to be thrown on the fact: his passion for flaying people alive is well known. It was remarked at the durbar, that when we were introduced to him he scarcely noticed any one until I was introduced, when he made a profound salaam.

"These people have the greatest respect for my good fortune:—*Nusseeb*. They give me no credit for ability, but for my luck, which they say is a cubit longer than any man's on earth, that it is vain to oppose me! This is useful, or rather would be if war were to recommence: an enemy so thinking would be half-beaten beforehand. So much for superstition, if such it be; of which I have my doubts, for assuredly I have found my neglects, and blunders, and ignorance, so constantly turn out advantageous as to feel ashamed of praise: my feeling is that I am a great hammer used by some strong power. Yes, the barbarians are right, my luck is my only merit, which may turn at any moment and I shall sink to ordinary dimensions: that will not chastise pride in me for I have none. This is a large dose of self, but I talk because I am much better; three weeks ago my hour seemed on the point of striking.

"Again I have heard of Jacob: he is not sound after all. The mess of the Scinde Horse is the place to hear me abused. Every officer in it owes his appointment to me, except Sir

Poulteny Malcolm's nephew. He has nothing to thank me for but a wiggling, which I gave him once when in fact he had not done wrong, but it was necessary to bring them all up for loose discipline—the fault of Outram and England, and young Malcolm was the first I fell upon. I also refused an application by Jacob for getting Malcolm more pay. Yet this nice lad is the only one who does not run me down at the mess! I will tell you also, that Lieut. Stack, Outram's cousin, to whom I gave a deputy collectorship, keeps perfectly clear of all blackguard work and acts like an honourable man.

“What makes the *Times* down on me?”

Who could answer that question? Self-interest is the moving power of the *Times*, and like the piston of a bad pump brings up all sorts of impurities.

“Hobhouse seems a fair and honourable man: I hope he is so. I am deeply obliged to him for his frank support; if he falls short of what is justice, I shall place it to inability not inclination; he is like one surrounded by enemies, and his evident desire to do me justice is very agreeable. I am anxious to hear from Hardinge, and thiuk, as I appealed home, I am bound to abide by the decision of two honourable and sensible men like Hobhouse and Lord Hardinge. Pray tell the former that my appeal going home was my own fault not Hardinge's: my feeling was that it would be indelicate to appeal against Outram, whose abuse of Lord Ellenborough was outrageous, to the powerful brother-in-law of Lord Ellenborough—that is indelicate towards Lord Hardinge. I made it also to the Queen's government, erroneously thinking it would be decided by the duke, and little imagining it would be referred to Lord Ripon!

“It is a crime to have left the Punjaub and Cashmere in the hands of such murdering villains as Goolab Sing and the other ruffians who torment the poor. Lord Seaton wrote to me that it was a crime, and we may add with Talleyrand, worse, a political fault. We had right and might, all things

on our side except *powder*, and in my conscience I believe that was the real secret of our *moderation*.

“There will soon be a story in the papers about the widow of Noor Mohamed.” There were fifty. “This is the true version. Some time ago she, being the mother of Shadad, wrote to me, saying with their usual cant, that she was starving because a delay of one or two days had been made in paying the very large, and unnecessary, allowance granted to her and the wives of the Ameer. I wrote instantly to Hydrabad about the delay, and found it was a mere accident. Soon after this the lady wrote again to me for leave to send small articles of clothing and a letter to her son Shadad, and also four servants, as she wished her people to see him. My answer was that the lieutenant of police would give her passes. Soon it was told to me that there was mischief involved; that treasure was sent: hence, as Shadad is a state prisoner, it was my right to know what was sent to him under my sanction. The police were consequently directed to stop the servants and if treasure was found to seize it: they did so, and nearly 18,000 rupees were found concealed in bags of rice. Six thousand were in gold bars, the rest in different coins, showing that it had come out of the Ameer’s treasury and ought never to have been in the lady’s possession: this was one of the poor starving ladies! I sent back her letters unopened, and all her money; and her servants also, though she and they are one channel of correspondence between the Lion and Shadad; however, having no fear of the Lion I did not open the letters to ascertain.

“The ladies are merely cloaks, except the widow of Meer Kurreem Ali, an intriguing old woman with a clever violent adviser, an old fellow called Mirza Kosroes. He was a slave originally, but for many years a minister, is our deadly foe, and I have a great respect for him because he makes no secret of his enmity: moreover he seized old McPherson by the neck and nearly choked him, when as prize agent he

was taking an inventory. This according to his notions would be followed by instant death, and the Sepoys did want to kill him, but Mac saved him. On this a story was made that I had flogged him! And already the stoppage of the lady's treasure is proclaimed in the papers at Bombay a heinous crime! As to Lord Jocelyn's nonsense, he was, I hear, on the Board of Control with Lord Ripon, and is Outram's great friend, the latter being his toadeater.

"Dec. 25th.—I hear the directors are trying to get me deprived of prize money as commander in chief; that I am to have, not one-eighth as usual, but one-sixteenth. They will probably accomplish their object; but it is said Hobhouse will have a voice and may perhaps prevent this injustice. It will not be fair to let Sir Jasper Nicholls get what I won: that he will claim it if I do not get it will be the natural course, for there must be some commander in chief. I have been told Sir Thomas McMahon had thoughts of claiming it, but that may be a lie. Well, my girls are safe without prize money from my economy, and that is all I care for: so none of your indignations.

"My revenue will fall next April, for grain is so abundant it sells at half price, and taxes are paid in kind; and crime has everywhere ceased with the cheapness of food: all the hoarding rascals are now pouring their stores in also at half price. My canal department is now also fairly at work. A nephew of General Nott is at the head of it, and I am very fond of him. He is extremely clever and very hard working but runs a-head, fancying he can make all his work better, and in fact he does, but thus makes a perfect plan the primary object and cutting canals the secondary, which is putting the cart before the horse. I am fortunate also in having at last got back my favourite Peate, as chief engineer, who is worth twice his own weight in gold. Had I had him from the first Scinde would now have been a year in advance. Mrs. Peate is as good as he is, merry and witty, and with right good sense. Exportation, which has

now begun, will cure our revenue as to overabundant seasons, and so keep all steady. As to this year, had prices kept up we should have filled the treasury, but poor people's bellies would have been empty. I thank God that the bellies are full, the treasury low: every shilling taken beyond the just expence of government in any country is a robbery.

"A sad affair has occurred. The Bhoogtees still in the hills having had a bad crop are starving, and came down in desperation on our frontier. They were about 1000. Our outposts turned out and Lieut. Moore fell in with them but was too weak, having only twenty-five cavalry and some of our settled Jackranees. These last said the Bhoogtees were too many, yet began slanging the latter, and in skirmishing killed the Bhoogtee chief:—not Islam Khan but a secondary man. Moore thus drew the Bhoogtees out of the jungle and saw their numbers. The Jackranees said—they will beat us, but if the sahib chooses to fight we will cut our horses' throats and die with the sahib. Moore, not wishing to die, retreated till he joined Lieut.-Colonel Stack at Meerpoor—not the Lion's capital—and there found Lieut. Greaves who had likewise fallen in with the same body and retired. He also had twenty-five sabres, but instead of sending expresses to Shapoor for a move by Ooch to cut off the robbers' retreat, he only sent to Shikarpoor for help; nor did he turn out the ryots, who were ready and willing.

"Well, Colonel Forbes despatched Colonel Stack with his cavalry and a large body of rifles from Shikarpoor to Meerpoor, where, though knowing the enemy were not above 1000 strong, Stack lost four hours, left his infantry behind and advanced at midnight with 250 sabres, neither man nor beast having been cared for as to food. Sighting the enemy at eight next morning, all infantry and on a large desert plain, he saw beyond them the dust of the plundered cattle going to the hills slowly, for cattle go less than two miles an hour. The robbers draw up, clash their shields and defy him,

and Colonel Stack wheels about and goes off! His horses were knocked up, they and the men also having been without food or water : so he says.

I have sent to have the ground surveyed; for Stack reports that the Bhoogtees were in a nullah, and my knowledge of the place leads me to doubt a nullah being there; but if so he could have got round them and attacked the cattle, when they must have quitted what he calls *their position*. Neither Moore nor Younghusband seem to think there was any obstacle to charging. If there was Stack could have remained there and sent for his riflemen; but the Bhoogtees could have but little ammunition, and he had 50 or 60 carbines, besides 250 pistols whose range is above 400 yards to first graze. The Bhoogtees are now said to be having a feast at Deyrah in the hills over the body of their slain chief, who was celebrated as the most daring robber amongst the tribe: they vow vengeance on the Jackranees.

"You see whatever Hobhouse was doing has failed. Tell him however, that I am quite aware he is not an autocrat, and am grateful for his exertions whatever they may have been. Young William, Rathborne and Brown, who have read Outram's book carefully, pronounce it a mass of gross falsehoods. How, by the way, could I have asked you to answer it! Oh, my head must have been confused with overwork, for my earnest desire was that you should not. Pray tell Mr. Savage Landor, how obliged to him I am for all his kindness about me." He had publicly defended Sir C. Napier, and sternly rebuked slanderers with all the power of language for which he is so celebrated.

"I have had a cringing letter from Lord Ripon, full of gratitude to me for having been civil to his cousin, a young officer here; but not taking any notice of my letter to himself: my thought is not to answer. What indeed am I to say? Hardinge is dreadful about answers. After two years one has come about Ali Moorad's treaty: and such an answer! It disturbs long-settled questions, and makes

difficulties where none exist. Thus nine important letters, undated from 1844 to 1846, are answered by one which does no good: on the contrary. I am vexed at this, for he is a good fellow: but he is in the hands of the civil servants. One objection is, that the treaty is not worded as usual with Indian treaties! Well! I can easily put in the eternal remembrance of the sun and moon; and that our friendship is to last until the sun takes physic and darkens the moon: that will last long enough for the endurance of our friendship. Mr. Clerk is to be governor of Bombay: he will probably do well as he is said to be a clever man. Lord Ellenborough I believe likes him. Hardinge told me, Clerk made a proposal to cross the Sutlege in the campaign with 12,000 men; that does not speak much for his warlike genius, for he would have been beaten."

After Sir Charles Napier left Scinde, Sir G. Clerk was called upon for a report on that country, which he had no means of making from personal knowledge, and it was concocted by two civil servants under him. It is shallow as to the judicial part, and so venomously false and ignorant as to the financial state of Scinde as to be a disgrace to the real author, Mr. Goldsmid: in fine, it is a report which a judicious man would not have put his name to without verifying the facts; for he has adopted other men's prejudices and passions when perhaps he did not sympathise with them: if he did it was worse than injudicious. He may be a clever man nevertheless, but his actions have not been such as to warrant his sitting in judgment upon the government of Sir C. Napier, which was above his calibre.

"Have you received the Scinde views, taken by my extra aide-de-camp Edwards? They are expensive and I think you would have mentioned them if they had reached you. They were taken by Lieut. Edwards on our march to the hills and are well got up, but the man who did the prints has added the most blackguard letter-press. Edwards says he had nothing to say to this."

Here was a proof of the venomous watchfulness of Sir C. Napier's enemies to spread slanders. This set of engravings, got up with the greatest care and expence and published by Graves's house in London, was sent forth, without Edwards's knowledge, accompanied by a letter-press embodying Outram's falsehoods. Sir C. Napier's own aide-de-camp was thus, when grievously ill, unwittingly made to appear as the slanderer of his general and the repeater of libels! Who was powerful, malignant, and rich enough to effect this?

"Henry Napier, Dec. 25.—Hardinge tells me he will positively remove the troops from Lahore: such at least was his purpose a month ago. He will then find what half measures and moderation come to. Perhaps he is right, the world says he is so: I see danger. His expences exceed the revenue by a million sterling annually; and neither Madras nor Bombay pay their expences! I do not know anything about Madras, but would make Bombay pay within a year; it is both nonsense and robbery not to do so: they do not know how to govern here in the East, they are too fond of money to know how.

"I am quite for St. Paul's for my dear boy's cenotaph. If not there, at Chichester; or at Paddington where his mother and our mother are laid. We saw your beautiful notice of his death in the Times: it is all true of him. I ride by his grave almost every day. His death has broken my nerves to pieces and they cannot ever recover, but these things must happen, it is man's fate. Why did the Horse Guards not make my poor boy a major for the hill campaign? I scarcely got thanks from them, and my staff got nothing but hard work! I care not for myself, but I do for these boys who worked so hard at their duty, giving up all the pleasures of youth. To a tottering old man on the brink of the grave this is nothing, but they are deserving of acknowledgments and that they have not had. For a bad wound, two battles, two campaigns, and several single combats,

McMurry has got a company! While men who only commanded companies when he was at the head of a most important department have been made C.B. You say you are getting very blind; my eyes are staring in the light; but to read, especially that kind of print, puts my face in nervous convulsions, affecting my head from the wound.

"Miss Nipper, Dec. 25th.—A merry Christmas to you my dear sister. If Christmas is merry to all animals like us. We here are all merry for we have got our letters, which to my wife and me, both being animals, is better than Christmas gambols, whose merriment is confined to the young. Your letter is however dated on to us the terrible 13th of October when we lost one of God's noblest works: strong and beautiful in body, powerful in mind. And if goodness, virtue, tenderness, ever were possessed by mortal man our dear sister had them all. Well you and I must soon know the great mystery, and so I will do more than quote Burns' lines — *And wish him whosoever he be, So, So.* You will soon see my dear little Charlie. He is a broad-shouldered beautiful boy. Whether he means to grow up so I cannot say; but he is a very stout chap now, and I wish him out of India. I am quite well for sixty-five, the last five in India and four in the lowest part; but I don't suppose you expect me to jump over a five-barred gate! Not to be like my dear, unless on horseback, that I still could and would do. Now good night."

END OF VOL. III.



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