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*The life and opinions of General
Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B.*

William Francis Patrick Napier

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Lamar

Fig. 26.

Engraved by W. H. Lupton from a painting by the Count de Saxe.

THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
GENERAL
SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER,
G.C.B.

BY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. NAPIER, K.C.B.

ETC. ETC. 2

IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL. III.

WITH PORTRAITS.

LONDON :
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1857.

DA 68.12
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v. 3

WOODFALL AND KINDER, PRINTERS,
ANGEL COURT, BRINKER STREET, LONDON.

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ERRATA IN VOLS. I. AND II.

VOL. I.

- Page 2, line 15, *for 1746 read 1745, and instead of scarcely
eighteen read not seventeen*
104, line 12, *for rend read rends*
115, line 32, *for Miss Napier read Miss Emily Napier*
243, line 3, *for 600 read 6000*

VOL. II.

- Page 5, line 10, *for twenty-fours read twenty-four hours*
95, line 16, *for Thom read Thorn*
105, last line, *for Coutance read Custance*
117, line 11, *for gun troop read gun and troop*

LIFE

OF

CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

FOURTEENTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE Governor of Scinde now hoped to push the country rapidly forward to prosperity, but a terrible enemy interposed: pestilence suddenly blighted the growth of civilization. It came with sweeping force, striking down the collectors and their subordinates and paralyzing the whole action of the executive. Revenue sunk, cultivation nearly ceased, the public works were arrested for want of hands, and the troops went down like corn before a driving blast: there was not a hundred men or officers able to stand in arms! The mortality was not indeed great, but lassitude, and despondency inexpressible, bowed mind and body, and suicides were frequent. In this helpless state dangers arose on every side. The mountain Belooch tribes, some of which had before commenced marauding, suddenly became menacing; the Punjab troubles were augmenting on the frontier, and in India the powerful state of Gwalior was openly provoking war. The younger Talpoor princes, who had escaped captivity, were striving to excite the Beloochees of the plains once more to battle; Ali Moorad's fidelity became suspected;

and more positively than ever it was reported by spies that the Affghans of Candahar were ready to bring back the Lion and raise a religious war. Outram was busy, proclaiming that the Talpoor princes at large must succeed; and the Bombay Times earnestly exhorted the mountaineers not to miss the opportunity of attacking the troops while prostrated by sickness! The total loss of Scinde and the destruction of the army seemed at hand, was prognosticated at Bombay, and would have happened but for the master spirit at Kurrachee.

Although stricken himself by the strange disease when he had but just recovered from previous illness, Charles Napier acted with a power commensurate to the need. Displaying clear views, and an imperious authority against those who aimed at commotion whether internally or externally, he menaced vengeance like the leader of a mighty host when he had not a hundred men to sustain his lofty language! This made the mountain tribes pause, for they remembered how, with a handful of men and when sickness had also weakened his power he yet poured destruction down at Meeanee. Nor could the Talpoor princes stir the Sirdars of the plains; they revered their generous conqueror too much to be faithless, and the poorer Beloochees had already perceived that the steady advantages of just government were better than precarious government by the sword. Ali Moorad, if he had any sinister design, bowed in submission at once, and the younger Talpoor princes, baffled in their hopes, fled. Thus the new government of Scinde was with astonishing vigour borne in safety through the crisis, and its course to safety shall now be shewn, and by the man who steered.

“Sir George Arthur, Oct. 29th.—We are in a fearful way at Hyderabad, and worse at Sukkur. The sickness is, I hear, the same all over India. We do not lose many lives, which is fortunate, but neither of those garrisons can relieve their guards! A thousand men are sick in the entrenched camp

at Hyderabad, and there are only native doctors; I have sent them four, but cannot spare one more. The 28th Regiment here cannot parade more than 44 men, and half of those are convalescents! I trust a few weeks will improve us or the whole force in Scinde will be helpless. The country people are as ill as we are, no workman can be had. Can you send me medical men? our's are all ill; Shikarpoor has not one, and a hundred men are in hospital: sixteen hundred are ill at Sukkur with only two doctors! Two thousand eight hundred are sick at Hyderabad, and only two doctors able to work!

"November 2nd.—The sickness is confined to the banks of the river, say for ten miles on each side, and in all parts where the inundation extended; but I do not hear that it is in the hills. It is a heavy infliction upon us: the whole army of the Indus is fairly flooded.

"8th.—I am impatient for the return of Dr. Fitzgerald from Sukkur, when we shall at last send the camel corps to range the right bank of the Indus, where the robbers will soon abound unless I prevent them; this should have been done long since but for our being all down with sickness. Doctor Wight writes, that in all his practice he never witnessed such sickness: the natives are all flooded, and in the north of Scinde the collectors say the crops are abandoned: the whole population has fever and numbers are dying, which, thank God! our people are not doing. The robbers are getting pretty bold on the right bank, but my preparations are not yet developed, we are unable to move a man owing to this terrible sickness."

"12th.—The 28th are done up: getting better, but out of 430 rank and file not one hundred can stand on parade, and not 50 could march! I have thought it good to ask you to let the whole take a voyage as the 17th Regiment did with good effect: an idea has struck me that if you sent them to Karah, where the papers say a force is to go, it might make them useful and save them at the same time.

For I suppose as Karah is a small island it is healthy, and these invalids could fight though unable to march. Out of three cavalry regiments a hundred men only were able to march to Ahmed Khan, a place I went to try as a sanitary camp: it is nearly west of Hyderabad, and I have sent Simpson there with what force he can move. This will also shew the chaps in the hills that we are not all dead!"

In the midst of this distress the public works constantly occupied his mind, for he foresaw and foretold the immense importance of Scinde and Kurrachee for the advantage of Bombay; and he laboured in that view while the faction there was striving by all means to thwart him.

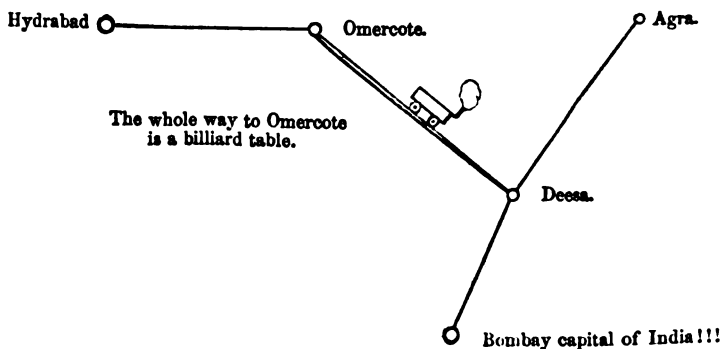
"The same, 16th.—You know Kurrachee was my hobby long before I came to Scinde, and now that I know the place I am more sanguine than ever. I am going to put in force the Bombay custom-house regulations, for our intercourse will be so intimate that the same rules should prevail at both to facilitate mercantile affairs. The mole which I have not only proposed but begun, confident that Lord Ellenborough will sanction it, will enable troops stores and merchandise to land with perfect ease, independent of tides: and my hopes are that we shall be able to communicate with Bombay all the year round. This is too nautical a question for me to speak of, but I shall examine the bar well and find out if we cannot cut it away: such things have been done I suppose, and if not it is a reason the more for trying now.

"I think we shall easily cut a canal from this to Tattah by the Gara Creek, and it is yet to be proved that we cannot turn the course of the Indus into that creek and fix it there. I have already, on a small scale, proved that we can control this river and direct its course; and a branch thrown off to the neighbourhood of this town would be of much importance. Suez, Bombay, and Kurrachee, will hit Calcutta hard before twenty years pass; but Bombay will beat Kurrachee, and be the Liverpool if not the London of India. Meantime I confine my ambition to the mole, and

hope, if not to finish it, to leave it so that no man can strangle my child: it is all I can do for Scinde I fear ere my time closes. I have begun a stone bridge over the Fullaillee near Hydrabad, which will bring the great eastern road to Omercote, where India must take it up and carry it on through the desert. I have directed Captain Baker to go on with the canals between the Indus and the Narra; and where the Narra breaks away from the Indus down through Scinde even to Cutch, passing by Omercote. If we can turn the water down to Omercote, we can probably, turn it into the desert towards the east and so lighten the difficulties of the road.

“There are fine hills which I crossed on my march to Emaum Ghur, they stretch along the Narra far south; no map shews these hills, and all that great tract of country is now desert; but no desert by nature, for it is full of vegetation too luxuriant to be so destitute of water as is imagined. I long to have Captain Baker's report on it; the job on my hands was too dangerous for exploring when there, or I would have halted a week on those hills and sent officers in all directions: I am sure much of that country will be found fertile, and not unhealthy for a hot climate. This grand scheme of irrigation will I hope be well executed by Baker, who was chosen by Lord Ellenborough especially, and appears to me to enter well into the spirit of his work. He is now making a road from Shikarpoor to Sukkur, which I am anxious about in order to make that track an asylum for those who are fugitives from the hill robber-tribes. When a good road connects Shikarpoor with *Victoria on the Indus* agriculture and commerce will increase. The giving up Shikarpoor was the only part of Lord Ellenborough's policy towards Scinde that I wished otherwise, and now my schemes will go on there, and he seems eager about them: but I am checked at every point by the want of engineers, and by sickness; neither science nor labour can be had, both being rather essential for public works!

“Colonel Jervis, Engineer.—I expect to be a beggar for your plan of a prison ere long. Can't you persecute the directors to execute your railway? *Rail-away* till they do! Scinde is their own, and will in a few years give them a million sterling.



“Gen. Simpson, November 18th.—Nothing has been done, or can be done at Sukkur for want of people. Engineer and all the workmen sick: the land in its length and breadth is an hospital!

“Nusseer Khan.—Highness, I have received your letter”—an insolent reproach concocted for him at Bombay. “You say truly, I did return to you your sword on the field of battle, not because you had displayed any courage but that I pitied your misfortune. I also promised to treat you with the respect due to a conquered prince. You were so treated, and in return have sent written statements to my government filled with falsehoods against the army under my command. Your highness well knows how you would have been treated by an Asiatic conqueror, and how you were treated by a British soldier. But your highness knows more than this! You know that you and your family had, in open durbar, expressed your intention to massacre my army and to torture me had victory been on your side! This causes no anger in my breast; it is your mode of war-

fare though it is not ours. But your false complaints against myself and my comrades is a very different and far worse matter. The first would have been a harsh use of victory, the last is a disgraceful return for more humane conduct: it causes me to request I may have no further correspondence with one for whose character I do not feel any respect.

“Bombay governor in council, November 22nd.—Honourable Sir. In forwarding the enclosed memorials from the widows of Majors Teesdale and Jackson, for the Honourable Court of Directors, few words are required from me. The conduct of Major Teesdale ere he fell was glorious beyond that of any man I ever saw die; for an instant I forgot the battle and looked at him with admiration. I can say no more. Major Jackson also fell nobly. I did not witness his death, but those who did speak of his unflinching courage as heroic. His regiment was forced back, but with three brave havildars of the 12th, he stood, and they were surrounded: the regiment quickly rallied to their rescue, but those four bold soldiers were slain! Seven Beloochees died under the blows dealt by these courageous men ere they fell; of the seven, five were said to have been killed by the hand of the powerful Major Jackson. No man's sword did more towards victory on that day.

“General Simpson, November.—If you get hold of any chap plundering your camels try what a flogging will do; but hang the next and keep his body guarded a sufficient time to hinder his people touching it: that will make the execution more effective. I am however inclined to think flogging will have more effect than capital punishment: they screw up courage to meet death; but when *Nusseeb-fate*, takes a fancy to a *cat-o'-nine-tails* it becomes disagreeable. From all I hear, a dozen lashes at most makes the doctrine of the Prophet very little heeded, and fate is not much trusted ever after. Now, if you give the first thief eight, or even four dozen, I doubt whether Mahomet

himself could bring him within five miles of your camp afterwards.

“Sir H. Gough.—I can tell you as much about the sickness as the doctors! Malaria has long been watched by me in various countries, and I published, in 1825, a book called ‘Memoir on the Roads of Cephalonia’ in which I devoted a chapter to the subject. The cause of malaria is known to be decayed vegetable matter. In a hot climate, whenever ground is watered vegetation increases prodigiously; if the water is cut off the sun kills the plants, and a mass of putrid vegetable matter sends forth its vapour and produces malaria. The quantity of bad air thus generated is in proportion to the surface covered by the water, and the number of people made ill is in the same proportion. The river this year rose above its ordinary level. The result was a vast surface of land covered by luxuriant vegetation—then the waters receded, but before vegetation was affected again rose, rendered it more luxuriant, and again receded. A hot sun soon destroyed the plants and the land was covered with sickly exhalations: that this should be most pestilential nearest the river is a natural result, because the vegetation there being longer supplied with water was thickest. This is a result in every part of the world where water and a hot sun are at work; and whenever the Indus rises unusually the autumn will be sickly in proportion. I think it would be good to erect barracks at Omercote for the troops to retire to for two months every year, as malaria is not likely to enter the desert.

“General Lumley’s letter asks, what measures the medical men recommend to prevent a recurrence! Nothing in the power of government can prevent it; while the Indus overflows its banks and rain falls malaria will prevail in Scinde. But it may be diminished. By cultivation which will substitute crops for decayed vegetable matter. By filling up all hollows containing stagnant water. Where that cannot be done without inconvenience to the inhabi-

tants, by turning the ponds into tanks with sides of masonry. By building good barracks, especially for the Europeans. The stench of a low bad barrack is in the morning horrible. No European barracks should be less than thirty feet high; the number of men should be painted on the doors, and officers in command held responsible for this being observed. The heat of this country is tremendous, and if men have not thick walls and lofty rooms sickness is inevitable. Such barracks are expensive no doubt: so are sick soldiers; so are dead soldiers. But the difference of these expences is, that the first is once and done with; the second goes on increasing like compound interest, and quickly outstrips the capital.

“Sir Robert Sale.—On arriving at Sukkur you are to take command of the troops there; and my plan is to have as few detachments as possible, and those to be directly reported to me if unforeseen circumstances demand that a detachment should be sent out without waiting for orders. The collectors are constantly wanting the assistance of troops, which I never give them: they must apply to the police for help, and if the police get thrashed I am sorry for it. This of course applies only to the collection of revenue: if an enemy comes upon us from without I have no instructions to give, well aware that none are necessary where you hold the command.

“Sir G. Arthur, December.—Much obliged for the ‘blue book,’ but have not had time to read a word. Lord Ellenborough tells me that Outram has ‘*obviously had great influence.*’ Now about the Sikhs. There are but two states in which men can be honorably left alone, viz. a perfectly savage, or rather wild state, where good sense directs them in a great measure, like the North American Indians. Secondly where much honesty and great happiness dwell. But the half-and-half barbaric state, where splendour and riches and extreme power are concentrated for the enjoyment of one, or a few men; and where, occasionally when he or they fall, a wild



army bursts upon the country like a horrid pestilence. Such a state is a public nuisance against which no frontier state can provide securely otherwise than by seizing the misgoverned land. Where might is right the most mighty has the most right! I am therefore of opinion that the Punjaub must soon be taken by us. At the same time I do not see the same necessity there was in Scinde, because we have a distinct frontier in the Sutlege; and as Lord E. has been so atrociously attacked for his policy towards Scinde, I think he will leave the Sikhs alone, if they will let him alone.

“As to Outram, the next subject in your letter, I am in no controversy with him: it was to avoid that I cut short our acquaintance. I assure you I bear Outram no ill will. I am altogether disappointed in the judgment I formed of his high feelings, and regret his going wrong, not even now thinking he does it intentionally but misled by his extreme vanity.

“This country is perfectly quiet and perfectly sick. I sent some horse and foot under Simpson into the hills to check the robbers, who were shewing their teeth; I also wanted to try a high place, clear of the river miasma, and having as I heard good air and good water. The robbers have ever since been quiet; the water on the hills at Ahmed Khan is excellent and plentiful, the air pure and cool. I expected improvement of health despite of a somewhat fatiguing march, but hear that Simpson is himself ill. Medical men tell me the Sepoys will recover from sickness, the Europeans not. I am myself, I believe, amongst the few instances of recovery, yet I feel the effect on the *springs*. If the Sepoys do not recover the army is disabled; for every man nearly has been in hospital! My belief is that not a single man or officer has escaped in any regiment at Sukkur and Hyderabad! Above seven thousand are now actually in hospital. The poor inhabitants are much worse, and die like rotten sheep: the very animals suffer; eight hundred camels

died in six weeks at Sukkur without apparent cause. I will do all that is possible to diminish the force in Scinde when the Punjaub is quiet ; till then we must be prepared for an outbreak.

“ My camel corps will soon be *camelized*, and I expect much from it in keeping the mountain tribes in order ; and from the Scinde horse also—especially if Lord E. will let me form a second regiment,—indeed such service as will enable me to give you many regiments. This epidemic has baffled me in everything, but I shall now get on. I never lose patience in such matters, though I do when things fail from people not bestirring themselves ; and I see no reason why we should be patient with those who from mere laziness won't work. Twenty of my police lately met sixty plunderers under a celebrated chief ; they fought and the mountaineers were beaten. The police had two men wounded and three or four horses killed, and say they killed ten enemies, which is undoubtedly a lie ; but I am quite satisfied that they really fought and beat an enemy. Poor Simpson is ill and has come back from Ahmed Khan. I regret his having been obliged to do this as his march had stopped the marauding ; if he could have staid a fortnight longer the camel corps would have been out : now it is to be feared that the hill chaps will gather pluck for awhile.

“ *Have you no conscience ?* What a question to ask a governor ! No, to be sure I have not. Did you ever know of a governor who had ? He would, if discovered, be stuffed and sent to the Museum ! However so far as I am personally concerned drying would be unnecessary, Scinde has done that ; I feel like a *mummy vivant*, travelling to see the difference between posterity and the times of Sesostriis ! However, whatever I am, ‘ no conscience about engineers troubles me.’ I send you my rough draft of a letter to Lord Ellenborough ; it will shew you what I propose in the way of works, civil and military : it is an answer to a letter of his, asking what has been done ? The only

thing done, or doing, for the last five months, has been drinking quinine. Not a man, engineer, cooly, or Biggaree has been able to do more than walk to hospital. We want a good lighthouse much. My nephews say, their father got one for the Cape—I think from Marseilles, and upon a new French principle. Waddington, my chief engineer, seems to approve of it, and there is one invented at Madras which he likes: that is—to one he has only ten thousand objections, to the other ten thousand and a-half! I am going to give him the report for comments that I may secure having every possible objection.

December 13th.—Ali Moorad is growing saucy, and there are sundry rumours which make me keep a sharp look-out. I send you copy of my letter to Ali, and if he does anything insulting, which is not unlikely, I shall attack him at once. I send the sick Europeans by the ‘Queen’ to save time, which to them, poor fellows, is important. Dr. Wight says about seven thousand Sepoys must go to Bombay. This is a serious affair, because my rupture with Ali Moorad would require all the men I could collect; and from Candahar comes information that all the great jaghidars of Scinde have written to Shere Mohamed, saying, if the Affghans will come down they will rise to a man and make a religious war in Scinde. It is also said Ali Moorad wrote that he would join them, and that we were so sick that two thousand men would finish us! This boast he will not find so easy to fulfil. While these reports are so rife and the Punjab unsettled I cannot spare a man able to use a musquet: so much for *suggestions*, which have occurred to me in thinking over my strength, if such a term can be applied to the fearful state we are in.

“Ali Moorad, December 13th.—Highness. I have received a communication from you which I cannot designate other than disrespectful, if not insolent, to the British government. To your letter this is the answer. Listen to it and be wise for I am your friend.

"The governor-general has upheld you because you have hitherto been faithful to your treaties. Officers have been sent to mark, in union with your highness's vakeels, the limits of that territory which belongs to the British government by right of conquest; and the limits of that which belongs to your highness. I have sent a brave and honourable officer to reside at your highness's court. This was done at the especial request of your highness. You have by the power of the British troops been made great, beyond the greatness of your forefathers; beyond what your most sanguine expectations could have imagined! The victory of Meeanee removed your rivals!

"I hope you have not forgotten these things, but your letter makes me think your highness has been ill advised. Recollect, that under the grasp of the governor-general you are like a sparrow in the talons of an eagle. As your friend I give you this caution, lest the fate of your brother should be that of your highness. The governor-general has set two examples before you. The Nawab, Bhawal Khan of Bhawalpoor, has received Subzulcote and Bhoongbarra as a reward for his faithful adherence to treaties. Roostum Khan of Kyrpoor has been deposed because he broke faith with the British government. But there is a third example, better known to your highness. The Ameer Ali Moorad, Khan, Talpoor, was one of many chiefs that ruled the Kyrpoor territory; he was faithful to his treaties and his enemies were overthrown by Englishmen. He rules now the Kyrpoor alone and uncontrolled!

"Ameer! I believe you to be a wise prince. For this reason I have, so far, addressed you as a friend: I must now speak to you as the British general! Remember Meeanee and Hydrabad! I have now, not two but twenty thousand soldiers under my orders. If your highness offers the slightest insult to the British government I will consider you as an enemy and your destruction will be inevitable.

"Captain Malet, December 13th.—I press you into the

service, for the time is ticklish. There is some queer work going on secretly in Scinde. My mind never takes long to make up in such cases, and I see pretty clearly what these gentlemen are about. Ali Moorad has written a saucy letter, which I send you a copy of, and my answer, which I beg of you to deliver into his own hands and make him read it. I am sure he has no desire to quarrel with us; but he drinks and hunts, and is incapable of business, consequently he falls into the hands of the chaps about him. Now the way to deal with him is this. Having made him read my letter to sober him, endeavour with all the tact you are master of to press upon him the necessity of his taking back Sheik Ali Hussein, his old vakeel. He may give the sheik any fixed salary and take any precaution to hinder his robbing him, as Ali says he did before: I dare say truly. But Sheik Ali will keep him straight, and prevent my bombarding Dejee, which would be a sore affair for him. If you can reconcile these two gentlemen the rest of your work will be easy; for Sheik Ali will serve his master well in the way he ought to be served, viz. keeping him true to his treaty: he will then be safe. His territory will be very convenient for us to have, but it is necessary to be fair with every man and I have given him clear warning and good advice which you must impress upon him. If he refuses to take it, he must try his prowess with us, for insult to the British flag must not be submitted to.

“His letter is a false composition, and he seems as if trying to pick a quarrel with us, in which case the sooner we come to blows the better, because delay would give his allies time to help him and would not strengthen us in any material degree. However, you must do your best to prevent a quarrel; men's lives must not be lost without every exertion being made to prevent it. I hope you will also be able to get on with the work in hand, viz. the limits of territory. The bringing this to a conclusion will bring on a decided state; Ali will then either be satisfied or quarrel.

It will, I think, put his highness in a better humour, and until Scinde is quite settled he is a very useful ally: still, if he will not be quiet and resolves on war it would be no harm to the Company to have his territory."—At the time this letter was written Outram and his faction were representing Sir C. Napier as the hoodwinked dupe and favourer of Ali Moorad!

"General Simpson, December 15th.—I have much to do. Ali Moorad has written me a saucy letter; at the same time a raid has been made on our territory N.W. of Shikarpoor, and reports are rife of a rising amongst the Beloochees. Putting these things together there may be some work on our hands yet, but I think, sick as we are, we can pay our debts, with interest to boot. I suspect, if Ali Moorad defies me, both you and Douglas will be set upon by the whole country. You will be strong in your fortress of Hyderabad, Douglas at Kurrachee in his powerful brigade; but both will have to fight for it: this makes me eager to get you well. Sale is at Sukkur with the 13th Regiment, at least he ought to have arrived the 12th. Let these beggars come on! it will make you a K.C.B. if they do! I shall go to Sukkur, and leave you to keep the south—but they won't try a fair fight!

"The Khan of Khelat.—Highness. I have received your letter and think that if Newaz made war on you, you were right to take him and his lands! As to Futteh Khan, I shall cause all proper inquiry to be made and deal with him accordingly, and shall let you hear all that I do. As to Rojan, you say it is yours; then keep it, the English do not want to take what is yours. All we want is to prevent plunderers finding harbour there, and you will, I hope, send a trustworthy officer to keep that district free from robberies: this is what I want, and this must be done either by your highness or by me.

"R. Napier.—I am at my ease about newspaper abuse, having grown as callous as a buffalo's horn. I did much for

Outram, and bore all the odium cast upon me by the papers about him. The Bombay Times is under Outram's command, and from expressions peculiar to him I believe he wrote the part about himself in Buist's book. I had the means of ruining him as a soldier and a diplomatist, yet kept them from Lord Ellenborough and the public rather than injure him. I saved the army from a Cabool massacre: had I made one error we were gone. I should probably have been killed; but if not, could hardly have managed a retreat of so desperate a nature. We should I think have fallen to a man, for as to surrender it never entered my head: the utmost I expected was to get our back to the Indus and abide fate!

"Now you shall know what no man has been told before. My adjutant-general was badly wounded, we were all crushed with the fight, with heat, and difficulties of all kinds, and all around was danger; hence it was only a week ago that a correct return of men engaged was obtained. We had only *seventeen hundred in action!* not 2800 as I said when I took the last return in possession before the battle as a guide. Including officers our force could not have reached two thousand, and I have Belooch returns of close upon twenty-six thousand warriors, signed by the chiefs; each stating his force, and they all try to reduce their numbers to reduce the disgrace. But evidence, received from the family of the Ameers, says there were *thirty-five thousand* fighting men, which is what the best of my spies reported at the time: this was a disparity of force rarely surpassed. There were two chiefs not in the Belooch returns, who had large tribes, numbers unknown, so that we must have engaged the higher numbers mentioned.

"I did think highly of Outram's honour till I read his letter to William; then I saw all the cunning of which his friends in India accuse him, and I now join them: yet he certainly has the character also of honesty and openness,

and I thought so of him, but will hold that opinion of no man who says what Outram said to me, and yet lets me be run down. I risked a great deal with Lord Ellenborough to serve him who was a stranger to me, because he convinced me he was ill used; but I have since found out that he said things not strictly true. His *conversations with the Ameers* were in no hands but his and mine; yet they come out to Lord E., *printed by the Secret Committee!* and my letter, explaining Roostum's misconduct and falsehood was *burked*, it has never appeared with the conversations! Outram's vanity made him mad when I rejected all his advice, after I had read him rightly, and this vanity was increased by his friends' praise, and their and his own puffs. In this madness he tried to make out, and possibly, believed that my advancing caused the war; and that, but for my blundering and being a cat's-paw for Lord Ellenborough, he, Outram, would with transcendent talent have arranged all and convinced the world what a fool Lord E. was and how ignorant I was.

"This he thought due to his character as the '*ablest man in India*;' but that he had the dishonourable intention of deliberately injuring me I cannot yet believe. However there is but one feeling amongst his comrades here, and at Poonah, viz. 'That it was lucky for me he was not in the battle, or I should never have been allowed by him and the Bombay Times to have had a share: Outram would have done it all!' However one thing is to me plain. I suspected it at the time, but having then a different opinion of the man I cast it from me as ungenerous to condemn him, even to myself. He asked me for a fourth part of the European troops and two hundred Sepoys, to go and attack a wood on the morning of the 17th February, and begged of me to halt till the 18th. He believed they were not good fighters, and that he should defeat them and shew the world, that having tried for peace, when Napier's blundering failed he had taken the lead in war and at once did the work! I am now convinced of this. He would have had

a precious thrashing, which I saved him by refusing a single European, and also refusing to halt.

“From the 25th December to 24th March 1842-3, Lord Ellenborough is not responsible for anything; the military movements after taking possession of Roree were exclusively mine; and as Outram has asserted, and thus obviously influenced people at home to believe, that my refusal to halt caused two bloody battles, all between that and the 17th February is of the highest importance to my honour. For if from a desire to fight, or from want of brains, I caused a battle it is evident that I am not fit for any command. This desire to fight also is not allowed to be a piece of simple villainy, or stupid courage, but is attributed to a desire for prize-money! One would imagine, that fools as men are, the fighting thirty-six thousand men with less than two thousand might lead to the thought that against such odds, not to be beaten was all the most sanguine could hope! Because I saved the country from another Cabool slaughter I am accused of acting from the vilest motives, one of which every man who reflects must know never could have entered my head. By accident I have the means of proving this, if I could descend to give proof of the falsehood of such a contemptible accusation; and as to the *‘headlong valour of the ardent soldier,’* I should like to see the man who would attack ten for pleasure! ten who gave no quarter! Richard, it is hard not to laugh at mankind when we see and hear such nonsense. I must stop, being pressed for time and much pressed by business; in eight days after last mail I answered one hundred and thirty letters! many requiring two and even three letters, to reply to questions asked: and besides this I answer by head and mouth as many more.

“Gen. W. Napier.—You ought to have a letter by every mail. I hope no tricks are played at Bombay, but my confidence is small in those chaps, and one is said to write Outram’s puffs for him; so I shall send my letters to you under cover to my clothier.”—His letters were opened.

“One of Lord Ellenborough’s sins is the having made

Scinde a separate government. The Bombay people intended to have all the patronage while they abused the conquest. He gave the loaves and fishes to me, and I gave them to the best men of the army, without paying attention to a single recommendation from England or Bombay. Stop! There is a Captain Townsend who was recommended to me, and I forgot it, or by whom, till he wrote to thank me! I had only got a high character of him, and he, to his surprize, found himself a deputy collector. Another, Mr. McGregor, nephew of Sir James was recommended, but I told Sir James that it was the young man's own conduct, not his recommendation that got him the post of Fort Major. All the others won their places at Meeanee and Hydrabad: it was only fair that those who won the land should have its fatness. But having served all who had claims and were fit, I did in two instances serve my friends:—Charles Curling had lived in Egypt three years, speaks Arabic, and is a hard-working clever fellow: him I put in the lowest class of inspectors, first telling Lord Ellenborough who he was, and asking leave. Young Byng, my extra aide-de-camp, a Company's officer, was strongly recommended to Lord Ellenborough. These only have been appointed from friendship, and Curling's knowledge of Egypt is very useful: he is already attempting to get sugar-canes and other things that thrive in Egypt, where he has many friends, the Pasha's botanist amongst them.

“Ten men have been hanged for murder. It is a proper point to fix on, to shew the people and the chiefs that my kindness and conciliation spring from no fear; it would not do to let their barbaric vanity gradually wipe away the terror of the battles. All men have first a regular trial by the magistrates; it then comes to me, I read it over with the judge-advocate for civil affairs, an officer established for the purpose by me. If we concur with the magistrates, the sentence is confirmed and sentence executed, whether death

or imprisonment. We have thus quieted the left bank of the Indus and are beginning with the right, but as yet nothing done, because out of fifteen thousand men twelve thousand are sick: the gates of Hyderabad are fastened because the guard cannot be relieved! the prostration of strength is fearful. If I can weather this season and keep Scinde quiet; and if Lord Ellenborough does not require me, I think to ask Lord Fitzroy about going back to Poonah. The loss of income would be great, but a third season here will be hard to stand. It would be different had I not suffered, but the doctors find that change of climate only will perfectly recover even young men. However, live or die I will not flinch if really wanted here. What you tell me of the officers who go home from this is my real reward. The Company's officers are a very fine set of fellows. However, I expect to go down hill in their opinion now that the excitement of war has passed and that a rigid discipline only remains; for I pay no court to them on this point and must take my chance: but they all know how interested I am in the public welfare.

"R. Napier, December 21st.—I am strong again, which is fortunate, as war is going on all around and rumours of it here. I never look at a paper unless it concerns Scinde, and only then to trace the colour of public feeling: my whole thought and labour must be concentrated on my work. The threat of a general rising demands serious attention, for the Indian newspapers are calling on the mountaineers to come down on me, and those of the plains to rise while I have 10,000 *sick unable to stir!* The natives have all the papers translated, but, thank the stars, the Beloochees of the plains being as sick as ourselves cannot rise if they would. One is equally obliged to the editors; it will not be their fault if our throats are not cut. The Bombay Times is also trying to make my men mutiny: but all these kind designs fail.

"Gen. W. Napier.—I have sent you a sword, given to me

by an artilleryman on the field of Meeanee just as the fight was over; it was then covered with blood, but whether of the owner or our people is not known. *The sword of Meer Ghoolam Shah Talpoor*, is written on it, and he and his son are said to have fallen in the battle. There is also some poetry, which my moonshee, Ali Acbar, thus translates. *O deposer of enemies and grand prophet! O, exhibitor of miracles Moortez a Allee.* Moortez was Mahomed's son-in-law. This is one of the finest blades taken. No golden-hilted sword is worn except by the great chiefs. I have another sword, bought at auction for we gave everything to the prize-agents: it has a finer hilt than yours, but the blades are equally fine. I was going to send it to you, but it is likely to be more curious as mine than any one's else, as it belonged to Moorad Ali Talpoor one of the Char Yar or four brothers who conquered Scinde. He was the father of Nusseer Khan, to whom the sword belonged, and he, as you know, commanded at Meeanee above the other Ameers! I gave him back his sword, but that was another weapon; so in truth I have his sword after all: I suppose he did not like to take his father's sword into danger. I took my father's sword into battle.

"Your sword had no scabbard, the one with it I bought; the real scabbard was all covered with pure gold, and plundered of course. The hilts are iron, washed or rather plated with gold, but the mountings of the scabbards are pure gold, and the camp followers pinned them while the fight was going on. Ali Acbar has Nadir Scha's sword, the hilt of iron. The Ameers offered him five thousand rupees for it but he refused. All these fine swords have a history, and I will endeavour to find out that of yours. I am glad to have got it, as my having it adds to its history. McPherson got one which belonged to the Persian kings, with double waving edges. But the sword of all was the sword of the Kalloras, a short straight sword, which we can nowhere find: the Ameers probably hid it. All this country

and the neighbouring countries firmly believe, that if drawn in the presence of a camel the sight of it cuts him in two! It is the sharpest and most highly charmed sword ever wielded by man. Woe to him it strikes! Yet the Talpoor took it from the Kallora and slew him with it!

“With a well-greased conscience some pretty pickings of rupees could be made here. Lord Ellenborough has allowed me to settle all questions with the Nawab of Bhawalpoor, the Khan of Khelat, and Meer Ali Moorad. From each of these princes Clive would have extracted a lac of rupees, perhaps two lacs, for I have to give land and help to all three. How long my conscience will stand I do not know, but as yet I have only taken a cock. Ali Moorad gave it to me in the desert at Emaum Ghur, when we were all very hungry, and with it four dozen of addled eggs, to McPherson’s great indignation, as caterer. Apropos to Ali Moorad. Mischievous is brewing here. Ali has written impertinently, and a foray has been made from the hills. Agha Khan, the Persian prince, the veritable old assassin of the mountains, lives with me and has a letter from Kandahar saying, all the Scindian Belooch chiefs have assured the Lion they are ready to rise in a religious war; that Ali Moorad has written the same, adding that our army is down with fever and two thousand Affghans sent down would do the job! Nevertheless I think to stop an outbreak.

“This is my plan. 1°. Put all my posts on their guard. 2°. Ali Moorad has a place of great height and strength, called Dejee, and he will, I think, so fear me as to go into this fort, which is devilish high. If he quarrels I shall attack it at once, because, if he resists there is a conspiracy and to crush him in his celebrated fortress will strike terror, and the rest will either break out prematurely or melt away. 3°. To insure success I have sent to Bombay for mortars, and shall be able to rig out 16 eight-inch howitzers besides. These shall be collected at Sukkur, three days’ march from Dejee, and before his preparations can be made Dejee will

get such a hammering as will astonish both the walls and the folks inside !

“ ‘When bickerings hot to high words got break out in gamiorum.’ I like to cool the flame by going at some point these barbarians confide in and cannot escape from, and Dejee is considered quite impregnable. However my hope is to avoid war by decided language and ostentatious preparation : wherefore the mortars shall go up the river publicly, and I have set my spies to work. I do not feel nervous but see all the danger. The Punjaub is up in a row ; the Gwalior territory also ; and my friend the Lion is at work in the hills. Ali Acbar, my Arabian moonshee, who is as faithful as steel, tells me they are all in correspondence he is sure, but are afraid of the *Bahadoor Jung* as they call me, and will not venture a turn-out. If I catch some chief who has given his adhesion, in correspondence with the enemy he shall hang from the highest tower of Hydrabad. This would crush the whole thing, and be just, because all the adhesions have been voluntary and rewarded by the restoration of lands and dignities. I am thought here to be too easy with them, but I am right, certain that conciliation is better policy than violence ; and the first chief who abuses my confidence shall find the ‘differ :’ it will have ten times the effect. The strong can afford to be conciliating, and these people have had bloody lessons as to our strength. However I have cause enough for deep reflection on this and other matters. For my Emmy lately run her horse at a leap, was thrown and laid open her forehead. I was in the stable and saw her horse come galloping in with an empty saddle ! I jumped on and soon found her safe, though hurt. I never had such a ride ! Had she been killed what would Scinde have been to me ? How futile are all things of life, how little we lose by death ! I sometimes think it desirable, that I may see nothing I love die.”

At this time John Kennedy adjured him to quit Scinde

and save his life, the medical men being unanimous for the necessity: this was the generous answer. "I am well and strong again, and I must go through one more hot season, live or die. It would not do to desert the coach at this moment. These chaps are shewing signs of mischief, and I must remain on the box till all is quiet, and then give the reins to a successor. It would be hard for Lord Ellenborough to find a man able to take them now; they are indeed gathered well up in my hand, but my means are so feeble that a new man could hardly turn them to account before he would find all in a mess. There are eight thousand men sick in bed, unable to move; and the other eight thousand have been sick and could not march ten miles. The Beloochees, it is generally supposed, have a peculiar dread of the *Bahadoor Jung*. This is a result of victory, and a great moral power which another though a better man could not have. I think I shall keep them straight; but I will never leave Lord Ellenborough in the lurch as to Scinde. He is a noble fellow: had he thwarted me the army in Scinde was gone; he was too far off to have commanded it, and the whole affair was too complicated to have been carried through as I carried it through by any man trammelled with orders. Lord Auckland and Outram would have made another Affghan affair, do what I would, and then half India would have risen.

"My position is even ticklish now. An army floored by an unheard-of sickness, Gwalior in the east, the Punjaub on the north, in arms; and my own chaps between a growl and a bite; the mountaineers on the west, not the far west but the near west, like a band of robbers in ambush listening for the wheels of an approaching carriage! It is not a bed of roses. I would go to Sukkur now but am afraid of another attack of fever which would play the devil with me: and with public affairs also, or my own old carcass should not stop me. You see how impossible it is for me to quit Scinde with honour till next year, even if I pass the hot

season, which I admit is doubtful. As to money, I do not stay for that, I would give more than I shall ever make to be out of it; but thousands of persons here are in more danger than I am and I will sink or swim with them, poor fellows!"

The cry raised by Outram about the patriarchal princes was at this time made to resound in London, and Charles Napier's brother, having written on the subject, received the subjoined retrospect of his proceedings towards Roostum Khan—that being the chief point of Outram's attacks.

"Richard Napier.—You will see by my official letters that will appear, how Outram told me what a fine fellow Ali Moorad was, how frank and open, and what a thorough friend of ours, adhering to his treaty honestly, as indeed he has done up to this time. I was then quite new to them all, and one night, December 18th, a secret message came to me from old Roostum, saying he was a prisoner with his family which had forced him to act against the British, and he begged of me to receive him into my camp as he was helpless. I advised him to go to his brother Ali Moorad and remain with him, but offered him an escort and refuge in my camp if he persisted in wishing to come. He did go to his brother, and then would not even see me when I desired it. I really know not what I am found fault with for; he did not take my advice, he took only part of it. Now if I advise a man to take Seidlitz powders and he drinks only the acid part, he has no right to say that I gave him a pain in the stomach. This is what Roostum did. He went to Ali as advised, but neither remained with him as advised, nor came to me as advised, but made over everything to his brother and then fled from Dejee, pretending he had been forced to the cession.

"Now, why did not Roostum, if he was forced, meet me and tell me? Oh! said Outram, he was afraid. Ali Moorad made him think you were going to put him in prison. My answer was. Why should he think so? there was no

motive: but if he did fear it at Dejee he could not fear it when I overtook him in the desert on my march to Emaum Ghur, for I had force to seize him and his followers, and instead of doing so sent you, his friend of four years, to invite him to my tent. You, Outram, returned with his son, and a message that he was so tired he could not come himself! He could have no fear then, yet fled in the night. To this poser Outram answered. Oh! Ali has bribed all about him: this was nonsense, he had duped Outram.

“After the fall of Emaum Ghur, Outram again found him on the road to Kyrpoor, and he agreed to meet Outram at Kyrpoor and there discuss the treaty, which would have saved his possessions, but was again *so tired* that he advised Outram to ride on and he would follow next day. Off went the dupe, and Roostum marched another way with seven thousand men and two guns, which he had kept out of sight. He went to a fort of his, 60 miles from Hyderabad, and held it until Meeanee was fought. My conduct was all clear. My object was to have one chief instead of a dozen to deal with; and that dozen in the hands of an old fox, one Futteh Mohamed Ghoree, a sworn enemy of the English and working hard at the time to form a coalition of Beloochees, Affghans and Sikhs, to fall on us with two hundred thousand men; I having then but seven thousand in all Scinde, and those at Kurrachee five hundred miles from those at Sukkur.

“I wished the younger brother, Ali, to be minister to the elder; to be a mayor of the palace, the king being an old imbecile, full of useless cunning and in the hands of a knave and his own violent sons and nephews. When I first heard Roostum had resigned the turban it disturbed me, thinking it would produce war, and my advice to Ali Moorad was not to accept it: he however said it had been ceded in such a formal manner that he neither could nor would give it back. Meanwhile reflection had convinced me that it was best so, as a decided policy; for the old idiot was

so cunning he would be constantly hampering Ali with us. Nevertheless, thinking force might have been employed I sought an interview with Roostum to ascertain the truth, but he fled. Had he done so without resigning the turban he could have used his power as Rais embarrassingly; for the Mahometans think much of whoever holds the title. Now, the more this question is discussed the better. I advised Roostum to be guided by Ali, but never forced him to do anything. I was very much afraid the old man might be killed in the attack of Kyrpoor if his people defended that place; and I knew that would give a handle for abuse from the infamous Indian press, than which the whole world cannot produce a more rascally. Besides this I pitied the old man, thinking him then a victim to his son, who wanted to get the turban and for aught I knew might kill him on purpose in the row! They are all capable of such actions.

“You will be glad to hear that Ali Moorad has been bullied by me. Sir Jasper Nichols was here when my letter to Ali went, and he and the Bombay folks all thought Ali would be furious and not bear it; even Sir G. Arthur thought so. I knew my man. Ali says, I am his *‘fountain of joy:’* that *‘his back was bent with the weight of my displeasure: now his heart dances like sunbeams on the waters of delight.’* My displeasure would have taken the shape of twelve bomb shells tumbling every five minutes on his bent back, and perhaps have prevented it ever becoming straight again! He is a wild, drinking, hunting, zenana-going youngster, 28 years old: but I have him in manacles, and Scinde is, as Lieutenant — writes me every week, perfectly *‘quite.’* I am ill, and it is strange but true as gospel, that at the changes of the moon down we all go in fever here! The wise men in England may laugh, but no doctor here laughs: they pitch in quinine at full and new moon.”

His journal was now resumed.

“ December 26th.—This day year I marched from Roree: how many events have since taken place! And now the state of affairs is not pleasant. Strong rumours of insurrection are rife, but they cannot get me out of Scinde if my posts are well provisioned and the sea open. As to Ali Moorad it is said he is playing tricks, very probable: a barbarian never takes a sound view. Ali is a *bon vivant* by nature, handsome and jovial: sensuality is in every line of his face, and he will be led away by every clever or cunning fellow about him. He thinks perhaps that he can get Scinde for himself, because of the Gwalior and Punjaub troubles and the Affghan menaces: he shall if he turns restive have six feet by three of it. As for his fort, get the women out and I would have no pity on the men but pitch shells in till they cried enough! How easily, were I absolute, I could conquer all these countries and make Kurrachee the capital. With the Bombay soldiers of Meeanee and Hydrabad, I could walk through all the lands. I would raise Belooch regiments, pass the Bolan in a turban and spread rumours of a dream and the Prophet: pleasant would be the banks of the Helmond to the Bombay troops, and to a host of Mahometans, who will follow any conqueror. I have them now as enemies, and so must deal with them, but the Affghans cannot, I am sure, come through the Bolan.”

So ended the year of conquest. It was one of great events, and the general's simple notices of them, and the facility with which he seemed by his own narrations to overcome difficulties, might lead to an undervaluing judgment, if the following summary of his labours did not stand out in such bold relief.

He marched at the head of troops about a thousand miles, more than two hundred being in the desert.

He won two great battles against sixty thousand enemies, and by his skilful combinations dispersed twelve thousand

more. In these actions he killed some ten thousand men in fight, and made nine sovereign princes captives, driving another into hopeless exile.

He took four great fortresses, repaired three and constructed one, and a large entrenched camp.

He received the submission of, and conciliated four hundred chiefs, some of whom could bring twenty thousand men into the field.

He arranged the military occupation of the country: no slight matter in a country where there were few buildings, and where a most pestiferous climate had to be encountered, joined to the difficulty of ruling a conquered race and keeping in awe innumerable hostile neighbouring tribes.

He established a civil government in all its branches, social financial and judicial, and organized a powerful effective police, horse and foot, for the public security.

He examined in person the principal mouths of the Indus with a view to commerce, commenced several important public works, and planned others. And during the execution of these things, though twice struck down by most formidable diseases and reduced to the point of death, he conscientiously read and reflected on every court-martial of his military, and every serious criminal trial of his civil government: and with a very extensive private correspondence, conducted a public one which presents a mass of eight hundred and fifty documents, many being long and profoundly-reasoned memoirs upon war policy and government, all of them original, pointed and serious, displaying a mind that never sunk under labour. Truly this was not a year of idleness.

FOURTEENTH EPOCH.

THIRD PERIOD.

THE story of Scinde for 1844 commences thus.

“ Journal, January 1st.—Another year! The last has been a glorious one for me so far as mundane glory is concerned; and yet, strange as it may appear, I daily forget all about the battles unless brought to my mind by conversation, or reading some mention of them: then indeed there is a gratification at having succeeded, but it is like the faint smile which comes at times in the midst of sorrow. I try to analyze my feelings and cannot, except an eagerness about my battles like that excited by reading of others’ battles. When I do think of them it appears to me that more credit is given to me than has been deserved, so many things spring from luck and so many faults in detail were committed. Most of the last resulted from want of bodily strength however; for I was weak and ill all the latter part of the campaign, and the great pain from my hurt hand, for a fortnight before and in the battle, had greatly worn me down. The pain was terrible, almost past bearing.

“ When in the fight I held my life as gone; for as to escaping, all idea of that vanished when I saw the 22nd giving way and was obliged to ride between the fires of two lines not twenty yards apart. I expected death as much from our men as from the enemy, and I was much singed by our fire; my whiskers twice or thrice so, and my face peppered by fellows who, in their fear, fired high over all heads but mine and nearly scattered my brains. In agony I rode, holding my reins with a broken hand and quite unequal to

a single combat had a Beloochee picked me out, as one was about to do when Marston slew him. Well, enough of all this, my thoughts are on another world; this one is to me one of pain and regrets, and suffering.

“January 12th.—My position becomes more critical daily, but gives me no apprehension: I am moving troops in all lines, my columns thread the land in every direction and bother the enemy; he cannot make it out, but I am gradually reinforcing Sukkur and Shikarpoor. These movements will suffice for next three weeks, when Sukkur will be strong: but if the Sikhs cross the Hyphasis I shall go to Sukkur with more troops, ready to make, if necessary, a diversion for the army on the Sutlege. If I have any moveable force to spare I think myself able to keep Mooltan in check, and Master Sewan Mull shall find me very troublesome. The game is however very critical and dangerous, but I think I can play it. Yet God knows! for of what are we certain in war?

“There are strange stories of great battles having been fought and won at Gwalior. Four days have past, the air is filled with rumours and the royal salute fired for victory! Yet no one knows why. If we have done our work well in the north all will be quiet; if it is only a boggle we shall have the devil to pay. Well! I am ‘*ready aye ready!*’

“January 15th.—A great battle, but no official intelligence: there seems to be some mystery, or they may have continued fighting after the first battle. The loss seems to be out of all proportion if our vague accounts are true. I trust young Somerset is not killed.

“16th.—Thirty-five years gone since my first general action and here I am still in the field. How the wheels whirl round!

“17th.—A letter from the governor-general 4th January six days after the battle, yet he does not allude to it: I cannot understand this. Nor have we any public notification. This is strange. Have he and Gough quarrelled?

We shall hear in time, but I hope the Sikhs have not passed the Hyphasis in the meantime. The army may be victorious yet crippled by the fight, which would be awkward, as it would have far to march to meet the Sikhs, and they would ravage the country unless there is force enough there to meet them. The mountain hordes are, as I expected, coming down to plunder, and I have sent the camel corps, 400 men, now formed, along the right bank ; they will put these roving lads to rout. There are now three columns moving in various directions through Scinde ; the Beloochees cannot tell what it means, but I am gradually accumulating a force at Sukkur, and if things turn out hot my design is to attack Mooltan eventually. News of the battle come, and a very sanguinary one ; but judging from the private accounts something was wrong ; for there was plenty of cavalry and artillery, both being wanted, yet neither engaged : however private accounts are of no value.

"21st.—Strange that Lord Ellenborough writes to me, yet scarcely refers to any battle. In one letter he says, ' We have lost 900 killed and wounded, the latter are doing well,' and this is all ! I am very anxious to learn the effect of the battle on the Sikhs. Will it hasten their passage of the Hyphasis or retard it ? If the first I shall go to Sukkur ; if the second remain here or at Hydrabad. I shall be strong at Sukkur ; my police are becoming everywhere effective troops, owing to Brown Phayre and Baynes, and my camel corps will be roving on the right bank of the Indus. If Scinde should rise what am I to do ? Hold the river and the stations and hunt the enemy with small detachments : I see nothing else. It will be murderous work I fear ; and just when my hopes were so strong to make this the most contented and happy part of India ! Oh ! how bitter will be my disappointment if we have insurrection and bloodshed. I have asked Lord E. to let me raise a Belooch corps ; it will absorb most of the unquiet spirits and make them good subjects. Well, I must rest on my arms and bide events.

Meanwhile I am carrying on my mole, roads and canals, at great risk to myself, having received no authority as yet. W—— is a good fellow but one of your slow people with interminable objections. Well, patience! the commander of an army needs a great share.

“22nd.—This month seems favourable for my fortune. The Duke of Wellington has given me the 22nd Regiment, which gratifies me more than all the grand crosses in the world. The thanks of Parliament! Who cares for them? Not I. To be thanked or reprimanded by Parliament is nothing to me. The thanks of Joe Hume par example, after his Greck loan. I want no thanks from the place-hunters who infest St. Stephens. I care indeed for Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, and Roebuck, and half-a-dozen fellows, having either ability or conscience, but not for the mass congregated there. How hard it is I cannot tell them so! and that I have the glorious 22nd Regiment and the good opinion of my soldiers.

“28th.—My spies say the Affghans are bent upon coming down on me: my belief is they will not, but I can meet fifty thousand and half that number will never appear. The Duke of Wellington has written me a note in his own hand, using this expression, *The two glorious battles of Meeanee and Hydrabad*. This is enough. He and my brother William think well of my work and I care for no other opinions. Sir Henry Bunbury, who is a right good military authority, holds the same opinion: in fine, soldiers do me justice and fools may rave. Sir Robert Peel approves of everything, so does Lord Ellenborough, and I will not sneak out of his service by quitting Scinde while he can be saved: no! not to save a dozen lives. Why should I more than other soldiers? Yes! some claim is mine. In three days my service will be of fifty years! No soldier in India has this service but myself, active service with many wounds; this does give me a claim to rest: but what want I with rest? Bah! talk of that when I am eighty. Yet the heat

may give it me in a few months, and will too I suspect. Well, rest! peace! heaven! What can we want more?

“Information just come from Nao Mull, that the Affghans are really coming down on Shikarpoor. Don't believe a word of it. They cannot cross the desert there. If they come in small bodies we gobble them up; if they keep in large bodies they will perish for want of water. They attack us! The Cabool affair must have made them more foolish than the politicals: no, they will never screw up courage. I wish they would, it would give peace to Scinde for a hundred years!

“30th.—Much criticism in the papers on Gough's battles: they would abuse the Almighty God if He came on earth. I have got a capital engineer, Captain Scott, nephew of Sir Walter: we shall get on now. The intelligence received satisfied me that the Lion cannot bring the Affghans down. He has been raising money on his jewels, pledging three lacs worth for one of specie: this is a proof of his lack of money, and the Affghans will have nothing more to say to him. Poor fellow! I wish I had a lac to give him.

“February 4th.—Two letters from Lord Ellenborough. One approves of my plans, if the Sikhs come down the river; the other gives power to go on with barracks. This man always hits the nail on the head.

“9th.—Sikhs quiet. Affghans offer the Lion for sale! Fitzgerald roves in the hills with the camel corps, and all my plans are working to their end. Scinde is quiet as any country in the world: the great receipt for quieting a country is a good thrashing first and great kindness afterwards: the wildest chaps are thus tamed. I have caught the man who murdered poor Mrs. Barnes. This puzzles me sadly. I do not like to let her blood flow unavenged, yet we must not punish except for effect. The brute ought to die without pity, but the question is, will his death be of use? It will be a prevention of murdering women in war. Aye! but we are at peace! Yet the whole country knows he murdered

an Englishwoman. Can he be allowed to escape, and the people to say that an Englishwoman may be slain with impunity? It would please me to blow the ruffian's brains out with my own hand, but in this case the principle must be considered.

" 12th.—Having preserved peace in the recent critical conjuncture little do I care for the opinions of the directors; it grieves me to have served them in any way, but as the devil rules the rolster we must help him here. The Affghans having robbed the Lion, hold him prisoner, and I have had hints that £5000 will buy him! Lord Ellenborough shall be asked about this, for my belief is the rascals will assassinate him, and if Lord E. gives him to me he shall be sent safely to Mecca. The fellow that murdered Mrs. Barnes shall swing.

" 15th.—This day year the Residency was attacked, and the war which was to end in the conquest of Scinde was thus begun; and this day reports have come in from the whole length of the right bank saying all is quiet! The thieves have all fled to the hills as I expected they would when the 9th cavalry reached Shikarpoor. The camel corps is at Sehwan, it has spread terror even up to Quettah, and through the valley of Shawl, and the wild tribes have sent to beg pardon and crave mercy. Shere Mohamed has fled to the Murrees in despair. Never was there a more complete conquest of a country. The secret is that I worked hard. 1°. To put down crime. 2°. Shewing the people and their chiefs, that having fought well against us was in my eyes a merit not a crime. 3°. That to every man who submitted all he lost was restored: in some cases more. 4°. That justice has been dealt to the poor. 5°. That all the people employed by the Ameers have been by me retained, and thus I enlisted an influential pack of scoundrels on our side: they are however scoundrels to whom the people are used, whereas had my own chosen rascals been put in they would have done more mischief and less

good than the old rogues, whom I closely watch and punish individually. 6°. That I have met hard blows in war, and though kind in peace have made ostentatious displays of power, and been always ready for war at an hour's notice. Such has been my plan, and the success is complete: when we conquered Affghanistan what person dared to go one hundred yards beyond the sentries? Whoever did so died. In Scinde English officers go out shooting, bag and baggage; travel anywhere and everywhere in safety, receiving civility and kindness from the poor people! I am more proud of this settling of Scinde than of all the victories that could be won in a hundred years!

" 18th.—We had a magnificent dinner yesterday for Meanee. I made a long speech, abused the Indian press, shall be torn to pieces, cannot help that, a little firmness will bear it. What is being firm? I do what is right and abide by it. But then comes the question, What is right? I have done what was not wise, viz. drawing the abuse of the press upon myself when unable to fight the press: for how can I print answers? I ought to have confined myself to one editor, Buist, and then all the others would have joined against him: this was bad generalship, but being heated by my subject truth would out.

" M. Genl. W. Napier, February.—The rabid abuse of the Bombay Times makes me laugh; yet it is injurious, because good and honourable people swallow it all, and if Shakespeare is right that does harm. I do not think he is, for men now get good or bad names so easily that no person of sense can care whether he has a bad or a good one! Much of what you ask about has passed from my mind, for immense details fill my head so entirely that it is easy to see why sovereigns can do more than other men. Responsibility runs in a thousand little channels, and a general is pinned down like Gulliver by pigmies: a general meeting a sovereign with equal military talent will be beaten round the wrekin. Lord Ellenborough backs me up against the small

rascals who are jealous of his favour; but there are good fellows, who are nevertheless little fellows, that really think I ought to be gibbeted; and who would gibbet me if they could. Your squib about the directors crying over the wrongs of the patriarchal Ameers while accepting their territory '*like crocodiles with their hands in their breeches' pockets,*' has diverted all people here.

"So old Lord Lynedoch is gone! Being at Malta about three years ago, when there was talk of a war with France he said, I can't go home by France. Why not my Lord? Oh! D—— them they might catch me, and I don't want to spend twenty or thirty years in a French prison! he being then past ninety! As to my refusal of a pension not doing any good to the poor you are right; but I well know what my feelings would be with a large pension, and people starving around me. My pension for wounds was my right from suffering and service; yet in the northern district several times I was on the point of giving up my pension. Were one to be conferred on me it should go to build an asylum for old soldiers. It would be different if it came from the pockets of the *crocodiles*. All the parliamentary work is ere this over, and I trust Lord Ellenborough has been well backed up by his friends, for he is the best working man for the people here that could be found, and most honorable: there is not a bit of dirt on him though he lives amidst filth!

"General Simpson.—I shall be on the look-out for General Mouton—a French officer in the Sikh service. These French adventurers are the cleverest and most entertaining chaps in the world. I expect General Court as well as Mouton. I hope he will come. I like these Frenchmen, they are such thorough soldiers.

"Ali Moorad.—Highness. I have received a letter from Captain Malet, who is to be Resident at your highness's court. This letter has given me great comfort, because I feared many things, unheard of among loyal princes, but

they have now passed by like sounds floating in the air and I heed them not; Captain Malet gives me assurance of their falsehood, and that they are inventions of bad men to involve your highness. I am old and greyheaded, I have been to your highness like a father to his son, and when told that your highness was misled I believed it not; for my belief is that your highness is a wise prince, a faithful ally, and one who would not ruin yourself as your enemies wish. All is now as I desire. Your highness will see by the instructions of Captain Malet, that your highness will gain much and become a powerful prince as a reward for your faithful adherence to treaties. May the present year consolidate and render eternal the friendship of your highness with the British government.

“Sir George Arthur.—Lord Ellenborough thinks the Sikhs mean to cross the Sutlege and he cannot therefore send reinforcements to Sukkur; he leaves me to act as suits me if they do—to stand firm or make a demonstration on Mooltan. Now, if the Sutlege be crossed and Scinde remains quiet my demonstration towards Mooltan may be made; but I will have hostages from the Khan of Bhawalpoor; for after crossing the Indus any accident changing his mind would put him in a position to hinder me getting back: all this is conjecture, but being naturally slow chewing the cud in anticipation is good for me.”

The four following letters display his versatility of mind.

“The Khan of Khelat.—Your highness is very urgent for money and troops. I will for once send you ten thousand rupees; in twenty days from this date the money shall be at Rojan. But this is the last time, because you are a powerful prince and ought to do as all great men do. Collect your troops, attack your enemies, and give your soldiers the plunder. Be brave and generous. If you wait to be attacked you will be defeated. Be a warrior. Take money from your enemies, do not beg it from your friends: cowards only keep their swords in the scabbard and ask for money.

The Khan of Khelat should rule with iron, not with silver. I will give you no more money : I give you this only to shew the friendship of the English. You are of high lineage, be worthy of your ancestors. Fight with your enemies, let their spoils fill your coffers and they will learn to respect the Khan of Khelat. You are young, do not give yourself up to the women of your harem, be a warrior and lead your troops to battle : I am your friend.

“Ensign Campbell.—I have just received your well-written note of the 25th December. By well-written I mean both handwriting and style. I do not know your commanding officer ; but there were some goings on between your regiment and another last year which I disapproved of. However, whether a regiment be in good order or bad order it ought not to affect a young man of sense, because by reading professional books you will discover what is faulty in your corps, if faults there are ; you will then learn how things ought to be, and will by daily observation see how they are. Thus you can form comparisons which will in time teach you your profession. I hope your regiment is in good order, but if not take care that your own company or section is when you are entrusted with one. Keep up all knowledge that you have acquired, and gain as much more as you can. By reading you will be distinguished, without it abilities are of little use. A man may talk and write, but he cannot learn his profession without constant study to prepare ; especially for the higher ranks, because he then wants the knowledge and experience of others improved by his own—but when in a post of responsibility he has no time to read, and if he comes to such post with an empty skull, it is then too late to fill it and he makes no figure. Thus many people fail to distinguish themselves and say they are unfortunate, which is untrue, their own previous idleness unfitted them to profit from fortune ! The smith who has to look for his hammer when the iron is red strikes too late ; the hammer should be uplifted to fall like a

thunderbolt while the white heat is in the metal. Thus will the forging prosper."

The next letter is addressed to Lord Ripon President of the Board of Control, and after touching upon the causes of malaria thus continues.—

"This my lord is the story of our sickness in part, not all, for in addition to malaria we had a sharp previous campaign, and I never saw one close without sickness prevailing more or less in an army. Then comes a third cause. The natives do not live in houses, or where houses exist, they generally live under mats. We had therefore bad cover. I did with great exertion get cover for all, no man was in a tent; but no man was lodged as in this climate he ought to be. The remedies are good barracks; controlling the river, a matter of no great difficulty; filling up ponds of stagnant water; and perhaps some other steps not occurring to me at this moment, except the preventing of drunkenness to which much of the fatal character of the disease amongst Europeans may be attributed. There is however another point on which a reform might be made, and which I mean to mention to Lord Ellenborough. When illness attacked the troops there was scarcely a surgeon in Scinde; if there were two or three it was the utmost. I had but two at Meeanee, all the rest of the medical men were assistant surgeons; young men of good abilities but small experience. They have been hard working to the greatest degree all through this trying epidemic; but, I believe, in India men of a certain standing contrive to get other appointments and the sick soldier is left to zeal and inexperience, while the more experienced, if not more able members of the profession, are otherwise employed at the Presidency in lucrative situations: surgeons of regiments should be with their regiments.

"There is indeed one rational cause for their absence, but it should be controlled. Surgeons have generally been long in India, and are, for the most part, men of a studious turn of mind; they acquire a knowledge of the languages

not possessed in an equal degree by other military men, and are therefore more fitted for and more at hand for vacant civil appointments. Thus regiments are left to assistant surgeons, men as before said of zeal and talent, but young and without experience: of course there are exceptions, but these cannot be taken into account. When illness attacks an army in a hot climate it falls heavily, and, as in the present case, the worst is over before officers of experience arrive. Both in northern and southern Scinde, at one period of the late epidemic there were full 2000 sick men that were not visited by any medical man for a long time during the worst paroxysms of their fevers! I know of one officer who died unseen by a medical man! Yet those gentlemen attended with zeal; every one of the doctors had fever on him, and one or two died from resisting too long: victims to their sense of duty! Having dwelt so much upon the sickness, I have to add that I am convinced more Europeans die from drink than from climate. The evil effects of the first give irresistible vigour to the last, and he who could have easily resisted the fever falls in consequence of the drink, or becomes a lost man to the service: and I have no hesitation in saying this applies to all ranks.

“With regard to the future, much expence must be incurred. A new country in a barbarous state, unfurnished with houses, cannot be taken possession of and governed without great expence. Roads, canals, prisons, barracks, must be erected and workmen collected at great cost, the population being so thin and so barbarous that artificers are not to be had. This is not all. The points of occupation are, and must continue to be, Sukkur, Hydrabad and Kur-rachee. We must build barracks at Hydrabad and Kur-rachee, and storehouses, or we shall lose more men and stores than would double the expence of the buildings. We must do this or abandon Scinde! And why not do this? The revenue of Scinde will in a few years cover, more than cover all the expence of its conquest. I send you a rough

estimate upon the best basis we have at present; it cannot be very erroneous, and your lordship will see that Scinde can repay all outlay in a short time. The collectors all think our revenue will double what I have assumed, and that in a few years. But take what are asserted as facts, viz. the revenue under the Ameers was 60 lacs; his highness Ali Moorad has about 15 lacs: there remains for us 45 lacs. Am I extravagant in assuming as a basis this revenue? I think not. The people exaggerate the treasures of their princes, because they cannot do more than guess and are prone to the wonderful: but they do not guess at the revenue, they pay the taxes and accurately calculate the amount.

“If this synopsis of the revenue be at all correct, there can be no doubt that the momentary advance of money will be repaid with interest, and ought to be made. Otherwise, you must abandon a magnificent province; for you must also protect your troops against a degree of heat, which without protection even the natives cannot bear: a little protection may do for them but not for the troops. Here observe, that though our Sepoys can bear heat far better than European soldiers, all our staff and regimental officers are European, and must have protection: officers do indeed build houses as fast as they can, but it is exceedingly difficult to get workmen, and the expence enormous for this country. Scinde is not more unhealthy than other parts of India; and that it is more healthy than many parts is asserted by medical men.

“My opinion is that Scinde should be kept; that it will amply repay all its expences; that the whole attention of its governor should be given to build barracks, make roads and keep the country quiet while war rages in the neighbourhood. These things will require an outlay of at least one hundred thousand pounds a year for two years. I do not say fifty thousand will not enable us to get done what is absolutely necessary, viz. barracks and some fortifications, but one

hundred thousand would be more useful, and it would quiet the minds of the people to see us go to work with a will. It would make money plentiful amongst them, would put them in good humour, and produce quicker results. There is another thing also which may be found proper in Scinde: relieving the troops every third year. The great heat is said to wear out the constitution, especially of Europeans, which with a relief every third year would not be the case. Whether this be true I cannot say, having only experienced one hot season; it nearly killed me, but was aided by circumstances of war not likely to occur again, and I am sixty-two! great fatigue and anxiety helped the climate, but I am well again and only absolutely gave up my work three or four days, though for a long time I did it very badly. I may have tired your lordship, but could not give my views as to Scinde, its health and wants, in a much shorter letter, they are so united. The haste with which I have scribbled and that it has been done late at night after a hard day's work must excuse want of arrangement.

“Private James N——y.—I have your letter. You tell me you give satisfaction to your officers, which is just what you ought to do; and I am very glad to hear it, because of my regard for every one reared at Castletown; for I was reared there myself. However, as I and all belonging to me have left that part of the country for more than twenty years, I neither know who *Mr. Tom Kelly* is, nor who your father is; but I would go far any day in the year to serve a Celbridge man; or any man from the Barony of Salt in which Celbridge stands: that is to say, if such a man behaves himself like a good soldier and not a drunken vagabond like James J——e, whom you knew very well if you are a Castletown man. Now Mr. James N——y, as I am sure you are and must be a remarkable sober man, as I am myself or I should not have got on so well in the world as I have done: I say, as you are a remarkably sober man, I desire you to take this letter to your captain and ask him to

shew it to your lieutenant-colonel, and ask the lieutenant-colonel, with my best compliments, to have you in his memory; and if you are a remarkably sober man, mind that James N——y, a remarkably sober man, like I am, and in all ways fit to be a lance corporal, I will be obliged to him for promoting you now and hereafter. But if you are like James J——e, then I sincerely hope he will give you a double allowance of punishment, as you will deserve for taking up my time, which I am always ready to spare for a good soldier but not for a bad one. Now, if you behave well this letter will give you a fair start in life; and if you do behave well I hope soon to hear of your being a corporal. Mind what you are about, and believe me your well-wisher. Charles Napier, major-general, and governor of Scinde because I have always been a remarkably sober man.”

Such were his modes of addressing men singly according to their stations; and when he aimed at exciting masses, and raising exalted sentiments his allocution was of appropriate force.

“Lord Fitzroy Somerset.—One of the great evils in India, as far as I can perceive, is, that every head of an office fancies himself a gentleman who is to amuse himself and sign papers presented by his clerks; and they, gradually getting better coats on, vote themselves gentlemen too! Of course more clerks are required, and large establishments are formed without reason. When Pombal seized the government of Lisbon he found twenty-two thousand clerks: he cut the thousands down to 200! This has always appeared to me a lesson well suited to India, where young gentlemen of the civil service have a servant to wash every distinct toe!

“Sir Hugh Gough.—I congratulate you general most sincerely on your glorious victory. You seem to have met with resolute men; but nothing ever stood, or ever will stand our soldiers—British and Sepoys. I think between China and Gwalior you have made a good base for a

pyramid of glory. You have now only to clap the Punjaub on the top and your edifice of fame will be complete.

“General H. Smith.—I congratulate you on your feats of arms. You had a tough job of it: these Asiatics hit hard methinks. How came all the ladies to be in the fight? I suppose you all wanted to be gloriously rid of your wives! Well, there is something in that, but I wonder the women stand so atrocious an attempt. Poor things! I dare say they too had their hopes. They talk of our immoral conduct in Scinde: I am sure there never was any so bad as this. God forgive you all. Read your Bible and wear your laurels.

“Agha Khan, chief of the assassins.—Prince. I have your letter of the 26th instant and thank you for the information it contains. You say I never agree to what you suggest! How can you, who are so good and brave a soldier, be ignorant that I am not master but a servant. What you suggest I tell to my master, the governor-general. What he orders I tell to you. Why do you tell me I do not mind your suggestions? You are a wise Persian politician; I am a plain English soldier. I tell you truth like a simple man, and you, being a politician, will not believe me! This is very unwise in you, because you want to know the truth, and yet when you hear it will not believe, and tell me I never agree to what you suggest! Well. Have your own way, and I will have mine.

“Sir George Arthur.—You make me smile at your determination that I shall have a seat in the House of Lords! As far as agreeing with you that there are some there who ought not to be there the road is straight and plain; but that I ought is what I cannot agree with you, and other kind friends, while feeling and saying that I have been rewarded to the full extent of my merit. Well half a sheet of ego is enough. This day fifty years I got my ensigncy in the 33rd Regiment, the Duke of Wellington was our major.

“No one has more claim on the governor of Scinde than

the son of Major Teesdale. I shall not easily forget the brave conduct of his father. I forgot for an instant the battle while admiring the man as he rose in his stirrups with a loftier air of anger, calling on his men to follow and pressing his horse into that nullah from which few came back; he was not one, poor fellow! The deed and the death I saw, and there was but short time between them! His son shall have employment in Scinde, if I have power to give it to him.

“Proclamation, February 7th.—Lugarees and Loondees! I have heard you are about to go into the hills, fearing that I will put you in prison. Foolish men! Why are you afraid? Have I done evil in Scinde? Have I refused justice to the poor man? When the jaghirdar asked for his jaghire has he not received it? Have I made war upon any man after the battle? The Queen of England has conquered Scinde, but she has ordered it to be ruled with kindness, protecting the people: the plunderer alone shall feel her vengeance! Lugarees and Loondees remain where you are and cultivate your lands. I have sent a strong body of troops, mounted on camels, to protect the inhabitants of the right bank of the Indus from the robbers who descend from the mountains. Again I say, Lugarees and Loondees remain where you are! We worship one God, we are governed by one sovereign. Why should you fear?

“Khan of Khelat, February 12th.—I have your letter and congratulate you on your successes. Continually plunder the Affghans. I will keep Futteh Mohamed”—his enemy—“prisoner till all is quiet, because I hope you will continue to hold up your own dignity as becomes a prince. If you do not I shall be obliged to let him out. Reject all offers of the Affghans unless they deliver Shere Mohamed into your hands; in which case send him to me and I will reward you as you will deserve for such good service.

“The same, February 16th.—Highness. The robber chief Nowbut, one of the Jutwee tribe, plundered our

country. He is now gone to yours. I am your great friend. I have given you money, I have shut up your enemies, and therefore I expect you to send me this robber in chains. If you do not I will liberate Futteh Khan.

“Captain Young, judge advocate.—The Circular, No. 18, was your doing, not mine, and I agreed to it hastily. However I will endeavour to correct the evil: a very slight one. I will allow no magistrate to try cases which involve capital punishment. I will try them all by military commissions: they are those of murder, and robbery with violence on the highway. In such cases the magistrate's examination is merely preparatory to ulterior proceedings. With regard to ——'s letter, I know nothing about what ‘Scinde is considered in law,’ it being neither my business, nor as I imagine his. My rule has been that the shoemaker should stick to his last. Wherefore I have never considered what is legal, or not legal. Scinde is a conquered country ruled by martial law, which we soldiers all understand, and not one of us has the slightest knowledge of any other law. —— talks of some plan which only exists, as far as I am aware, in his own imagination, and that this plan is to ‘prevent enterprizing strangers from settling in Scinde;’ that my not allowing three revenue collectors to assume the power of the twelve judges of England, nay! more than that power, for the judges act after the verdict of a jury—that my not suffering them to hang men at their discretion, is to prevent enterprizing strangers settling in Scinde is not very comprehensible! The power of life and death was in the hands of the Ameers, but by conquest has been transferred to the military commander and martial law obtains. This does not give the power of life and death to collectors of revenue, or magistrates: their duties consist in the trial of minor cases and collection of revenue, and beyond those limits they shall not pass. It is idle to say that because a magistrate is not allowed to sentence to death he is without power of giving a verdict; this power of life and death the

magistrates shall not have in Scinde: at least with my consent.

“General Simpson, February 18th.—I am inclined to think ——— is gone mad. He has written me a letter to tell me I am an idiot and will ruin the country unless I take his advice: he, Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, and some one else being the only men who understand government! This may be true, but it only rests on his opinion and seems to resolve itself into one point, namely, my not giving collectors power of life and death. I feel quite ready to give up the government when Lord Ellenborough thinks proper, but feel no disposition to be put to dry-nurse. These gentlemen want to re-establish the ‘politicals’ under the title of ‘collectors.’ However, they have not put salt on my tail yet, and I doubt much whether they ever will.

“Captain Young, February 21st.—You and I have one object. To do our duty to man and God. By an honourable expression of our thoughts the last is effected; but the first is, though less important, more difficult as it depends on opinion, over which no man has control. On this occasion both Captain Preedy and yourself have decided that there is not proof against this man—the murderer of Mrs. Barnes. I shall therefore, as you are so satisfied and so impressed, give him the benefit at your request. But by this weakness, for such it is, I am guilty of having murdered every man I have hanged in this and other countries; for so help me God! in the whole course of a long life, and the experience of some thousands of trials, I never saw proofs more perfect of guilt, except where the crime was avowed, than those against Buska Chandia. As to its afterwards appearing that he was innocent, I should not believe it if all Scinde swore to it. I am quite ready to take that chance; but as you seem to consider that Preedy tried him, and you are both I consider blind to facts, he shall escape. I will take good care that the collectors shall have no more cases of this kind in their hands; such cases shall go before commissions

formed of three officers, and be judged like military criminals. I venture to say, there is not in this whole camp an officer who would differ with me in the conviction of this ruffian for murdering Mrs. Barnes: the evidence would hang him if laid before any jury in England. Governor Johnstone was hanged twenty years after the fact on evidence infinitely less convincing. I have made one mistake but will take care not to make another.

“The safety of this country is in my charge, and it cannot be preserved but by repressing murder and robbery with a strong hand. If murderers of the grossest description, murderers without the slightest provocation are to escape punishment because a collector is openly deluded with a cock-and-bull story, got up by the men of a tribe to save a clansman, and in this instance got up by criminals—if this is to be we must not pretend to govern barbarians, who are much too acute not to see our weakness. They will laugh in their sleeves as this murderer goes free over the land, and boast that they can shed our blood against their own law, and ours also, with safety. You have done your duty in stating your opinion frankly, and I respect you for so doing; but I have duties also, and one is to preserve the peace of the country, as well as long study of the subject and long years of practice enable me to do. Whether my abilities are sufficient to turn reading and practice to proper account may be disputed, but that is a point on which Lord Ellenborough and the English cabinet are to decide.

“I am not placed here by family interest, nor political concord with either Whig or Tory. The fiat of Lord Ellenborough or the Duke, or Sir R. Peel, can put me out as easily as they can extinguish a candle! and what is more, no candle could be more willingly put out than I should be: but they who are the proper judges are pleased to think I can do my work. Now if I let such ruffians escape, or if I delegated my power to inexperienced collectors, I should ill

respond to the confidence reposed in me ; and instead of a tranquil country as this is—unexampled in history I believe, or at least such complete conquests have not been frequent : we should now have held only the ground on which we stood, no more. Let this question drop. I will not try this man ; or if I do, will not execute the sentence, for I must deeply consider the point before saying I will not try him : it is one thing to let the people fancy we are cajoled, another to do an act of mercy.

“ As to the circular : I said it was your doing not mine, because I understood you to have proposed and executed it. However, as I am its father I am ready to acknowledge it ; only now it must be rendered more stringent on collectors. I said it was yours, not as being an error but a fact : as I thought it. This last with the alterations at all events is mine. We must, as Hooker observed long ago—‘ *Avoid the measuring by one form of law all the actions of men, and confounding what God has made distinct.*’ Now in a Court of Enquiry where Englishmen are examined by men of one degree of civilization, and one degree of society, and one religion, an oath is needless : even on trials many think it so. But very different is the case with English victors seeking to do justice amongst barbarians just conquered. Our object is to convict guilt and acquit innocence ; not to support quibbles about what is law and what is not law in England. We know we cannot get truth from some of these people without their hand be on the Koran ; and it is necessary for the magistrates to swear them, as in England is always done, when taking examinations. By the way : there is no legal authority against swearing on a Court of Enquiry in the army ; it is only custom, arising from the very good reason that it is not a legal court and cannot enforce obedience. An evidence might refuse to take an oath, but any magistrate accidentally on a Court of Enquiry would be justified and correct in swearing a witness

if he pleased, because he has the right as a magistrate: witness and accused may laugh at a Court of Enquiry so far as law goes.

"I take out of the circular, '*on the highway*,' lest it should appear as if the highway had anything to do with the matter: all Scinde is a highway. Also on reconsideration I see no need of the words 'Court of Enquiry,' an inferior court and not recognized except by custom. There will be no court at all in the process, it will be merely that depositions are taken on oath before a magistrate previous to committal for trial: and the magistrates are to go on exactly as they have hitherto done, except in the cases named in the circular, viz. treason, murder, robbery with violence: these are to be referred to me. You say your opinion is, that whoever commences a trial should finish it! Thus you sweep away grand juries, examinations before magistrates; before secretaries of state, &c. You may be right, but the general opinion is on the other side. I have never given that question any consideration, indeed never heard it mooted; but I will not give that right to collectors, or any single man, in a country for whose tranquillity I and I alone am responsible. I will not, I say, give any one man the right to take life, or prevent my punishing crime by an acquittal against testimony, as in the present case. I will either hold the power in my own hands, or leave it with a military commission till the general government chooses to lay down better rules for my guidance."

Notwithstanding this letter, Captain Young, the judge advocate, a man of merit and respected by Sir C. Napier, indiscreetly maintains his own views, and his pertinacity drew forth the following severe rebuke, written at a later date.

"You are welcome to submit any proceeding of mine to the consideration of the governor-general. I only wish that his lordship's time was sufficiently unoccupied for him to be made acquainted with every detail of my government; and

that I had time to submit the whole to him. With regard to this case, you seem to have taken an inconsiderate view of the subject; because, if you read your own letter under my order, dated 24th February—the circular—you will perceive that magistrates are not to try causes involving capital punishment, but are to consider their examinations as merely preparatory to ulterior proceedings. And also, that in such cases they are to offer any remarks that may be called for on a separate paper. Now sir you will be pleased to observe, that a man accused of killing his mother is accused of murder, and therefore it is a case involving capital punishment, and therefore could not be tried by the magistrate. And moreover should not have been submitted by you to me as proceedings held upon the trial of Santoo Hindoo for manslaughter: no such word as manslaughter is mentioned or ought to be mentioned in the charge against him, as far as any charge can be discovered in proceedings so informally drawn up, if you considered them to be what you denominate them, proceedings held upon the trial of Santoo Hindoo: you have therefore been in error, both as regards the general view of the subject and its details. It is really very hard upon me that those under my command will not content themselves with executing their own duties, but insist upon advising me how to execute mine. With thirty letters now before me to answer I have been obliged to read over a second time the proceedings in this case; which I had already decided upon, but which I was obliged to go over again, because you say I have entirely set aside the verdict of a magistrate. Sir, the magistrate did not give a verdict: he, very properly, gave his opinion and recommendation. But even this opinion ought, following the circular of February 24th, to have been on a separate paper, and it was your duty to see that it was properly done instead of occupying yourself with my duties. So much for the case of Santoo Hindoo.

“Now to your question, viz.—Whether, as in the case of

Santoo Hindoo, if your excellency gives what I conceive to be an illegal order I am at once to pass that order to the magistrate without remark, or what course am I to pursue?

Answer.—To obey your orders!

“So far I have answered your letter about cases which really exist. Now for those which only exist in your imagination. You are not only so obliging as to teach me my duty as to what I have done, but you would proceed to instruct me on matters which you hear from a third person I intend to do! It so happens that I do not intend to try Buksha Chandiya, except under circumstances of which you are ignorant; but which, before you undertook to give me advice, it was necessary you should know. However, as I do not require your advice I shall not state them to you, more especially, as while you talk of law you appear to me to have but slight acquaintance with it: Chandiya was not legally tried and acquitted. As to your third question I distinctly answer, that if you make any official application to the Sudder Court, the advocate general, or any other constituted authority, I shall consider it to be an act of military insubordination and act accordingly.

“Captain Young, you have totally mistaken your position. You fancy yourself acquainted with civil law because you are called the civil judge advocate general. You forget that Scinde is under a military government, and martial law alone is recognised. You fancy yourself sent here to form a criminal and civil code of laws. This is an error. Your duty is merely to regulate the proceedings of military courts; and when I am unfortunately obliged, by being in a recently-conquered country, to act in that arbitrary manner which is permitted to general officers commanding an army in presence of an enemy, your duty is, not to teach me how I should exercise the power entrusted to me by my superiors, but to assist me in the execution of such powers by attentively doing the duties confided to you. I shall forward a copy of this correspondence to Lord Ellenborough.

“Lord Ripon, February 22nd.—Thanks to Lord Ellenborough's vigour in governing this enormous empire, we are likely to have peace on a solid foundation. Had he lost time he might have had Gwalior the Punjaub and Scinde on his hands at once: but a prompt blow, struck with his usual vigour, has calmed down the whole country. I have little doubt that had he delayed there would have been ten times as much bloodshed as the battle of Maharajpoor has cost. I have seen quite enough of India to be persuaded that no temporizing policy will do. I suppose the Sikhs will force a war upon us in the Punjaub, when they have fermented a little longer. Really such an enormous band of armed robbers cannot long be endured on our frontier! Only imagine, Lord Ripon, what horrors would be the result if seventy or eighty thousand barbarians crossed the Hyphasis! All the vigour in the world could not collect a force quickly enough to save the country from being ravaged! I detest war as horrible, and contrary to Christianity: but a man cannot allow the throats of his whole family to be cut rather than knock the villain's brains out who is entering his house to perform that operation! The Almighty has given to man a spirit of self-defence, and I do not believe that our Saviour forbids its honest application.

“The original occupation of India may have been wrong, I think it was; but that is no reason why all our throats were to be cut by the Ameers! Yet this was very probable had Colonel Outram's ideas of diplomacy been adhered to. A small force in Scinde; the desert on the east; the sea, for six months unnavigable on the south; the mountains on the west; the Punjaub and Bhawalpoor on the north; an insupportable heat upon our heads! A confederacy was forming, and probably two hundred thousand men would have been upon us during all our past sickness, when not two thousand could have used their arms, and those divided four hundred miles apart! This seems at first sight an ex-

aggrated picture, but a little reflection will shew it to be both possible and probable. And all this Lieutenant-Colonel Outram and those who agree with him have risked, because he could not find people to take their oaths before a magistrate that they saw Meer Roostum and other Ameers write the letters we found! Yet we had as much proof of their being authentic as there has been for hanging many a man in England by a jury!

"The much-abused treaty offered by Lord Ellenborough to the Ameers, and his whole conduct in the transaction, saved us from a catastrophe worse than Cabool. It would have required every soldier in India to have rescued the army in Scinde, unable as we have been to march five miles from our hospitals. I am very confident in the power of discipline, and power of our soldiers; but I do not believe such a confederacy, and such a sickness, and in such a position, could have been overcome by the force in Scinde. I have no right to trespass on your lordship by such dissertations; but my admiration of Lord Ellenborough carries me away when I think what he has done for his country, and see how the infamous press abuses him."—This letter was in answer to some remarks of Lord Ripon, in the Outram tone, on matters of which he was profoundly ignorant, but calculated to please the directors, of which he was more desirous than to control them.

"Sir G. Arthur, February 23rd.—I am told that the question of Scinde is to be made a party question, and a '*cheval de bataille*' for the Whigs to charge the Tories on, but my correspondent laughs at this! Only think of old General Morrison living till now! I served under him when he commanded an Irish district in 1798, a major-general! I wonder if Lady Caroline is alive!"

Lady Caroline Morrison was remarkable for her beauty, sarcastic wit spirit and originality when Dublin society abounded in those qualities. She was a clever caricaturist, and one political specimen of her keen talent in that line

may be here noted. A Protestant divine, vehement in preaching against the Catholics, had been, or was said to have been, once a priest and to have apostatized. Lady Caroline depicted him in the pulpit with an eager gesture, holding forth, while the devil behind him was lifting with his fork the Protestant wig and pointing with a grin to the friar's tonsure underneath.

"It is curious that I have this moment received a letter from my old friend Lord Lynedoch, written not long before his death. My brother observes to me, He had, as Cæsar said of himself, lived long enough for nature and for glory.* It is true. Lord Lynedoch and my father were schoolboys together, under the same tutor, Hume the historian. My father was some years younger than Graham, and the handsomest man I ever laid eyes upon. He was 6 feet 3 inches, and I do not think there was a perceptible fault in his figure. Sir Joshua Reynolds said the only failing was that his neck was too short. I have known him take a pewter quart and squeeze it flat in his hand like a bit of paper. He told me he was, nevertheless, a child in the hands of Prince Alexis Orloff, Catherine's friend, who was a giant. My father once stood under Orloff's arm when extended straight from the shoulder, and his head scarcely touched the Prince's arm: he said no two men would have a chance in contending with Orloff. I know not why I have taken up your time with this twaddle! I expect Sale and Lady Sale here every day. I hear from a friend of Outram that his reception has been rather rough,"—from Lord Ellenborough, who he had waited on to ask for a place. "What could he expect? For my part, I would sooner do anything than ask favour of a man I had abused so grossly as he abused Lord Ellenborough, but *chacun à son goût*.

"The whole of the mountain chiefs have offered their salaams already, frightened by Fitzgerald's camel corps,

* He had just died.

and I have accepted all but one. He has been told I reject his submission : he is the greatest of the robbers, and will hardly escape me. His name is Nowbut. He defied me and already is a fugitive without one of his gang daring to accompany him ; and I am trying whether the disciplined old soldier or the robber chief is the best hand at *la petite guerre*. I have been well practised in this style of warfare both in Ireland and Greece, and see nothing different in India. Old Indians like to flatter themselves that human nature in India is different from human nature everywhere else, and being like turnspits in a wheel think themselves wonderful travellers : but they only turn a leg of mutton, while the rest of the world laughs at them.

“Captain Del Hoste.—I am here, as you know, ‘Jack of all trades and master of none.’ King, queen, chancellor, archbishop, priest and deacon ; general, judge and jury ; aye even sailor, for I am Oliver’s vice-admiral of flotilla ! I shall shortly begin a canal from the Garra mouth to Tattah, and endeavour to force the Indus to obey and keep always full, making Kurrachee really a port at the mouth of the Indus, and then all the other mouths may open and shut at their pleasure, like those of their own crocodiles.—Whenever we are sure of tranquillity in the Punjaub very few troops will be wanted for Scinde ; much fewer I imagine than on the ancient frontier line of Deesa, Balmain, &c. The camel corps has done wonders. All the recusant mountain chiefs have come in, and I may say I have now quieted the right bank as well as the left, and my prophecy has come true—not another shot has been fired since the 24th of March last ; meaning of course battles where men were slain on both sides. However I confess to thinking my prophecy in danger two months ago.”—Captain Del Hoste had been employed surveying in Scinde.

“General Simpson.—You will see I have ordered a military commission to Wanga Bazaar in the Delta, and I want you to choose for president a man with a head upon his

shoulders. I have just heard Major Woodhouse is the man. Tell him I am always nervous about any work in that part of the country, as it is particularly calculated for a Vendean warfare if the people get sulky. There is but one mode of dealing with people in such cases :—be very rigid and very just. Woodhouse must be told however, that by justice I do not mean letting the guilty escape because they are able to screen their guilt with some nonsensical quibbles which to our English heads seem insurmountable. My object is to have sentence passed according to the real conscientious conviction of the judges, and not according to what is required in an English court of justice. If once the bad part of the population imagine they can cajole us by quibbles we shall have no power to protect the good. A deep consideration of evidence will bring conviction to the mind of the judge, and on that let him act. This is real justice. It is not the number but the weight of evidence that is essential. If we are guided by numbers, men in the state of barbarism that Scinde is in will bring whole villages to swear for the innocence of the greatest villain. Aye ! and villages where every man, while swearing to save the culprit's life wishes him hanged over and over again !

“ There are wheels rolling round of which we good folks have no knowledge ; but we know what is essential, namely, that if a British officer weighs well all he hears from a number of people, and questions each separately, not so much on the general question of guilt as on minute details, he will pump out of them enough to convince him of what is fact. If he examines them upon the general question they will agree upon some preconcerted lie and overthrow all his ideas ; but if questioned on colours, forms, places ; on positions in which people stood ; on hours and the state of the weather ; the preconcerted story will soon be upset, being unprepared for such questions : thus the value of the testimony is shewn up, and conviction opens on the mind like day breaking.

“Shew this to Woodhouse, and tell him to elicit as far as he can the feelings of the people, the poorest people, towards those robbers. If that appears unfavourable and he is convinced of the men's guilt I will hit them hard. If, on the contrary, the poor are in their favour he must be very cautious, because, whenever a government makes martyrs it will find cause to repent sooner or later. There is always some strong thing in favour of men when a whole community takes their part, and rulers ought to give them credit for that general feeling : it is a proper compliment to the public, unless in cases where justice to individuals cannot be overlooked. If these twenty-five thieves ordered for trial are thorough rascals I will be as severe as the sentence of the court admits : if they have only done ‘a little business,’ after the usual style of the country where they dwelt, a small punishment, as a hint to guide their future conduct, may be enough.

“Colonel Douglas.—I am told that men in the Sudder Bazaar are punished if they refuse to take copper coin of the country! This ought to be stopped, because we do not want to force the country coin into circulation ; or to act with force in any way relative to money : nor is there any propriety in people being punished for refusing copper coin which is not a legal tender. That is sufficient : but there is no necessity for any man having country coin unless he likes, as he may always exchange it for the government copper by applying to the bazaar master, who will give him its value in *pice*. Tell the bazaar master he must let the country coin alone.

“Lieutenant-Colonel Dickenson.—The inhabitants of Shikarpoor have made a complaint to me, which I send a copy of. You will send for Mr. Mackeson, lieutenant of police, and the complainants, and inquire into the matter. If these are as stated, give the merchants my letter and desire Mr. Mackeson to put an end to practices which ought not to have taken place, and which might injure us materially in the minds of the most respectable of the popula-

tion. Should the allegations of the merchants be unfounded, explain to them the impropriety of respectable men making unfounded complaints against an officer of police."

Letter to the merchants and Hindoos of Shikarpoor. "I am surprised that you should feel so much interest for criminals! But my desire is to govern the country according to the wishes of its respectable inhabitants, and it would be a bad omen for my rule were I to give displeasure to good men. Let your wishes touching the hair of criminals be complied with. I am sent here to govern not to tyrannize over the people. Therefore.

"1°. No Hindoo shall have the crown of his head shaved while I am governor.

"2°. With regard to debts: the day the balance is struck is the date of the account, however long before that account was opened. But no dispute settled by the Ameers can be interfered with by us.

"3°. As to the shutting of shops, it is forbid; it would be tyranny: it was a mistake.

"4°. Respecting your women my orders are this: no such insult as you complain of shall be offered to them—the being produced in open court. But in cases of murder they must be brought forward if necessary.

"5°. I am sorry any offence should be offered to the merchants of Shikarpoor, and have ordered the commanding officer to inquire into your complaints and give satisfaction."

Sir Charles Napier's general polity and policy in Scinde have been developed in the foregoing correspondence; but a few more letters are required to shew that civil government and external hostility did not comprise all the difficulties and vexations of his position.

"Sir G. Arthur, February 8th.—A letter from Madras says they have sent a regiment by long sea. I am sorry for this, because they give a detail of allowances beyond what our Bombay men have: that is enough to excite a mutiny in any army. I do hope it will be remedied, or some mis-

chief will take place I fear: and it would grieve me if my friends the 25th should either be set wrong by the Madras troops with high pay, or see these troops better paid than themselves who have conquered the country! I had some difficulty with the Shah's troops at Sukkur on this head and many deserted. Yet that was a less grievance than to see two regiments of the same army receive different allowances. I shall instantly separate them from the Bombay troops on their arrival. I had no idea of the difference of allowances, of which I send you a statement. This is a serious difficulty, and if a quarrel begins between the troops there will be no end of it. If the vessels bringing them will take them to Bombay I will send them there; if not I must send the men to Garra, where they will be separated from our people. I do not like to give such a just cause of discontent to our soldiers.

“The same, February 28th.—I have written officially to the adjutant-general, and privately to Sir Thos. McMahon about a very serious affair, which I have also reported to the governor-general. The soldiers' remittances from Scinde have been cut off from their families by some paying department. This has caused exceeding anger, and very justly so. The soldiers have made no complaints, but I am now afraid to inspect a regiment; for unquestionably the men would on being asked if they had any complaints come forward, and what could I say? Until I heard from the adjutant-general I had no idea that such a dangerous grievance existed, or you may be sure I would have cried out lustily. When I first heard of it my mind was made up, that if our people were in fault every officer concerned should be placed in close arrest: but I knew Woodburn and McLean so well as to be convinced neither was in fault—and so it appears. This affair is too serious for respect of persons. I conclude it will eventually be brought officially under your notice. I hope no grumbling will arise in the meantime. All the half-caste clerks in this camp are paid

reporters for the newspapers, and explain and exaggerate the lies inserted in the papers by themselves. I need not say that the soldiers believe what these *drab-coloured* gentlemen say. Thus the stories of the Madras troops getting increase of pay by mutiny, and the Bengal troops being let off coming to Scinde by the same process, is all taken for gospel by men who have been so injured.

"The officers here are very angry about Dr. Buist's new insult. I have not read it, but mean to do so, because they want me to apply officially to the governor-general and the commander in chief of the Bombay army for justice, as Dr. Buist has cast a slur on all; and added I hear to his former insults. I hear also he has brought Sir Henry Pottinger on the carpet and referred me to him.—Oh here comes the paper, for I do not longer take Bombay Times. Well, it is a nice production. I long to hear your opinion. You wanted to institute a prosecution at first, and I think it will come to that at last. Sir Henry Pottinger will of course contradict the language ascribed to him!

"The same, March 2nd.—Dr. Buist's article in the paper of the 17th ultimo I divide into three portions. 1°. The asserted language of Sir Henry Pottinger. 2°. The assertion that an officer of the Hyderabad force told him, Buist, the lying story of the zenana. 3°. The abuse which he bestowed on the *par nobile fratrum*."—Sir Charles and his brother William. "As to the first, Buist has placed Sir Henry between himself and responsibility: how the plenipotentiary will like this remains to be seen. I congratulate him on having such a discreet friend at Bombay! As to the second, our officers hope the government will find out who Buist's informant was; this does not appear difficult, as the commander in chief must know what officers were in Bombay belonging to the Hyderabad force at the time. If this officer be found out we have no doubt his conduct will meet with its just reward. With regard to the third, it is a private affair of mine and I feel doubtful

whether to prosecute the blackguard or not. It is with some difficulty I have prevented an officer from going to Bombay for the express purpose of thrashing Dr. Buist; and I should not be at all surprized if this little accident happens to him some fine morning.

“The agent for timber, Surat.—Sir. On the 30th of November you wrote to the acting engineer as follows. Early in March next I expect a large supply of rafters, and should they then be required I shall be able to forward them from Balsar. Now, on the 28th February you say the wood cannot be supplied *till after the rains*! In this case, probably a great number of soldiers will die, which will be laid to climate, though, as far as I am able to judge, it will be the result of your want of activity and zeal for the public service. However I have no wish to condemn you unheard. I shall therefore state to the governor-general of India, that though I have been unable to obtain rafters from you, a boat loaded with rafters, has been obtained by private individuals from Damaum, which is only fifteen miles from Balsar, one of your timber depots! This fact, and the complaint I shall make against you for endangering the health of the troops you may explain as you please, and I will forward your explanation to the governor-general, along with the statement of facts which I have given you. It is not to be endured that my own exertions and those of everybody under my command in this cantonment should be paralyzed, and the lives of the soldiers endangered, because the government cannot get wood which is procured by every private that wants it. In the conviction that rafters can be immediately obtained I have ordered the executive engineer to Damaum in a steamer, to get the necessary wood, and I have to request that you will use your utmost exertions to assist him.

“Sir R. Oliver, Indian Navy.—I have given six regiments and received four and a half! Poor devils that we are, with Affghan eagles ready to souse from their mountain eyries

upon us, and Sikh crocodiles gaping from their Punjaub rivers to swallow us up ! Yet I give you quiet fellows six for four and a half ! Well I am very quiet here for all that. Oliver, I do not know who is right and who wrong about the Bengal and Madras troops. I know nothing about details, and wish to hear nothing of them ; but I know that right or wrong it is a devilish serious affair for a government to quarrel with its troops, and will end in mischief : not now, but by establishing a raw where no skin should be ever broken.

“ Sir G. Arthur.—I could not have mentioned the affair of the soldiers’ starving families sooner, as I was not myself aware of it. I received a letter from the adjutant-general, begging that we would be more careful to send the remittances for these poor people ! I was astonished and ordered an immediate enquiry as to where the fault lay, intending to punish the culprit to the full extent of my authority. This took up some time, as we had to write to Hydrabad. The blame was not in Scinde, and I immediately made my report to the governor-general, to you, and to the commander in chief at Bombay. Mutiny was then going on among the Madras troops in the south, and among the Bengal troops in the north, and I saw at once the dangerous position in which this neglect placed the troops here ! So situated it was clearly my duty to let authority know it. Sir Thomas did know it, but was apparently not aware of the quarter in which the neglect lay, if neglect be a sufficiently expressive term ? His excellency thought it was in Scinde, but as far as I can make out, after minute enquiry, this is not the case, and I have sent a certificate to that effect from Captain McLean the paymaster.

“ I send you a copy of my letter to Lord Ellenborough : I did not want him to move in the business ; all I wanted was, that if any spirit of mutiny appeared among the troops in Scinde it should also appear that I had given notice of the danger to the highest authority, as well as to every other.

I may be wrong, but think you will agree with me in considering that the most vigorous measures are necessary to punish the guilty and thereby secure the proper confidence which the Sepoy has in the government, but which I have seen twice assailed in two years. You will remember the affair of the 24th N. I. which took place at Poonah and made the regiment very sulky. You had just arrived, and I believe put it all right. Between ourselves Sir Thomas had acknowledged the justice of the complaint and promised redress two years before. They told me this on parade, and said, We have been promised by Sir John Fitzgerald and Sir Thomas MacMahon. What are we to believe? Yet till you arrived I could not get these men justice! Sir Thomas himself acknowledged to me that he had promised them, and was all astonishment that they had not received their money!

“My long experience of soldiers makes me fear these things. Men are dissatisfied, they ruminate upon them, and they will evince their displeasure in critical moments even though it brings danger upon themselves. The troops of two presidencies are in a state of mutiny and it will be very awkward if those of the third be so too! Having done everything in my power to put matters right I am at my ease, because confident as man can be of the good conduct of the Bombay troops: but I must also feel that my own conduct has been correct, to be able to act decisively and with a clear conscience if any misfortune should occur.”

FOURTEENTH EPOCH.

FOURTH PERIOD.

HAVING passed the crisis of pestilence and conciliated or daunted all the bordering mountain chiefs and Affghans ; having brought the civil government into working order and recovered his own personal strength, Charles Napier now resolved to make an exploring journey by the Hala Mountains through the Jokea tribe, the chief of which was judged to hide strong enmity under a feigned submission. Efforts were made by rumours of danger from violence and the ruggedness of the country to prevent this journey, but in vain, and his account of it will not be found without interest, the allusions being first cleared by an explanatory retrospect.

After the destruction of Aurengzebe's Bazaar at Cabool, a Vandalism and ignoble revenge, Generals Pollock and Nott had retired from Affghanistan, their safety in the Punjaub being insured only by the personal good faith of Shere Sing, in opposition to his sirdars, and by the assembling of Lord Ellenborough's army of reserve, which was ridiculed by all the Indian newspapers. The Court of Lahore then became a scene of treason and murder almost unexampled, and the Kalsa army not only domineered in its own state, but constantly menaced the British frontier. The Affghans of Candahar and the sirdars of Khelat, who forcibly ruled their young prince, hoped for a general confederacy against the British ; and all the mountain Beloochees were ready to join in that or any war promising booty. The Mussulmans of India were also on the watch, and suddenly the state of Gwalior took the field. Then

India tottered, but Lord Ellenborough's timely blow at Maharajpooor steadied her again. Charles Napier meanwhile awed the Candarhees, the Khelatees, and the mountain tribes; but still the Kalsa army remained like a thunder-cloud, overhanging the Sutlege frontier, while Sawan Mull of Mooltan, governing Sikhs with a half independence, menaced the northern frontier of Scinde.

The Mooltan territory was bordered on the south, as Scinde was on the north, by a range of mountain rocks, trending from the Indus to the Soliman and Hala ranges; and again, between these rocks, called the Cutchee hills, and the Scindian frontier was a desert. In these rocks dwelt the Murrees, the Jackranees, the Keytrians, the Mazzarees, the Bhoogtees, the Doomkees, and other predatory tribes; some absolutely independent, some owning a nominal allegiance to the Mooltan man some to the Khan of Khelat. Robbers they were, and called themselves so, their sense of the word however being only wild, furious, devastating swordsmen. Of these the Doomkees under Beja Khan, a noted chief whose fortress was at Poolagee, westward on the edge of the desert, now made a foray upon Scinde, and with peculiar barbarity; being instigated to that and others which followed by the Lion, who flying from the Candaharees had recently taken refuge amongst the robbers. Secretly backed up by Sawan Mull of Mooltan, and being themselves formidable for mischief and still more for defence, these predatory tribes by their inroads, not only wasted the frontier of Scinde but tended to bring the Scindian government into contempt with the neighbouring races. The governor was therefore exceedingly sensitive to this danger, and the more so that the whole of the Hala range was filled with tribes of the same habits though not so notoriously men of the strong hand. It was indeed a great evil and at this time augmented by another mischief of portentous aspect, namely, the mutinous disposition of some Bengal regiments coming from Feroze-

poor to reinforce the garrisons of Shikarpoor and Sukkur, close to the robber tribes. This was an ill-judged reinforcement to send, and untowardly coincident with a great experiment now in progress under Lord Ellenborough's orders, namely, that Sir C. Napier was to assemble all the chiefs of Scinde at Hyderabad—there to receive their salaams in state as a manifesto to the world that Scinde was British. But with this notice the general's own story can now be better understood.

“Journal, March 2nd.—Sir Robert Sale is a real fine old soldier as ever stepped. Good head, sound sense, all one expects of the heroic defender of Jellalabad. He has told me some curious things about Generals * * * * and * * * * and * * * *, confirming the public opinion of those recent heroes not being above par: however * * * * is so disliked that it is hard to believe what may be said: Lady Sale told me, he admitted to her that he never quitted his palanquin.

“March 14th.—Left Kurrachee for the Hub River, which is our frontier to the west, but if it be necessary the line of the *Pub* or *Hub* mountains beyond the river shall be taken. A curious proof of our tranquillity has occurred. Houssein Ali and Khan Mohamed, son and nephew of Roostum, the two princes who kindled the war, have sent me offers to surrender if I will maintain them from their former revenues. My answer is that I will send them to the other Ameers at Sapoor in India. This day, 1810, George and William were wounded at Condeixa in Portugal. Would to God I could see them once more! Ere we meet I may be in the Punjaub, once more engaged in that glorious but terrible game of war. If it must be, then Sawan Mull of Mooltan you and I must play a rude game together, so look out or you may get the worst of it; if not they must manage badly at Ferozepoor. I will answer for Gough's left if he secures his own front. He must however take the line of the Hyphasis, and hold it uncrossed by an enemy or I cannot

do much good at Mooltan : I cannot pass the Indus without being sure of Bhawul Khan. But am I to live and die in war ! Am I to be drawn from my glorious projects of canals and roads, and moles and civilization, again to the damnable work of war ! A bloody day is about to dawn on the Punjaub ; great good will arise from that, but it will not be for me. I want peace and public works of utility, not slaughter : there is no happiness in victory !

“March 15th, Hub River.—I am at the pass most northward of two here ; that nearest the sea must have been Alexander’s, because he probably kept as near the shore as he could. The valley of this river Hub is wide, and on both sides are high ridges of hills, so the river is a good boundary. Very few people apparently. One chief came in. He was, as they all are, frightened at first, but finding I neither barked nor bit he grew more at his ease : he is, like all the rest, very handsome. I never see an ugly Belooch, or ugly Scindian man ; their poor women are scarcely human. A poor little boy has just come to my tent with his arm all bloody, having been bitten off by a crocodile yesterday. The poor child bears it admirably. I have sent him to Kurrachee. Poor little fellow ! He seems about ten years old and has no father or mother : the world has gone hard with him, but I hope it will go better now poor lad. He shall go to school, and if he learns English he can earn his bread well in a place where interpreters are so scarce. I have been reading Lady Sale’s book. My God what guided these people ? were they perfect idiots ? To read of such folly is so disgusting that I think not to finish the book. Had she commanded all would have gone on better.”

Returning now to Kurrachee, previous to his main journey, he heard that his name had been mentioned in the Queen’s speech.

“Lord Fitzroy, March.—I need not say what pleasure we have all experienced at being so highly honoured by Her

Majesty! I send your lordship the memorial of a very deserving man, Captain Mainwaring. He distinguished himself at Dubba. We had just got over those two infernal ditches when a lot of powder blew up and tumbled us all about; the moment was critical and Captain Mainwaring behaved with great coolness in re-forming his company, though he was a good deal singed. Being a witness of his behaviour I am naturally anxious that he should succeed."

This Mainwaring was a man of humour also. Being at a dinner in Bombay, Dr. Buist was placed beside him and very nervously spoke thus. Captain Mainwaring I suppose I have your dislike, I am Dr. Buist of the Bombay Times. Why should I dislike you my friend? I never read your paper.

"As to Scinde there is here no feeling of country, their attachment is to tribe: vanity and fear attach them to their chiefs. My way was therefore clear, viz. secure the goodwill of the chief and the tribe are safe: this put the question in a nutshell. But how manage the chiefs? Through self-interest without letting them grow saucy, for they are apt to mistake civility and kindness for fear. I hanged one or two and gave all the others everything they had from the Ameers and more, and at the same time Lord Ellenborough reduced some taxes. This won them all over on the left bank among the plains, but I expected more trouble amongst the mountains on the right bank, where they are wild devils. Therefore I patiently bore with their plundering until my camel corps was formed at Kurrachee, where they knew but little what I was about. It was put under a *bon sabreur*—young Fitzgerald, who has killed a dozen in single combat, and has a head on his shoulders though he won't leave other men's there. The other day he seized a chief after making a pounce on him by a march of a hundred miles in forty-eight hours, and amongst mountains! This so frightened them that, three days ago, one

hundred and fifteen mountain chiefs came in and made *salsam*. I received them with kindness and had a review, which attained my object : my listeners tell me the greatest chief said, If twenty thousand of us went at them not two hundred would reach them with our swords, they are not human, they are devils. How far this is true I cannot say, being a little king in Scinde and kings don't always hear truth ! They were however in great astonishment and admiration ; and the general opinion is that these wild fellows will hold to their allegiance, unless my folly gives them a convenient opportunity of safely cutting our throats.

“ All plundering has ceased since I launched the camel corps, aided by irregular horse and a strong police ; and by the previous delay a great number of villages have been gained to our side, for they suffered and got angry with the robbers. Lord Ellenborough is my great support ; for right and wrong are not the rules in India, and but for him I should have been unable to get through my work. They who think he leaves everything here to me are wrong ; he looks with indefatigable energy into everything and directs all the chief points : his mind is most searching ; it gauges everything, and his plans are noble and generous to the people. I work *con amore*, for I have the same wishes, and the added one to gain his good opinion : he has saved India if ever a man saved a country.

“ The duke will of course hear that there are discontents amongst the troops of the Bengal and Madras presidencies. I do not know the details of the question. The rice seere of two pounds is not dearer here than in the Bombay presidency ; but the Bengal Sepoy only gets sixteen seeres of food for a rupee here, instead of the eighty seeres he gets in Bengal. At least in that proportion is the expence of his food here and there, as I am told by Bengal officers. The Bombay Sepoy is a quiet good soldier in any case, but coming to Scinde he gains and therefore is contented. The

great military evil of India which strikes me is this. All the old officers get snug places, and regiments are left to boys. The 8th N. I. were on parade for inspection last week eight hundred strong, and there were only three officers, of whom two had not been dismissed drill ! This will not do : the men look to the native officer ; and he, teaching the *sahib*, naturally looks upon him as his pupil not his master. Some day evil will arise from all this. If I had a voice I would insist upon field officers being with their regiments and not holding civil situations, at least not more than one field officer and one captain being away on civil employments. That officers do civil duties far better than civil servants I have not the slightest doubt, but then there ought to be more officers. Sir Thomas Munro, I hear, said he thought three officers were sufficient for regiments. This is high authority, yet I confess to thinking him wrong ; or else, which is very possible, the state of the army and style of officer have changed : not altogether better nor altogether worse, but become different.

“ Taking the Company's officers altogether they are very accomplished men, with great professional knowledge ; especially of staff duties, in which I consider them, generally speaking, superior to ours : as regimental officers they are inferior, but the Sepoy is such a good man he requires no looking after. Lord W. Bentinck, by abolishing flogging has left no punishment when an army is before the enemy. I did, *entre nous*, make free with the law and the cat, breaking one and using the other. I shall be hanged one day ! The rules here are strange. I am in the field and may at any moment be in the midst of enemies ; yet I cannot inflict the slightest punishment by a general court-martial on either officer or private soldier ! That is to say if he belongs to the Bengal side ; if he belongs to the Bombay side I can, my two warrants being different. If these Sepoys were not the best men in the world they would give their commander much trouble. Every Sepoy, if

punished, is turned out of the service: thus if the finest soldier in the army commits a fault, requiring perhaps punishment by hard labour for a day, he is turned out and lost. But I have been in situations where I could not turn them out, for they would either starve or have their throats cut; so I did all my work by the provost marshal. At this the papers were wrath, and called upon the Sepoys to *resist the fiery old fool at their head.*"

He was now on his journey through the Jokea country.

"Sir G. Arthur, March 30th. Camp.—It is hard to write in a high wind, and it is killing to shut it out! I have been along the bank of the Pubb or Arabis River, and am now going to visit Hyderabad. I find, what I suspected, that the Jam of the Jokeas does not approve of my new line of road, projected to go through his little fastnesses, which I mean to pass to-morrow. Having but a slender escort, now is his time, he would have given his eyes for such an opportunity last year, but now he loves me as tenderly as if I was his dearest friend, thanks to the carabines of the Scinde horse! He is one, if not the only one left of the Scindian nobles. He was, he told me, the last of the Kallora men who yielded to the Belooch Talpoors, and that not till the Kallora king yielded.—'I am also the last that has yielded to you, and as I was faithful to the Talpoors so I will be to the British.' I told him he was quite right, as being hanged was very unpleasant. Since we put down Shere Mohamed he has behaved tolerably well, but having no faith whatever in this crafty old chief I am resolved to open out his country well. He is a fine-looking old man, but cunning about the eyes as nearly all these fellows are.

"I agree with you in thinking a government newspaper would be a useful thing. If Sir Charles Metcalfe flattered himself that he had established a free press here, poor man, he was woefully mistaken. I have not the slightest objection to a free press, or to any press where people are obliged to

sign their names to personal attacks; but if one has no paper to speak truth in, and no lawyer that dares to prosecute, the most infamous accusations can be put forth at pleasure, and the public has a right to believe what is not contradicted or prosecuted! A government paper would set the public right: neither Pitt nor Fox were above this. For my part I like to let truth come out, and not let falsehood fly her colours on the field without an opponent. I would punish the Bombay Times if I could, and as to its doing the paper good, I would not mind that; all I want is that the public should hear the truth. I am now accused of giving Graham the place of boat master. I did no such thing: so much the reverse is the truth, that Preedy gave it to him and I not only refused to sanction it but turned Graham out. It is thus those anonymous writers go on.

“The Murrees and Bhoogtees have a war, and the latter have slain a number of the former. The gathering of these tribes frightened my commandant at Sukkur, and he wrote to me thus. *We have nowhere to march upon! nowhere to retreat to! It might be another Cabool affair.* I told him he was unfit to command, and sent Gen. Simpson to Sukkur at once before such an alarmist could injure the spirit of the troops: these tribes and the bad spirit of the Bengal troops at this moment require firmer nerves than his. He has a strong garrison, a fortress and steamers, and the desert, and three of the best partizan officers of India in his suite, viz. Tait, Malet and Fitzgerald! God bless the man, I believe he is a good man, but the spirit of the troops must not be injured if he was the best in all India.

“M. Genl. Napier, March 23rd.—The papers will tell you the Bengal and Madras troops are not in a right state. My chaps are all sound. There is a manner in all the soldiers towards me that makes me feel I can do anything with them: they know my high opinion of them and that I take their part against wrong.

“All the mountain chiefs have made salaam. One hun-

dred and fifteen arrived here two days ago. A dozen miles off they halted with their armed followers and sent me word *They were come*. Very welcome! Make your salaam, but if you come with arms woe betide you. Down went the arms. I received them haughtily, asking why they had hung back so long? We were frightened and dared not appear in your presence. Of what were you afraid? We do not know. You are our king, we now lie at your feet and pray for pardon.

"Chiefs. Have I done evil to any man except in battle?"

"No! you have been merciful to all, everybody says so.

"Why then were you afraid? We do not know. Pardon, and we will guard all our country from enemies.

"I do not want you to guard anything: you saw my camel corps. What I want is that you should be good servants to the Queen my mistress. We will. Salaam then to her picture, they did so, and then I said, There is peace between us. All Scinde belongs to my Queen: we are now fellow subjects and I am here only to do justice. But mark! If, after this, any chief plunders I will enter his country and destroy his tribe. You all know the battles were won with a few thousand men. Now we have here fifteen thousand, and a hundred thousand more will come at my call: hence my threat is not an idle one. I give now to each man his jaghire, and all he had under the Ameers. Then they cried out, You are our king. Let it be so, we are your slaves.

"Having thus assured them I said, My soldiers shall be shewn to you in order of battle to honour you. They did not seem to like this; few had ever seen Europeans before and seemingly they feared a massacre was designed: their terror was evident. Then I sought to reassure them by asking questions about the battles of some who had been there and knew me. Why did you run away at Dubba when the cavalry charged? One quickly answered, Because we were frightened; and that is the reason why I was unwilling to come before you now, for they say you like

those best who fought best, and don't like those who run away. The moonshee said to another chief, You were in our rear at Meeanee with ten thousand men? No, only eight thousand, he answered instantly. He is a shrewd old fellow and told me of all the tribes that were then bearing down on us: we should have had eighty thousand within a few days. His account tallies exactly with my knowledge, only he makes out that it would have taken six days; but the place he mentions as that where they heard of the battle proves that they were much closer. Thus I amused them for a good hour, laughing and joking about the battles; but there were three or four stern unbending savage-looking ruffians, evidently ripe for mischief and only yielding to circumstances, and I resolved they should see our troops.

"They obeyed my invitation, despite of their fears, and at four o'clock attended on horseback at my door. We rode to the field with my escort, under Ali Bey, who watches over me like a cat over a mouse. I took my guests to a hill in front and threw out skirmishers; that they seemed to hold cheap, but when the line advanced it was different. That's the way you came on at Dubba said a Lhugaree clansman, and the others called out, By Allah! it is a wall, a moving wall! Nothing can stand that! Oh Padishaw you are master of the world! Who can stand before you? Now look again I said, and, as previously ordered, a long sustained file fire went on until the air was well agitated and we could not hear each other speak, and then the line charged with shouts. These things surprized them most and drew forth exclamations of Oh Padishaw, &c. The guns kept a good fire also, and then we formed square, and darkness having fallen, the sheets of flame covering each square and the rapid march of the guns over some rocky heights delighted them. Seeing this I dismissed them saying—You have now had the same honour as we pay to kings. This was agreeable and I think we may count upon their fears for a long time. So much for the mountaineers.

"There can be no general conspiracy kept secret in Scinde. The Hindoos and Musselmans hate each other; and the former would give information of any Belooch mischief, because they know their own throats would first feel the knife and they live amongst each other; and as the Hindoos and Scindees preponderate in number I think we are safe. As for the exterior: when the Affghans got the last shilling from the Lion they made a man whisper to his servant, so near his tent that he could hear, that the servant had better escape for they had sold Mahomed to me for 2½ lacs of rupees. The poor Lion leaped upon his horse and fled to the Bhoogtees' hills, where he has friends; but the Bhoogtees have a quarrel with the Murrees, who lie between them and us, and the Lion is thus in '*a fix*.' The Sikhs are as yet at peace; but their army is master of all, and seventy thousand strong, with a mischievous disposition and a good artillery.

"I am going to raise two battalions of Scindees and Beloochees as an experiment, without much confidence in them at present, except against the Sikhs; but a failure will not hurt me, for if they joined an enemy with their arms two battalions more or less would not turn me out of Scinde. I mean also to construct Martello towers round each station, to enable a small force to maintain them while the mass moved to healthier spots at bad seasons: for though we must hold Hyderabad Sukkur and Kurrachee at all risks, the troops shall if possible be moved from the river influence in autumn. This is however difficult, for he runs after us in these vast plains; and there are no roads, no materials, and no food in the hills, all is barren! Then water: that is our difficulty. Yet perseverance and patience will do much, and œconomy in what will admit of it. I govern Scinde for less than £90,000 a year, including my police, and most anxious am I about this matter; but in lodging troops not only well but grandly there ought to be no parsimony. Lofty barracks are very expensive, yet ab-

solutely necessary to sustain the Scindian heat. Grand architecture is not my meaning, but high rooms, thick walls, and plenty of rooms.

“My camel corps made a march of a hundred miles in forty-eight hours to seize a chief; this was with common baggage animals: when we get riding camels Fitzgerald has no doubt of going two hundred miles in the same time! Each beast carries two men, one, the driver, armed with a short musquet and a sword; the other, a fighting Sepoy, armed with a musquet and bayonet. For action the Sepoys dismount, form and advance while the camels are placed in a circle with their heads inward and fastened together with bars, which hook on the halters from nose to nose, so that they cannot rise. The baggage is in the centre, and the drivers with their short fire-arms stand between the animals in defence of the living redoubt.

“You may well say some of the editors of newspapers are nice fellows. I am under ban here for not being afraid of them: I lashed out at a public dinner, and their fury makes me laugh. They say I am more obliged to the press of India than any man ever was before; that it abused the Duke of Wellington *‘ten times as much after the battle of Assaye as it has done me!’* a nice character of themselves: but I never complained of their abuse. They have attacked George at the Cape, and his work is of a quieter nature than mine, the fighting part of which knocked them over. But the good he has been doing by preventing war and massacre there with steadiness and impartiality has of course attracted all their scurrility. He will look back with pleasure to his honorable and useful government; and the promptness with which he sent off reinforcements to Port Natal shews the energy with which he would have acted had a decided war broken out: I doubt a better governor being found for the Cape, and am sure it has never before had so good a one. He is however too frank and honorable for Cape colonists, Dutch Boers, and

Kaffir barbarians, the last in my belief the best of the three.

"You say rightly that 'the shout of the 22nd in the battle was worth a million! and the cheers after the battle worth a million more.' The same thing happened at Dubba. What are courtly honours after that? That miserable wretch Buist made a comparison between Moore's retreat and the Cabool massacre, before I left Poonah. I answered him. And I will assuredly take an opportunity of publicly expressing my admiration of, and my obligations to Moore: the more I see of war and of military life the greater is my admiration of his genius and character. When I think of him and our father, and that I am so inferior to both, the workings of fate do indeed seem dark and inscrutable.

"Journal, 30th, Chundrapura.—On the march to this place it struck me that the small river *Mulieree* or *Mulier*, which trickles along yet never fails to have some water, may be brought by an aqueduct to Kurrachee, and by making tanks there we should have a good supply of excellent water: this would be the making of Kurrachee.

"Malum-Warrie, March 31st.—Threaded this day two passes, having rocky ridges all round and of a strange appearance. I picked up curious specimens of stone, some light and apparently sand with sulphur; others as black as coal, for which we at first took it, but it was very heavy and not coal—black and red, iron-looking stone, generally split in pieces with sharp edges, each face of the solid being a well-defined polygon. I have traced my intended new road clearly, it is constantly E.N.E. and can easily be made. Schemes for improving Scinde rolled in my brains all the ride.

"Hydrabad, April 4th.—Once more in the conquered city! We have opened it much, but I have no time for reflection, except that some pride is fair at having added a kingdom and its capital to the possessions of our country.

Yet this is stupid nonsense! A few years, nay a few days, and I may be with poor Jackson and Teesdale! Be it so. I will die doing my duty, as they did!

"8th.—Just returned from Meeanee. I had not seen that field since the day of the battle. I was quite right in attacking their front. I could not have turned either flank without finding them on a more formidable front. Had I moved round their left we should have come upon the river where the banks are precipitous instead of sloping, and must have fought our way through a thick jungle or shikargah, which would have broken all formation, and the artillery could not have passed. Had the movement been by my left I should have been also foiled; the Scinde horse will get over anything that troops can get over, and they tried that side but were obliged to turn, finding a succession of nullahs scarp'd by the enemy. It is in vain to manœuvre amongst nullahs, they not only break your formation, and perhaps force you to operate in a way you do not wish, but they require so much time to pass artillery and cavalry that the enemy has leisure to make counter movements at his ease. Turning a flank is of no use, except to force an enemy to quit a strong position and occupy a weaker; but in this flat country you do not throw him into a weaker, at least it is so little probable that it will not often happen.

"Turning a flank has generally the advantage of enabling you to cut your enemy's communications, and perhaps intercept his convoys: but a Belooch army has no convoys, no communication, no front, no rear! It lies snug between four nullahs, which it scarps and then smoothes the centre space. You must get at it as best you can over all the nullahs, its multitudes rushing to the defence of each nullah menaced. Every man has a bag of grain, and thus, house, furniture, tents, clothes, provisions, arms, ammunition, are all on his back. If they fall short he decamps for a few days, to return with all replenished; and as his army is more nume-

rous than yours you cannot prevent that : a Belooch army is therefore a wiry chap to deal with.

“ The graves are thick, and shew where the mortal strife raged. They are putting a tomb, with a large enclosure, over the body of Jan Mohamed, slain by M’Murdo, who engaged and slew three that day, and three more at Dubba ! Poor fellow, he was with me, and as we looked at the tomb of Jan Mohamed I could not help fearing that his own end is not far distant, unless he takes more care of himself than I can force him to do : his liver is greatly swelled, and there is fear of an abscess. If he lives to be forty and calms down his impetuosity, he will be an ornament to Scotland—he is so now. Well, there are plenty of graves ! This blood is not, as that fellow Outram says, and as Sir Henry Pottinger says, my fault. As to Outram I excuse him, he has such a weak miserable head : Pottinger I do not know, but his abuse of the Scinde affair is no credit to him, for he advised Lord Auckland to do everything Lord Ellenborough has done !

“ Looking coolly over Meeanee, how my staff and myself escaped I know not : the lines of English and Beloochees were some fifteen feet asunder and I was for three hours between them, several times scorched by the fire and never touched : neither I, nor my horse, nor my clothes ! Wiley the adjutant-general was hit, but neither M’Murdo nor M’Pherson, nor Thompson, nor Pelley, nor Brown, nor Waddington were touched. They went away from time to time with orders ; but I never quitted the bank a moment, walking my horse back and forward, while fellows flashed off their matchlocks in my face at a distance of only 8 or 10 feet ! Truly there is a fate which determines these things. I never expected to escape when I saw the line give back, and the shields clash over the bank ; the men could not be got up to the edge or to form : yet no man turned, it was a sort of scare, they staggered back, but with bayonets protruded. But had the Beloochees in a mass run upon us.

broken as we were, heaven knows what the result would have been. Shoulder to shoulder we could have withstood their charge, but broken as we were my belief is we could not. However, I always felt confident of victory somehow, even when on the edge of the bank I first saw the multitudes below me, and the mass of shields! Jupiter Ammon! what a weight of flesh and bones to have pressed boldly upon us! I trusted to our fire, we could not miss; yet some nervous fellows fired in the air and burnt my face, though on horseback. I saw numbers do this, it enraged me. To fire low is essential.

“Well, such is Meeanee, and with it my name must go down to posterity in Indian military history.

“The ground is so covered with bushes I did not know it again. Our slain are buried in a spot bearing S.S.W of a large tree on the right bank of the Fullaillee, and at a hundred of my horse's paces from that tree. At that tree also our artillery halted after we had forced the passage of the river; if it falls we shall not easily find the graves, they are even now much effaced, but I will at once secure them.

“April 12th, Tattah.—On my return we were delayed on the banks of the Indus. Three of my servants got drunk and were not to be found. By some error of arrangement there was no steamer for the women and children of the soldiers, who would have been exposed to the sun in tents all yesterday. To prevent this I set off from Hydrabad sooner than originally intended to help them; and here, after all my hurry and giving up even serious business I have been detained by the drunken rascals. When they came on board I made the boatswain give twelve strokes to the Christians, and six to the others, with a ratan over their clothes. We ran aground just as day closed and the horse-boat in tow came bump against us and sunk. I was in a great fright for my dear horse, Red Rover; however three blacks jumped overboard with knives, and boarding the sinking vessel cut the collars and head ropes; when the beasts

were thus loosed seven of them begun a devil of a row, fighting like mad with each other ! The boat sunk quickly and Father Indus soon quenched their fire, and they found themselves swimming ! Red Rover took the farthest bank, about a mile distant, where he and two companions arrived and instantly renewed their fight like good soldiers : the other four got on a shoal on the side near which the boat sunk and were quickly caught.

“The Rover is bitten and kicked all over, and so is John’s horse ; but the doctor’s little grey pony bit and kicked all the while they fought, and run when they attacked him : he has thus escaped, the cunning little devil ! I have lost a good military bridle, but luckily all my saddles were on board the steamer. My young powerful horse-keeper, who swims like a fish, leaped overboard, abandoning the horses without cutting the ropes : he was on the steamer’s deck in a minute, and in the same time I knocked him overboard again and he swum to the shore about 100 yards. Only two horse-keepers staid by their charge : they and the three sailors saved the horses. Had Red Rover, Fliberty Gibbet, and Pelley’s horse been drowned, our loss would have been three chargers which had carried us through the campaign, and Fliberty had a large sabre wound too !

“I must again take this infernal hot journey to Hydrabad and back in May, as I find that the great assembly of the Beloochee Chiefs, which I have called by Lord Ellenborough’s orders, will amount to thirty thousand men ! I have not above four thousand, so they will be rather more than is pleasant : all good fellows and well disposed no doubt, but if a *row in the tap* gets up there will be the devil to pay. They will be well thrashed, but I don’t want to thrash them. I had no idea of their number till after the proclamation was out. Well, caution coolness and pluck will put all right. The first I abound in ; the second it is hard to be in the month of May with the mercury at 105 deg. ; the last my soldiers have plenty of.



This great and dangerous meeting will be treated of in its proper place: the proclamation was as follows:—

“Hydrabad, April 5th.—By order of the governor-general of India, the governor of Scinde proclaims to all jaghirdars, that he will meet them at Hydrabad on the 24th of May, which is the anniversary of Her Majesty's birth. The governor thus calls the chiefs together from all parts of Scinde to make their salaam to their Queen in one vast assembly, and thus to cause a great rejoicing and peace throughout the land for ever. Let every chief wear his sword and shield as a mark of his readiness to serve the Queen. No jaghirdar is to be absent from this great meeting or he will lose his jaghire. The governor will there arrange any matters that may be in doubt, and he hopes that all men will afterwards return to their homes contented and happy under the British rule.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, April 13th.—I was compelled to go to Hydrabad. We heard of strange things to terrify us. Horses could not go here, camels could not go there, goats only could pass at a third place, and hardly could a man pass at a fourth. I suspected the secret to be that my dear friend the Jam did not like my spying into his holdfasts; which it was my precise resolution to do, because he is just between me and Hydrabad and is an impudent fellow as well as a powerful one. However, taking sixty Scinde horsemen I traversed the Jam's land and found it current Jam, for we passed generally through a fine flat country. In the hills are defiles of no height or difficulty: but the stone was of a strange appearance and weight, and a Belooch chief told me there is iron and the people pick it up.

“If you speak of the improvements I am trying to make, do so as a joint affair with Lord Ellenborough: much originates with him. He wrote to me about turning the Indus into the desert, but at the same time the thought had struck me. We hit on it simultaneously, but I would rather he had the credit, I do not know him, but do not believe him

capable of mean jealousy, and therefore wish him to have more rather than less share of joint credit, if any attends the improvements going on. He has himself somewhere well expressed the facts, 'that some originated with him, in others I forestalled him.' There has not been the slightest symptom of any such mean passion as jealousy in him yet: he appears to me all nobleness! so give him what he well merits in your *History of the Conquest*. McMurdo and I stood at Meeanee where Jehan Mohamed's tomb is being raised sixty yards within our line of battle, whereas McMurdo slew him in the bed of the river! The man who singled me out and was slain by Marston also lies there, but his grave is where he fell on the edge of the bank.

"I passed the ground where Stack's affair took place. That officer had placed his baggage in rear instead of the reverse flank of his column, though he knew the enemy would be on his pivot flank after passing Meeanee. McMurdo suddenly saw a Belooch detachment, which opened a matchlock fire, and he with six dragoons who were accidentally at hand charged and drove back the skirmishers, but they were reinforced immediately. He sent to Stack for a troop, yet remained three quarters of an hour under fire before it came, and then drove back the enemy. Stack instead of flying to the spot never went near this firing on his flank, but kept pushing on for Hyderabad, then in sight, and in doing so left his baggage far behind. McMurdo seeing this, told his horsemen to make the best fight they could and galloped to Stack, whose guns had already passed a nullah in front. Mac asked for two pieces to save the baggage, obtained them with some difficulty and by their fire drove back the enemy."

It was not this fire but the Lion's chivalry, as before said, that stopped the action.

"Three errors were committed by Stack. 1°. His baggage ought to have been on the reverse flank, and somewhat in advance of the column. 2°. He should have been with

McMurdo and not at the head of the column. 3°. He ought to have offered battle to cover his baggage while filing towards my camp; for he knew I was close at hand under arms, and that Jacob's horsemen were between us and close to him. In fact I was in person with him immediately after the firing ceased and I knew that I could check the enemy easily with his force only, for he had eight hundred infantry, a troop of horse artillery, and nearly a thousand horsemen, all old soldiers. I did not know all these facts at the time, for McMurdo is so modest he never told me he saved the baggage, and I gave Stack too much credit.

“ On looking over Lord Ellenborough's letter I find, that he proposed letting the Indus in upon Cutch, from which the Ameers cut it off some years ago at a place called *Shah Bunder*, in the Delta. My proposal was to fill the Narra bed, from forty miles above Sukkur, so as to water the whole eastern side of Scinde. From the best levels taken by the engineers we find the Indus has elevated its own bed above the surrounding country. I shall make a ride of forty-two miles to-night after sundown, which will finish off fifty-five miles for my day, so you see I am in condition again.

“ When Lord E. ordered me to hold this great meeting of chiefs, neither he nor I had an idea of their being above a couple of thousand. I do not believe any danger will arise, but would rather not have tried the experiment, and feel sure Lord E. when he hears of the numbers will be uneasy. I have ordered them to meet in two places to divide them; and I have excused all of north Scinde under pretext of the distance, desiring them to salaam before Simpson at Shikarpoor, as a kindness to them. All the western chiefs are to encamp at Kotree, opposite my entrenched camp near Hyderabad, which will put the Indus and steamer between us, and I shall call them over by tribes. The eastern chiefs are to assemble on the left bank of the Fullaillee, which will

then be full of water. All are forbidden to have armed followers, and thus my hope is to go peaceably through the job; if so, who will venture to say the Beloochees are our enemies? I shall however be guided by circumstances in receiving them, whether cautiously in the fortress, a few at a time, or in the open field under the guns of the entrenched camp; or on horseback at the head of a regiment of cavalry. The decision is not easy, for they may fear some massacre in their own style; or they may take fright and fly in all directions: on the other hand I cannot trust them an inch; but my objection to the fortress is the length of time, not fear of them. If this meeting goes off well it will be satisfactory: if not it is fate!

“As to the debates on the vote of thanks, to say I am not flattered would be a lie; the duke’s speech alone puts me on the top of the ladder. I have just hurried through Roebuck’s, Peel’s, Charles Napier’s, Hardinge’s, and Ripon’s speeches, for I have not time to read them quietly. Lord Ripon writes to tell me how bad his was:—I found that out without his aid. He tells me also how the duke’s made up for it. He says I am sure it will be gratifying to you to know that what he, the duke, said about you in public are his genuine sentiments and not merely official compliments. Strange comment! Lord Ripon has behaved well to me here, but he is not wise, and that is his excuse about Adam. What think you of Outram asking him, Lord Ripon, for a letter to Lord Ellenborough, recommending his being employed militarily? Lord R. said he never interfered in military affairs and advised his asking the duke. Outram did so, and says he got a letter”—not true. “He arrived at Bombay and instantly started for Lord Ellenborough’s quarters, giving out that he was charged with important dispatches from the duke! so said all the papers. Lord Ellenborough however refused to see him, reprimanded him for having addressed the secretary otherwise than through the Bombay government, and finally offered him employment as assistant political agent at a

place where, twenty years before, he had been chief political agent! And he took it! So much for his high feelings. '*Sans peur de reproche*,' as you said of him. He formerly wrote to me, and said to many, John Napier amongst others, that nothing should ever make him accept even the highest political appointment under Lord Ellenborough!

"The vote of the Commons with its debates, and that of the Lords, I thought I should not care for; but the attacks on me by Lord Howick and others, and all the praise, which I never expected, render the thanks of Parliament of high value: and I must ever feel grateful to those who have defended me: especially the duke, Peel, Roebuck, Hardinge and black Charles Napier."

Those thanks, so long delayed by intrigues, had at last passed the House of Commons under an opposition from nine persons, designated at the time as the "muses without a grace." Lord Howick led the choir, opposing the vote on the ground that the general had forced on the war for the sake of prize money! He had doubtless been studying his own family records, and finding his patrimony had been largely increased by the notoriously disgraceful rapacity of his grandfather at the siege of the Havanna, thought such conduct a natural concomitant of command: his error was in thinking Charles Napier's blood base as his own.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Your prophecy about the hill Beloochees may yet be fulfilled. The Doomkees have made a plundering expedition at the instigation of the Lion, murdering, I hear, forty people, and cutting off children's hands to get their bangles. I instantly sent Simpson up with orders to make inroads in return; and if these fellows go on I will burn their towns and devastate their country for a hundred miles. I can save their women and children easily, but villains who cut off children's hands cannot expect mercy, and shall not have it. You will see also what work there has been with the Bengal regiments refusing to come to Scinde without higher pay. They have carried their

point and it is to be hoped will stop there : but when masses of men force a right they soon turn their hands to forcing a wrong and getting money ; that is the rule. I know not who is in fault, but the denial of a right, if such is the case, was a great mistake. These chaps are sent to me and my hope is will not go wrong ; for as concession, when they demanded their rights was the least of two evils, so will severe repression become the least of two evils if they mutiny. I send your son the Lion's bow, I captured it in his palace at Meerpoor ; there were three, but whether he bore them in the battle or not is unknown to me : they are of painted horn. Two thousand bowmen were in march to join him at Dubba but got frightened and turned back. A Belooch Bowman, named *Budroodeen*, attended me in the battle completely armed : he is now adjutant in the police.

"I am glad you agree with me about conciliating the people, to do otherwise would in my opinion be as wicked as it would be silly : these things generally go together. There is however a wholesome severity, which, though so painful to exercise that one cannot find the heart to push it far, I nevertheless want Lord Ellenborough to let me inflict on the hill tribes. Coming down without provocation on our unhappy villagers, killing every man and woman, and cutting off little children's hands is horrible ! These men must be tamed, and our people protected from such horrors : this is too urgent to be postponed, and I want to destroy the habitations of these mountaineers and force them to settle further back. Their plundering has left but few villages and little cultivation round Shikarpoor towards Poolagee ; and since this inroad many labourers have fled : all will if it happens again. I am very angry at its having happened at all. One of my best men commanded there with cavalry enough to have prevented it. These hill villains must be terrified ; but I think we may also find gentle means to civilize them in time.

"My present notion is to send them word that if they will

promise to behave like good neighbours they shall be forgiven past sins, but if they do not their country shall be destroyed the moment cold weather admits of operations: meanwhile my cavalry have orders if they catch any band within our territory to cut them to pieces:—that is if able to do so, for they are numerous and strong fighters: the band that has wasted *Mean-ka-Gote* consisted of a thousand men. How curious it is, that so soon after I had sent an order to strike at a mountain chief if possible, your letter should come advising exactly what I had done: but this regularly happens!”

He was now to endure his first reverse in war, not personally however, for he never failed.

“M. Genl. W. Napier, April 23rd.—I have just heard that the inroad I ordered has failed; no details, but enough to shew that my orders were neglected. Those were to keep all quite secret, make a long dash of sixty miles at Poolagee with the camel corps, follow up with cavalry supports, and again with infantry, the object being to seize Beja Khan in his bed. But first they let the whole country know it: Basta! Details will come to-morrow. It is of no use being in a rage with people for being foolish, they must go on blundering, their folly has put present remedy out of the question. Were I to go up now myself I should lose caste by being in bad company, but when the cool weather comes I will pay off old scores, and gain character besides, a great point with these people. Meanwhile my chain of posts ought to hold them in check, and I have turned out two powerful Scindian tribes, *Mugsees* and *Chandikas*, against the ravagers, with whom those tribes have a blood feud; my police are to go with them to protect women and children and aid to secure victory. These Scindian tribes will destroy houses and plunder cattle, but to ill-treat women is unusual in these countries, and the cutting off the children's hands has excited great indignation. Thus playing off tribes against tribes I shall put down these Jackranees

and Doomkees: observe that these two are not our subjects.

“ — I was interrupted by further accounts of those foolish men in the north. They made a regular attack on Poolagee with an inefficient force, and were beaten with a loss of eleven killed and twenty wounded! Colonel Mosely commands at Shikarpoor, he is a Bengal officer just arrived and gives no particulars; says not a word as to who was engaged or why they attacked. He merely sends a private note from Tait, saying he was defeated and is in the fort of *Chuttar Bazaar*, a mud fort in the desert, where, if the enemy be worth his salt, he will be shut up without provisions. My orders were to have support upon support, and lo! they write from Shikarpoor that a support was to leave that place next morning, the 19th, the attack having been made on the 16th or 17th! I have before me Fitzgerald's letter urging the enterprize to surprize Bejà Khan personally; and Tait's saying it would succeed, but not without more camel men and awaiting further orders. My answer approved of Tait's caution, forbade running any risk, and desired them to await Simpson's arrival, he having my full instructions. They appeared to have kept no secrecy, did not wait for Simpson, and dashed at the fort of Poolagee: they had no reserves, and the day after the defeat the infantry and guns moved out of Shikarpoor, sixty miles from Poolagee—in support! How is it possible to trust anything after this? I shall be abused though nothing I ordered or advised was followed: but I hold to my resolution not to go up before the cool weather enables me to act. I must be always a *Bahadoor Jung*.

“ 25th.—Not a word yet from the north, but having no news I conclude Tait and Fitzgerald have effected their retreat within our frontier. The Jackranees and Doomkees have now the whip hand of me till cool weather comes. Men must not be risked to put down a robber tribe beyond our frontier. Our Scindian tribes of Mugsees and Chandikas,

which can bring ten thousand fighting men into the field shall worry the enemy during the heat, and they are not likely to give him much rest. I am vexed beyond measure at the death of these men: eleven killed! the attack must however have been very gallant, and Tait says the fellows in the fort defended themselves right well.

“ General Simpson.—I am writing to Wullee Chandia and the Mugsee chief to thank them, and am sending presents. There is no great danger of their hurting women or children, it is not the custom with these tribes. With regard to fining the Banians of Shikarpoor for not giving notice of the foray, I will do it sharply. Wells does not know them. I do. They know everything that goes on and shall pay if they do not tell, and as to their going away, let them go as soon as they please. Tell Tait he must get some of the chief men and tell them positively that I am very angry at their not giving notice; that they must get secret information for you, and no one shall know who gets it. They must not be visited openly by Tait, if he goes on in that way of course he will get no information: he must never see the person at all, one cannot buy spies in open market. Tell him and Tait they ought to get plenty: I had fellows, up to the very day of the battle, who went into the Belooch camp on the 16th of February. Depend upon it Wullee Chandia and Ahmed Khan Mugsee will get you plenty of intelligence if Tait and Wells and Fitzgerald know their work. I will pay any spy well who gives me an opportunity of cutting these plunderers up. But unless these officers know how to go about it, or if they settle it to be a certain thing that no intelligence is to be had, we shall get none. I warrant it Alyff Khan will gain some; or the Kaherees men.”

This Ayliff Khan was a Patan, a noted swordsman, distinguished on all occasions, and a very clever and true man also. The Kaherees were an oppressed tribe driven from their lands by the Doomkees.

“Richard Napier.—The failure of our attack on Poolagee happened thus. Beja Khan had made an inroad on us, though he is a subject of the Khelat Khan, who is not only in strict alliance but has been assisted by me: however he can't control these devils and I am taking them in hand. Fitzgerald and Tait wrote, that they could catch Beja in his bed at Poolagee, as Fitz had lived a year there and knew the place. With a bushel of cautions and orders about supports to protect the retreat after the capture, I consented. They then discovered that Poolagee was defended by a fort with five hundred matchlock men, and that there must be a regular attack, the place being fortified: which Fitzgerald never told me. Tait wrote to me for further orders, and they were—*not to stir a foot*: but the boiling courage of Fitzgerald overpowered the more sober Tait with taunts, and off they went with five hundred horse and two hundred foot camel men to attack Poolagee. They lost their way, arrived at Poolagee about eight o'clock instead of night, man and beast knocked up—grilled with the sun and no water. Fitzgerald led his men slap at the gate, with a sack of powder carried by the same sergeant who carried the bag of powder at Ghusnee: a terrible fire opened, ten were killed, the poor sergeant one, and twenty were wounded. How Fitz escaped no one knows: differently dressed from the men, and striding at their head, lots of men on the walls knowing him well, distinguished also by his giant size and daring courage!

“Unable to make any impression they all retired, and with great difficulty reached *Chuttar Bazaar*, a fort in the desert where they got water, the enemy having luckily forgotten to fill up the well. They afterwards got back to Khangur, nearly dead, having marched seventy-seven miles without a stop except to drink at Chuttar! And in this sun!! The courage of the Sepoys was conspicuous. Fitzgerald and Tait have been in bed ever since from fatigue, chagrin and fear of my reproaching them, which I ought

to do, but the will and the courage were so good I cannot bring myself to be very angry: yet the death of the ten gallant men grieves me deeply. We have thus first suffered an inroad, and going to avenge it have been defeated; but two of our own tribes, Mugsees and Chandikas, instantly offered to assist us! The chief of the last tribe, Wullee Chandia, was made friendly in this manner. Ali Moorad appointed a conference with twenty-nine hostile chiefs last May at Sehwan; they came with only 150 followers and he opened a fire upon them, killing all but fifteen, whom he captured. He was very proud of this feat and brought his prisoners to me, and they expected to be shot, as they would shoot in like cases. I was very angry with Ali, sent for them, and told them they were for me good soldiers: then I made Ali give them each a present and let them all go. Amongst them was old Wullee.

“He is exactly like an owl, with white hair, long hooked nose, great beard, and two enormous black eyes which were fixed on me without a move or wink till I had done speaking: then he said to the interpreter, Is it true? May I go? Yes! Up he jumped, flew out of the room like a bird, and never stopped till he got to his hills. I said, There he goes to make war on us. Not a bit. All along the western bank of the Indus he praised me to the skies, and swore neither he nor any of his tribe should lift sword or shield against the Bahadoor Jung again: and he has kept his word. His offer to help now I accepted, and launched him against his old masters, Shere Mohamed and Beja Khan Doomkee. Already he has sent in five hundred head of cattle, and killed forty of the Jackranees who attacked us. With them he has what my moonshee calls a *bladd fuel*, for blood feud. Thus I pay off Beja, and when cold weather comes mean to sweep their whole frontier or these ruffians will destroy all our villages. One of Fitzgerald's men lay down exhausted on the road; up came a Jackranee and coolly cut the poor Sepoy's throat.

This man tried to spy in a village afterwards and was taken by the villagers ; he is a noted villain and I ordered Simpson to hang him instantly : it was good this catching of him just after the murder.

“ We want no guards in Scinde now, it is quieter and more safe a great deal than Bombay or Poonah. There is only one crime I cannot put down here—wife-killing ! They think that to kill a cat or a dog is wrong, but I have hanged at least six for killing women : on the slightest quarrel she is chopped to pieces. One was hanged this morning. Having had some words he drew his sword, the poor girl’s father prayed in vain for her, and seeing it was of no use turned his back while the fellow cut her to pieces, and then sending for a spade buried her. A chief here came yesterday to beg off another, a follower of his. I’ll hang him said I. What ! hang him ! He only killed his wife ! utter astonishment painted in his face. Well, she did no wrong. Wrong ! He was angry, why should he not kill her ? Why then should I not kill him ? I never saw anything like it. When there is jealousy or momentary erroneous suspicion there may be some excuse, but nothing more is required than anger at any trifle to bring out the sword. These two cases make eight, and I will hang 200 unless they stop. However I find the gallows begins to *pose* Mahomet and predestination wonderfully, and I wager that wives will be safer in Scinde in a twelvemonth.

“ You see that even the foray made by the mountain Beloochees, stimulated and paid for by the Lion, has not raised one Scindian chief in his favour. This is satisfactory. But I fear the Punjaub : I am decidedly of opinion we should be better without it ; the Sutlege is our best boundary, more compact and round ; but then the Punjaubees must not have seventy thousand armed ruffians on the right bank. We must either have a good government there or conquer them. We cannot let our finest provinces be exposed to ravages at any moment by a wild enemy.

They are now beginning with me. The Scinde frontier and that of Mooltan touch, and I won't bear the kick of a fly from Sawan Mull, and he will find me a troublesome customer if we begin: my prayer is that we may not, or that I may be moved away ere war breaks out. It is fearful work in its best shape and most revolting to me, though it is true that humanity would gain by a Punjaub conquest, as it has by that of Scinde. In this view it is gratifying to see the zeal with which our officers work in defiance of sun and fever to do good and to be just towards the people, and my belief is that the people are very sensible of this.

"I tried to thank Wellington, Hardinge, Peel, &c., but thirty letters to be written in twenty-four hours, with the excitement of all your letters and all the speeches and my fury, last not least, at Lord Howick's saying I made war to get prize money, was too much for me. I am unable to get through all the work. Tell William I have sent in a short memoir on the defence of Scinde, which he shall have a copy of. The drift of it is to shew that the conquest of Scinde has given us a strong instead of a weak frontier; and that when Scinde was hostile, our frontier on the left bank of the Sutlege was always liable to be taken in reverse. I am also projecting as many improvements as possible for Scinde, and have already originated a good deal. A general survey, with various levels of ground and of the Indus have been taken, and the latitude and longitude of many places laid down with accuracy. This survey is nearly completed, and minor surveys in detail of many parts will soon be made and worked into the general plan. We shall now be able to manage the waters scientifically. To give an impetus to science in the right direction is all I could do, and it is done within a year after conquest, and while still, it may be said, standing under arms: it is a good deal, especially after the terrible sickness which fell upon us and for four months put a stop even to agriculture!"

The climate of Kurrachee, from its violent and sudden

alternations designated by his daughter as a "*passionate climate*," was typical of Charles Napier's disturbed state of feeling after reading the debate on the vote of thanks. Exultant at the Duke of Wellington's eulogium, grateful for the defence of his conduct by friends, and indignant at the foul aspersion of Lord Howick and his coadjutors, his journal and letters are the exponents of these various emotions.

"The Duke of Wellington, April 21st.—As your grace never had a master in war how can I convey to your mind the feelings of a disciple? It requires much firmness to bear commendation so high and from such a quarter. I pray earnestly that the fear of losing this, the highest of all honours, may not make me over-cautious should passing events again place me in front of an enemy. That I may continue to merit the high encomiums which your grace has bestowed upon my conduct is among the first wishes of my heart, as it must ever be my greatest glory.

"Lord Ripon.—With regard to his grace the Duke of Wellington, I know my great master too well not to be aware he only says what he thinks, and therein lies wherewith to turn my head. I can honestly assure your lordship that if all his grace's well-earned honours were placed within my reach, and his words on the other hand, I would reject the honours for what he has said of me: every other honour seems vapid. Were Lord Howick to read my private journal, which probably no one will ever do, he would see how unjust his speech was in accusing me of making war for military glory. His lordship has full right to think and to say what he likes upon any man's actions, but he has no right to attribute motives to me in the way he has done. However my conscience makes me smile at his lordship's accusations, and as your lordship tells me that his conduct was very distasteful to the House of Commons, this renders the high honour done to the army and myself more flattering! Lord Howick's opinion is however not very important

to me. To use the words of my brother William, 'With the duke's speech in your hand you may defy the world and time!'

"Sir G. Arthur.—The result of the proceedings in parliament is indeed most gratifying to the troops and myself. I cannot feel that I deserve all this praise; but it is very flattering, and the duke has put me on the top of the ladder! I earnestly pray it may not make me over-cautious if again placed in front of an enemy, for at sixty-two this is a failing to be guarded against. Among the great difficulties of an officer in war, one is to discriminate between rashness and over-caution: the first is the most dangerous, both are very bad.

"Sir H. Hardinge.—It is impossible that you can doubt the feelings with which I read your speech on the vote of thanks. If I pitched Scinde to the devil and spent a year in trying to express my feelings I could not do it! The honour the duke has done me is like a dream! His praise is, after all, the highest honour a soldier can receive. The hundred-gun ship has taken the little cock-boat in tow, and it will follow for ever over the ocean of time! Hardinge, it was an ungenerous action and an unjust one in Lord Howick to make opposition to the thanks of the house to the troops, whatever he might think of my conduct. As to the last he had no right to attribute base motives: how dare he say I forced a war to gain glory! I deny the infamous motive he charges me with. Does he believe that I have no fear of God? Does he imagine that I was preparing myself by wholesale murder to meet the Almighty! I can assure my Lord Howick that the Napiers have a conscience and feelings of religion and honour: I hope the Greys have too! Once more accept the thanks of your old comrade. For your good opinion I care more than for that of all the Greys, from that old marauder in the West Indies, Lord Howick's grandfather, down to the unco good and rigidly righteous Lord Howick!

“Miss Napier.—I rode over the field of battle and the sensations it gave me were anything but agreeable, for in that battle I well knew how tremendous the results of a defeat would be. Whatever Lord Howick may choose to invent from base and malignant feelings, I had no thought of prize money or glory, or of any personal advantage. Lord Ellenborough had ordered me to undertake an operation of very great difficulty, and so far from thinking of prize money the first idea of it arose from being told, after the victory, that a quantity of treasure had been found in the enemy's camp. We concluded that the Ameers would defend their fortress and capitulate under a treaty, when there would have been no prize money: indeed I do not know that we are to have any prize money now! When McPherson told me there would be some and asked me to appoint him my agent I laughed at him, and told him he was welcome but that I did not think there was money enough to pay an agent for the trouble of collecting it: his answer was he thought there would be enough to give him a few rupees. Another circumstance also shews how little we thought of prize money in the camp. Outram wanted one of the swords taken in the battle, but the prize agents would not let him have it as everything was to be sold by auction. For this Major Outram could not wait, and offered his share of prize money for the sword! You may conceive he did not expect much, for the sword was purchased for him at £15—which was more than he expected to pay for it!

“Journal.—Found the debates on my return. I ought now to die and have the duke's speech engraved on my tomb! But the conquest of Scinde was the will of God and all went right! I wish to be at home to see my brothers and sisters, and thank them for all their love of me—I am not worth it!”

FOURTEENTH EPOCH.

FIFTH PERIOD.

ARRANGEMENTS for the great assembling of chiefs now occupied the governor of Scinde; his design being to make it not only an irrefragable argument as to the conquest being complete, but an assurance that his object was the prosperity of all, chiefs and followers.

“Henry Napier.—I am assembling all the chiefs to make a final settlement of the country by hearing complaints and settling disputes: and you will be glad to hear that villages, on the frontier which separates Ali Moorad’s territories from ours, play all manner of tricks to make out that they belong to us instead of to Ali. This is very satisfactory, as shewing that whatever injustice we may from ignorance commit in administering the government the general result is agreeable to the people. What you say about William’s history”—the Conquest of Scinde—“being likely to be tinged by his ‘excessive excitement’ about me, I hope will not be the case. It will be corrected, first by his taste, secondly by his regard for his reputation as a writer, which to me is more dear than all the praise in the world; and he will know, that the bitterest sarcasm is undue commendation. Affection and anger are like a storm at sea, and a writer, like a pilot, should steer through them calmly and steadily a just course. That such men as Buist, Fonblanque, Howick, Eastwick, and Sullivan will abuse his history of the campaign is as certain as that night follows day, but the duke’s praise will bear out his commendations. Meanwhile much praise has been heaped upon me, though certainly not in Lord Ripon’s

speech, which has no tone at all except that of folly. He has honourable feelings but perfectly divested of knowledge and discrimination; exactly one of those men who would leave no street in hell unpaved, and who would never know whether he was using paving-stones or loaves of bread: but he is apparently good-hearted, and I must feel good-will after his kind letter to me.

"We are busy with the levels of the Indus, which has raised its own bed much above the surrounding country, and the causeway it has made for itself is from twenty to thirty miles broad, so far as present information enables us to judge. Dr. Buist carries on his scurrilous abuse of William and me in every possible form. He might be prosecuted over and over again, but most of the leading lawyers at Bombay are said to be proprietors of his paper, which would make it dangerous. Other papers take our part. I consulted Sir G. Arthur about prosecuting, and his answer was, 'I prosecuted a rascally editor in Van Diemen's Land, he was imprisoned, his wife and children were starving and I had to keep them out of charity. The prosecution did the paper much good, set it on its legs; and while I was feeding his family the editor became more abusive than ever.' This decided me, and Buist's last number shews that he is writhing under my silence and the abuse of the other papers. I am pretty sure Outram writes in the Bombay Times, and the Calcutta Star.

"Journal. Hydrabad, May 22nd.—Reached this place in 48 hours from Kurrachee. I believe it has only once before been done so quick. The chiefs begin to collect.

"May 24th.—Received the salaams of above fifteen hundred chiefs this morning. Their eagerness was such that four whacking Irish sentries and several officers could hardly keep the crowd back, yet all were quiet and orderly. There are more than twenty thousand men assembled here and I confess to being nervous: it would be terrible to have more bloodshed.

“ May 25th.—The assembly is nearly over. The chiefs alone came armed, having my permission. Every great chief made salaams ; in all about three thousand, each having a lot of followers ! This perfectly quiet meeting is a complete triumph for me over that ass Outram and his Bombay clique. Chiefs and jaghirdars shewed the greatest good-humour and content, and express the latter openly : their conduct indeed bespeaks their satisfaction, for everywhere we are quiet. This time last year I had conquered but had not quieted Scinde, the country was in arms against me, and I was personally very ill : now all is peace and I am well. This is not an ordinary conquest : wonderful are the ways of God, for it is all his doing.

“ May 26th.—This day nine European soldiers died of coup de soleil : they were dead in two hours after being attacked. I am sure this is not from sun alone. That is, no doubt, the direct cause, but it finds either a weak habit of body naturally inflammable, or a natural tendency of blood to the head ; or, what is most common, a heated inflamed system from liquor. All these unite perhaps, but any one is enough to give full vigour to the blow from the sun.

“ 27th.—Two more men down by coup de soleil ! The meeting is nearly over. One proof among many that the Beloochee came with good-humour is, that Lieutenant Pelley, the interpreter, saw a man working hard to push through the crowd, and calling out, I will see him ! I will see him ! I have come all the way from Roree to see him, and I will see him and make salaam.

“ 28th.—The whole meeting is broken up and dispersed, so all is safe, and not a riot, or a quarrel.

“ 29th.—I have given away sixteen hundred jaghires to as many chiefs, who had hung back until this moment : but there are still two thousand jaghirdars who have not made salaam, and I have gone on for a whole year indulging them as to time : now, when the whole land is at peace, if they

still hold back I will take their jaghires from them for ever: they must learn how strongly I can strike in peace as well as war.

“Lord Fitzroy Somerset, May 26th. — Lord Ellenborough last year desired me to hold a grand durbar for all the chiefs to make their salaams. This had been delayed necessarily by the sickness and other matters, but I took advantage of the spring harvest having been gathered, and of the wildest mountain chiefs having come to Kurra-choe to do homage for their lands, to summon the general assembly. Above a thousand jaghirdars, holding land on military tenure, had hung back; but all came in there and received pardon and renewal of tenure. To the sons of those who fell in battle against us I gave their father's lands, on condition of paying rent instead of military service. Thus, while conferring an unexpected boon, I have broken the ice for getting rid of the feudal tenure, and begun a system which I want to introduce, namely, substituting landed proprietors in place of military chiefs—in plain English robbers. If a jaghirdar says he has not money to pay his rent I mean to offer him his jaghire, if he chooses to buy it for his life—he is by the existing system only a tenant at will—by cutting off from his land a piece, which government can sell for a sum that will yield an interest equal to the rent charged on him.

“Now please to observe that this rent is not to be fixed according to the value of the produce of his jaghire; if I attempted to levy rent in that way they would quickly be in arms: it is estimated thus. The jaghirdar is bound to bring, say ten soldiers into the field, which would cost him eighty rupees a month. Aye, says he, but you are not going to war every month. No, nor every year, so the government will only ask from you forty rupees every year instead of eighty every month, which it can claim. He consents and returns to the government a portion of his jaghire which will yield a rent of forty rupees yearly. It

will I know take years to complete this plan, but meanwhile the government loses nothing but what it will never ask for, viz. military service : and the jaghirdar, no longer a tenant at will, cultivates what he thus acquires a life interest in, or what is better, a long lease. I think this will so consolidate the conquest of Scinde, and so change the idle character of the Belooch, that in fifty years this may be the richest province and most industrious people in India : but, until men have a property in what they hold they will be idle and unsteady. Having established a rent I am indifferent to its being paid for some years ; the tenant will feel that he cannot be turned out, while the neighbouring jaghirdar can, and this feeling will do its work in time. But if the old system be continued we shall, like the Ameers, have great feudal chiefs who will pay nothing to the estate, and will require a larger force to keep them in order than need be quartered in Scinde under better management.

“The mutinous Bengal troops at Sukkur are growing into a better temper, and I am going to raise two battalions of Beloochees, Scindians and Hindoos, so we shall be strong. Our revenue goes on well, that is to say, in the circumstances which exist ; for we are liable to much cheating : however our officers in civil appointments work like horses, and daily acquire more knowledge of the people and of the revenue. Had I had civil servants of the Company I think Scinde would by this time have been in complete confusion ; and the expence of throwing it into that confusion would have been immense : our revenue could not have supported it. I have just found four silver sticks, costing 600 or 800 rupees, which were carried in state before Outram when political agent ! I find four soldiers and their bayonets have just as imposing an effect, so the silver sticks are sold. The Scindians are shrewd and understand force better than show : this makes them so quiet. We are not rich enough for civil servants. Your lordship tells me I give Lord Ellenborough satisfaction. This is very gratifying for I labour

hard, and the great heat and great distance from Calcutta often oblige me to act on my own responsibility in a way that, under other aspects, would be unjustifiable: yet I always receive his approbation, as he knows my objects are honest.

“I am getting barracks forward as fast as possible, for the sun cannot be encountered in tents. The expence is great, yet it is but for once, and there is a province to pay for it, and it will do that right well in a few years. A man cannot occupy a common farm without a capital for meeting previous outlay; and yet the Indian press expects Scinde at once to yield an overplus of income, and to pay all the troops! There has not been a man raised for Scinde yet, except the police, and that we pay: a very fine corps it is, doing its duty well, though too much inclined to be rough. I keep this down, but in truth the new men have a hard game and a very dangerous one to play: if they did not carry their heads high they would soon be run down by the Beloochees, and finally coalesce with them. This I was at first a good deal afraid of; but they have now had some sharp fights, in which three or four have been killed on each side, and there is no longer danger of any coalition: so I am gradually introducing more severe discipline, and really think I could hold Scinde with this police corps alone.

“The Belooch chiefs are very desirous to attack the Punjaub; they tell me they will turn out an army at my orders in a week to attack the Punjaubees! They say they can beat the Sikhs without our help if I will try them. There is doubt of this, though they would fight well, being strong resolute men and confident enough in themselves. We are plagued by the Beloochees from the Murree and Bhoogtee hills. Captain Tait went against the chief Beja Khan, but failed. The enterprize was sufficiently daring, and they marched seventy miles without a halt except to fight, and a few hours after they got thrashed by Beja. Such a march at this time of year in Scinde was never heard of

before, and has cast terror amongst the hill tribes though we were repulsed.

“Journal. Kurrachee, June 6th.—Rode down from Tattah, seventy-two miles, without sleeping. This was not bad at sixty-two, and the thermometer 110°. Well, what signifies strength? A short time and I shall be dead, rotten, putrid, in a deal box, among the worms; and my soul in hell according to Lord Howick and Fonblanque and Pottinger. The papers are full of my going to the Punjaub at the head of a large army. I do not believe it, and see no reason to believe it, and certainly do not wish it. Lord Howick was quite wrong when he fancied I was fond of war and plunder. I want neither one nor t’other. I am not such a robber as his grandfather was, and his father the ‘*minister for domestic relations*.’ It is hard, in the common acceptation of the word, for an honest man serving his country in the midst of dangers and trials, physical and moral, and acting from the honourable feeling of doing his duty in despite of any—I may say of every danger: it is hard for him to be exposed to the insolence, the injustice, the falsehoods of men like Lord Howick. Yet why should I say it is hard? What harm does it do me? None! To give him personal chastisement would give me pleasure, such as one feels at cutting a village cur dog with a whip, but I forgive all of them. After anger contempt succeeds. I never feel angry in my heart against any one—beyond wishing to break their bones with a broomstick!

“M. Genl. W. Napier, June.—I wrote a long letter to Lord Fitzroy in the midst of confusion, and heat excessive—so great that fourteen of the 86th Regiment died of *coup de soleil* in three days! Very few men can stand the great heat here very long, I have beat most of them. I would not however mind this if by my remaining a permanent system of government could be established; but the civil servants of Bombay, not Sir George Arthur, are watching this government like the harpies of the ancients; and the moment I go,

or rather when Lord Ellenborough goes, the whole will be changed into an enormously expensive civil government: innumerable branches will extend from the foul stem of the Bombay tree. All the sons nephews and friends of the Bombay civil servants will be provided for, and each idle head of a department will have what they call here an establishment. Hence my objects now are. 1st. To fix the system of defence for the frontier. 2nd. To shew that the government may be carried on for a sum far below the revenue, and a large surplus paid into the general treasury.

"I have arrested four of the Talpoor Ameers, sons and nephews of Roostum, who, trusting to my good nature, had the hardiness to enter Ali Moorad's dominions and thence write an impudent request to have back their lands. I suppose they trusted also that the twenty thousand Beloochees assembled, or rather then about to assemble at Hydrabad, would make me *malleable*. I ordered Ali Moorad to arrest them instantly. This proved his temper, and at the same time punished him for having secretly admitted them: he behaved loyally. We are safe in the people's good-will, for the meeting unmistakeably marks the feeling of the country. Here, where assassination is not considered criminal, what should have hindered one of the surrounding multitude stabbing me, if the anger against us was strong? I was in the midst of thousands. Well, having quieted the country, if I shew how easily it can be defended, and also mark out the fortifications required; if I shew that it can be governed for one hundred thousand pounds a year while its revenue is four hundred thousand, and will be a million, besides pointing out and even initiating many public works, I shall have done as much for Scinde as I can do. But I repeat to you, that the fury of the Bombay clique against Lord Ellenborough and against me as one of his favourites, would have long ago swept me from Scinde but for his unshaken support. They would have involved this country in an expence far exceeding its revenue, and very probably have

produced a guerilla warfare, which I avoided with very great difficulty last June. These things make me think there is no object to be attained by remaining here much longer than the end of the present year: but be sure I will not move while of any real use. Will my constitution, strong as it is, stand a third hot season in Scinde? Not I think, unless spent at Kurrachee, which must depend on events. Accident you see has forced me to go to Hydrabad in the hottest part of the year. I run these risks from no bravado, but because without them those results which appear to the unthinking so easily accomplished could not be produced: yet they are vital experiments upon the constitution. The labour of the government is immense, being dependent for sanction both on Calcutta and Bombay; and I have had hundreds of papers transmitted back and forward three and four times from both governments, each refusing to sanction them. I was lately so plagued by Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Thomas McMahon, the latter being the real author of the inconvenience, that I was obliged to refuse being a shuttlecock between these two battledores any longer, and wrote an official declaration that I was no longer responsible for the discipline of the army. This brought Sir Thomas to a sense of his wrong-headedness; but it is doubtful if this would have been the case had not the governor-general and council at Calcutta taken my view of the matter.

“The fact is, there are two or three judge advocates general who have got a smattering of the language used by attorneys, and are accounted wonderful lawyers, and do *then and there, feloniously, maliciously, and with malice prepense and aforethought*, addle the brains of our respectable C.'s in chief: and mine too, for our courts-martial here have become so legal and wise that there is not the slightest chance of convicting the greatest scoundrel. At this moment two assistant-surgeons are on trial for constant unflinching drunkenness; both young men without much experience as physicians; and as the

government of Bombay will only give me assistant-surgeons for Scinde, each of these gentlemen has an hospital in charge, where each probably murders many men in his cups. The very sight of these fellows reeling into an hospital is enough to kill the patients with terror: yet am I all but convinced that they will escape. For you must know that to drink beer from morning till night is the gentlemanlike practice in the Indian army; though the same gentlemen that thus drink think nothing of sentencing a private soldier for habitual drunkenness, having themselves every luxury and the soldier scarcely any. I am indeed very anxious for the result of these two courts-martial. If the culprits are cashiered there will be hopes of preserving discipline: if not my inclination will be to resign the command, for there will be for the private soldier neither protection nor justice.

“The Gwalior affair does Lord Ellenborough much credit. If he had not taken that instant to attack them, the Nepaul people and the Punjaubees would have been down on him, and I much doubt Gough's being able to deal with all three at once. The management of the battle appears defective. I have had no time to examine details; yet to have brought neither cavalry nor artillery to bear, and the hurrying of our infantry into action without support or even knowing where the enemy was posted seems bad. Lord Ellenborough wrote to me that he had twenty thousand men at Gwalior; our force was therefore overwhelming and we ought not to have had such a heavy loss: but nobody believed there would be a fight. Gough's personal conduct was gallant in the extreme, and that old fellow Valliant, and Littler, behaved right gloriously. I have proposed to Lord E. to sweep the hills in the north, from the Indus to Bagh, routing up the Bhoogtees, Murrees, and all those tribes of robbers. My spies tell me they are gathering about Poolagee; this is probably in fear of Fitzgerald's camel corps, rather than for an attack; for they have poisoned

all the wells in the desert, which is evidently defensive.

“ Let me now give you a condensed copy of a letter from Colonel Woodburn 25th N.I. shewing the feeling existing between our men and the Sepoys: the thing happened immediately after Dubba.

— “ The day was particularly hot, the march a long one, twenty-four miles, had lasted from daybreak till three p.m. A burning thirst was felt, and though the men had been halted at several villages no sufficient supply of water had been procured. All were suffering and many were falling out from exhaustion, when a *bheestie*—water carrier—“came up with his *mussuch*”—leather bag—“full of water; a rush was made by the Sepoys all calling out for *panee*”—water. At the same time six 22nd soldiers, much knocked up, asked for a draught too. A Sepoy called out, give to the soldiers first, and instantly all made way for them. Not a Sepoy asked for a drop until the soldiers were satisfied; they patted them on the back saying, *Ab chulo master*—now go on master. Afterwards on overtaking these tired men they carried their packs and musquets and encouraged them.’—

“ I told you before that wounded men of the 22nd had concealed their wounds, and marched on in hopes of another battle at Meerpoor which they thought would be defended, but to prevent which this forced march was made: these six tired men were they, for finally they all fell and then acknowledged their wounds !”

Now happened an event amazing to all persons but the one most immediately affected, for he well knew what he had to expect from the directors in return for honest and useful service. Lord Ellenborough was recalled! He who had dragged India up from the pit into which disgraceful mismanagement and disgraceful defeat had thrust her: he who had repaired all the dreadful errors of the time, replacing misfortune with victory and adding advantageous

conquest; he who had organized from a political chaos a vast system of imperial control and arrangement, which would have fixed the power of England in the East on solid just grounds; he, Lord Ellenborough, was suddenly recalled by the pernicious oligarchy of Leadenhall Street; and that at a moment when the most terrible crisis was impending! He was recalled to gratify the spleen of a body for which despotism had more attractions than the welfare of nations. Lord Ellenborough had checked public peculation, stopped the folly and insolence of placing young politicals over veteran generals in the field, and had rallied the sinking military spirit: but in doing so he jostled the jobbing multitude, and with a swinish cry they drove him from his work of wisdom. The ministers of the day, also preferring a few votes in parliament to the honour of upholding a meritorious statesman, suffered vile factious interests to prevail over patriotism. For Charles Napier this was at once an arrest of usefulness, was significant of the treatment awaiting himself, and with a just indignation and prophetic sagacity he condemned the foul deed.

“Journal, June 10th.—I have had a touch of fever again—remittent fever. This is bad, and my legs begin to swell: the doctor thinks that don't signify, but my own feelings tell me a different story. The wasting of the legs, the swelling towards night, the overpowering aching feel of those legs, and sixty-two years with a shortness of breath that must arise from some cause, are all warnings which a firm mind can understand, and is not afraid to reason upon calmly: I do so now. Well, I am ready to obey the Almighty's order. Ready to obey! What cant! I must obey. My meaning is that I am not alarmed at its approach, and will not seek to avoid it by abandoning my post till the government can dispense with my service without public inconvenience.

“June 18th.—Pretty news! Those East India directors have recalled Lord Ellenborough! This is the reward of zeal, ability, honesty, and the saving of India! This court

of stupid money-seekers has upset the best governor-general since Lord Wellesley : even a better one than Lord Wellesley in some points. This mad step will do mischief and give me work. I fear the Mooltan folk will hang on to the Poolagee robbers and kick up a dust in the north. And if the Sikh army comes over the border at the same time, the Bengal army being in a state of discontent not to say mutiny, we shall be in a mess. Well, we shall see what we shall see. India is in great danger.

“ June 25th.—There begins the storm. The Bengal troops at Sukkur are in open mutiny ! This is a pleasant little episode in our difficulties : they ought never to have been sent to Scinde. Here in a freshly-conquered country and they send me known mutineers for a garrison ! Then the Lion threatens us ; and three days ago came news that his hill people had cut off one hundred of our cavalry, fifty troopers and fifty grass cutters ! Everything looks dark and gloomy. I have succeeded everywhere so far as depends on myself, but cannot answer for the work of others. However to despair is to add the worst of all ingredients to a nasty dish : patience and all will go right. The more trouble the more labour must be given ; the more danger the more pluck must be shown, till all is overpowered. I feel very unwell, that is the worst part of the job.”

The history of this mutiny and this third disaster will be found at length in the *Administration of Scinde*. Sir Charles was much and justly irritated at that and the ravaging of the frontier, imputing the robbers' success to negligence ; he issued a severe order, one extract from which is worth noting, as illustrative of the discipline he expected and enforced on those under his command on the frontier.

“ The major-general desires that the European officers of the irregular cavalry shall never quit their saddles day or night when a detachment is out of their cantonment. The European officer who commands at an outpost must be eternally on his horse, with his sword in his hand ; he

should eat drink and sleep in his saddle. An outpost officer has no right to comfort or rest except when all is safe; and that can never be when in presence of such an active enemy as these mountain robber tribes are in every country where they exist. It is ignorant work for officers to gallop their troops over country after mischief has been done; this is to harass their men and horses and is a mark of inexperience in outpost duty: it is to play the game of the enemy."

"Lord Ripon, June 25th.—I see but one advantage in the unfortunate recall of Lord Ellenborough:—that is, obliging the government to destroy a mercantile republic which has arisen in the midst of the British monarchy. Lord Ellenborough opposed speculation, and now folly and dishonesty have defeated ability and honesty, which being the usual course of human events does not surprise me. It seems that the *suaviter in modo* with a Cabool massacre, are preferred to the *fortiter in re* with victories. To expend millions in producing bloodshed seems preferable in the eyes of the Court of Directors to saving India, and the prevention of bloodshed. With regard to Scinde, I believe it will remain internally tranquil, but it may at any moment be disturbed by external events. Lord Ellenborough's measures have been taken on large and just views of general policy: they were all connected in one great plan for the security of peace and the stability of our power in India. They were not mere expedients to meet isolated cases: the victory of Maharaj-poor consolidated the conquest of Scinde; and the conquest of Scinde was essential to the defence of the north-west provinces and the line of the Hyphasis. The whole has been one grand movement to crush an incipient and widely-extended secret coalition, the child of the Afghan defeats, which would, perhaps will, put our Indian empire in peril.

"But this defensive operation, hitherto successful in the masterly hands of Lord Ellenborough, has not in its minor parts been yet terminated; nor can it be so while the Kalsa

army of the Punjaub remains without control. I fear that this powerful force by no means participates in the horror of war which appears to be entertained, very properly, by the Court of Directors and Lord Howick. But there is a time for all things said the wisest of men, and I cannot think that the time for changing a governor-general is in presence of seventy thousand armed Punjaubees. I believe possession of the Punjaub is not desirable for the Company. In my opinion the Hyphasis forms a better frontier line for our Indian territory than the northern, or upper Indus, as being more compact now that we have Scinde : and we have territory enough and more than enough. Nevertheless the Punjaub must be ours : all India, proclaims that truth by acclamation. If not taken the ravaging of our finest provinces can only be prevented by a large standing army on the Hyphasis, with the example before its eyes of an army profiting by mutiny : an army too filled with our own men and in correspondence with them. For we have most unwisely abolished flogging as a military punishment, and every crime is necessarily punished in the Company's service by dismissal. We are thus daily recruiting the army of the Sikhs with our good and well-drilled soldiers ; for the men whom we dismiss, even for the most trifling crimes, go to the Punjaub in great numbers. I do not think this sagacious.

“The great question is no longer whether we shall increase our territory, but whether we shall hold our present position in India, or run the risk of being beaten to the sea. *Aut Caesar aut nullus*, applies emphatically to our present power in India. The destruction of the Sikh army will not however I believe be so easy as people seem to imagine. If we were to be beaten back across the Hyphasis, as we were by the Affghans across the Indus, the danger to India would be very great : for it would, as far as I am able to judge, shew that doctrine to be erroneous which leaves native princes on their thrones within our territory, or rather within our frontiers. This doctrine was, I suppose, formerly found

useful and safe, but it appears to me now replete with danger when our great extent of territory divides our forces.

“To return to Scinde. This engrosses my whole thoughts, lest I should err, and so produce general danger. A portion of the Punjaubees may from Mooltan insult our northern frontier, a part of which touches on the lands of Sawan Mull. If so I am determined to resist it, and in so doing I hope for the support of the supreme government. Every insult put up with is certain to shake the allegiance of the Beloochees in Scinde. I know that I am unjustly accused of wishing for war: it is false. I have seen too much of it. My wish is to go to Bombay and rest, not to encounter the labour of a campaign: but I have no idea of allowing Her Majesty's and the Company's arms to be insulted, and patiently wait while the enemy assembles his hordes to attack me!

“A procrastinating diplomacy is the game of these barbarians, and whoever is blinded by it will be defeated. The predacious tribes in the Bhoogtee and Murree hills are now fostering hostilities under the ex-Ameer Shere Mohamed, and if they be not crushed when the season opens I fear that mischief will be the result. We cannot however do anything at present, the heat is too great; and the negligence of an officer has exposed us to another insult from the robber tribes, who have cut to pieces a party of his grass-cutters and their guard. I must therefore attack these tribes in the winter if I can; but it is of very difficult accomplishment. I have thought we might take them into our pay, as we once before did, but fear the supreme government will not consent to the expence. It would be the most humane course to pursue; but one or the other must be pursued or an immense force, comparatively speaking, will be required at Shikarpoor. But an attack on the people may possibly hasten the war in the Punjaub, and my anxiety daily increases about the state of the frontier, not seeing clearly how far this border warfare

will go, and knowing well that it is the *most dangerous and difficult to conduct that can possibly be.*"

This passage, so emphatically addressed to Lord Ripon, should be borne in mind as a test of that lord's conduct when the warfare was successfully conducted.

"The Bengal troops in Scinde have hitherto behaved well : if they should mutiny my position will be rather difficult,"—they did mutiny almost immediately afterwards. "But I have not much fear, and must do the best in case of such a misfortune : things cannot be expected to go on always without difficulties. It is good that these Bengal regiments are delighted with Sukkur and Shikarpoor, which they compare to the best stations of India. We only want good barracks, and these we are getting as fast as we can with the slender means at command, for nothing is to be had in Scinde. The price of labour is immense ; everything is to be created : yet we do create. Last year not a vegetable was to be had ; now we have a garden which produces every sort of vegetable. The soil is very fine, but our difficulty is to find gardeners and I have endeavoured to get Chinese from Bombay, who understand gardening to perfection. We are really colonizing in a wilderness, but a rich wilderness ! We have no native artificers, all are brought from Bombay and from Cutch. Of course our progress in building barracks and fortifications is slow and costly : yet my hope is that next Christmas we shall see the most pressing of our wants satisfied.

"The expence is very heavy to us personally, as well as to the public. I am building a cottage of five rooms, for we cannot live in tents, and it will cost me two thousand pounds at the lowest valuation, though my present house, lent to me and full as large, cost but five hundred. Our occupation of Scinde encreased the demand for labour, and wages rose four times what they were ; especially since the fever, which made our artificers fly from Scinde. It is curious that though all the troops are tolerably healthy, Kurrachee is the least so

now, while last winter it was the most salubrious of all ! The coming season of fevers, September October and November, makes me anxious ; but I think we shall not suffer so much as we did last year. Meanwhile I have cut off the waters of the inundation from Hydrabad, and partially from Sukkur, though not sufficiently ; however, my hope is to do it effectually before next hot season. The truth is, the sickness was so universal that last winter neither troops nor natives could do anything, and the season was a blank ! It is not exaggeration to say, that not a man of our whole force escaped fever : that is, not a man that had been in Scinde in August and weakened by the intense heat. The average heat at Hydrabad this year is ten less than it was last year, yet we have lost twenty men and women by *coup de soleil*.

“I have now given your lordship a long and I fear a tedious story ; but feeling that I may be suddenly called upon to act for myself in Scinde till Sir Henry Hardinge arrives, my ideas on the state we are in may be in some degree acceptable to your lordship. They furnish an assurance that whatever may happen my preparations are made for any emergency—always supposing the Bengal troops will be faithful. You will have heard from other quarters of the tranquillity with which our great assembly of Belooch chiefs passed off. I am well pleased to have finished that business before this mad step of the directors was known in India.”

This able memoir was beyond Lord Ripon's comprehension as a statesman ! and only provoked his enmity as a tool of the directors.

The opinions of some old Indians, probably Willoughby Read and Crawford of the Bombay Council, had been quoted as adverse to the Scinde system by Sir G. Arthur which called forth the following answer.

“I think old Indians fancy Asiatics are different from Europeans and Americans, and so they are as being much more easily managed ! The ‘Old Indian’ fancies that he is able to play the game of trick and deceit as well as they

can ; but he does not always do so, and I do not see why he should try. The Yankee, the Greek, the Irishman, the Englishman, the Scotchman, and all others, are much more difficult to deal with, and where head is to settle the question the 'Old Indians' do not shine in my humble opinion. I see nothing masterly in these men. I see in most of them, an affectation of being '*knowing*;' extreme vanity without foundation of deeds; and great ignorance of the human mind, with unequalled expertness in getting rupees and spending them : both discreditable enough. By the way, this puts me in mind of a thing which has excessively annoyed me. Our excellent commissary Johnstone, sent in charges for camels which were passed by the supreme government without remark. On looking over them, after they came back, I saw that from the way they were worded it appeared as if 150 camels had been employed for my baggage, when coming here from Hyderabad ; and Lady Napier's baggage charged for being landed, in a way to appear as if it had cost the public 280 rupees or some such sum. The name caught my eye, I was all astonishment at such a charge being made at all, much more to the public, and on inquiring, found it was a mistake of Johnstone's clerk : her charge, which of course I repaid, was only for one boat, 4½ rupees ! The rest of the charge was for public stores ! Then the 150 camels for my baggage. This was as surprising as the other charge. When I was major-general only, I had seven camels from the commissariat, for which I paid. When governor, finding government paid for my baggage, I reduced my camels to five ! Guess my surprize at Johnstone's charge for 150. It was most annoying to give up every comfort and yet have the credit of using 150 good camels. They were not for my baggage ; they were for all the head-quarter establishment, moving from Hyderabad to Kurrachee office records, every thing civil and military, and the greater part for the *political agency records*."

At this time the Bombay faction was crying down Ali

Moorad, and crying up Sobdar, whose peculiar double treachery was exactly to their taste: there were also again proclaiming, as from the directors, that the Ameers would be restored.

"Ali Moorad is all right so far: I keep a tight rein on him. He says he is going to London. I doubt this. Sobdar might have done as well as Ali Moorad, one barbarian is as good as another; but Ali Moorad stuck to his treaties and Sobdar broke them; so we could not discard Ali or take Sobdar. The conquest of Scinde was a thing that never entered my head until after Meeanee: before that battle I concluded, that if I won it, of which I was not sure for who can be sure of victory? they would defy me in the fortress and harass me in all directions; and then make submission on treaty, paying the expence of the war. Fate decided otherwise and we are masters, for the folly of giving back the country could only enter the heads of the secret committee and Colonel Outram. When he proposed it I laughed in my sleeve and turned the conversation, not having time to argue against such nonsense. Let the directors restore them and they will see the results; and much good may it do the *indiscreet old ladies*!

"I have not imprisoned Meer Roostum's sons, I have only held Ali Moorad answerable for them: I will, and have, cautiously avoided any act of a decisive nature without Lord Ellenborough's knowledge. You say, Pray do not think me intrusive. Indeed my dear Sir George I never have thought you anything but kind in every way to me, and in none more so than this, but I assure you I have been very cautious. The securing of these Ameers was demanded by common justice and consistency. We could not leave the chief author of the war,—Roostum's son Hussein—at large, caballing in Scinde, while the two innocent sons of Nusseer Khan, and young Hussein Ali who had no voice in the proceedings in Scinde, were sent to Calcutta. They may order me to let them out if they please; they may restore the Ameers, they may do what they please so far as I care:



my wish is to quit Scinde, and I would rather be removed than reign from personal motives, especially since Lord Ellenborough is gone; but I do say that all other members of this nefarious family ought to be allowed to come back if these four are left in Scinde.

“I judge Lord Ellenborough by his letters and deeds. I do not know him personally, but I feel unbounded admiration for his two years’ rule in India. No doubt his kindness to me may have rendered me partial, but I do not see why it should warp my judgment of his policy. I suppose he has faults. Where is the man that is perfect in mind or body? The great Sully built a private theatre in his own house for his friends to see him dance a *pas seul*! Look at what Lord Ellenborough has done: that is the criterion. ‘*The song of triumph*’ may have been bad poetry; I do not know that it was, but it assuredly does not diminish his triumphs. The poor old Indian turnspits go round on their wheel and are aghast at any deviation from their rotatory evolutions: Stop! I beg the real turnspit’s pardon for the comparison, he has no ‘establishment,’ he does his work himself! My hope is to see the republican directors smashed as they deserve. Like the Venetian Council of Ten they have begun defying the crown, and will, if not destroyed, go the same length as their prototypes.

“M. Genl. W. Napier.—The enclosed copy of my letter to Lord Ripon will give you all my story, except that the Bengal troops at Shikarpoor are in open mutiny: and I am covered with boils that have for three weeks kept me in pain, and eight days in bed. This, with the heat and an attack of fever, has made me too weak to go to Shikarpoor, for the sun is fierce up the river; many have been struck down by it last week, and it would be difficult for me to bear a second rap. Still I would risk it, but that a storm seems brewing at Mooltan, and this extraordinary change of governors will not dispel it. To me also it appears doubtful, if the Sikhs pour 60 or 70,000 men over

the Hyphasis whether Gough has means to pull them up; and he is in person at Simla with his staff, where he might be cut off by an active enemy. Gwalior moreover is not quite safe yet; neither is Nepaul; I am therefore nursing myself to be able to bolt northwards when we can act, which is impossible now; three days under canvas would kill half the Europeans with apoplexy. It is an anxious time. General Hunter, Company's service, now commands under me at Shikarpoor; he is an admirable officer and much liked by the Sepoys, whose language he speaks perfectly: my presence there would therefore really be useless. A man can rally troops in battle by gestures and example, but these will not do with mutineers: one must then have a tongue!"

This mutiny was a very serious matter, and menacing much danger, for four other regiments were likewise disaffected. It was followed by a rough correspondence between Sir C. Napier and the military authorities of the Bengal army, but two letters will suffice for illustration.

"General Hunter, June 30th.—I shall be glad to hear of the ringleaders being in prison. Your next step will be to weed the regiment of all riff-raff; for though I will not disband the corps, supposing it shews repentance, we cannot allow the guilty to escape. It is fortunate for Colonel Moseley that I am not a despot. However, though I fear a terrible example must be made of some ringleaders the colonel's conduct is no excuse for that of the regiment. Still our first duty is to try and save all we can. For us erring mortals to punish at all is painful, but when it comes to capital punishment it is awful and revolting in the extreme: excusable only by necessity the most urgent. My repugnance to it is so great that I have once or twice nearly resigned this government rather than have this painful duty to perform; reflection tells me however, that what society demands must be done by some one and is justifiable in the eyes of the Almighty: but it must not be done without thought. There are thirty-nine ringleaders. We

cannot shoot so many men, unless they had murdered their officers, or done something far worse than has happened here. You must therefore pick out some of the very worst, who have shewn real mutinous dispositions by insolence to their officers: you well know the men meant and those men must die. The army and the empire must not be endangered from false compassion, which might entail the spilling oceans of blood: they have dared justice and it must strike! What has not Colonel Moseley brought on by his thoughtless conduct! He is the guilty man: he and Captain Burt, and it shall not be my fault if they escape their deserts."

Colonel Moseley was afterwards dismissed the service by sentence of a court-martial.

"I hope it may not be necessary to put above five or six to death, or fewer. However, a court-martial must decide. As you are now strong"—the General had instantly reinforced him—"an immediate example will not be necessary; and as I do not think it right to flinch from the duty which properly falls to me, I beg of you to forward the proceedings of the court for me to confirm. At first I thought it would be necessary to use force, and then it would have been right for you to execute the ringleaders at once: now the delay of sending the trials to me will have no bad effect. You hint at not having been supported by any but Captain Shortreed; pray convey to him my high sense of his good conduct. I will mention him to the general government, which has been this day informed that if the 64th are saved the Company owes a regiment to your admirable conduct and arrangement, in the most difficult circumstances a general officer could find himself. Now tell me who they are that have not bestirred themselves on this trying occasion. My dear general, the weeds must be pulled up among officers as well as among Sepoys, or what is justice will become injustice to the latter. Colonel Moseley and Captain Burt have, evidently, not done their duty; but I think you allude to others, and I trust you will open the whole

book for me to read in. We are both judges in an awful cause, and I am resolved to lay hold of the leaders, be they who they may, as far as I have power. This assembling of mutinous troops without having picked officers for command was very wrong, and if my opinion be called for by superior authority I shall say so. I think the Adjutant-General Lumley is to blame in this. Sir Hugh Gough can hardly know your officers.

“Sir G. Arthur, July.—The commander in chief first ordered a court of inquiry into the mutiny, and by a letter direct to G. Hunter, not through me! This was odd. However as I am responsible I must act by my own opinion, and therefore enforced my own orders to try these rascals by a general court-martial: and I have deprived the regiment of its colours. I did not know till a few days ago that the 64th have mutinied five times! Had I known this they should have been disbanded, but Hunter gave them a qualified pardon, which hampered me, because I did not know precisely the extent of it. I shall beg of Sir H. Hardinge to relieve me from all responsibility of this nature. My belief is that the commander in chief has been misled by General Lumley, if the orders he sends are as General Hunter describes them. Hunter is very angry, and taking his view I think with reason. He heard of the mutiny at seven in the evening, and has been reprimanded for proceeding to the lines of the mutineers ‘*at so unseasonable an hour.*’ My answer to this, for I have at once assumed all responsibility for everything he did, has been, that if he had not done so, I would have put him under arrest. What! an open mutiny, the mutineers calling out for the blood of their officers, and ‘*to cut out Moseley’s lying tongue!*’ and the general officer to sit twirling his thumbs with a cigar in his mouth till the regular parade next day. If Hunter had not gone instantly, and with great courage firmness and conciliation moderated their violence, there is no doubt that Colonel Moseley and Captain Burt would have been

slain. There was a mutiny just before they got Sir H. Gough's letter granting them higher allowances, which was concealed from the commander in chief by agreement among the officers, though the mutineers had seized the colours! The Grenadiers offered to charge them, which did great credit to that company.

“M. Genl. W. Napier.—Lord Ellenborough sailed from Calcutta the 14th inst. You may guess what a change this is to me, though sure that Hardinge will give me every support. Would that every insulting word Lord Ellenborough used towards the Court of Directors were a thirteen-inch shell. Their spite is because he kept their cousins and brothers &c. of the civil service from the treasury. To go away now will please me, for I am breaking up fast. While the cool weather lasted my recovery was rapid, but my legs again swell, from weakness they say, but weakness at sixty-two does not fit a man for a campaign in this, or any country: yet there is great rally in me when my blood gets up, though the re-action is flooring. Anything like the scurrility of the Bombay Times against me, and you too, for you stung Buist to the quick, I never read, except the Calcutta Star which is as bad: in both we are ‘*liars, perjurers, blackguards, villains, whose spurs of knighthood should be hacked off our heels!*’ The most infamous efforts are also made by them to drive my young friend Brown, my secretary, into a quarrel. Well, I laugh at them and take every public opportunity to call them the *Infamous Press of India!* And strange to say, two of them have written to pay me court, and say they have defended me and will defend me! This shews there are some good, and I tell them it pleases me to find such sensible men!” Mr. Mac-Kenna, Bombay Gentleman's Gazette, always justified by his conduct the title of his paper.

“You advise me to try enlisting the robber tribes. I am very willing, but they are not; unless it be to remain wild in their hills and be paid for watching their own homes

under our protection. Even this I would rather do than exterminate them; but one or t'other must be done. Already twenty villages have been abandoned from fear of these robbers; our cavalry and grass-cutters have been cut up, and all at Shikarpoor is mutiny, while we have several thousand enemies hard by—the Cutchee predatory tribes. However, those enemies are all Mahomedan, the mutineers all Hindoos, who, if they do not fight will have their throats cut: they know this well, so an attack would do them good.

“Henry Napier, June.—Scarcely was my letter to William sealed, when an express came to say there is hopes that the mutiny is confined to the 64th Regiment, and that the other four regiments will not join. Your account of your son is to me very satisfactory. The more a boy idles the better. The studious grow weak-minded, nine out of ten, and if boys are made to study they never after look at a book. I like all gossip about the young ones. As to providing money for boys, it does not do good; they will never work like men if they have a foundation not laid by themselves. Talking of money, I laugh at the letters which come to me from strangers and even acquaintances congratulating me on the ‘*two hundred thousand pounds*’ they say I have gained! but I do not laugh when my tradesmen adopt that notion for their charges. The fact is, I have realized enough to secure at 3 per cent. what will give my wife and girls about £120 a year each when I die; which you will not think much, considering that I am running out my life ten knots an hour to gain it! However they cannot be in distress with that sum yearly. You need not be particular in directing to me, I am well known as an alehouse: only put Bombay. As to Fonblanque, or *Fun-blank* as Tom Moore has it, and Howick, why I only feel anger at such chaps for a moment. I know I have done no wrong and feel no anger; only I would shoot one of them with pleasure when I read their falsehoods. It is my wish

to write to each of you every post if I can, for though we are all equally within the reach of death more dangerous events are about me, and give a feel that must not be rejected.

“Richard Napier.—Don't mind any stories you may hear, for really the Indian press is so anxious to kill me that if my finger aches their hopes arise. My delight is to get letters from you all, except when written close on sinking paper. I have a peculiar difficulty in reading writing, it is very inconvenient, very painful, and is connected with the complaint formerly in my eyes, now gone, but brought back at times by reading ill-written letters and worry. I say nothing to you about Lord Ellenborough's recall. We shall see. Mark!—*there must be a war in the Punjaub*. It is not we but they who will make that war. It is impossible to have a regular government there, the Sikh army won't allow it, so the result is evident. If we are beaten in what will be a desperate struggle, every native prince will be upon us, and the coalition crushed by Lord Ellenborough will arise again. If we attack the Punjaub I am all but certain we shall take it, but it will not be an easy conquest. My impression is that Hardinge will now have his talent proved, and Gough also. The public here give me the command, but that is an error, and I do not want it, nay, would much rather not, unless in supreme authority. Hardinge should command the army himself, it will be a perilous war and a repulse dreadful in its results!

“I am not going to fight Howick or Fonblanque, though I shall not say so, or every scoundrel will be upon me until they compel me to shoot one of them, which I do not want to do, having blood enough on my hands and fighting enough, to say nothing of what may be in petto for me before a year passes. But I can tell those bucks I do not belong to the anti-duelling society, and am a devilish good shot: so if they goad too far they may repent it too late. I laugh now at their insolence; for there are seventeen thousand

fellows here ready to go through Asia, or fire, or water, with me! and what care I for Lord Howick or Fonblanque, or Buist! My want is rest, repose. I would rather have died than deserted Lord Ellenborough while able to serve him; but now I am not wanted, they have plenty of better men in England than such an old rattletrap as myself: however if Sawan Mull is saucy I could go so far as to batter him, and know my work better now than last campaign."

Major McMurdo had now been accepted as the husband of Charles Napier's eldest daughter, Susan.

"H. Napier, August 4th.—As others will tell you of Susan's nuptials I need not, you will have *plenty too much*: McMurdo is a very fine fellow. I will try to get you a Persian cat. The old *assassin prince* is my great crony here; living not under my care but paid by me £2000 a year. He is a *god*: his income immense. He lets none of his sect kiss his hand under twenty rupees, and is the greatest rascal possible: that is, a clever brave man, but being a god makes a virtue of any sin he likes to commit. I speak truly when saying, that his followers do not and dare not refuse him any favour he asks; wives, daughters, slaves, money, houses, furniture, all are his; and he does not let the privilege grow rusty. However, I have put an end, peremptorily, to his rights whenever any of his people choose to resist him, which is awkward for the divinity of the 'old man of the mountain.' He could kill me if he pleased: he has only to say the word and one of his people would do the job in a twinkling and go straight to heaven for the same. He is too shrewd for that however, and they all have a great fear of me since the battles. The *Padishaw* they think has some secret art that nothing can fight against. Such is the advantage of victory, it gives a man credit for everything. I will make this divine being get a pussy cat for you.

"No man can supply Lord Ellenborough's place to me. Hardinge must hurt me: common sense tells me he must have his own plans or he would be a fool, which he is not.

Mine of course cease, and all will be dead labour without mind being engaged. Lord Ellenborough left everything military in my hands, and overthrew all opposition at Calcutta. This I can no longer expect, and plans will now come to me to execute. A military governor-general is the worst person for me, but Hardinge the best for India next to Lord Ellenborough, for they must have a soldier. Lord E.'s abilities indeed made up for his not being one, especially as he let me do what he wanted done in my own way. And I am here laying the foundation for great works, but am too old to complete them; and there is such indolence in all men of high rank that no one else will. They still talk of restoring the Ameers. This does great harm. Men fear their vengeance, and therefore keep from joining heartily with us. However, I have so inoculated the poor with freedom and high wages, that if we hold the land another year I will defy them to send the Ameers back, unless with British troops to keep them on their thrones. Men won't again submit to tyrants after being once freed: they may be ready to get rid of us because we are Christians, but they will not receive the Ameers.

"Journal, August 10th. Clifton.—I am sixty-two years old this day and tired of life; tired also of referring for leave to do this, that and t'other, to people who know nothing about the matters. Oh! Lord Ellenborough you are a sad loss! Well, I must pull on till I drop. I have been ill and low, and have had only cares and worries about public works. I have neglected my journal, having neither strength nor vigour of mind left to record my own works, which have been chiefly details, very laborious uninteresting and tiresome. I came out here with a fever. Why they call it Clifton is not known to me, its name is Ghisree, but English vanity gives it an English name. I do not like being here, and detest a crowd of people. Oh! what a happy life a hermit lives! From my earliest youth I did love to be alone, and hate now what people call society:

that is to do nothing all day but gabble nonsense, without good for themselves or others. I believe women can sit longer without doing anything than any animal in the world, which makes them such good nurses. The dreadful rage for murdering them here is however in progress of being stopped. I have never seen human nature so outraged.

“This day received from Lord Ellenborough this most flattering letter. ‘General,—You will have heard that the Court of Directors has done as I expected. I am recalled. Fortunately Sir Henry Hardinge is my successor, and he will carry out all my views, with the advantage of having military experience. I remain here to receive him. I fear he will not arrive before the 23rd of next month. I shall leave Calcutta about five days afterwards in the Auckland steamer for Suez. It is impossible for me to close my correspondence with you, without assuring you that the greatest satisfaction I have derived from my position in this country has arisen from the confidential communication into which it has brought me with you. Your victories have thrown a lasting splendour around the period during which I have administered the affairs of India; and I remain thoroughly convinced that the province you have annexed to this empire will be the future source of wealth and of strength as it now is of renown. Pray write to Sir H. Hardinge so that he may find your letter here on his arrival. As long as I remain I shall, although not in office, give advice, which will be acted upon in any matter of importance. It will be difficult to persuade native chiefs that my removal does not indicate a change of policy; but all proper steps have been taken to assure them that it does not. Your faithful friend Ellenborough.’

“His Sister, August.—As to my reading English politics, I do not from principle, and could not from want of time. Why, the trials alone which I am obliged to read are work enough for one man; one has just been laid before me of one hundred and thirty sheets of foolscap! Well, I

can't hang the man who is the subject without reading all that is for and against him! Then there are four or five courts-martial, beside all the other military work, and the accompaniments of seventeen thousand men with their Com-misariat and the Engineers' work. The civil government also.—Reflect that I am supreme judge, and arbitrary in all political relations; commander in chief with two other commanders in chief, troublesome enough in their way; two governments to correspond with; an enemy on the borders; a people to keep quiet; the troops mutinous; a daughter to marry; and all this in a sun so debilitating that no young man even pretends to do much! Work in England and work here are not alike. I lie down after writing a letter here!

“I have irrigated a hundred square miles of rich land never before cultivated from want of water. This in one place, by one canal twenty miles long which feeds little fellows that I have made: as much more has been irrigated by smaller works in different places. The officer employed by me on this work has been five months in the Delta, our most dangerous district; and he has been alone, no guard, yet his servant, a Beloochee, had three balls put through him by our men at Dubba, and therefore has as good a right to dislike us as most men—three good reasons at all events. This officer had large sums in his tent to pay workmen, and there has not been the slightest attempt to rob him. He justly observes that he dared not try the same experiment at Bombay! An Englishman may go anywhere alone in Scinde. In the time of the Ameers and politicals none could go about without a guard.

“The people in the Delta told Mr. McLeod, that now, seeing they can keep what they grow, they mean to plant mangoes and build: they have no houses excepting in towns, the villages are clusters of mats. In the Ameers' time the moment a man improved his condition everything was seized by them; the little money he gained was taken from

him and his cultivated land given over to some court favourite. No man therefore cultivated: they robbed on our Indian frontier, along the Cutch frontier, and all along the desert, from which they are now returning in numbers to settle as cultivators on their native spots. The Delta, McLeod tells me, is full of slaves. He had no idea before of the extent to which slavery is carried: nor I neither. However, they have all now found out that they are free and cast off their masters in consequence. We have real freedom here without any of the nonsense I heard in England about it: if any fellow is caught with a slave I pay him off sharp. And the slaves from neighbouring parts of Affghanistan and Beloochistan begin to fly to us, now they find that I will not give them up. This is the order of Lord Ellenborough, and one I have most vigorously enforced even to relentlessness towards masters.

“There is a Captain Hart who, in some periodical, publishes a long story and not a correct one about Scinde; but he praises my great fitness for government, because I have too much common sense not to suspect the operation of this mischievous act of Lord Ellenborough, which would cast out the ‘poor slaves to starve!’ Captain Hart says they delight in being kidnapped in Africa: I am sure they do! they must delight in being slaves here: I am sure they do! Who can for an instant suppose that children do, or can love their parents half so well as the captain of a slaver; or their homes so well as the hold of a ship, where they live six weeks so snug and warm in the sun! Pooh! Then this most humane philosopher, in shape a Captain of Bombay Infantry and one of Lord Auckland’s politicals, finds out they are so kindly treated by their affectionate masters that they would only starve if released. This he says my good sense has prevented, and I keep them still in paradise: they would not indeed take their liberty. Bravo Capitano! These stupid niggers have however all taken a different view; they tear themselves away from their tender masters, and

will perversely starve on 6*d.* a day, equal to very high wages in England: how can I govern such foolish men? I wonder there are not risings of freed slaves to resist this injury to their dearest affections, this filling of their bellies with food.

“Well, one tender master hanged his slave in the midst of his village; it was so common that it was only a spectacle for children. I not being the convert to Captain Hart’s views, which he so fondly imagines, ordered the gentleman to be hanged on the same tree. A slave or a woman is here murdered as readily as a cook kills a chicken; it was a matter of diversion, but they now begin to find *the differ*. Three days ago a girl was suspected of being unfaithful to her husband. She was seventeen, he was thirteen; her uncle killed the suspected lover; her father led her to the front of his house, she bared her throat, saying, ‘*It is my fate.*’ The father twists her long hair in his hand, and holds her on tiptoe while her brother hacks off her head! This was all done openly and I will hang them all. As to wives, a husband on the least quarrel whips out his knife and off goes the woman’s nose, and she is lucky if her lips and ears don’t go also!

“People think I can govern these people by English law, English forms, English quibbles, English balderdash! It maddens one to hear such nonsense when a man is hard enough tried by screwing up his mind to put his fellows to death at all. For this, at times of lowness when the mind loses its vigour, I think hell may open its jaws for me: yet I know I am right, though the grandson of that marauder of the West Indies, Sir Charles Grey, and son of that great master in nepotism, Lord Grey, does say I fought the battle and shed the blood of my own comrades as well as that of others for prize money! Well, my death is not very far off in the course of nature, and it will then be seen if I shrink from the inevitable consequences; as I must do if I am the villain Lord Howick publicly in the

House of Commons called me. Pope's epigram would apply to him were he worth the application; but if he were a top and I a whip, Jupiter! how I would make him spin! However these things only put me in a passion when I think of them, which is very seldom; and then my desire is to treat them as Lord Athlone told Lady Athlone to treat the French revolution, if it came to Holland.

"My surveyors in the Delta have found immense fields of salt, pure and many feet deep, sulphur and hot springs; saltpetre we had already found, and I suspect from the appearance of a mountain travelled over last April that we shall find mineral riches there. There is no question of the riches of this province. Will you believe that your friend Lord Ripon thinks it will not pay the expence of government, though I have sent him an abstract of revenue and expenditure from April 1843 to April 1844: the enemy being in arms up to September 1843. These shew him that the whole civil government charges, and upwards of two thousand police, one thousand being cavalry, have been paid, and a surplus of several lacs of rupees actually transmitted to the Calcutta treasury; his poor addled head cannot comprehend that thus, even in war time, we are saving money for the public! I know what he is puzzled about. He thinks that all the soldiers in Scinde are an expence caused by Scinde; and forgets that not a man has been raised to secure the conquest, except the policemen, whom as before said I pay. He forgets that the troops in Scinde were paid before the conquest was thought of, and would have been equally maintained in India if Scinde had never been.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, August.—Lord Ellenborough's recall I well knew, besides being a great public loss, would enable the jacks in office to trouble me: they begun immediately. Now as to Hardinge. Events are here so interesting and I am so mixed up with them as to become an egotist despite of myself. I am sure Hardinge will be pleasant to me, and hope he will turn a deaf ear to jacks in office as

Lord E. did. I shall not like to go to the North, feeling too old and weak for a second in command. I can however work up my energies for my own plans, and would try to do so for executing the plans of another, especially one like Hardinge who is so able a soldier. If we have war my hope is that he will leave me independent: then I should have no fear, but to be second in command would be disagreeable; not from pride or ambition but that the labour, disagreeable labour too, necessary to make a good second—and to be a good one would be my ambition—would overtask my strength: Hardinge can get plenty as good as me with more strength as a second.

“In Scinde perhaps it would not be easy to replace me at present: but as second to Hardinge I shall be no better than another, perhaps worse, because of the enemies created by Lord Ellenborough’s favour and my own successes. In Scinde with an independent force I could do better: the mind works smoothly when following its own invention, and the body feels no fatigue till after. However fate settles all these things, and my best shall be done wherever placed; but I told Lord Ellenborough truly, that India, since he left the government, appears to me like an empty house. I did not tell him it was full of cursed bugs also, but dare to say he knows that well enough, and Hardinge will soon find it out.

“You know that in Scinde much land is given in jaghire, and much remains in the hands of government. Some of the jaghires are sixty and seventy square miles! The poor people try hard to locate themselves on the government land in preference to jaghire land; this speaks plainly, and one of my objects is, very gradually to withdraw the jaghires and divide them amongst the ryots. But to do this requires great caution, lest the jaghirdars should take alarm: I would not carry the system to any great extent, but when a jaghirdar behaves ill his jaghire should be resumed and divided thus. The tenure is military service. I am trying

to abolish that by substituting a low rent for a long term, thus giving a right of property in the land which will render the jaghirdars faithful, and form a body of yeomen. The jaghirdar tells me he has no money to pay rent. Well, give me a strip of your land instead, and the remainder is yours free for a hundred years. This strip is divided amongst ryots at low rents, payable for the present in kind: and these poor people do, and will industriously cultivate their small farms and teach the great jaghirdar to cultivate his large holding. I am making considerable progress in irrigation, but am cramped by want of workmen and engineers. However if the next three months are not sickly to the terrible degree of last year we shall do much in winter; and I have a powerful assistant in Captain Scott. Yet these three months make me tremble: heavy rains have fallen and the inundation is very high, which will produce great crops of grain and of fevers. Less revenue and more health would be preferable.

“Sir Henry Pottinger has sent a message to me, through his friend Captain Del Hoste, saying Sir Henry ‘*never intended nor did it ever enter his head to reflect upon me.*’ I have, says Del Hoste, ‘a letter from him distinctly denying that such could be his intention, his remarks having reference only to the policy of the governor-general: that he had endeavoured to make this as plain as possible and was most anxious that the fact should be made known in Scinde.’

“I told you of my bringing two drunken surgeons to trial. They were convicted, but the court sentenced them so leniently as to amount to nothing; and the soldiers are still to be murdered in the hospitals because out of twenty-six officers, fourteen at least are no better than attorneys’ clerks. These sentences have so disgusted me as to produce a wish to pitch the command to the devil: it is too bad to see the soldiers thus abandoned by their own officers. Indian court-martials are enough to sicken one of the ser-

vice : from the C.C. to the ensign all seem to be lawyers, Queen's and Company's. One must 'grin and bear,' yet an emetic that stirs bile without removing it is not pleasant. We must have flogging restored or the Indian army will be destroyed. If the finest Sepoy in the army loses his temper with a brat of an ensign he is dismissed the service. The average number of good, strong, well-drilled soldiers thus daily discharged in Scinde is very great, and we ought not to lose any in this way : the loss of a well-taught soldier for a trivial offence is a great expence, and numbers of them go to Lahore ! So much for the policy. And can it be expected that the Sepoy will long preserve the feeling that his regiment is his home when trifling misconduct turns him out with disgrace ? I hear Dr. Buist and his wife are the constant guests of Sir Thomas and Lady M'Mahon ! This accounts for many things !

"I have always thought Russia will take Constantinople. She will then soon become mistress of the sources of the Euphrates and Tigris, the heads of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Along the western coast of the former she will find ports, and quickly push her military colonies to Zeyla Bay in the south of Abyssinia : then we may look sharp ! This appears to me a more probable course of attack than by the Oxus, to attack by which requires an Alexander ; whereas by Constantinople and Alexandria there needs only patience and plodding. The moment Constantinople is conquered it becomes the capital of Russia, and her resources in ships and sailors will then be available against India. If England thinks there is danger to India from Russia let her look to Egypt betimes. The hill tribes are now fighting with each other and I shall be able to keep them in order, for the villagers begin to oppose them ; this very day a village has sent me in three robbers taken in a fight against the hill men : they have had 500 rupees as a reward and the robbers shall be hanged. One of Ali Moorad's lieutenants also has captured five chiefs of the

Boordees. My cavalry, regular and irregular, neglected their duty about these robbers, and I expressed my displeasure publicly to Captain McKenzie: the Delhi Gazette has of course abused me like a pickpocket: nevertheless people shall not be killed and those who are in fault escape censure."

The Delhi Gazette was not alone. The Bombay faction strove to make Captain McKenzie one of their partizans, but he was too honourable. He asked for a court-martial, was refused, redoubled his vigilance and in a little time surprised and cut off a band of the robbers: he was then by the faction accused of murdering poor defenceless villagers!

FIFTEENTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

BEREAVED of Lord Ellenborough's support, the governor of Scinde had to sustain redoubled enmity, countenanced and encouraged by the home authorities. Slander was continual in various forms, and even the French press was employed for the dissemination of falsehood. At a time when Dr. Buist was passing through Paris, there appeared in the *National*, a forged report from a pretended committee of the House of Commons, containing a formal condemnation of Lord Ellenborough and Sir C. Napier, with an approval of Outram's conduct! And in the *Siècle*, Sir Charles was denounced as a monster whose cruelty put the Algerian *Dara* caves in the shade! In fine, he was assailed as though he were a common robber and murderer, and this with encouragement from men in office, and more especially from those who were profiting by his great actions! Meanwhile he pursued his steady course of virtue, and was not found wanting to himself to his country or to fame, of which there was still much in store for him. His journal and correspondence now begin to disclose the state of his conquest, civil and military, and give complete and striking pictures of his government and of his own character. Captain McKenzie's exploit, in reparation of previous negligence in repelling the robber tribes, is first presented. It was a timely one, for the first successes of those depredators had been by them magnified, and accepted as signal defeats of the British amongst surrounding nations.

“Journal, September 3rd.—Oliver's day. Our outposts

last month attacked three hundred robbers and put two hundred to the sword. It has been well done by McKenzie, and my hope is will put a stop to these inroads. I must however go to the north myself to put things on a permanent footing by treaties, if a permanent treaty can be hoped for with people so wild so faithless and brutal. Yet men are not born different, and these wild chaps must have some natural good sense, if one can only find the way to it; which with God's blessing I will do and so lay the foundation of civilization amongst them. I hate civilization where it encroaches on savage life, which is one of happiness; but love to see it encroaching on Eastern barbarism, where a few take all from all: in that state a selfish sensual chief tortures, not one or two but all for his own enjoyments.

“H. Napier, September 14th.—You ask about the Ameers killing their children. Whoever says they do not is a liar; or knows nothing of Scinde. They did, and so do all the Scinde nobles—that is illegitimate children. Occasionally they kill others too, if girls, but that is not the rule as it is with illegitimate children. They first give their odalisques, or women, potions to cause miscarriage; if that fails they chop up the child with a sword, or place it underneath a cushion and sit upon it smoking and joking! This is as well known as that the sun shines. People may believe or not but 'tis true, and so common that I am unable to prevent it. In Cutch they kill daughters who do not marry quickly, or if they have not dowries to give them: it is a dishonour to grow up unmarried and so they kill them. Now for my letter to those knaves, dated March 18th, 1843, menacing them for their combinations with the Lion, which you say has been condemned.”—The nine Muses of the house had declared it to be *unchivalric*! “The Ameers were placed in a large garden with a high wall, and I had been so influenced by that ass Outram as to allow free egress and regress there to his fallen princes. They made use of it to concert my destruction with the Lion, and one day when I

went to complain, they exclaimed with affected surprise: 'What people? We have none! We cannot cook our own victuals! We have nobody but a few Hindoo servants; not a single Belooch ever enters this garden!' Can you explain why this lie was told? I cannot! Their tent at the time was full of, and surrounded, by not less than two hundred Beloochees standing about us, and pressing so close that the officers with me were apprehensive some outrage was meditated. Believe me a liar if you please, for whom can we believe? but there were six or eight persons there who will tell you the same story; and this is just a specimen of their falsehoods hourly sent to me by letter or messenger until I wrote the menace. In fact they had seen and numbered our troops, and as Shere Mohamed was their best soldier they expected to manage in combination with him to destroy us. I had a full right to put them in irons: yet they had every comfort and luxury, and were merely confined to a garden of great size. They were conspiring in the centre of my camp, and after warning them repeatedly with civility and gentleness I am blamed for threatening rigid treatment. I run great danger: my excessive kindness to these fellows was thrown away, and it has given me, for the hundredth time, a lesson never to be gentle with a tyrant: if you get him down trample him well and spare not.

"As to the English chaps, one would imagine I gave back the Ameers' six swords, each worth £200 at the least, some perhaps worth £800, for pleasure, and to enable me to insult them more afterwards. I begun by being a gentleman with them, their own conduct made me grow harsh; but to shew these villains in their true light you shall have two anecdotes of my own knowledge. Three Belooch prisoners, dreadfully wounded at Meeanee, were brought to the entrenched camp; they were in our hospitals, about fifty yards from my tent and not so far from the Ameers' abode. We could not find a person speaking their language to attend on them, wherefore I went myself to the Ameers and

begged of them to send Beloochees. Devil a bit ! Well, I grew savage and ordered them to do so ; they sent one man at three half-pence a day ! The second day he objected to stop on such pay ; we applied for more and the Ameers answered *It is too much*. The man of course would not stay and we attended the Beloochees : one poor fellow died because he would not let his leg be cut off.

“Story the second.—Old Roostum’s baggage was all taken at Meeanee, he had not wherewithal to sleep on, to change, to dress, to eat : the poor old villain was utterly destitute, and the Hyderabad Ameers would not give him anything, money food or cooking utensils : they would not let him even enter their tent. The white-headed, white-bearded patriarch of the Ameers, stood in their garden under the sun, while the others were in tents lined with silk and having all the comforts of their zenanas ! he would have perished but for us.

“Who do you think has just interrupted me ? The Ameer’s fool ! Outram’s rival ! come to ask for employment. He is a very handsome old man, with milk-white hair and beard, and a set of perfect ivory teeth, very beautiful. His business was to abuse the Ameers !

“M. Genl. W. Napier, September 20th.—I suppose people will call me the *Sinder*. We keep quiet, and the villagers even turn out against the hill tribes : this spirit is of course encouraged. Since our cavalry cut two hundred plunderers to pieces last month there have been no inroads ! It was well done by McKenzie. There are stories that he cut up some villagers who had turned out to repel the plunderers. I am making the most rigid inquiry : if it happened at all it was some mistake, easily made though most distressing. But so far as yet appears there was no mistake. Our defeat at Poolagee, and the killing of the grass-cutters, made the robbers and the frontier villagers think our hour was come, that a short time would do the job ; and this inroad was to plunder Ali Moorad’s portion of the frontier previous to a

general attack on us. Our villagers took arms to join the plunderers, and when McKenzie charged all were together.

“The story goes, that these villagers threw down their arms on approaching our men: but McKenzie says: ‘I was in the midst of them and not a man gave up his arms; every man died cutting at my men, and behaved with the greatest courage.’ Two hundred were slain. I have ordered Hunter to sift this matter to the bottom. The mistake, if there was one, is a misfortune for which there is no help; but the flinging down of arms and no mercy shown must be cleared one way or the other, for I won’t permit such work. If it happened it must have been in a part where Capt. McKenzie was not, for I believe he is a good and honourable man. However, this fight has done good whether villagers were killed or not: they were before in those parts, viz. the edge of the desert, very insolent, and tried petty tricks to annoy the troops. Since the fight all has changed, the grass-cutters are guided, and villagers come in with things for sale.

“Amongst the hill tribes the Murrees have fought the Bhoogtees, got beaten and call on the Chandikas for help. Wullee Chandia being my subject asked leave, got it, and was beaten also. The lands of the Bhoogtees, Boordees and Jackranees lie together, and I shall offer them to the Chandikas and Murrees, if with my aid they can drive those tribes away altogether. The Murrees are a superior people; the Chandikas an obedient people; the Doomkees and Bhoogtees a bad set; the Kujjucks are too far off to plunder us but may be made allies through their prince, the Khan of Khelat, for he is shaking on his throne and looks to me for money. This is our political table, but the game cannot be played until I go up; which will not be now, as no troops can move from Sukkur to Shikarpoor until the inundation subsides. Fever also has appeared there with great violence, and I will not risk myself or my staff until absolutely necessary: this is not to my taste but is necessary.

The exhaustion of this climate is great. I long to sleep, to lie down, to rest, and my spirits flag sadly: some people cannot fight against this lowness at all.

“I have the name of being very ferocious, more so than I deserve as to civil government; but really things happen that are enough to drive one mad: only I never go mad. Example. My collector here, Captain Preedy, forced the poor fishermen to fish for pearls and they came to me, for always I hold that door open as a safety-valve. There are no pearls at this season they said and we are only paid, for the number brought in: we get nothing, and our families starve when we could live by fishing for sharks.* Preedy thought this was a plot against him, but I soon stopped his political oeconomy. Here was a man laying a foundation for hatred and insurrection while thinking himself all right and wise. I was forced to tear his dignity to rags before the *canaille*, by telling the fishermen to laugh at any collector, or any other *saheb* who attempted such control. I am compelled to be watchful to the last degree over such well-meaning men. Another collector has been at me to tax the importation of grain! All for the ‘landed interest.’ So am I, but having no debt, my opinion is that it is best to make our grain too cheap for importers to thrive. Now for your July letter.

“I need not tell you I value a free press, and in India we feel the want of it. I doubt Sir Charles Metcalfe’s judgment about this. I hold, that if gross falsehoods cannot be punished; if all private comfort and public authority are to be outraged at the will of and for the interests of a vile editor and his blackguard proprietors, it is not freedom, or a free press, but tyranny. When driven to despair one can reach the life of a man tyrant, but not the life of a monster like a licentious press. Despotism is far preferable.

* The size of the sharks there is enormous. One cast on shore was measured by Sir C. Napier’s orders; it was more than sixty feet long, and its gape was above six feet!

Let all I do and say be published, and if wrong abused; but is every crime in the calendar to be charged, and long-continued abuse follow as if the crimes had really been committed? If these literary assassins are not checked there is only an intolerable tyranny worse than Caligula's. Then women suffer. People say who cares! but if one's wife and daughters are insulted by anonymous villains, as mine have been, one does care. In short the press here is a perfect tyranny. Three or four papers do take my part; but their being friendly does not alter the case: a tyrant may be your friend. All that we say or do here, privately or publicly, is assailed by anonymous writers, and people support those villains from fear. By the way. A Mr. Barry publishes in the National, the report of a committee of the House of Commons abusing Lord Auckland Lord Ellenborough and myself grossly, and acquitting Outram. How can a committee abuse me after the house has thanked me?"—This was the forged report alluded to before. Barry was of course a forged name.

"My plan of defence for Scinde is founded on local difficulties, as well as military advantages. The baggage animals of an Indian army could with difficulty be fed and watered. Alexander must have had supplies we know not of, and the whole country must have been highly cultivated. If an army now moves along the banks of the Indus, immense ditches or nullahs bring it up every half mile; even my small force could not get along nearer than eight or ten miles from the bank: sometimes sixteen. Then the quantity of salt in the ground destroys water: there are two wells near my house—one is salt the other sweet. Heat, inundation, malaria and want of water, all unite to give a large army a bad chance in Scinde; and it is a difficult place to make war in even with a small one. December is ever a doubtful month, but January, February, March, are good for war; even in April I would not much fear; but May and June are fatal. Be assured it required all the

pluck I could muster to decide upon attacking Shere Mohamed in June. The Sepoys can bear the heat, but the Europeans cannot: a month in the field would not leave a European officer in any native regiment.

“What you say is true, we must know our enemy before finally fixing a plan of defence. My plan is to shew that Scinde is the real frontier in contradistinction to that of the eastern border of the great desert; and that it can be held by fewer troops should some great chief unite the Mussulmans of Asia against us and bring down a horde. Your idea of having prepared means for crossing the Indus at Hydrabad has long occupied my thoughts, and I have had a model of Cæsar’s bridge over the Rhine made under my own direction. Its advantage is this: if the river changes its course the bridge can be taken up and placed elsewhere. The obstacles to any but a floating bridge are insuperable; we must trust to boats, build a fort as a *tête de pont* at Kotree, opposite Hydrabad; it has fallen in once, undermined by the river though 200 yards from the bank; in one day 100 yards went down on a stripe along the bank of perhaps a mile. I have defended the new one with stakes and hurdles, but it and all within it may disappear some day. Old Indus is a devil when he takes a freak into his head, and there is nothing left but to float on his back. Yet there too he has us: a line of battle ship may be floating in midstream at breakfast, and you may dine on the same spot the same day on dry land! I sent a steamer up to Sukkur with troops last week; suddenly she was on dry land, and they are now trying to cut a channel for the water which we hope to direct against her bottom to sweep away the deposit. All these things are great difficulties, but time will overcome them if men will but be patient and remember that ‘Rome was not built in a day.’ They must work harder or she will never be built at all; but that won’t do: idleness and *swilling* of beer are the great objects of Indian life. A regiment has just arrived from Hydrabad

and requires seven hundred and sixty camels for baggage; of which I venture to say four hundred carried the '*supplies*' as they call them, viz. beer and champagne! And we call ourselves soldiers!

"Russia cannot attack India until a man arises to lead her; and if such a man does arise in the present age he will probably prefer Egypt to Tartary. At least I have talked myself into that theory; for though the route is longer it is a far easier one, certain conditions being first fulfilled, viz. the seizure of Constantinople and Alexandria. The retreat of Alexander was parallel to the sea line, and had he had the means and knowledge which Russia has now he would most likely have gone to India by sea. Apropos to holding India. A writer in the *Agra Uckbar* has very powerfully shewn that Lord Ellenborough's *Somnauth gates* affair has been most useful in securing our power over India, and has had a very extended beneficial effect. He says every Mahomedan in India crowed over our destruction at Cabool; that everywhere their insolence had risen beyond the control of the civil power and the Hindoos were likely to be crushed; but the triumphant removal of the gates brought the Mahometans to their senses and restored equilibrium between the two religions. So much for the '*grand error*,' the '*horrible transaction*,' which made the little hair that old Indians have, on what they call their heads, stand on end! What is the first act of the directors after his departure? Laying upon three halfpence worth of salt at Bombay, a tax of two shillings! The people of that presidency are furious, they cannot live; troops and steamers are in requisition and a rebellion is apprehended"—it soon broke out.

"Lord E. is not to be replaced. I suspect his great talent was smothered in England under official details, but when he got to India blazed forth. We are lucky to have Hardinge: had a feeble man come India would be soon convulsed. As for acquiring the Punjaub you may be

right, but to me it appears too far off; and we ought to put down our load of interior princes, and establish one concentrated just system for all our people before extending our sway. These interior princes get up a spirit of clanship for a moment against us, but their clansmen do not feel any real attachment to their tyrants. However it is no longer a matter of choice; we shall be forced to take the Punjaub: but whether we shall '*shilly-shally*' till millions of money are expended, or strike at once, God only knows. Doing it now will be less expensive, but Hardinge should command in person! Gough's soldiers will fight him through, but he will not find Chinese, nor have superior numbers as at Maharajpore. The Sikhs are brave troops, and there will be more than mere fighting, it will be a campaign of more than one battle.

"To have Scinde quiet during that war will be a great thing, and I am trying hard to secure the good-will of the people. I make all the collectors and sub-collectors keep diaries of all orders they issue, and records of abstracts of all letters they write or receive: these I read and thus know what goes on, and constantly find things to check. It is enormous labour, added to the reading of all trials and all the examinations of witnesses before trial to find whether the culprit should be tried by a military commission or not: but thus I see where oppression goes on, and find plenty, not by English but natives. Kardars and policemen I smash by dozens. Not long since a lieutenant of police levied money from a poor village; the people remonstrated, he flogged the spokesman; it came to my ears and he was sent a prisoner to the centre of the village, where his uniform was stripped off and the two dozen lashes he had inflicted on the villager were repaid him in kind: he was then turned loose. Another kardar of immense power and influence was discovered cheating; he is now working in chains, has paid £500 fine, and lost his jaghire of eight thousand acres. Those in authority, you see, are milled very hard

by me, but it is necessary : and look at the result : an Englishman rides where he likes without an escort. Our police are admirable ; a sharp discipline has made them as good as possible, and they fight well. The women are all delighted at our ruling ; they say they had no peace before with the quarrels and wars of families, but now there is a '*bundibus*,' a rule, and all is quiet.

"My efforts are directed to get my engineer corps enlarged for the arrangement of canals or nullahs. For the two great points, after covering ourselves from the sun, is to master the robbers and the river : the people will then turn their rich country to account for themselves and the revenue. To get engineers is not easy. There is no expence spared to have abundance of civil servants with enormous salaries in India ; but to have officers is less attended to, and there is a dearth of engineers for the works necessary to improve India.

"The taxation here is too high, though not higher than in India ; but too high, and it must be lowered. This however is a very delicate operation, for the taxes are so ill laid on, that if you touch a bad oppressive tax before being prepared with a good one, you would ruin the revenue ere you were aware. The whole system must be revised ; but that cannot be done till we are fairly established. Matters must stand nearly as they are, except the relieving of the poor labouring ryot, from whom half the produce of his land is taken ; my object is to bring it down to one-third : increasing comforts will then increase industry. At first I thought a high tax would be a stimulus to greater exertion, and in some measure it is, but it must not overwhelm : the labourers we first hired at high wages would not work, and when checked went off. They have greatly improved since, and will even bear punishment rather than lose good wages : the more men get the more they want. As to commerce I have done nothing for it, let the devil take care of his own ; I am anxious to have the ryots well off ; to get

them to build houses and give up thieving. They have now had such a taste of high wages that it is not likely the Ameers could hold their ground if restored to-morrow. Every slave has defied his master: freedom is a lesson quickly learned!

"The surrounding tribes are a good deal frightened. Some thieves belonging to the Jam, or Prince of Beila, a chief of considerable power, had lately the insolence to make an inroad and carry off plunder. My *bill* was made up against the Jam, taking for items the word of the plundered ryots. The sum was large, and Ali Acbar my moonshee went in as vakeel with eighty of my Scinde horsemen as a guard. He demanded the amount under pain of my visiting the Jam in person, which would be more expensive to his highness: the money was paid, and Ali Acbar tells me the Jam pawned his sword to obtain it. He said however the ryots charged too much, but that I was king and what the king did was good. He complained likewise, that one of our commissariat men had defrauded him out of his taxes. On inquiry this proved true, the man was arrested, the sum refunded, and I sent the Jam a larger present than he had sent to me. His account was then fairly made out, and on the whole instead of losing he gained a trifle.

"With my horsemen I sent a huge grenadier officer, a very clever fellow, as my ambassador, with one or two of his like in the train, and my message was to this effect. The Jam's friendship was delightful and freed me from sorrow as I thought it would have become necessary to plunder Beila, which could only be a great vexation to me. Now, having heard he was at war with another tribe, if his foes entered our land we would fall upon them. This was, under my direction, told to him by Ali Acbar as a secret between Ali and me, but told to him in confidence by Ali as a friend. Ali believed it himself, for he had my orders to reconnoitre the road as for guns. This Jam is the greatest Belooch chief in the south; my advice to the supreme government will be to purchase his port of Soonomeeanee

the only one westward, and where smugglers, chiefly in opium, hurt Kurrachee and the Jam also. He will I think sell it with pleasure, and we shall open a traffic with Central Asia without going through the Bolan pass: traders will then come down by Khelat and the plains of Wudd. Oh! Lord! how my foolish head builds up castles in the air, as if I was but forty years old and had no masters! instead of being sixty-three and tormented by factious knaves. Well, if a few good foundations can be laid the castles may come, and my memory not be cursed in Scinde. The people will then look back on the battles as wholesome alternatives which made them free, and comparatively rich, instead of miserable slaves with a pitiful existence from rapine. I have before me specimens of opium, cotton, indigo, and soda, all good, though the method of preparation is said to be wretched, especially for indigo. Then our grain is very fine; so is our sugar: the soil is a rich alluvial soil, but sadly abandoned because of the thieves.

“As to the Edinburgh Review article on Scinde, here is a copy of what I wrote to Sir G. Arthur on the subject.

“—— I had never heard of the Edinburgh Review until your letter came. A more lying production I never read, or a more malicious one. For instance, they say, *I settled* that the turban was to go to the brother instead of the son, and that the proper way was by election. Now the writer knew well that he was telling a falsehood; he well knew the question had been put to Outram by the supreme government long before my time; that Outram had with care and diligence collected everything he could on the subject, and reported to the supreme government that Ali Moorad was heir; that the law and customs of the Ameers gave the turban to the brother; that the supreme government approving of his report decided that the turban was to go to Ali Moorad. Yet these gentlemen coolly lay it at my door, and abuse me for it, knowing perfectly well that it was Outram and Lord Auckland's doing, and that it was perfectly right.

"R. Napier, September 25th.—The moral effect of the great meeting has been unbounded. It has done more than ten thousand additional troops. All the leaders of the armies of Meeanee and Dubba, with their surviving warriors, congregated there from all parts at the mere word of the general who had defeated them, doing homage voluntarily, and confident in their security : and all Central Asia looked on with an inward feeling that no one of the courts of that enormous country could do so, or would be so trusted by its people. My chiefs came trembling ; for many of them were shaken by the audacity with which rumours were spread, and believed by surrounding tribes that my intent was to massacre them"—these rumours were diligently promulgated and encouraged by the Bombay faction.—"Then crossing the river, with the concentration of troops, gave force to the reports : however, their confidence in my truth overpowered their fears and they met. They left me also in full confidence that each held secure possession of his property. The Ameers would not have dared to hold such an assembly.

"There were many other advantages also. Such as fixing their allegiance openly ; for fearful of my vengeance many had never made salaam before. The salaam is the oath of allegiance, and to it they attach great importance ; but the grand point was the moral effect. Lord Ellenborough's genius seizes what most other men pass unobserved : his war policy, as fools call it, has done more for peace here in two years than Lord Cornwallis's peace system would have accomplished in twenty. Had Lord Ellenborough been left to carry it through, a lasting peace would have been secured and a *people's* government commenced in India. Had Lord Auckland remained he would have made India a slaughterhouse, and he did make it a prey for robbers. The reason I am accused of loving war is very simple. *The man who leads an army cannot succeed, unless his whole mind is thrown into his work, any more than an*

actor can who does not feel his part as if he were the man he represents. It is not saying come and go that wins battles; you must make the men you lead, come and go with a will to their work of death. And this can only be done by stirring them up, by making them believe that you glory and delight yourself in your work. The man who either cannot, or will not do this, but goes to war *snivelling* about virtue and unrighteousness will be left on the field of battle to fight for himself."

Let Napoleon's letters to his brother Joseph in the Spanish campaign of 1813 be compared with this: they are twins!

"Therefore it is that my troops are by me made to believe that I am longing for a Punjaub war, which in truth I dread, utterly abhorring bloodshedding: but the soldier must not think so. Hence people say I love war, and so I do, as a man loves gambling though losing: it is very agreeable to command but it is not agreeable to fight a battle. If we have a Sikh war I suspect they will fight hard; they are very well armed, tolerably drilled, and have lots of artillery. Hardinge says we shall easily thrash them, and he probably has good information from the wise men of the East. It is curious that Outram never saw the Duke of Wellington at all. I do not know that he actually said he did, but he certainly gave it to be understood that he had been much noticed by him, and received letters for Lord Ellenborough and Sir H. Gough, desiring them to employ him.

"Henry Napier, Oct. 17th.—There is a row at Bombay and they have sent for one of my regiments in all haste. This is a fruit of having protected native princes within our territories, as Sir H. Pottinger and Outram wanted to have done with the Ameers: that is, paying British troops for assisting tyrants to rob their people in a way they dare not attempt without our protection! This is true Indian work, and but for Lord Ellenborough the Ameers would now have

been on their thrones, grinding the Scindees and Hindoos. Poor people! and supported by our soldiers!"

This was the beginning of the troubles anticipated by him in a previous letter: it would seem a stroke of Providence in rebuke. Outram and the Bombay faction had been vociferously proclaiming that the people of Scinde were universally discontented; that the assembly of chiefs was a farce; that they sighed for their patriarchal princes, and were only kept from a general insurrection by the enormous force Sir C. Napier insisted on having under him. It was said also, and this was the real object, that if the Ameers could not be restored it was imperative to remove the ignorant soldier, to quash his military ruling and substitute that of the "*mild, gentlemanly civil servants of Bombay*" who would instantly conciliate the justly-enraged people! Such mildness as the Torture Commission has disclosed for example!! In the midst of this clamour, a wide-spread, long-sustained, and most dangerous insurrection broke out in the Bombay presidency, and the "*mild, gentlemanly civil servants*" were compelled to draw troops from convulsed Scinde to preserve their authority at home! The Bombay government was a model of tyranny and mischief.

"The dirty petty warfare made on me since Lord Ellenborough went is a matter of course, but I feel sure if we come to open quarrel Hardinge will bear me through. He has been staunch between me and Gough, or rather Gough's staff, for Gough himself is all right, only *spancelled* by his staff; they wanted to tie my legs too, but I kicked the pail over and spoiled the milking! The Indian system is for the commander in chief to be *grand lama*, and do nothing but sign the letters that his staff write. On the 31st of August I paid into the Calcutta treasury a surplus revenue of sixty-seven thousand pounds sterling! So much for poor Scinde!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 24th.—We had a great dinner

for the 13th Regiment, and I told them what was true ; that while they were fighting the Affghans at Jellalabad, Dr. Buist and the proprietors of the Bombay Times were advising those Affghans, not to fight but to starve them into a surrender. On all public occasions I thus *pitch into* the Bombay Times, but never so much as last night when I justly attacked the proprietors. Meantime I have much worry with Gough, who is however an honourable good fellow: and indeed I have fought his battle more than my own, for his Indian staff wanted to put him in chains and take my command out of my hands. It is a long story, but Hardinge was staunch, and old Gough fair and honest as the day: however, the safety of Scinde and of the whole army were going to ruin, and if Gough had been my dearest friend I must have acted as I did ; namely, writing to the supreme government a declaration that I was no longer responsible for the safety of Scinde. Ready, heart and hand, to execute Gough's or any other measures, but positively refusing the responsibility of measures which were in my opinion ominous. Hardinge has put me in my right place again, but much mischief has been done which cannot be undone.

“ Hardinge has of course a thousand details to learn which Lord Ellenborough had at his fingers' ends, and knew a thousand times better than the civilian leeches who were around him ; he stepped on shore a giant in Indian affairs and was the master spirit. But during the years Lord Ellenborough was studying India, at the Board of Control, Hardinge was fighting and has now to learn details, his labour is therefore ten times as great in that view. This enables all the curs to bark and yelp at me, and the world of little plagues opens in a way to fret the most patient. Here is one sample. They have at Bombay tried to make me pay *forty pounds sterling* for my breakfast and dinner, every day while I was on board a steamer on the public service!! Having refused, there will be a

world of letters before this attempt is repelled. I have not time for these bothers, and I much fear my friend Sir G. Arthur is not so sound as I thought him. Since Lord Ellenborough's departure marks of a small spirit have appeared: he has once or twice hit at Lord Ellenborough, in a way which I have so spurned that ill-feeling may be expected. The rest of the Bombay government detest Lord Ellenborough, and are all in one clique with Outram: Willoughby the secretary is his bosom friend. I have sent an answer to Roostum's petition, which last Pottinger has taken to the Queen! My answer went to Ellenborough and there was no time to copy it for you. I defy and laugh at these fellows."—This petition was a repetition of former falsehoods, and concocted at Bombay.

"We don't like to call our battle Dubba, because the skins of grease in this country are called Dubbas. All the boys were horrified at the name, and McMurdo rode about, bleeding like a pig from his wound, after the battle, to find another village to call it after; Lord Ellenborough has settled it for us. *Hydrabad*. The natives here have it, that I am going into the Cutchee Hills against Beja, and expressions of faith to England, with presents, are coming in from all directions: even from Herat and Candahar! Also offers from chiefs to join me with mounted followers &c. This fear or confidence is salutary, but it is not my intention to fill my camp with chaps who would cut our throats on the least reverse. My design at present is to go up the right bank of the Indus, or rather up the bason of the river to look about me, taking the Scinde horsemen as a guard: the Moguls, or *Mogullaes*, as the people call them.

"Journal, October 25th.—Our border hill neighbours are bumptious, and must be guided by rough or smooth means, the last best; but our villages and merchants must not be robbed and murdered by these fellows. The papers say the Bombay insurgents are as yet masters in the Marhatta country, and Sir Thomas McMahon is gone to Bombay

from Poonah. How is this? Methinks Sir G. Arthur's dear civil government, which he thinks so superior to 'a military government,' meaning mine, is put to its trumps by a few Arab insurgents! So far as I can make out this is a vile affair: these poor brave fellows are only standing up against a tyrannical fellow and we help him! My journey to the north cannot take place until I know what happens at Bombay.

"October 27th.—My barracks go on dreadfully slow, and the engineers' department fairly wear me out: some of the officers are active, but the workmen will do nothing; their idleness exceeds all belief. One fact of ordinary occurrence will suffice. When sick and sitting in my room at Hydrabad, my attention was fixed on some workmen, employed to draw bricks up a wall a little more than twenty feet high. Four men loaded little baskets, into which they put eight bricks and drew up one basket, mind! one basket in five minutes by my watch: thus eight men took five minutes to supply eight bricks to the workmen above, whose operations were exactly conformable! the idleness of both being dove-tailed and nicely fitted in by the putty of an interesting conversation.

"November 3rd.—The Bombay troubles seem over and I may now go to Sukkur. Confound the luck that makes me a general and not a sovereign! All the trouble, all the thought of a sovereign, but responsible to fools instead of to God! Oh! that I could begin the world again with my present knowledge, he would be a clever chap that could draw me from my plough. Well, such is our fate; he is weak in whom regret finds a port. There are two things necessary in this life: patience and perseverance. Some little of both belong to me, and for ever could I go on if there was an object; but there is not one, for the ruling of Scinde is not worth the exertion: all I do will be upset by fools after me, and the land will again be in misery. Were power vested in me, a civil government of its own people should be established in Scinde, and in fifty years it would regenerate that

people, if not squashed by our government. However I inoculate them as much as possible with justice and amour propre, this in time will do good."

This long meditated journey through the western hills to the north was now undertaken: it was designed not only to prepare the way for settling the hill troubles by war or negotiation, but also to ascertain personally how his civil government had been enforced in the wild country west of the Indus. It was a journey characteristic of the man, bearing a flaming sword in one hand and the scales of justice in the other, and with strength of heart to sustain both though torn with conflicting feelings.

"Journal. Bazaar, November 13th.—I am two marches from Kurrachee, and now I need resolution; for Nowbut Khan having been captured in his old trade of robbery must be put to death. This is horrible work, and my wish is to be clear of public life altogether. Am I doing good thereby? God knows the life of this world is hateful to me, and but for those in it with me should not be mine. A tent and the desert, with little food and drink, is the life for which I was made. Let me to business, that is my resource.

"Nov. 15th, Truck.—Letters informing me the directors mean to take Cutch from under my command. This is another fling at Lord Ellenborough. They say I must necessarily be entirely ignorant of Cutch, and that the Rao can have no confidence in me. My answer is, that I have placed Colonel Roberts there, who has spent twenty years in that country and was the personal friend of the Rao! But arguments are lost upon such fellows. As to the fact, it gives me relief; the correspondence with Roberts was a heavy tax on my time. My only annoyance is lest they should oust that gallant and excellent officer from spite to me; for the baseness of the warfare against me at Bombay is indescribable. In answer to the confidence the Rao is said to have in the Bombay government, I have referred them to the confi-

dence the people of Kolapore, now insurgent, have in that government ! The Rao has no confidence at all in the Bombay government, and is for ever quarrelling with it."

This Cutch affair was a miserable factious proceeding to insult Sir Charles Napier personally, under the guise of a state paper. His answer, given below, completely exposes the vulgar insolent ignorance of the secret committee, the selected statesmen of the Court of Directors.

"The governor general in council, Nov.—Honourable Sir. Being on the march I have not the letter-book of June 1843, but have a perfect recollection of my reasons for writing that dated 30th June, which, in despite of all I have heard to the contrary, remain precisely the same, and in obedience to your order I make the following remarks on the letter of the Honourable Court of Directors.

"1°. Of Cutch, its local history and its civil government, I perhaps know little ; but I know the treaties of 1816, 1819, and 1832, which I imagine is enough, as far as the history of Cutch concerns us. I had no wish to see it attached to Scinde, but the contrary ; to do justice to the government of Scinde would be enough for a far abler man than I am. Conscious of my deficiencies, I was sorry to have any connection with the civil government of Cutch ; and the more so because I was extremely ill at the time, and a sense of duty alone prevented my giving up the government of Scinde, which I was advised to do for a time by the superintending surgeon Dr. Gray. I say this to shew that I was perfectly free from a desire to have any concern with the government of Cutch, to which I am obliged to give up more time than I can spare.

"2°. Having stated my personal repugnance to the annexation of Cutch to Scinde, I nevertheless saw very clearly the wisdom of Lord Ellenborough's conduct in this measure ; because by 'its geographical position and features' Cutch is separated from the Bombay presidency and intimately connected with Scinde. The Runn of Cutch is a continuation

of the Gulph of Cutch ; it connects that gulph with the desert boundary of Scinde. Thus these three strong geographical features isolate Scinde and Cutch, from Guzerat and India : Scinde and Cutch are in fact one province, as far as their geographical position is concerned.

“3°. As to their moral position, I have to observe that if two neighbouring countries, under the government of separate princes and divided by marked natural features, are very closely connected by fortuitous circumstances in the relations of life, such connection is an anomaly. I must take leave to doubt the fact here ; for so far as my experience goes not any correspondence relating to the connection between Cutch and Guzerat has had place ; but as to disputes much evidence of their hostile feelings, and the three treaties give evidence of this by providing against it, shewing that a hostile feeling exists in Cutch towards both the Gwicowar and Bombay governments. However upon that point I would advise a reference to Colonel Roberts, who, I believe, is generally admitted to have more local experience and more personal knowledge of Guzerat and Cutch, even to intimate knowledge of the inhabitants individually, than any man in or out of India. He has lived twenty years of his life in Cutch, and is the intimate friend of the Rao.

“Why the Honourable Court should suppose that the Rao has not as much confidence in the Scinde government as in that of Bombay I do not know. I shall be surprised indeed if I find any very friendly connection between the two provinces of Cutch and Guzerat ; or any wish on the part of the Rao to return to his original connection with Bombay. Indeed I am convinced that there is not, and that his highness has the fullest confidence in the Scinde government, because he has full confidence in his friend Colonel Roberts, who has inspired him with confidence in me—a confidence I have done nothing to forfeit.

“4°. That some connection should exist between Cutch and Bombay is very natural. Scinde was hostile ; Bombay

was an ally; that is, the Ameers of Scinde were hostile to Cutch, but not the people of Scinde: on the contrary they have innumerable bonds linking them with the people of Cutch in private life; bonds mercantile, religious, and from marriage. This, among other ways of knowing, is seen by reading the trials of offenders, in some of which there appears to be a complete and intimate connection in private life—not always I confess of a very honest nature! If a military government has disadvantages, as it unquestionably has, it also has advantages; and amongst them is that the chief knows most of what passes, and naturally acquires a greater general knowledge of facts which are in civil government absorbed and lost in departments. Now I venture to say that if the rooted hostility of the Ameers to Cutch has not been able to separate the people, and I assert that it has not, the friendly intercourse now daily and rapidly increasing, will soon incorporate these two provinces in their moral relations as completely as they are in their geographical position.

“5°. There is also an administrative and therefore an important view to be taken of this subject. Since I have had to do with Cutch, it has come to my knowledge that the robbers of the desert tracts bordering the Runn are, many of them, Scindees who have defied equally the Ameers the Rao and the ruler of Guzerat: and yet each country became an asylum to the pursued robber, for in each he had allies. These men I have by Lord Ellenborough's instructions—his lordship seems to have been quite master of the subject—endeavoured to conciliate. I employed Colonel Roberts, who has long known these people well, and he has succeeded. Numbers had left the Delta of the Indus and settled in the Thurr or great desert as thieves, because of the tyranny of the Ameers; these people have now returned to the Delta and settled down as cultivators. What has this to do with Cutch being under the Bombay government? A great deal in a country where barbarism has so long ruled.

“These wild tribes laugh at the Bombay government. They neither confide in its protection nor fear its anger. But the military governor of Scinde they do fear, because they well know he could, if they were disobedient, be amongst them in a moment at the head of an army! These people are essentially soldiers; they hold civil rulers in contempt, and a corporal at Hydrabad would have more influence than the governor-general himself at Bombay. I had proof of this. Those very robber chiefs all became submissive from the day we won the battle of Hydrabad. Two days after that battle I wrote to threaten extirpation if I heard of any opposition; and from that time they have been quiet, and some of their chiefs, then resisting, surrendered. Before that time they laughed equally at the Gwicowar, the Ameers, and the government of Bombay. They all know that Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts has great influence with the Rao and with me; and that I decide all references by the strictest justice so far as I am able. I have therefore reason to believe that the people of all that district, and of Cutch, and the Rao himself, have full confidence in the Scinde government. Especially as I have, once or twice, shewn the Rao that we consider the paramount power to be so paramount only as regards justice, and on other points are desirous to leave the native princes independent: and in fairness to the Rao it must be said, he seems disposed to be just in all ways, and to all people.

“6°. As far as regards administrative acts and references, the government of Scinde is closer for communication than that of Bombay.

“7°. On the subject of religion the Honourable Court of Directors does not seem very correctly informed. The number of Hindoos in every part of Scinde and especially in the Delta is very great: the majority of the people are Hindoos, so far as I can ascertain. There is assuredly no bar to a strict relationship between Scinde and Cutch on the

score of religion, the connection appears complete in this matter. Nearly all our artificers are men of Cutch, who would not live in Scinde under the tyranny of the Ameers, but are now daily establishing themselves there.

“8°. Now for the military view of this subject. In stating what appears to me the truth, I must premise, that no wise man will in his political arrangements take for certain the peaceful state of a new conquest on which to base his measures. I probably rejoice in the tranquillity of Scinde more than any other man, because I am in a great degree responsible for it, and no man has more confidence in its continuance; but I am not blind to the fact that accidents may break that peace. We have shaken hands with the Beloochees, but with *bloody hands*! There is scarcely a family in this land that did not lose men in the sanguinary battles which were fought. These things are not forgotten, though I believe they are forgiven, because the Belooch glories in the death of relations who fall in battle. Besides, I have given every Belooch chief all that he possessed under the Ameers. No chief has suffered in his interests, many have gained; and the poor have gained enormously. An ancient chief said to me last May, as he grasped my hand after making salaam, I come to make salaam to you as my chief, but I fought at Meeanee. Eighty of my own family died in that battle, and now I am ready to die fighting by your side and under your flag!

“Such are the military feelings of these men. But would not this old warrior in one moment draw the sword against us if he thought he had a chance of victory? He is a faithful subject while it is convenient, nor can we expect it otherwise for some years. To legislate or administer the government on the basis of this chief's loyalty would be a gross error: he bowed to me as a victor, and as one who returned to him all he before possessed. Remove me and let the operations of a civil government, or civil servants,

affront him, and he will take arms in an instant, but not against a general. I therefore repeat, that the present tranquillity of Scinde cannot be reckoned upon as foundation for the separation of the two provinces. I have given help to Bombay within the last month, but confess to doing so with reluctance ; not from any doubt, having none, of being able to hold Scinde with half my present force, but from fear of tempting revolt and having blood to spill : for the Bombay Times is quite capable of telling the people of Scinde that I am compelled to send troops to Bombay, and that now is the time to rise upon their conquerors ; and this might draw the hill tribes down upon us.

“ 9°. Having thus rejected even confidence as to tranquillity, I will say, that the Delta is a district intersected by water nullahs of all sizes, and is at certain seasons full of swampy jungles : there are also desert tracts of sand hills. The tribes inhabiting it, being thus protected, and having long had a retreat open to the great desert, or to Cutch, are very wild and resolute, and a revolt there would be difficult to subdue. The state of the Delta must, therefore, for some time be a source of anxiety to the governor of Scinde. But if the force in Cutch be in good hands it would co-operate with troops from Hydrabad Omercote and Kurrachee, and the revolvers attacked on all sides would lose the game. They know this, and that I can surround them. Take away this power by putting Cutch under the Bombay government and a civil servant as political agent, and that frontier at once becomes morally weak ; for these people have no idea of the troops being under one person and the civil government under another. These countries cannot be ruled by the mere official arrangements of a civil government. The rulers must be for some years military, and enter into frequent intercourse with the chiefs, forming the best judgment they can of the character of those warlike chiefs and of the mode of dealing with them ; and they form a tolerably

correct opinion of our characters. Nature simple, and military nature, must be both studied in dealing with barbarians. They will not submit to theoretical arrangements made in the closet of non-military men, crossing their habits and offending their prejudices every hour of the day: to a soldier they readily bow in submission.

10°. Having said so much, let me add that I see no other objections to the restoring of Cutch to Bombay. I did not try to get it separated, and shall rejoice in its re-annexation. I am accused of having been the cause of Mr. Lumsden's removal—a political in Cutch. “Lord Ellenborough will vouch that I was not. I never sought Mr. Lumsden's removal, except from the military command of which he was incapable: that I treated Mr. Lumsden unfairly is utterly false. I remember that he was constantly asking for my instructions, and I was unable from my distant and isolated position to give him any, and constantly told him so. The result was, that had a guerilla war broken out in the Delta the force in Cutch would have been useless. And if the governor-general will call for my report to the Bombay commander in chief, relative to the case of Captains Davis and Blood, he will find there was a narrow escape from a great catastrophe at that period: this danger was produced by the political agent having the command. Had Captain Davis's detachment been destroyed we should probably have had a protracted sanguinary warfare, if not another general action in Scinde.

“I am compelled thus to mix up private matter to explain why I wanted a military commander; but so far from being hostile to Mr. Lumsden I had and expressed great respect for his zeal and activity, which were doubtless useful and efficacious in his own calling, but very dangerous to mine! Nevertheless, while regretting that anything unpleasant should give Mr. Lumsden annoyance, I see very clearly the advantage of Lord Ellenborough's measure, uniting

Cutch to Scinde: that master hand placed all things in a sound and stable position in India!

"11°. Since Cutch has been under the government of Scinde my confidence has been entire in Colonel Roberts, and I am well convinced if war broke out Cutch would give great assistance, which it did not during the last war; nor do I believe the political arrangements have suffered under the direction of the present able agent, but the contrary. I am very anxious that the East India directors should justly estimate the ability and zeal of their excellent servant, Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts. Examine the results of the last year of Cutch administration, and compare them with any year of any other political agent under the Bombay government: then justice will be done to one of the most distinguished men in the Indian army.

"12°. As to the '*History of Cutch*' I believe no man in Bombay is more master of it than Colonel Roberts; also, '*with all the circumstances of Cutch*,' whatever they may be; but which I repeat are chiefly referable to our treaties. With those everybody is as well acquainted as the Bombay government can be. Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts in my judgment knows much more of Cutch, '*its history*' and '*its peculiar circumstances*,' than any government can know, because his knowledge is the result of many years' personal residence in Kutch.

"13°. With regard to records: as Scinde and Bombay belong to one government, I am not aware of any advantage the information they may contain gives to one or the other local government. They are mere deposits for rare and accidental references on a few unimportant matters of detail. As to my being '*necessarily and completely ignorant of what has been previously done, and of the peculiar circumstances of the country*,' I will not dispute the very decided opinion which the gentlemen who sign the letters seem to entertain of me, and which may be just: but I see

no reason for its being necessarily so; because a little energy and reading teaches men what has been done, and informs them as to the peculiar existing circumstances, and of what ought to be done. However I certainly agree to the propriety of no longer entrusting Cutch to the charge of so unfit a man. But it is said that I am unfit *'even if perfectly informed; and my incapacity for a long time to come, to acquire the confidence of the prince and people in a degree comparable to that in which it is possessed by the government with which they have been so long and intimately connected.'* To this I have nothing also to object. I have nothing to boast of but my zeal for the service of my Queen and of the Company, and must leave this assertion of confidence in the Bombay government unanswered, unless by the events of Kolapore and its neighbourhood—"rebellion there raging"—"which do not seem to prove that a long and intimate connection with the Bombay government is synonymous with 'confidence.'"

"14". It is my opinion that unless Cutch is annexed to Scinde, the commander of the latter province ought not to have any control over the troops in Cutch, for this simple reason; in peace it is not necessary and adds to the separation of the troops from the Bombay commander in chief; a separation which is a great inconvenience, rendered necessary as far as Scinde is concerned, but not so as to the garrison of Bhooj. I conclude by repeating that the geographical position of Scinde and Cutch unites them in all relations of life, civil, religious, commercial and military; and that it naturally severs the Rao's country from Bombay, as regards its internal arrangements. That I am not aware whether his highness has any particular desire to be annexed to the Bombay government, but this point can be decided by asking him. Finally I repeat that personally I am delighted to have no further concern in the political relations with Cutch. I rejoice to be released from labour;

but have nevertheless written what in my belief is true regarding the annexation of Cutch to Bombay.

“P.S.—It is curious that while enclosing this letter, an application came from several hundred people of Cutch, for land in Scinde wherever I chose to give it them. They are said to be expert cultivators and good industrious people, and the deputy-collector tells me they are men of respectability.”

FIFTEENTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE exploring journey interrupted by the memoir on Cutch is now to be resumed.

“ Henry Napier, November 17th.—I am as strong as Red Rover, and am going to settle the robber tribes. Fitzgerald has caught one great chief. He was in a camp sixty-five miles off, but Fitz in one night reached him with the camel corps at a moment when his men were out plundering and only forty with him. He fled with some others into a large field of corn. Fitz sent some policemen round and dashed into the field, where the police cut down the chief's son and nephew and took him : I will hang him. This finishes one band of robbers and murderers of the poor ryots. Another great chief, who heads five hundred robbers, has devastated the west bank of the Indus for a year ; last month he plundered a caravan from the Khorassan, carried off seventy-five loaded camels and slew six helpless camel men. I offered a thousand rupees for his head, and the famous old Belooch chief, Wullee Chandia, true to his king as he calls me, brought him and another in prisoner. I think now to make the right bank of the river as quiet as the left : but I must hang all my prisoners and it is very painful.

“ All the people are rejoicing at the capture of these murderous fellows. A man placed as I am must have nerve for his work, but it is very painful. May God make just my decisions, for my mind being once fixed I strike ! If self-defence is permitted I am justified to kill these men as if struggling for life with an assassin : this some think contrary to the Christian religion ; perhaps so, but then

government must cease and ruffians rule, and human nature cannot go this length. Hence, with a heart free from all feeling but that of duty to society, I will put down the Scindian robber in three months, unless it be God's will that I should fail. I labour indeed hard to do right: I could neglect my work and get more praise, but doing so should not see Scinde prosper; and even should it prosper my conscience would be ill at ease: now I sleep well. Yet I please not the Court of Directors. They have taken Cutch from me to give to the Bombay government, which is a rotten one and the present insurrection is a proof of it: by all accounts it is a gross and cruel affair on our part.

“M. Genl. W. Napier.—I will answer your questions about Dubba, namely—Could you have menaced Dubba with your left, and pushed the cavalry of your right, sustained with some guns and infantry, 'towards the wood where you suspected the ambush; then passing the nullah with your left and centre have driven the enemy in a confused heap upon Dubba, where your left was holding them in check? This is nearly what did happen, but by accident, though I at first thought of it, for Blenheim came into my mind where something of the kind happened. While examining the enemy's line I was under fire of guns directed at my large staff, and one shot went close to my face and into the heart of a 22nd grenadier. This did not help thought, though it did not much disturb it; but what most annoyed me was that the men were under a cannonade the moment we formed line, and it would not have done to go back then, no, not for ten yards. Even a seeming hesitation would have been bad. All the houses of the village were loop-holed and perfectly concealed in front, but were open to the river, and by a bold examination of their right this would have been discovered: an abler man would have done so. It was a fault that cost many lives, and would have given me deep regret had it arisen from carelessness: but it was only want of experience in command.

“Henceforth my care shall be to closely examine an enemy's flanks. But had the doing this at Dubba obliged me to put off the battle for a day it would have been wrong to do so, because the English high spirit would have been weakened, and the Belooch spirit increased thereby; or, what I very much feared, the Beloochees would have avoided a fight and thus delayed the conquest for a year, if not longer. It is very hard to be a general. Some men grow excited in action. I do not, and at Dubba felt sure of success; but I was hasty. Not suspecting there was a village, or that the Lion's right reached to Dubba, I attacked, hoping to turn him by rapidity of movement, doing what appeared to me best at the moment. It does not appear to me best now; but I like to talk it over with you, because it impresses the various views of a battle on my mind and if we fight again I shall profit by our discussion: a hundred times during the day I wished you were there.

“My time is now occupied in opposing all sorts of petty attacks from Bombay and head-quarters. Hardinge supports me well, but those fellows do not fear him yet; they trembled at the very name of Ellenborough, and do so still. You will believe that I do not submit, but am hampered by the fear of adding to our friend Hardinge's difficulties, and to make petty complaints is disgusting: but my position is changed. I am a hedge-hog fighting about nothing; yet obliged to fight or be trampled upon, and allow Lord E.'s measures to be assailed through me. The present insurrection of the Mahrattas will shew that Lord Ellenborough had no time to lose at Gwalior; and also how unfit the Bombay people are to govern. By all accounts the poor people have been driven into rebellion, and the papers say Sir G. Arthur has given full powers to Outram to settle all by his magic name! Had he been at Meeanee they would not by this time have allowed me to have been in the action at all.”

This supposition was not extravagant. After the battle of Waterloo, the editor of this biography happened to enter the Duke of Wellington's opera-box in Paris, on some business. The duke was sitting alone in an upper dark corner of the box, the seats in front being filled with fashionable London men and women, who were with great volubility discussing the battle and assigning all the honours to the cavalry. The duke listened, laughed, and in a low voice said "I have told them that the British infantry won the battle, and all our battles, but it has been intimated to me that I know nothing of the matter, and I expect soon to be told I was not there." To return to C. Napier who was now meditating a great project, namely the entire subjection and civilization of the Cutchee hill tribes. Carefully he rolled it over in thought, for it was one of infinite difficulty; more so than the conquest of Scinde even, yet absolutely necessary to render that conquest available for good government. For these tribes were laying the frontier waste, bringing contempt on the Scindian government and likely to swell from bands to armies, and to produce a terrible warfare. But the strength of their rocky hills, their numbers and warlike habits presented such obstacles to their subjection as were generally judged insurmountable: even to get at them a desert was to be passed, and they held all the watering places. At first he only aimed at Beja Khan, but by degrees the greater plan of operations took form in his mind and were finally executed.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—As to my plan against Beja, my troops in the north shall assemble at Rojan, and the Khan of Khelat has promised to meet me at Dadur, a meeting asked for by me under pretence of a conference on his own affairs. That place is only ten marches from Rojan, and instead of returning by Bagh, I shall strike off to Sebree and Lheree, sweeping the hills, while the force from Rojan moves rapidly upon Poolagee. Beja will thus find me on his rear before he suspects my intentions.

This seems simple, but is in execution most difficult. Troops must be moved over a desert and through mountains, with much privations, and my age disables me as to the personal labour required to stimulate soldiers to endurance: and when they lie down to sleep I must write. Pretty refreshments for an exhausted man! Some of the marches also are likely to be in snow, and cold is death to the poor Sepoy, while the heat of the desert kills Europeans. The passes also will be formidable, and if the Murrees should turn out foes there will be many defiles to deal with. These Murrees are the men who defeated Clibborn and destroyed Clarke, and though success seems to me certain, defeat would be equally so if want of caution gave those warlike men an advantage. One failure in such rugged passes would be fatal; yet knowing my own caution I feel safe, and if any accident happens to me, Hunter is as good a man. In the Scinde campaign it was different; then the common talk in camp was, that they were gone if harm befell me.

“I shall take foot artillery, being sure they are best in mountains; they jump off the gun in an instant and on again, whereas the horse artillery have led horses to mind while their riders are with the guns: this where all are entire horses and fight like devils is inconvenient: then again, more forage must be carried. If there are very bad passes the guns can be taken to pieces, but the horses add to the delay, by as much as their number exceeds that of a foot battery: this is a trifle, but on such occasions trifles tell heavily. Foot artillery can move as quick as horse artillery, or any infantry, on a mountain road; the men always walk half the march, but the horseman never. It is one thing to jump off the limber and clap shoulder to wheel; it is another to dismount and give your horse to a comrade, run forward twenty or thirty yards to the gun, assist to pull it through a difficulty, and then with a great sabre and iron scabbard clanking at your heels go back to remount! No

9-pounders for me where only 4-pounders are to be opposed. The Sepoy has not muscular force for working 9-pounders, nor have the little Arab horses weight for drawing heavy guns. My plan is to have light 6-pounders with a great power of draught. I have furnished 125 horses to a foot battery; the Bombay and Bengal regulations allow but 87. I wanted 135 but could only get 125: however this horses us well, to the great displeasure of the Bombay '*Milantery Board*.'

"I have not yet seen the Bengal artillery. I sent a Bombay battery to Sukkur some months ago, and hear its beauty and condition excited great admiration. The Bombay troops are a perfectly different army, low caste, obedient hardy, brave; the Bengal Bramins, brave enough I believe but far from having good order; at least our Queen's officers, who have seen both, speak of the Bombay being, except in caste and stature, far superior. The 9th Bengal Cavalry when with me were admirable, so I am inclined to like the Bengalees; but I know no other Bengal troops well. They are giants, a European regiment beats them in breadth perhaps, but in height, bah! The latter regiment in our army, Guards excepted, would average two inches below a tall Bengal regiment. The Bombay men are short. The Mahratta regiments even little, but active, hardy, daring chaps, worthy of Sevagee himself. I am now getting some mountain guns ready to put on camels or mules. It is everything to have a gun up, no matter if it carries but a pound-ball; it has a moral effect, and it is not common sense to apply rules for fighting a French force to fighting an Asiatic one. I admit the superiority of a 9-pounder, its showers of grape and other advantages when a French eight is to be engaged, but here it is paying too dear for our whistle. As to myself I am conscious of having gained much as to a battle: I cannot describe it, but feel myself a better man, and able to attempt, not more perhaps than I have done, but with more confidence."

The editor of this work heard precisely the same sentiment from the Duke of Wellington. Conversing on a military question the duke said. "I have fought many battles and have acquired an instinct about them which I cannot describe, but I know how to fight a battle." Charles Napier thus continues—"Asiatics love a position. At Meeanee and Dubba there was no means of manœuvring much, because their flanks were secure: but where the ground admits of menacing their flanks, my opinion is that their most powerful armies may be defeated by small numbers. The Sikhs have a powerful artillery, but if I am opposed to them my efforts shall be to make it move under a cannonade, and I imagine it will be so slow that we may force their infantry to action without guns. This brings me to old Gough, who got so mauled by the Mahrattas' guns at Gwalior. He and I quarrel sadly: not personally but about the mutiny. When it broke out I was going to seize the ringleaders, to shoot them, and try Colonel Mosely, being resolved to let no man escape, especially officers, who might be in fault. Soon I was interfered with. The Indian adjutant-general was furious at my having the immense power of disbanding regiments given to me by Lord Ellenborough; furious also that General Hunter had been appointed by Lord E. to Scinde without his, the adjutant-general's, leave—he, a captain! for he is lieutenant-colonel only by virtue of his office. The judge advocate general also interfered; not liking me for a blowing-up I had given him previously. Moreover a Bengal staff jealousy existed, for I am a Bombay general commanding Bengal troops: this is Indian! These things led them to push Gough unwittingly to mischief.

"The hill tribes are collecting near Dadur, giving out that they are to meet the Khan of Khelat. My opinion is, that they hope to find me there in an unprepared state, and mean to fall on me: my force however shall be able to cope with all their tribes. Their recent defeat made me sadly

afraid that a native officer detached by McKenzie had cut down some poor cultivators, and a strict enquiry left it doubtful. Nothing could be proved, so I thought the most likely way to give a merciful tone to the troops was to put in orders that there was no reason to believe they had disgraced themselves by killing innocent men. My secret fear is however that it did happen, but by mistake, which could easily be; for the villagers being armed there was not the least difference between them and the robbers in appearance. Three months ago four dragoons were left for dead in those parts but recovered from their wounds; my police caught three of the assassins, and searching for the other two it turned out that they had been killed amongst the '*innocent cultivators*' who had been slain by McKenzie's men! This is a rude way of settling such matters, but these border tribes are all so linked together, and their acts so murderous, that strict rules of justice cannot be applied; the weak, unprotected real cultivators would be driven away.

"Beja Khan Doomkee, the principal offender, was I believe foully treated by Captain Postans: at least our officers say so. The truth I know not: but that was long ago, and he was only confined with honourable treatment some months in Bukkur. He afterwards entered into treaty, and was in no way warranted to make an inroad and kill two hundred grass-cutters, poor unoffending people of Hindostan. He is frightened at my going up, and his two sons, or nephews, lately went to Hunter to ask if Beja would be received to make salaam. My answer was. Give these men the necessary time to repass our frontier and then, if caught, hang them as I will Beja when taken. He has now, it is said, devoted himself to Mahomet, dresses in black, and has divided his property, resolved to die a '*Gazee*' sword in hand. I dare say he will find plenty who won't spare him, but these fanatics are very dangerous; if you shew the least mercy they are upon you unawares. Beja Khan is one of those robbers that must be hunted

down; and I feel very little disposed to treat the Lion much better—he is the instigator of these forays. My intent is to send him word, that as a brave enemy he is respected by me, but if he is found amongst robbers and murderers he must expect to be treated as they will be.

“You will see, that though I have caught several mountain chiefs and am bearing heavily on the robber the latter is still a very dangerous fellow, and must be cautiously dealt with, especially in his own hills. Their trick, if they meditate war, will be to let me in between two passes and then shut both: they have done this with large armies more than once in their history. These barbarian tricks are indeed stale, but not the less effectual if not prepared for. The Emperor Acbar lost an army in this way; so did the Romans at Thrasimene. Four years ago poor Clarke was thus entrapped in these very hills between Noofusk and Sartooft, and was there destroyed with all his men, save one, a camp follower: this man was allowed to carry the news to Major Brown, then himself shut up in Kahun and within sound of the firing.

“Doobah, Nov. 20th.—This was a dear day once. Thirty years have since passed, and now I know what life is and that all is folly but death! And then? Well, whatever our trials are, 800 millions of human creatures have the same, and I am not a man to shrink from what fate ordains!

“Nov. 21st, Guibee.—A good spot for a camp. Plenty of good water, which they say grows bad in December; but non credo: it is full of fishes, and methinks Johnny Fish would not thrive if his water grew bad. I tried to go up the mountains, but, alas! a shortness of breath has lately come upon me, and will be my death when the hour comes: well, everybody dies for want of breath, so be it.

“22nd.—Still Guibee. Made two excursions: one to the Keerta range, the other to Ahmed-Khan-Ka-Tanda. The youngsters shewed me the difference between thirty and sixty-three with a witness, going up the mountain. Oh!

youth! we know not what we are till age comes, and then too late. Now, is it not too bad of Dame Fortune to love me when I am too old, having neglected me in youth?

“Pokrun, 23rd.—Good place, fine water: but I am now decided that our sanatorium should be, not here but at Manoorra point, near Kurrachee, or at Clifton, where the cool sea breezes prevail from May till September. To establish a sanatorium here would cost money which had better be laid out at Manoorra: moreover sick men require cheerfulness, and these places are beyond the land of the living; and the mountaineers at least could not be trusted. This country is an immense dead level so far as I have gone, that is, above a hundred miles. Running through it are parallel ridges or rather walls of steep rocky mountains, rising at once from the dead level: there are no valleys properly speaking, but level plains from five to twenty miles broad, and from twenty to one hundred long. The rocky ridges rise in some places one hundred feet, in others certainly three thousand! and so strongly marked by strata, that more than once I went out of my way to convince myself they were not ruined walls. The intermediate plains are often gravelly near the rocks, but the general character is a rich alluvial soil, with plenty of brushwood and low stunted trees, chiefly the babul, bear tree, peelu and tamarisk: there are many other sorts unknown to me, but all stunted. There is also grass, some officers saw deer, and probably there are hogs, partridges in ‘*quantita*,’ as the man said to the pope.

“I am now more than ever satisfied of the immense resources of this great country, and were I a king twenty-five years old, and to live to my present age, it should be made a paradise and the treasury of the world. I would make the Indus move like a child in a go-cart; every canal should have clean banks with edges of cut stone; there should not be a marsh not a swamp in the whole land. The houses should be high, with thick walls and enormous verandahs, I would defy the sun by the style of building;

and where no water now is it should be made by damming! Then such railroads! There are none such as could be made in this pancake country: a few bridges would be all the expence. When I say it is a dead level it is speaking literally, having travelled eleven days without once having need to level the floor of my tent. We could have played cricket on every yard, save where cut by a watercourse: this is very curious. By the time I reach Sukkur Scinde will be known to me as well as to most men; and by the time I get back better than to most men.

“24th.—Halted at Pokrun. Here we found the Scinde horse encamped. I have attached two light 3-pounders to this regiment, and now reckon on it as a powerful arm. Jacob, its commandant, is an officer nearly spoiled by living with the politicals, who all imagine themselves generals, Outram at their head, and God knows he is far enough from that, having neither natural ability nor acquired knowledge. When I called him Bayard I knew little of him, and took the little on report. I have since learned the secret of his popularity: he lived extravagantly, and to do that in India is to be ‘*a capital fellow*.’ Fill everybody with beer and you are ‘*a fine hospitable fellow*.’ Get into debt thereby, and you are ‘*nobody’s enemy but your own*.’ In fine, live for the enjoyment of liquor, ask others to drink with you, and you are a Phoenix.

“Outram boasts that he held high political employments for twenty years, and was poorer than when he began! Why? because he lived extravagantly! I have been only three years in India, with higher rank but not much higher pay, and I have saved largely, doing nothing shabby I hope and certainly nothing disgraceful. I have not plundered, and have not taken a present, though offered thousands. I could, had I done as many did that could be mentioned; and that all the world do mention, have put many large sums in my pocket by my conquest of Scinde; and could still turn a pretty penny in Lord Clive’s way, having all the arrange-

ments as to territories in my hands : that is, with Ali Moorad ; with the Nawab of Bhawalpoor ; with the Rajah of Jessulmere, and the Khan of Khelat : a gentle hint to my moonshee that a diamond is a nicer thing than a horse and so forth, would produce fruit, and the public be none the wiser. Nothing is so easy as for a man in my high position to cheat if he is a rascal.

“ Louisa tells me we are not to have the prize money, and she is very angry : I am not. Well, returning to Outram : his secret was to treat, and at Bombay he has been puffed off to make Sir G. Arthur give him a place. Sir George is, I clearly see now, a tool in the hands of the puffers, a willing one I fear. The first thing that sharpened my eyes about him was, that when all hands were raised against Lord Ellenborough, after Meeanee and Dubba, he advised me to make it clear to the world that I only did his lordship’s bidding like a good soldier : wise and prudent Sir George ! Sir George ! I watched you then ! You gave me good and thorough support in the war, and I acknowledged it fully, thinking it voluntary : but since Lord Ellenborough left India ! Well I will see more of you before condemning ; for if you are indeed a true man you are a trump, and even if only a tool of others not a bad man, and this is the tendency of my belief. Vedremo.

“ November 25th, Mullaree.—After passing Pokrun the character of the country changes ; hills and rocky valleys succeed the dead level ; the ridges of rocks close on each other, the country is wild, and the tops of the mountains like castles in ruins. The strata take the most strange forms, some are horizontal some perpendicular, and some circular or rather oval, and the mountains no longer spring up from a level. What has caused this circular stratification in the midst of horizontal strata ? We are encamped on loose stony ground covered with petrified wood. The peasants say there is a mine of alum here. We have no

savans, are all benighted fellows, real sons of the sword, yet unable to trace where the iron lies of which our swords are made !

“ November 26th.—Still Mullaree. Sent some of the boys to look for a fort, said to be in the vicinity. They had a difficult march of five hours over rocks. McMurdo describes it thus—‘a series of fortified hills connected by lines redoubts and round towers, perhaps fifteen miles in circumference and all built of stone and mortar.’ The hills are called the Rennie range, parallel to the Kundoor range. This fortified position I will visit on my return, for I cannot lose two days now, fearing things may go wrong in the north. Yet I do not want to get there before the fever ceases, for if I catch it my plans will fail and my job in the hills become a very ticklish one indeed : hesitation, or want of caution, or any mistake, will involve our ruin, and a repulse in these mountains is generally the forerunner of a massacre. The government of Scinde is indeed a boat among rocks which experience has shewn to me, and it will not do to change the steersman till we get through them. No man will give me credit for this tranquillity of Scinde, but I feel an inward pride in it beyond all the pride of victory.

“ His sister.—My march is a picturesque one. At this moment, behind me is my Mogul guard, some two hundred cavalry, with their splendid Asiatic dress and the sun’s horizontal rays glancing with coruscations of light along their bright sword blades. Behind them are three hundred infantry, the old bronzed soldiers of the 13th Regiment, the defenders of Jellalabad, veterans of battle : so are the Moguls, for they charged at Meeanee and Hydrabad, where their scarlet turbans were seen sweeping through the smoke and by their colour seeming to announce the bloody work they were at ! These stern sunburnt men are therefore all tried warriors, and trusting to them I am threading these hills, fearless of attack though swarming

with robber tribes. On those picturesque horsemen the sun is gleaming, while the Lukkee hills are casting their long shades, and the Keerta range reflects from its crowning rocks the broad beautiful lights. Below me are hundreds of loaded camels with guards and drivers, rude grotesque people, all slowly winding amongst the hills. Soon a small camp will be seen in the jungle: my flag will then be raised, the long marching army will break and spread in succession, and then write! write! write! Such is royal life here, for it is grand and kingly to ride through the land that we have conquered, with the men who fought! Yet what is it all? Were I a real king there would be something in it—but a mere *copper captain*!

“ Journal. Chorla, November 27th.—Left the camp of petrifications and marched through a country of rocks hills and valleys, apparently the result of some terrible convulsion of nature. Never did I see a wilder country. The road for the most part very bad, over boulders. Once I saw the low range of small dark hills which we passed for three or four days, running as they do along the foot of the large hills like a fringe. They are not above fifteen feet high, and are of a stone so like a cinder that I should have taken them for cinders anywhere else.

“ Peer Aree, November 28th.—Here Colonel Roberts defeated and took prisoner Sha Mohamed, the Lion’s brother, in June 1843. Roberts heard that he was at Peer Aree and instantly surprized him, losing scarcely a man. He then crossed the river and menaced the Lion from the north, which steadied Ali Moorad, who was shut up in Sukkurrunda and from pure fear inclined to join the Lion. He well knew, and so did I, that a general rising was in contemplation the moment I marched in person from Hydrabad, and he, and all the Beloochees, thought fortune was forsaking me; he also had an infernal crew of Patans, who would have taken any side on the toss of a halfpenny. Poor Ali! there he stood afraid of me, afraid of the Lion, afraid of his own ruffians:

at once shivering and sweating. Roberts had orders from me, if those Patans were obstreperous to put them to the sword, for the time was very critical and the fate of Scinde not to be endangered by such Affghan robbers. Better that five or six hundred of them should be bayoneted than lose two or three thousand good soldiers by a guerilla war. This is war—I do not like war, but being in war I fix my eye on success and stop at nothing to attain what is honourable and just in war. I see no way of governing victory but by decision, or indeed governing anything.

“It is very hard to be decided. People talk of it and pretend to be so, but they are not; they want to be very sure, very just, very good, very right, and the time is gone by before they make up their minds. Oh! it is a very difficult thing to be decided, and to be so you must run great risks. When I resolved thus to massacre the Patans, all the horror of it was vivid, and all that good people would say, and think of me also. I knew also what my own feelings would be; but likewise I knew, if these men were to swagger and dictate another battle or two would be required for the conquest; that if my operations failed my army would be lost, and perhaps a general war all over India arise. And for what? To save the lives of an atrocious set of cut-throats! All this passed through my mind like a flash of lightning, and had those Patans played any of their tricks their lives were gone! The fight at Peer Aree decided the Lion's fate, and the Patans became lambs! Many of them are now in my police, very nice, well-behaved, honourable cut-throats; Dugald Dalgetty himself would be proud of them: five hundred handsome fellows, well mounted and ready to cut their fathers' throats if I ordered them. Some of them did good work lately under McKenzie against the hill robbers, their own kith and kin, and sparing was not the order of the day I fear.

“In these hills sentiment is reduced to fate, which is greatly addicted to calculation. There is my father, he has

a bag of rupees and no one sees us. I have a knife, he has a throat, it is my fate. This is Patan reasoning. Such men must not be played with in war. Nowbut Khan thought he and fate were a match for me: he has robbed and murdered for years and I told him he had better leave off; he would not listen, tried fate, is in my hands and will in a few days be hanged. He was right to trust to fate, but not to provoke her; they are widely different things: I trust fate, but do not defy her, being too much afraid of her!

“To-morrow I shall reach Sehwan, where Alexander built his tower, and I shall stand where he stood, as indeed I have before, but not on the known spot. Vanity! all is vanity! said Solomon and I have never doubted it: and have so little that if I could at once undo my battles and destroy all knowledge of my name this minute it would be done: but having studied war and mischief all my life, the ‘love of trade’ is in me, and I am not indifferent to success. Whoever has power is bound to do good, and if I have done evil God forgive me. He knows my best was done for what appeared to me right, and time will clear my name from the aspersions of unprincipled men like Lord Howick, who fancied he could gain applause by attacking me, however unjustly. And then those varlets Fonblanque and Eastwick. It is too bad to be frying here, and doing what these fellows could not do, and suffer their abuse besides.

“Sehwan, 29th.—Rode to the top of Alexander’s tower, but do not believe he built it. It has circular arches of brick and the Greeks used the flat binding: the learned doubt if they knew of the circular segment in architecture. This is however an enormous mass of brick; nothing ever met my eyes before like it, so vast is the apparent solid mass; there are remains of towers on it also. To-morrow a minute examination if well, but there is fever in my blood. I seldom complain, perhaps only when most people would be in bed. It is better that life should go sliding away and then a sudden drop; but while it lasts let me be in harness

and die with my sword by my side like a gentleman: if in victory so best. The people here come from afar and squat down fifty yards from my tent to see their 'king.' Is this mere curiosity, or do they really think I protect them? They say yes, and I work hard to make it true. Whether I succeed is known to the good God and the Evil Spirit whose struggle produces our fate. It is said God afflicts us to prove us! Strange theory! I believe in his endeavours to save us from the devil, and that in death we shall belong to the power we best serve. In this life the evil genius has power over us, he clothes us with flesh and fleshly appetites; the mind struggles, and if, with the good God's help it controls the body we are safe, and the body perishes: if not hell has us, and knows what to do with its own.

" 30th.—Still at Sehwan, having halted to find out truth. The poor people came to me with earnest prayers: they never come without cause, but are such liars and so bad at explaining, that were their language understood by me it would be hard to reach facts. Yet knowing well that at the bottom there is gospel; that no set of poor wretches ever complain without a foundation, here will I stay till the truth comes out and relief be given. On all these occasions my plan is a most unjust one. For against all evidence I decide in favour of the poor; and argue against the argument of the government people so long as I can. When borne down by proofs '*irrefragable*' like Alexander I cut the knot, and give an atrocious verdict against the '*clearest proofs*.' My formula is this. Punish the government servants first, and enquire about the right and wrong when there is time! This is the way to prevent tyranny, and make the people happy, and render public servants honest. The latter know they have '*no chance of justice*' if they are complained against, and consequently take good care to please the poor. If the complaint is that they cheat government, oh! that is another question; then they have fair trials and leniency: we are all weak when temptation is strong.

"Your 'doctrinaire,' who is incapable of ruling men, looks awfully grave when the poor complain: even majestic. He holds the scales with the dignity of Minerva herself; he puts all the arguments of one side—the lies of which he cannot perceive, but which nevertheless exist, into one scale, and all the blundering falsehoods of ignorant suffering into the other. But he leaves out human nature, he leaves out the gross ignorance of the sufferers whose agonies break down vulgar power of compression and expression, and, combined with terror of the great, drive them to desperation almost convulsive in their efforts for redress. Their struggling ignorance being met by the self-possession of power and education, and practice, and habits of intercourse with superiors, has no ability to unravel the tangle presented and flies to that resource of the weak, falsehood. Then your doctrinaire condemns them. Well, doctrinaires have not footing yet in Scinde, there are no whig poor-laws here. Oh! it is glorious thus to crush Scindian whigism! and don't I grind them till my heart dances. The poor fishermen who are now making their lying howls of complaint at the door of my tent are right, though I can't yet find the truth in the midst of their falsehoods.

"December 2nd.—Still Sehwan. I am by degrees coming to the truth about the fishermen of the great lake *Munchur*, which is between this place and the mountains.

"December 3rd.—Marched this morning, having penetrated the mystery. Formerly fishermen, and all people living on the banks of the lake, paid a capitation tax for licence to fish: this tax amounted to 2500 rupees. Four years ago Nusseer Khan, being here, found that the fish were abundant, and wild fowl also. The villain directly said, Your capitation tax is not enough, I will farm the lake, and he did so, allowing the contractor three fish out of every twelve caught. The people were discontented, but who could speak against an Ameer? Bah! Well, Scinde became ours, and I ordered everything to remain in statu

quo, except the transit duties and slavery. My collectors went forth, and five thousand rupees were bid for the fish contract on the lake. This year the contractor offered ten thousand, if the collector would allow him two fish out of every five taken ; but he also takes two out of five wild birds killed. Now three fish out of twelve is 25 per cent., and Mr. collector, Captain Preedy, has without my knowledge raised it to 40 per cent. on the very poorest class of the population ; and he has levied it on men already charged with the capitation tax for right to fish at all. Captain Preedy is an amiable man, and so religious he would not cough on a Sunday for fear of the devil, yet from sheer ignorance has done a deed of such cruelty here as is enough to raise an insurrection."

Here a cross note, written long after, says in very strong terms, that Captain Preedy did not err from ignorance.

"This discovery of oppression is alone sufficient to repay the trouble of my journey. How hard it is to govern and be just ! Not one bit of this tyranny and folly could I get at the root of at first ; nor should I at last, but for my fixed resolve to be unjust to government servants in the first instance. The poor people trembled at making a complaint, but finding I took part against the public servants plucked up courage, and by the help of Captain Lavie I got at the truth : henceforth the people shall give only three fish out of every hundred, instead of every five. They also lived on the lotus plant which grows on the lake, and two out of five were there again taken : the poor creatures dared not pluck a weed to eat without being taxed ! This I have abolished altogether. These taxes would, they say, have produced 100,000 rupees yearly, but also would probably have called for two thousand more troops, and now I shall want two thousand less : thus my financial operation makes a difference of four thousand, besides rendering the people happy and adding to the renown of England. I shall have a fight to do all this, but the only way is to refuse to 'listen

to reason and common sense.' Were I to do so the moon would be a cheese, fresh from Parmegiano. A man must use his own reason, not other people's: if he does not he is unfit to rule. Oh the doctrinaires! and political economists! Well did Napoleon say they would ruin the most flourishing kingdom in ten years! We are now come to where the villages have walls and towers of mud, being close to the hills where the *Lootoos* dwell. Loot means to rob, and these hills are full of Lootoos, but I will tame them. My hope is that when I leave the country the poor cultivator will be at peace and reap the fruit of his labour despite of Lootoos and Captain Preedy, who is a good-natured mischievous pavior of hell as one could wish to see.

"December 4th, Sha Hussan.—On Lake Munchur, skirting the Hala range. Strong rocky grand, fertile valleys, sheep and goats many. A great deal of cultivation, wild fowl innumerable. The villages numerous, large and fortified: we have left the howling wilderness. I feel very unwell and know not what ails me; my spirits flag in an unwonted manner: perhaps my end is near. Well, my race has been fairly run and death can be met.

"5th, Sheenie.—I discover new villanies every day. There is a poll-tax on Hindoos and Scindees, none on Beloochees. This must be removed, but cautiously; for the Beloochees are so close to the mountains that I dare not take them roughly by the neck as my desire is: everything must give way to the preservation of peace. A privileged class cannot be permitted; but if a country is to be made the seat of war by removing the privileges, it is better to await a more convenient time when my hand will be stronger: that is, after settling with the hill robbers. These I will press with all the power of civilization, and if instead of submission they shew fight, I think to give them a lesson of war that they will not recover before Scinde is so far advanced as not to fear them.

"December 6th, Joree.—Discovered that slavery is still

carried on here to a great extent. All sorts of atrocities are going on in Captain Preedy's district. I must send a *head* into this district.

“December 8th, Dreig.—My spirits are bad. Things do not please me, strange events occur of a dark nature: men receive warnings. I went back to my home the 12th of November when one march from Kurrachee, at the beginning of this journey; my horse fell and how I escaped is strange, for he rolled over me. I never quitted the saddle, and one foot was fast in the stirrup, yet I got free because my boot came off. Red Rover stood still, but he, my favourite horse, *fell!* Again I went to see the *Sir C. Napier steamer*, I fell down the hold, and that from the cabin, where I thought I was safe! These things affect me. Am I to fail or fall in the raid against the robbers? If to fall well, of that I am not afraid: but am I to fail?

“December 8th, Thubree.—Mr. Howell, the man who commanded the Ameers' artillery at Hyderabad and Meeanee against us, has been set free. My best has been done to effect this, for his story is doubtless true, namely, that matchlocks were placed to his head to force him to act: he has been two years a prisoner. When taken his conduct pleased me. To give him an opportunity of escaping I said, You are it is understood an American and free to go, though I might keep you as a prisoner of war. General I will not deny my country, I am an Englishman. Then you are a traitor and I must hang you. I hope not general. I am no traitor. Eight matchlocks were put to my head, I hope you will not put me to death, I acted against my will but I will not deny my country to save my life. Well Mr. Howell I will not hang you, but you are a prisoner. Lord Ellenborough wrote about him to the home authorities. No answer. Again Lord E. applied. No answer. Now, on my application, Hardinge has allowed me to dispose of Mr. Howell as I please, and I have let him out. Poor man, he has been in these countries since he was eleven years of age

and can hardly speak English. If he had fought for the Ameers it would not have been strange.

“December 9th, Goza.—Slavery: these villains carry it on to an immense extent, and treat their slaves cruelly. I have arrested several, and am marching them as prisoners meaning to punish rigorously: the whole country is in alarm, i. e. the slaveholders. This is what I want. They talk of *their property*—they bought the slaves. In fine I have a full dish of ‘vested interests’ ‘rights of property’ and all the cant of old; but being a sensible man the right of the child not to be sold or bought comes uppermost. My answers to the Beloochees, who argue their claims to slaves as well as if they were professors of Brougham’s London College, are handcuffs, the scourge, and working on the road. Vested interests are violated, but the poor girls are saved from violation and let out of the hareems, and husbands and parents get back their wives and daughters. I have a gang of rich gentlemen trotting along with my Mogul horsemen, who don’t joke except at their prisoners’ expence, adding the slap of a sabre when they don’t walk fast. I know better how to abolish slavery in my territories than the Whigs: it is only in this mountain district the slaveowners have defied me on this point, but their day is come.

“My lieutenant of police, Jemadar Abdool Sha, is a fine old fellow. Abdool were you in the Ameers’ service? Yes Saheb. Were you in the battle? To be sure I was Saheb, but I am now your slave. Where were you? In the bed of the Fullaillee with twelve of my own followers; six were killed in the bed of the river, and then, Bismillah! I run away. What could I do? Everybody was running, six brave men of my tribe lay dead around me, what was the use of staying? I went off, and am now your slave. This chap will rout out the slaveholders.

“I am doing a world of good by this journey. One poor woman told me a rich villain had taken her daughter by

force, and would not even let her see her ; she had been six months with him : a messenger has gone for my friend. Unscrupulous debauchery was the practice of the Ameers, and their sirdars closely followed their example : the rich Hindoos did the same ; half the slaveholders are Hindoos. They dared not touch a Mahometan girl, but were welcome to take as many Scindee girls as they liked ; and kill the fathers if they resisted. This was Major Outram's ' patriarchal government.' If killing fathers and husbands and ravishing wives and daughters be so, then was the government of the Ameers patriarchal in the extreme ! And I, sinner that I am, have put it down !

" These hill robbers have increased their insolence, and I have ordered all villages to have a red flag with the name of the village on it in white letters, and when robbers approach the kardar is to hoist this flag and march against them at the head of his people if they think they can fight ; but no villager is to quit his village armed except under this flag. If they meet our troops they are to halt and the kardar is to ride up singly, when the commanding officer will leave a man to lead the villagers. The kardars and head men of villages are also to visit the nearest outposts and see the troops on parade, that people and soldiers may know each other : this is the only mode to prevent fatal mistakes. The fact is that the frontier villagers are all robbers themselves, for those who are not have abandoned their villages. "

" I have had sad work this day. A man was brought in desperately wounded by another, who was also brought by the villagers bound hand and foot. The assassin was of Nowsharra, on the left bank of the Indus. He swum, as these men all do, across the river on a blown skin and stole a bullock ; the owner discovered him and seized his property, the thief drew a sword and ripped him up, but his friends came up and brought both men to me. The assassin was a thorough-looking ruffian ; a commission sentenced him to death, and he was by my order hanged in the village.

I am right, yet miserable. Severe examples are absolutely necessary, for the country swarms with idle villains who could have plenty of work at high wages, but prefer robbing, although provisions are very cheap. A fish of two pounds cost me this day only a halfpenny, and the river swarms with them. The whole lake also covered with the lotus, which the people eat, and they have likewise wild fowl of all kinds: a man can glut himself for a penny, while wages, since we came and that I took off the tariff, are for common labourers sixpence a day. He uses no clothes and sleeps in the open air, as we all do; and in winter a hut of leaves supplies him with shelter; he can gorge and lay by threepence per diem. Is this a land to allow men to prowl in, robbing and murdering? No! I feel cast in the mould for government; nothing shakes or unnerves me, and though these executions make me wish for private life I must kill more. Nowbut Khan and Sobah Guddee must die.

“The tribes are collecting. They can muster sixteen thousand and I shall not have three thousand: these odds are stiff, but the robbers must be chastised or this land cannot thrive, and God has decreed that it shall be restored to comfort and freedom by me: this is fate; if it is not I shall fall in the fight, or be assassinated, or die of fever. The people everywhere come out to meet me, and bless me as I pass: is this slavery or barbarism, or fear of the victor, or honesty? People think I thirst for military glory! Oh God! I am not stone in my feelings. This day Thou knowest it. Every day Thou knowest it. No, I am not stern, I assume what is not in my nature to do my calling well.

“Dec. 10th, Maher.—The slave-trade is rife everywhere: it is a snake easily scotched but hard to kill. Yet kill it I will. Severity, injustice, violence, smite! smite! smite! If an oak is to be felled you must smite and not reason with spectators. I listen to nothing, and make prisoners of all accused, condemn without proof, punish without mercy,

and before January 1848, not a slave shall be in Scinde : if there are the owners shall hang, and possibly the kardar of the village also. I will cut down my oak. God has given man a right to freedom, and no right which man has given to man shall, under me, deprive him of God's gift. Shall I split hairs with ruffians about their self-assumed rights when a thousand people are awaiting my decision in agonies? He who is innocent must rejoice that he suffers for the good of society : Paley holds this doctrine on far less tenable ground. I am sick. I hope fever is not coming on, but fear it is, feeling very sick : hourly I break, but like a good horse mean to drop in harness without jibbing.

December 11th, Nusseerabad. — Wullee Chandia came down from his mountain to salaam. He has a fine head and face, and is quite different from what he was when expecting to be put to death. He is a fine old robber chief as ever I saw, nothing wicked in his look, yet resolute, and very earnest : his long snowy beard gives him a respectable appearance, and his high rank dignified manners.

“December 13th, Larkaana.—Did good work yesterday at Dadur. Wullee Chandia and Hadjee Khan were there. They came with all their under chiefs and followers to beg off the men imprisoned for having slaves. There was a large crowd of poor and rich. I took fire in excellent style, Kean never acted better, and the scene was perfect. I swore to bury myself and my army in Scinde or destroy slavery : I made my interpreter roar aloud, that the Queen was the *Father* of all the poor ; that every poor person should be as free as I was myself ; and having thus laid down the law in a way that no man there liked to dispute—Lo ! the perfect freedom of Scinde !—I went off in a eulogy on old Wullee Chandia's high character, faith to government, and ended by giving him Nowbut Khan's sword and matchlock : which by the way I wished to keep myself, but thought it too like thieving.

“Muddunjee, 16th.—My resolution is to lower taxation.

Where we water the land the tenant pays half his produce in rent; where he waters it himself the government *sirkar* takes one-third, or two-fifths. This must be reduced, but with caution. I have located about two thousand people on good land, with two years' freedom from rent: they were followers of the Kallora princes and driven by the Ameers into the hills, where they have since lived as robbers, under the patriarchal government! They will now be good subjects attached to us, being real Scindees, not Beloochees, and they voluntarily offered to come in.

“December 17th, Sulleeanee, on the bank of the Indus. —The village has been swept away by the river in summer: this is a common occurrence on the banks of this wild river, which is now rolling within thirty yards of my tent, a mighty stream some six hundred yards wide. It is quite quiet, and the moon glints on its calm waters, just showing that they glide along silent and deep: all is beautiful and tranquil—‘*How beautiful is night!*’—and this is the climate of Thalaba! Is the destroyer here? He has left his traces in this noble country. More poor complaining people up to-day; they got redress and crowds blessed me: I hope their prayers are sincere. I do stern things for their sake, not unjust things for my own. Lord Howick called me a robber, adding murderer: base-minded fellow, he did so to pretend he was with the oppressed, and never asked if it was true! Had he said it over a bottle it might pass, but a deliberate charge in Parliament sitting as a legislator! Oh! it was worthy of the grandson of the old plunderer and refuser of quarter! Let Botta's Italian History of the American War speak for the conduct of General Grey.

“Sukkur, December 18th.—This day in 1842 I left this place as a major-general, having orders to force the Ameers to respect existing treaties and enter into a fresh treaty. I have been plentifully abused for obeying that order: yet none of the abusers say how a major-general on the Indian staff was to disobey direct peremptory orders from a

governor-general. Their ideas of military discipline must be very exact. I came to India at the age of sixty to provide for my children, and I was immediately to expose myself to be broke by a court-martial with disgrace, after fifty years' service, because a fool like Major Outram, and an abusive fellow like Dr. Buist, settled that barbarian robbers were to be allowed leisure to prepare a massacre of the British army. I was to correct Lord Ellenborough, get broke, leave the army to be destroyed, and go home Mr. Napier, with a wife and children to be starved, my honour lost, and the disgrace and bloodshed which would have followed in India all laid on my recreant soul! I had more honesty and more wit, and here I am, again hearing the people rejoice in my conquest of their country.

" December 19th.—Sent spies in all directions to discover Beja Khan's whereabouts, and also where his family is. I have written to the Khan of Kbelat to meet me at Gundava instead of Dadur—saying I was an old man unable to journey so far as Dadur, and my soldiers are sickly. This shall be followed by an ambassador to persuade him to come to Gundava, thus to remove any doubts or fears; for these chiefs have a wholesome dread of me, most of them tremble from head to foot when they are first introduced: this is now wearing off, but they still fear. Brown goes to the Khan, who will be thus drawn to the south, for he has taken Poolagee—a trick in my belief. He and Beja agree in this mode. You take Poolagee, Khan, I fly to the hills, you tell the general how you have chastised me; he will be satisfied, you go back and I will gently steal to Poolagee, and *all right coachey*. If the Khan retires to Gundava and has really quarrelled with Beja, that chief will cut his master up in retreat. I shall thus discover whether the game is true or false, and at the same time will insist on the Khan delivering his subject, Beja Khan, into my hands. If he does not, and I know he cannot, Beja being a sort of Warwick, stronger than the king, then will I take Rojan and

Poolagee from him. For if a prince cannot prevent his subjects plundering a neighbouring territory he must not complain if that neighbour protects himself.

“20th.—Beja has fled to the Bhoogtee Hills : he shall be worked. I will seek an alliance with the Murrees, will halt the troops coming to me from Ferozepoor at Barra in Bhawalpoor, make them cross the Indus and attack the Bhoogtees for having received him.

“December 22nd.—Matters do not please me. First I see we are likely to have another Sepoy mutiny, from the errors of head-quarters. Second. The Khan of Khelat has beaten Beja Khan, which proves his loyalty but gives me little security for the future. However Brown shall go to him to see how the land lies ; and if the Khan refuses to meet me it will be insult, and there will be a quarrel. I shall then take Rojan and Poolagee, and the former is really and of right ours I find : this will secure our frontier. If the Khan meets me, he shall occupy Poolagee with proper people, and I will include the Murrees in our treaty.

“December 23rd.—Saw the arsenal : it is in good order, and my little mountain guns are ready for running about the hills. I would not go to see the prisoners in the fort—poor men ! And I was shocked to find that Hunter, who is nevertheless a man of great feeling I think, had not looked after these poor prisoners being cared for. When I spoke to him his observation was ‘*What signifies ?*’ Sobah Guddee is very ill and this way of running down one’s fellow-creatures shocks me. These men are murderers, it is necessary to hang some, and Sobah Guddee is one ; but we should avoid unnecessary harshness. They have been brought up to treat life as nothing, and to take it without mercy ; but we have not, and we should think with Burns ‘A man’s a man for a’ that.’

“Christmas day.—Great dinner. The officers made me speak. Lord Ellenborough’s health was given, and received with extraordinary enthusiasm. I then got up, and in my

tent found the most kind and flattering letter from his lordship: this was curious. Superstition about these things is part of my nature. He, for the first time, begins, My dear general, asking to drop the official style. He gives me a curious sword, a *straight* Damascus blade: very uncommon. His whole letter seems designed to rivet our friendship, as if he had heard what I had just said of him at the dinner, which was simply this: 'Gentlemen I give you the great man who found India in gloom and left it in sunshine.' Shouts followed, and the band played, 'There's nae luck about the house.'

" 26th.—Sent moonshee to the Khan at Chuttar. If we fail there, the Khan and Ali Moorad and the tribes will join together as sure as fate.

" 27th.—Moonshee returned last night. The Khan sends me word he dare not meet me, as the Affghans would instantly be upon him and plunder Quettah, which we English call Shawl. He says he must go back, but I am welcome, on his retreat, to fall on the rebel tribes of Doomkees Jackranees and Bhoogtees. This suits me, as I was resolved to take that liberty whether welcome or not. He has evidently been worsted by Beja and dare not remain where he is; these robbers are very powerful and he cannot contend with them. He said to moonshee. You saw the sirdars around me, and amongst them Mahomed Shurreef, who the general let out lately: if I affront him the whole will leave me. I think I must thrash these chaps too, they are leagued with the robbers; but it will be hard to catch them in the mountains.

" 28th.—Brown off to the Khan to get a letter, if he can, authorizing me to attack his rebel subjects. I have sent Simpson to organize the camp of the Bundlecund Legion, which is at Subzulcote, coming from Ferozepoor: he is to let me know what sort of troops they are. I can pass them all over the Indus in a day and march upon Deyrah, and have written to ask the Mooltan man's permission to cross a

small part of his territory. If he refuses, another road is open; but in that case he will be told he must not let the enemy into his dominions. The Murrees have also been written to, and if all these people play fair there will be a chance of catching Beja. But they will not, they will compel me to thrash them all, and my thought is I can do it though others who tried could not. My game begins to arrange itself pretty well in my head, but still great doubt remains of the possibility of doing anything decisive against these mountaineers.

"29th.—Heard from Brown. The Khan is off in fear, which pleases me, I want him away. My preparations are all made, and my thought is that Beja's bones will be broken if he tries a fight.

"30th.—Going to call on Ali Moorad.

"31st.—Kyrpoor. All honours from Ali Moorad and his fat boy, Sha Nawaz, the copper-coloured Napoleon. He has a small guard, got up by Curling, who tells me it will disband when I go: Ali won't pay them. I could make him, but am doubtful of the wisdom, as it is all but impossible to give European ideas to these Asiatics. Could I do so with Ali, or Sha Nawaz of Khelat, it would make Scinde a rock. If we could confide in them as allies, a good body of two thousand men well drilled would render it unnecessary to keep a large force in Sukkur: but this cannot be; for if the least accident gave their unsteady heads a chance against us they would turn. In this view Ali shall neither be encouraged nor discouraged to form troops, but go his own gait, and if he has head to govern he will see that it is not his game to quarrel with us."

So ended the year 1844, but the state of affairs and the events of the journey require some further illustration from his private correspondence.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, December 18th.—I got your letters safely but very late, because, since Lord E.'s departure the Bombay government never sends a steamer to us, except it

wants troops: this is one of the ways they make war on us. The mutiny here is a serious affair; it is clapt up for the present, but I fear the Bengal army is not sound. The conduct of Pottinger I hold to be shameful. He has taken home a memorial against me, from Roostum, to lay at Her Majesty's feet: the governor-general sent it to me for an answer. I have no copy, it went by order to Lord Ellenborough. Half of what Roostum complains of was done by Pottinger himself, the other half was the result of Roostum's own tricks; and Pottinger takes this home to give the Queen as a charge against me, backed by his authority on Scindian affairs! I have kept no terms, but handled him roughly. His violent letter to Del Hoste, which he afterwards declared was against Lord Ellenborough, not against me, required to be authenticated before I noticed it; and then one allows a little for a man committing himself in a private, perhaps a thoughtless letter. In this matter of the memorial he is deliberately bad; a gentleman would have previously sent to me to say what he was about.

"About the 78th's sickness, all you may see in the Bombay Times about quarters is miserable stuff: the real cause is drink. It does not give fever but inflames blood and brain, and enables the disease to take too firm a grasp to be got rid of. Why their rations are two drams a day, and eight make a quart. So the sober soldier swallows one quarter of a large bottle of raw spirits every day, and you know them too well to doubt that the other three-fourths go down after. Dr. Robertson of the 13th told me that at Jellalabad no liquor could be got, water was the soldier's drink, and he had not a man sick the whole time! He says the great disease with officers and men is drinking, but the soldier gets the worse liquor, arrack made with anything and everything but rice, and thus the wholesomest of all Indian produce is sadly belied. It is made chiefly of *bang*, a liquor drawn from the date tree mostly, not by distillation but by incision of the bark.

“The rumour of my journey brought regular ambassadors with letters of devotion from distant parts. In my camp now there is a prince, ambassador from Khiva, who has with great danger effected his journey. He assures me that the King of Ourgan or Khiva, hates Russia and the Khan of Herat; and if we will march against Herat and Bokara he will work them from the west, and my success is certain! And if I will attack Cabul he will, at the word, be at the Affghans. He asks why we English, of whom he understood that we would avenge a dog, allowed our army to be massacred and did not avenge it? To confirm his goodwill he gave me presents, which I accepted, made a return from our gift depôt, and sold his by auction, which put ten rupees profit into the Company’s purse. Well, Khiva was too late. An ambassador from Yar Mohamed of Herat had got here first, and gave me a fine horse:—good beast! he is close to my tent asking for a biscuit: I bought him however at auction.

“This ambassador was accredited for the Bombay governor, but on reaching Scinde heard that I was the man to bribe. He is a nephew of the prince, and I gave him a review, paying all civility, but advised him to go to Bombay. There they affronted him, and he is at Aden on his road to Mecca. He wrote me a letter of thanks for my civility, and abuse of Sir G. Arthur, with a formal complaint of his treatment addressed to the governor-general. It is very foolish to render ourselves unpopular with these distant chiefs. I would venture to go alone to Constantinople and be sure of honourable reception everywhere in Asia. The greatest honour for them is to shew our strength and discipline, our rapid firing, our artillery. I sent a troop of horse artillery full gallop up a rocky height for this man; it delighted him and he will tell such Eastern lies as will do good all over Asia. I am now embued with a salutary dread of what I am going to do. The Khan of Khelat is afraid to meet me, but afraid not to meet me, to deprecate

my anger he has assembled his men and driven Beja Khan into the hills behind Poolagee, which I did not want.

"After a palaver with Wullee Chandia, before all the chiefs, I gave him Nowbut's weapons, and on going away he whispered You will hang Nowbut I hope. By the Lord yes! On which the old fellow's countenance brighted up wonderfully, for Nowbut would kill him as sure as fate if he got out: he is a thorough-going savage. The other great robber chief, Sobah Guddee, was only captured by a fight, and his son and nephew were killed. A young man named James, who speaks their language, said to them Surrender and you are safe. A chief immediately leaped forward and seizing James's bridle was by him saved; whereupon James said, You see I do not hurt him, surrender. I am Guddee's son, and I won't surrender cried one. I am Guddee's nephew, and I won't surrender cried the other. They placed their backs against a tree, holding sword and shield; but two young policemen, having swords only, instantly engaged them and slew both. Guddee himself stood at bay until Alyff Khan, a glorious fellow of my police, rode up and said, Guddee surrender or I will slay you. Are you Alyff Khan? Yes! Guddee flung down his sword. Alyff is one of the handsomest fellows in Scinde and of wide fame as a swordsman; and it was his son, a lad of twenty, who killed Guddee's nephew. Guddee has forfeited his life, but I am sorry for his brave boy and nephew: James did his best to save them. The truth however is, that giving no mercy they did not expect any and it was desperation more than high-mindedness; even the man who surrendered very nearly killed James afterwards. It is difficult to produce right feelings with these people, but perseverance may do so.

"If Beja does not come back to Poolagee I can do but little; yet I have divided the tribes, and so managed that if he does not come back soon he will not be able to come at all. I discovered a fortress called Mohun-kote, marked in Walker's map as a little mud fort. It is of cut stone and

mortar and at least fifteen miles in circumference! Riding with a talking peasant at my side, my interpreter asked him about Mohun-kote; he knew no such place; but he knew *Fort Rennie*. Is it big? Yes! bigger than Hydrabad. We laughed, he persisted, McMurdo and two others were started to look, and there it was, ten times as big as Hyth-rabaad: so they pronounce the word. A stream of purest water gushes from the side of a rock inside, and becomes a river flowing into the Indus: and this now, in the dry season. My opinion is that the great Ahmed Khan resided here. The people say the Ameers built it; but I made out by dint of inquiry that they only rebuilt a part where there were ruins: it is probably the site of some of the old cities of Scinde.

“December 19th.—The whole garrison of Sukkur is fairly floored, body and spirit by illness. Both Simpson and Hunter write to me with great lowness, praying for my arrival: this is natural, they think my coming will do good, and so it will by the excitement. This misfortune will, it is to be feared, impede my work against Beja Khan: I dare not venture into the hills with a handful of weak men, and it will not do to fail.

“Henry Napier.—The illness has been so general that two of my collectors have been obliged to go for months to Bombay; indeed every one has quitted his post for a time, and of course robbing has run riot. These officers have no houses yet. We are building gradually, as workmen can be got from other countries, but in the interior our people are seriously exposed. It will require two years more to fairly establish our real revenue; yet we improve, and would more but for locusts; they are dreadful, the land is covered and grain disappears! The people sweep them into heaps and burn them alive, which is very kind but too late, as before this little attention is paid they have dined. Revenue goes on for all that.

“The criminal and other cases are so heavy that scarcely

can I get through my work : the people love law now that it gives them justice, and I let no man be condemned whose trial I have not read and signed : and often I revise. I could easily ask for lawyers and get them, but against that Lord Ellenborough warned me ; and indeed my own fear is that they would produce mischief. The people even in the commonest matters are not satisfied without my signature. Lawyers would be an enormous expence, and they would go by fixed rules, without give and take. This the chiefs would not bear. Take two men, the same crime, everything the same in the eye of the law ; hang *one* and all the country will bow to your justice ; hang the other and the country will rise in arms. Nowbut Khan will be hanged, and all are content but himself. But suppose Wullee Chandia were the man ; my whole force must be under arms and God knows where it would end.

“ Now Wullee would handle a caravan as readily as Nowbut ; but Wullee is a holy man as well as chief and robber, and my *friend*. He could turn out twenty thousand men to mend the matter, and he took Nowbut prisoner ! Were Wullee in the hands of lawyers they would condemn him and Scinde would be insurgent. It would never enter the head of a civil servant to consider how far our strength would go. I hang Nowbut because he deserves death, and because he would murder Wullee if he was not hanged : therefore all Wullee’s men entirely approve of justice being done upon Nowbut Khan. But here is another affair for management. Wullee has slaves, and so have his chiefs. So I took advantage of having done him the favour of hanging Nowbut to make an oration against slavery in general, and growing gradually more violent, swore in the midst of a great assembly I would have vengeance on any man who thus defied the Queen’s orders—and then told Wullee to warn all the sirdars against it : I had ten of them prisoners in my camp as felons, all his friends. He and another great chief, Hadjee Khan, looked a good deal alarmed as I spoke ;

then I broke up the assembly, giving Wullee the arms of Nowbut, which secures a '*blood fuel*,' as moonshee calls it, between the two tribes: indeed his arresting Nowbut did that; but having his sword, with '*Nowbut Khan, this is his property*' inlaid in gold on the blade, will seal the matter and keep both weak and under my power. Hadjee and Wullee are as guilty as my prisoners, only they treat their slaves so kindly they made no complaint. Had I made those powerful men prisoners, at least one general action must have been fought with some forty thousand desperate men, and slavery perhaps perpetuated. Now I shall destroy it.

"I am fortifying, building barracks, forming police, and raising the poor so as to defy their chiefs: this they begin to do. Don't publish this, for these men, the chiefs I mean, all read translations of the papers and get the pith of everything. Now no one knows my game, it all comes out naturally by my speeches, and a few observations designed to connect matters. Were it known at once it would lose effect. But my policy is so little understood that I have even had trouble to keep my highest officers from making Wullee Chandia revolt; they class all natives alike, as rascals, but they are not so: their robberies are their trade and not in their eyes dishonourable; and I do not rest my anger on the ground of any man being a robber, but that he does not obey the orders issued by me, viz. that no man is to rob, therefore robbers are disobedient. I see this wrong feeling has place at Sukkur, and it has hurried me up. Our fellows do not perceive the way to treat these people; the true way is that which I followed in Cephalonia—i.e. made myself the great chief, and thus commanded. Obey me! Do what you like, rob, murder, anything that I have not forbid, all things unless I have said No! This was understood there, and is so here. These people do not understand our rules of honour and right; they think me a

very sensible fellow, who takes time by the forelock, and that I am filling my coffers; and as I hit hard in battle they bow. The poor people bow also because I am kind to them; and as to the real Scindees and Hindoos, they can live well now and in two years will be able to defy a relapse into misery. My opinion is that even now, if all the troops were withdrawn and the Ameers turned loose here I could defeat them with the people only."

Now befell a dreadful calamity. The 78th Regiment, designed for the hill campaign, was nearly destroyed by a sickness sudden and terrible. The Bombay faction instantly proclaimed, — Outram being foremost in the shameless slander, "that Sir C. Napier's ignorance and reckless disregard of the medical men's advice had caused the mortality, and that he was their murderer." The 78th being Highlanders, letters and newspapers were sent to Scotland, denouncing him as the "*wilful murderer of the soldiers!*" These infamous falsehoods marking the character of his enemies are exposed in the following letter.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, January.—The 78th Regiment is absolutely destroyed: two hundred dead, and the living in a sad plight. Of course I am assailed by the scoundrel factious editors: that don't pain me, but the destruction of the poor soldiers does deeply. I am not to blame. The usual course of fever is to attack in September and first half of October, after which few new cases, but old ones are apt to relapse and very dangerously. I had orders from government to bring down the 13th Regiment to Kurrachee, and send the 78th up: this I did, so as to have the 13th away before the period of relapses, and the 78th there after the period of first attacks. Movement is reckoned good, the 13th escaped all sickness, and the 78th reached Sukkur in excellent health, and remained so till the 1st November, when the fever broke out with unheard-of violence and continued till the end of the year! The 78th might indeed have been

detained until the whole sickly season had passed away; but the fever was quite unexpected and unusual, and the reasons for sending them were strong. Every place was healthy except Shikarpoor, where illness seemed local and dying away. The Bengal troops had just mutinied, had called for their officers' blood, and pelted General Hunter with stones; the Lion and the hill tribes were close at hand in hostility. Was I to leave Hunter without Europeans? Suppose the Bengalees had again mutinied! the 64th had twice seized their colours in the four preceding months. Suppose a third mutiny, European officers murdered, the treasury and magazine in Bukkur seized, and the mutineers walking over the frontier to the robbers, or to the Mooltan Sikhs, amongst whom they have numerous friends and relations!

“These things were all within the bounds of probability: many of the disbanded 34th Regiment did join the Sikh army. What would have been said? ‘Was Sir C. Napier possessed to leave that unfortunate General Hunter and his murdered comrades without European soldiers, after all that had passed!’ How could that have been met? I must have hid my head for the rest of my life. Hence, while sorrowing for the 78th there is no consciousness of error.

“The medical men are puzzled, and say it is an extraordinary endemic for which they cannot account: the natives have suffered here and at Roree, and Kyrpoor, but every other place has been healthy. This is the true story of this matter, for which I have been so foully assailed by wretched libellers, especially the Delhi Gazette: trying to make the friends of the soldiers at home believe my negligence caused their deaths. I do not act without reflection. I am a man whose daily occupation is to deal with the lives of his fellow-men, and therefore standing on the brink of damnation: for if I do not deeply consider ere acting murder is on my head. I pray hourly to be right and believe my doings are so in the sight of God, and if they are not in the eyes of man

let me be punished, for I repeat a thousand times that error in judgment is with rulers a crime. Nations are not to suffer because certain men are conceited. With God it is different: He judges men according to their lights. My position makes me deeply religious. Christ and Socrates eschewed public service, and in nothing was their wisdom more shewn."

FIFTEENTH EPOCH.

THIRD PERIOD.

WAR with the robber tribes was now inevitable. Robbers they called themselves, spoliators would be a more correct designation; for what a Norse viking of old was at sea these people were at land, and had nearly the same code of honour. Their social circles were their families, their tribes, their races: they had no national feelings, and the world was their prey. They were nevertheless true to traditional virtue, and were moved by noble impulses though in a wrong direction. A perception of this truth made Sir C. Napier hope to turn their energies from destructive violence to useful pursuits, and it was the conception of a great and good man, but only through war to be realized. How that war was conducted he will now himself tell.

“Journal, January 2nd.—Yesterday I spent shooting, with Ali Moorad: an idle day, yet I saw a good deal of my man, as I designed. Scarcely can I call him clever; he is kind-hearted and unaffected, but thoughtless and without vigour of character. His son Shah Newaz has talent, and will, I think, make a figure; so will the next who is a wild chap and has as funny a look as I ever saw; and a roguish one too, with great determination. The little fellow is as stern as Cato, or any such rascal; but if anything makes him laugh his face lights up with a smile and a look full of fire and sarcasm. They are nice boys of twelve and nine, but disagreeably fattened.

“My mind is now made up to abandon my designed attack, on the hills, from Kusmore across the river against Deyrah, because the Punjaub commotion and the murder of

Heera Singh makes it dangerous to move along the Sikh frontier: a collision might take place and war be thus hurried on before the governor-general is prepared. Moreover the roads are difficult, mountain roads, and though I have great reliance in Simpson he has never commanded before, and is shaken by fever: he might fail in strength if these mountain devils got him with troops he does not know into one of their mighty passes, which are pretty thick in the hills. It is as well to have all under my own hand. I will therefore bring the northern reinforcements down the river, collect all at Rojan, and then move on Poolagee.

“From Poolagee I will give my friend Beja Khan chase, unless he is caught there by the following *ruse*. His deadly foe, Wullee Chandia, shall first advance alone; from him Beja will not fly but defy him, well knowing Wullee cannot stay above two days and cannot force walls. But if the Chandian can thus keep Beja in Poolagee for a day, I shall be hard on his track, and in twelve hours Beja will find himself surrounded by 2000 British, with a train of guns that can blow his fort to atoms! I fear however he is too clever a soldier to commit this error, and will retire to his hills.

“After Poolagee I shall enter the hills, having made every preparation my mind can suggest, and being perfectly aware of the great danger of this mountain warfare. I have offered an alliance to the Murrees, and will give them the enemy's territory if they will come down upon them from Kahun; and as the Bhoogtees have lately given these Murrees a licking, which has put the latter out of humour, I have hopes of their joining me: they dare not attack the Bhoogtees singly, though a brave tribe; but with me at their back, and in alliance with the Chandian, they will venture probably. It is curious that Wullee Chandia who followed me up to Meeanee as an enemy, should now be marching as my ally and subject, perfect in obedience.

“January 4th.—Brown just come back. The Khan of Khelat is a beaten cock in the Cutchee Hills: he rejoices at

my going into his country to put down his rebel subjects, and I am now on the orthodox side of the hedge. Brown's description of the devastations of these robbers under Beja Khan is quite enough to reconcile one to attack them: all is desolation. The poor Cutchee villagers everywhere implored him to urge me forward for their protection, and all say they will come to Scinde. I shall now ascertain where Beja is, and set Wullee to work against Poolagee, or some other fort where he may be found. If he is too cunning to stop he must just be hunted in the hills and a troublesome affair it will be.

“January 6th.—Bhoogtees and Murrees have had an other fight, the latter said to be victorious. Ordered Fitzgerald up from Larkaana, to arrange with Wullee Chandia for the deceitful advance against Poolagee. Jacob is to follow Wullee twelve hours after that old chief starts, and my head-quarters move two days later from Sukkur, when the communication will be cut between Beja and his spies. Then from all points the troops will move forward. Beja look out, the game is sharp! My preparations have all been made so quickly as to give no alarm; yet two thousand infantry, eleven hundred cavalry, twenty-three guns and two elephants are ready for Beja. Amongst my ordnance will be four mortars and six howitzers, and I have a strong corps of pioneers and artificers for reparations of carriage and the opening of roads: miners are also provided, and well-sinkers, with plenty of jumpers, and steel to renew them, for they wear fast if the rock be hard. Bags of lime also I have provided, which in blasting rocks saves powder: nor have water skins been forgotten in case they should poison the desert wells, which is probable.

“December 8th.—Plot thickens, but no impatience Charles Napier! No jumps to conclusions! Step by step work is this, things must go on deliberately and settle down; one order must be well understood before another is issued, or horses will be overloaded and asses crushed. Thought

first, arrangement next, and then for rapidity without confusion; thus before Beja thinks I am out of bed he shall find me on his track. This affair will cost a penny, but it cannot be saved; an end must be put to the plundering system, and an end shall be put. I am preparing superabundance of means, and the wretched newspapers will put forth their usual abuse; but Beja is not to be put down by a company of sharpshooters.

"My commissariat is all right: the drawing the supplies will cause mischief, but there is no help. The guns have 160 rounds each, my plan being to hammer the enemy in his position with a vertical fire, and not charge up hill; for many lives would thus be lost from stones, in the rolling of which these people are adepts. Beja says he will fight me in the passes; but eight shell guns can make a pass—'a mighty uneasy beam, Mr. Lieutenant,' as a poor wild Pat said on board Byng's ship, when we slung his cot to the tiller.

"January 10th.—Beja Khan, as I expected, is not at Poo-lagee: he is doing what pleases me more, organizing resistance in the mountains; a game I can play better than he can. The board is becoming interesting: he can out-march me, but my resources are greater and all shall be put forth. I am superior in drill, supplies of all kinds, arms, and money; he is superior in knowledge of the localities, in numbers, and desperate valour for they are murderers contending for life: the chances are five to three in my favour if I am able to use my tools. News just come that Beja will fight in the passes with four thousand men: a battle shall then make an example of these villains, for they won't ask quarter and I won't offer it: a signal example is required. I will not refuse mercy, but assuredly will proffer none."

A reference to the map of the second volume will shew how the large area of clustered rocks called the Cutchee Hills, run from the Indus westward, to the Hala and Solyman

mountains, which, bending northward and southward were full of wild tribes extending even to the Affreedees, the Moomunds and Kyburees, beyond Peshawur. All these cognate tribes were connected more or less with each other, and with the Affghans and the Punjaubees. To war them down was therefore a great and dangerous enterprize, requiring the most skilful movements; for to escape would be to them a victory. Their own strength was also great, their rocks terrible, their valour and confidence great; and when Charles Napier's design became known a universal shout of ridicule was raised by the newspapers. "He was an insane old man about to lose all his troops; was in utter ignorance of these terrible mountaineers' strength; they would baffle, would laugh at him and then destroy. All experienced Indian officers knew he could not succeed." This feeling was not confined to factious writers; many really able and experienced Indian officers, judging from former failures, thought the enterprize too dangerous, and even his own army were so affected that M'Murdo only thought it feasible: all others were so hopeless of success that he left the matter vague, keeping his preparations secret lest despondency should fall on the troops. His plans were hidden also in fear of the Bombay faction, who through Buist would have communicated them to the enemy. However with marvellous art, and most imperious energy, he continued to push on towards his object, deceiving both friends and enemies.

Amongst his wiles were these. He first moved columns on many directions in Scinde, having only in view to raise the notion of a powerful army being prepared for some great scheme of conquest in Central Asia; spreading rumours to that effect, which were aided by the arrival of the envoys from Khiva and Herat. This imposed on the surrounding nations, who were thus kept in suspense, and thinking his force great became more inclined to join him in a conquering career than to form a hostile confederacy: it also awed the Scindian chiefs who might have been disposed to turbulence while he

was engaged with the robbers, six hundred miles from Kur-rachee. To this, as already shewn, he added the policy of turning the internal feuds of the tribes to advantage by setting some upon Beja Khan. He forced Ali Moorad also to take the field, and so secured the aid of his subjects the Boordees—a tribe decidedly inimical to the British but thus compelled to aid them. He induced the Khan of Khelat to approve publicly of the enterprise, although his chief men were all secret favourers of Beja, a fact discovered by the clever moonshee, Ali Acbar : so entirely indeed were they in the robbers' interests, that when Captain Brown was sent to enforce the alliance and awe the sirdars, the latter sent secret notice of his return to Beja, and only by hard riding and the sagacity of Alyff Khan, the strong swordsman, did he escape from a band sent to capture him.

The Khan himself, first engaged to a conference at Dadur, as already said, was subsequently entreated to change that place for Gundava, on the ground of the general being too old and sick to reach the first place : all the preparations for war were then being made with the utmost secrecy and diligence ; but to aid the deceit on the sirdars a report was industriously spread, that the sickness at Sukkur would, conjoined with the general's state of weakness, certainly cause the enterprise to be postponed until another season. With a clever policy also, a duplicate letter was sent through a channel Beja was sure to intercept, and thus his intelligence from the Khelat sirdar was confirmed from another quarter. In fine nothing that great sagacity could suggest, incessant activity prepare, or an overpowering will enforce, was neglected to insure success, and he was not even checked by the dreadful calamity of the 78th Regiment.

“ M. Genl. W. Napier, January 12th.—Wullee Chandia and the Mugzee chief march to-morrow from Jull and Khunda upon Poolagee, and if Beja has been tricked by my letter into stopping there he is a *gone coon* : but he is an old fox. I shall however, from Poolagee spread my cavalry

along the foot of the hills eastward, and enter them myself with the Chandikas in front, with licence to plunder, but strong orders to respect women and children. Having me at their back they will be bold; and at the same time Ali Moorad is, from the east, to cross the Indus and marching N.W. from Shikarpoor to cut in at Sangsa on my line of movement, which will be on Deyrah the capital of the Jack-ranees. I doubt Ali getting across the hills, but he will block that road, the only one by which the robbers can escape me if the Murrees act with me. In this manner I hope to devastate the robber country by robbers, keeping my own troops together under tight discipline. To-morrow I march, and have this day issued a manifesto to quiet the neighbouring nations and tribes generally as to my moving into Central Asia, which many of them have invited me to do, and probably think it my final object. The manifesto shews the real ground for passing the frontier, that my friends may have means to take my part against the villanous newspapers, amongst which I do not place the Bombay Gentleman's Gazette, or the Agra Uckbar.

“I shall secure all the southern openings from the hills into the plain by my cavalry, while working with my infantry and camel corps amongst the rocks; and if the robbers fly northward to the Mooltan country they cannot take their cattle, and will be pillaged by the Sikhs. They say now they will fight me with six thousand men in the passes, and by all accounts they are fearful customers; but I will pound them with shot and shell until they retire, and then let the Chandians pursue sharply to the next defile. The elephant is of great use in war, but he is a queer chap. At Hydrabad a howitzer stuck fast; Johnny elephant approached, solid as a judge, gave it a lift, and then seeing that a bullock drew badly, in a rage took hold of him and tumbled bullock and gun into a nullah: they regularly thrash the bullocks who don't pull hard. I have rheumatism,

a bad customer for a winter campaign in mountains, and I feel the cold terribly.

“Jan. 13th, Shikarpoor.—Arrived after a ride of 26 miles, the mercury at 86° in my tent, following a very cold night. Just heard that the peasantry of Cutchee mean to join me: this, if true, will be capital. The robber had not discovered our movements on the 12th, and Beja's sons were at Shapoor. Jacob has orders for forced marches, so that no stir will be made along my chain of posts before he is upon Poolagee, and the Shapoor people will thus be cut off, unless they fly eastward through the desert: Ali Moorad's vagabonds will not move until the feast of the Moharem is over. There are no women or children at Shapoor, only the pink of the villains who have earned severity: having spared nothing they must reap as they have sowed. I have however ordered that quarter shall be given to all who ask for it except some named chiefs, who will I hope die in battle to save me from hanging them. We had no war with them, the desert was between us, they were subjects of our ally, they rebelled against him without pretending a complaint, they invaded our territory, plundered, murdered, and utterly devastated the fertile plains of Cutchee. Yes! they must be signally punished.

“Henry Napier.—I must write now or not at all, though ill able, being so worried by young soldiers, all excited, ‘*wanting to know.*’ Great has been the abuse heaped on me, and it will be ten times greater now. Moore got no justice though he died so gloriously; how then can a fellow like me expect it? Well I care not. Some of the Khelat sirdars lately urged Wullee to revolt from me: he answered—I have sworn fealty to the English sirdar and will never draw sword against him. The Khan of Khelat personally is friendly, but were he to join me openly the Affghans would make it an excuse to plunder his territory beyond Shawl; and Beja Khan has deprived him of all

Cutchee. The Kaharees are a tribe driven ten years ago from Poolagee by the Doomkees and I have them all in my pay: they shall be re-established in their ancient possessions. Two of them are now peering about my tent, Habar Khan and Abdoolah: I know what is in their heads and it was all settled long ago in mine.

“Now will be shewn, I think, what people do not at present believe, that regular soldiers are too many for wild mountaineers. If I fail the question will remain for some abler officer to solve, but it is true. My confidence is however great, for the spirit of my men is excellent; the sick, even those of the 64th Regiment, the mutineers, asked leave to go, saying they would get well on the march: I like these Bengal fellows much. Is not the fact of all the native chieftains having offered, and many of them actually fighting under my command beyond the frontiers of Scinde, an answer to those who say our conquest was unjust and cruelly executed? But little do I care for the Court of Directors and their abuse, they are only cunning fools. Hardinge gives me staunch support. At Bombay they try to bully me, and I bite: they cannot bear losing the patronage of Scinde, and my giving it to good men absolutely maddens them.”

It has been shewn in the preceding pages how the frontier of Scinde had been wasted, and was continually menaced with fire and sword by the robbers; that the British troops had been surprized and cut in pieces by hundreds; that the villages had been despoiled; that the villagers had been slain or driven from their homes by thousands, or had joined the robber bands to augment a barbarism entirely destructive, and stained with the blood of women and the horrible mutilation of children! In fine, that the frontier was rendered one wide scene of desolation and lamentation. This state of affairs was perniciously unsettling the minds of the Scindian chieftains, men of the same race and habits as the robbers; it checked the internal civilization of Scinde; it affected the external

independent mountain tribes, impeded commerce, encouraged violence, and was so backed up and encouraged by the Sikhs, the Affghans and Khelatees, as to threaten a general external confederacy, with its sure concomitant, an insurrection of Scindian Beloochees. Beja Khan's murderous exploits were reported as victories, his fame was spreading throughout Central Asia as the rising champion of Islam, and fear of his power and ferocity for the moment overbore even that entertained for the "*Sheitan-ka-Bhaee*" or, "great devil's brother," the name by which the governor of Scinde was now designated amongst the mountain tribes.

All these evils and their formidable consequences had been laid before Lord Ellenborough, and again before Sir Henry Hardinge, with all the lucid power of statement and sagacious policy habitual with Charles Napier, and both concurred, the statesman and the soldier, in sanctioning the meditated warfare. But when the same exposition was laid before Lord Ripon; when it was clearly shewn, that from the swarms of armed adventurers roving about, these robber warriors already numbering above eighteen thousand would inevitably swell into huge armies; shewn also that the British would thereby be compelled to abandon Scinde, and the navigation of the Indus with all its prospective advantages, or to keep up an immense force and yet be subject to the same constant devastating border warfare:—when these things were shewn to Lord Ripon his answer was, "*You make too much of these trifling outpost affairs, which are insignificant.*" The folly of this requires no comment, but the motive does: it was a miserable attempt to aid the board of directors in a foul policy which it was Lord Ripon's official duty to control and suppress; and coming from a man who had so recently practised on Charles Napier's generous temper by a simulated frankness to confide in him and forget the past, it was treacherous. The general cast it aside contemptuously and pursued his enterprise.

Now let the real nature of these insignificant enemies be known.

They were, as said, eighteen thousand, and covered by desert of hard sand, nearly destitute of water; in summer intolerable heat barred it to Europeans, and in winter the robbers had mud forts to protect the wells, which they were brave enough to defend. They would indeed encounter any foe in any manner, on horseback or afoot, but their forays were generally made on small high-blooded fiery mares, so trained as to make journeys almost incredible, abstaining wonderfully from water and being at times fed on raw meat. The ordinary food of the mare was tied under her belly, the man's food, a coarse cake and some arrack, was slung over his shoulder. All the warriors carried swords and embossed shields, some two swords, of the finest temper and sharpness—and sword-whetters always attended them. Every one bore a matchlock, and some carried spears. When beaten by strangers their customs were terrible. Going to battle resolved to win or die, neither giving nor taking quarter, they always left trusty agents to slay their women and children in case of defeat, and their mode of fighting was thus described by their conqueror. "Every man has his weapon ready, and every man is expert in the use of it; they shoot with unerring aim, they occupy positions well and strengthen them ingenuously, and their rush on a foe is very determined; they crouch, they run, covered with protruding shields which they thrust in their adversaries' faces, and with a sword, sharp as a razor, give a blow that cuts through everything, lopping heads and limbs." These were the men to be warred down.

HILL CAMPAIGN.

"Journal, January 11th.—In executing my general plan all accidental circumstances must be carefully observed to make them bear on my leading principle:—namely, a course of action in direct contradiction of that great principle of

war which prescribes concentration of your own forces and the aiming to divide that of your enemy. For in such a war as this, to act upon rules suitable to regular armies would be pedantry, and a mistake. My object shall be to drive the hill men into masses. Because all history tells us that neither barbarous nor civilized warriors of different tribes or nations long agree when compressed."

The following observation by the Duke of Wellington shews how alike his views and Charles Napier's were on this point without any communication. Speaking of Waterloo the duke said to Mr. Rogers the poet, "Napoleon should have waited for us at Paris." Why? Because 800,000 men would then have gathered round him." Is not that the reason why he should not? "No! why he should: for when 800,000 men get together there's a damned deal of jostling!"

"These tribes are incapable of working together, inasmuch as they take up with a clan feeling the personal quarrels of each individual. It is the same in all countries, and those who pretend that a knowledge of the people of India is a secret confined to 'Old Indians' talk egregious nonsense. Men who know nothing but what passes in India think there is nothing to be known out of it. Those who are most talkative about my being unable to catch Beja are men who pretend to know the robbers and their habits perfectly. We shall see. To drive their cattle into masses along with their masters is another object; for then will follow want of water for man and beast, and they must fight or perish. Moreover their marches must be crowded and embarrassed by their women and children; for in their mountains they cannot whisk about on their little swift mares as in the desert, traversing a hundred miles with incredible speed, falling on their object at dawn, and at noon being fifty miles off.

"This time two years I marched against the Ameers and a comet appeared: three days ago another comet appeared. Does this argue the same success? How these strange coincidences strike the mind, at least they do mine: they

have not much influence upon me, but they have some. Accident has also given me the 16th of January"—Coruña—"for crossing the frontier. God's will be done, whether evinced by signs or not: my business is to do my duty.

"13th, Shikarpoor.—Left Sukkur the same hour that Jacob starts for Larkaana, and Wullee Chandia from his mountain lair. Curious are the turns of fate: this time two years I had to leave a force in Sukkur to defend it against this very Chandian chief.

"January 14th.—The Murrees are said to be in arms for us. Good. The enemy at Shapoor; if so they will find Jacob stealing round them and will hold by their left to Ooch, so as to secure a retreat by Zooree Khushta."—A cross note here says, "a good guess: they did so."—"If they are to-morrow at Shapoor when we reach Khangur, I will make a forced march with the cavalry on Ooch: there is water there, bad, but to be drunk at a pinch. It would be agreeable to outdo these chaps in their own style of warfare.

"Khangur, 15th.—Jacob fourteen miles on my left, pushing for Bushoree: he is in great distress for water, and has a terrible march before him, through the desert to Poolagee. Up to the 14th the enemy knew nothing of my movement, and had got the duplicate of my letter to the Khan of Khelat, which said my troops were so sickly I could not move this season. The enemy is at Shapoor, thirty-five miles in my front; Jacob is therefore ordered to move on that place, while two guns and four hundred horse-men under Captain Salter, moving on Ooch, will cut off the enemy if he flies that way instead of towards Poolagee.—Just heard from my spies that the robbers are in force at Ooch, mount and away! It is forty miles distant and we have come sixteen this morning, but I cannot trust this affair to Salter; he is excellent so far as I know, but he is not much known to me and the affair may be stiff: nothing like the top sawyer. With two hundred and fifty irregular

cavalry and my name I will pitch into the robbers, and 'Damned be he who first cries hold! enough!'

"January 16th, Ooch.—Marched all night, reached this just before daybreak, and was about to halt for the light and then make a dash, but found I had lost my column. I had come on with an advanced guard, the column meanwhile strayed in the sand hills, and in seeking for it I found Salter. He had defeated the enemy in the night, killed several chiefs, and the whole country was full of cattle. About 10 o'clock some of the robbers appeared on the heights near us, whereupon McMurdo, John Napier, Byng, and one of Chamberlaine's horsemen went out to look at them. They found lots of cattle and sent Byng back to say the Beloochees were taking other cattle away and that horsemen were wanted, for the enemy was numerous.

"Before the cavalry could get there McMurdo and John were fighting with an expert horseman. McMurdo first closed with him in single combat for twenty minutes, but then, being exhausted from having before ridden above seventy miles, said, John you may try him I am quite tired: they were then all three at full speed, careering in fight. John had not stricken while the match was fair, but when McMurdo spoke he rode at the Belooch, who was then flying but soon turned on his saddle and aimed with his matchlock at John, and he, only a yard behind, instantly fired his pistol, but missed. McMurdo thinking it was the matchlock, and expecting to see John fall, dashed forward pistol in hand furious at what he thought unfair. 'You don't mean to kill him' cried out John, 'Yes by the Lord' was the answer and the next moment the Belooch warrior fell while in the act of drawing a second sword. McMurdo, seeking only a sword fight, had become angry at the matchlock being, as he thought, unfairly used, and was now angry with himself for using his pistol, and both he and John were also sorry for the man's death. Yet all was right on both sides.

"The rules of chivalry allow a man to use whatever weapons he carries. Colonel Dallas indeed was censured for shooting an Indian warrior who had challenged him; but it was said, how truly God knows, that the Indian had stipulated for a sword fight only, and Dallas was blamed for taking a pistol to the field. Here there was no agreement: the man's matchlock had missed fire and John had not interfered during the sword fight. One admires this high tone of honour, but these robbers are assassins: push the principle further and I ought not to bring more men on a point than the enemy have to oppose me! These single fights are not the thing and shall be stopped. I tried to prevent these boys going out, but they went off at a gallop and did not or would not hear my voice: there was no honour or glory, or object, and the service might have lost two noble soldiers, leaving miserable widows. Yet their high though thoughtless spirit must be admired; and also the honourable way they behaved to the Belooch, who expected to have been supported by his people and would have given no quarter.

"We rested five hours, and then a dispatch from Jacob told me he had surprised the enemy at Shapoor, at the same time that Salter had beaten them at Ooch. Before he reached Shapoor the chiefs heard the guns at Ooch, and, knowing they must be English guns fled, leaving sixty matchlock men, under two chiefs, all of whom were captured. In all we have killed six chiefs and one hundred men, and taken seventy or eighty of less note. The whole army thought I was a goose to attempt surprising these robbers. McMurdo John and William indeed confided in me; yet I think the two last were staggered by the constant *din* that we must fail. McMurdo has a good military head, but is too fond of single combats: William was wiser. He staid in camp till he heard the others were in danger, but then was on his horse and off before any one else. I allowed him, because I was alarmed myself and had half a mind to

go too, but remembered that a general in chief could not engage in combat with half a dozen straggling ruffians.

"January 17th, Shapoor.—Came here last night, very tired after more than seventy miles' ride, but wrote my dispatch before lying down. Old Wullee took Poolagee yesterday: how well all my combinations have succeeded. Eighteen prisoners just brought in. We slew forty men at Ooch, and wounded forty-five. Deriah Khan, the Jackranee chief, is said to be mortally hurt"—false report—"and the whole operation has been brilliant. I have now decided to change my whole scheme of operations. Magazines shall be formed at Shapoor instead of Poolagee; the cavalry shall go to the latter, and to Lheree, and Ooch, where I will wait for the infantry, having laid a plan for a second attack if old Hunter will only come up with the foot: but until he does no more can be done for we are now in the hills. To-morrow all the gorges will be plugged up by the cavalry.

"18th, Shapoor.—My change of plan is because I am sure Beja is now on the south side of the hills, between a low ridge that hides him from the desert; and a high one to the north. I examined my good friend Yarro Khosa"—a double spy—"this morning. There is he says plenty of good water at a point behind the low ridge, but very little at two other places, and very bad as well as scarce. At a third it is, he says, plentiful and excellent. Now it appears very improbable that water should abound at the two places, and be scarce and bad at one which is just between them. Wherefore I am sure Yarro Khosa is in Beja's hands, and that Beja himself is at the place said to be without water and called Tonge. Yarro and I however immediately agreed that I could not march there." See plan vol. 2.

"January 19th, Shapoor.—Infantry will be up to-morrow, and I will throw my force to the east, send the Mugzee chief up the Teyaga valley from the west, and make Jacob with two guns and six hundred cavalry hold the gorges at Lheree and Poolagee, behind the Mugzee man. I will myself then

push straight against the Gundooe pass. I have also ordered the camel corps two guns and four hundred cavalry from Ooch to Zuranee on the right, and Wullee Chandia shall advance from Poolagee against Tonge, notwithstanding my friend Yarro's want of water. Wullee is a good feeler. I suspect the enemy is at Tonge in force, and will make for the pass of Gundooe, where Salter will meet him with the camel corps and cavalry: the camels carry 500 infantry, of whom two hundred are volunteers from the 13th Regiment, Sale's veterans of Jellalabad: the others are staunch Sepoys of Meeanee and Dubba.

"If the robbers have already gained that pass, which want of provisions prevented my occupying sooner, they will only get deeper into the '*cul-de-sac*.' Meanwhile the Mugzees, having Jacob to fall back upon, will sweep up the Teyaga behind the high ridge, while the Chandikas do the same on a parallel line between the high ridge and the low one, having me in the plain on their right flank. These tribes will gather up all the robbers' cattle in the valleys, and all their detachments; and Beja, then becoming desperate, will defend the Pass of Gundooe which is very strong. He will however be taken in reverse by the Mugzees and Wullee, and stopped by Salter if he flies. Ali Moorad is to come up to Gundooe, and I think to shell it well with my mortars, then let drive Ali Moorad and the Chandika on each flank, and if that don't settle Beja's stomach we must try what our own troops can do. Carry it somehow we shall. They will I reckon have some six thousand men in it: there will be as many on my side, and two thousand of them good troops: but my hope is to bully them out.

"20th, Ooch.—All my stores and infantry are coming up, but there are some hitches: what arrangements are without them? Certainly none that I can make, I am not sharp enough for that. I have directed that the families of the prisoners taken shall have three-halfpence a day each, woman and child. Everything is cheap, and this is what

the Ameers allowed to a man for his day's labour: I feed and lodge the husband besides, and devilish sorry the rascal is that I do! Like Voltaire he would rather his majesty allowed him to find his own lodgings: this sum is therefore ample for wife and child. Poor things! they suffer sadly for the transgressions of their husbands, but I will make them comfortable yet. Beja Khan shall die. My heart is steeled against these robbers, and they are now where they have put thousands—in their agonies!

“Ooch, 21st.—Compelled to make a general halt from want of provisions. This affects me little, for as the enemy has little, and that daily decreasing while mine will increase, I think he must surrender: however he may make a desperate fight. Beja is at Tonge, as I suspected, in a kind of stone punch-bowl, the only entrance to which is a hole. A stream of water runs from the top of the ridge and must once have filled the bowl, but the water worked a passage below, through the entrance hole, where only one man can go at a time. To get to the top outside is said to be impossible; but from the inside easily reached, and the refugees there have, as in former wars, turned the exit of the stream in another direction, fourteen miles from the entrance hole: besiegers were thus placed in the desert without water. This place is celebrated in history. Armies have been ruined here for want of water; but I have brought abundant leather water-bags, and all the apparatus for sinking wells, and men skilled in this matter. I can therefore supply more men with water than is needed to stop the hole; for if one man only can get in at a time one only can come out, and my mortars may perhaps chuck a few shells over the precipice as notices. My grub is not up yet and they may quietly eat theirs inside, but we have captured most of their cattle outside by our rapid march and surprize of Ooch and Shapoor.

“I would move on Zooree Khushta and Zuranee, the two perpendicular passes to the eastward, but do not like going

too fast, as some check may be sustained and oblige me to retrogade, which would be dishonourable, and there needs no haste now: slow and sure goes far in a day. To push on a small force might cost lives without necessity, and every life in my camp is as precious as my own, and must be taken equal care of. All the young ones want to have a fight of course, but they shall not be indulged if it can be prevented. There will be none if Beja is in Tonge; but if he has gone to Gundooe he will fight, and well too. Ali Moorad ought now to be well on the road to Gundooe: he marched the 18th or ought to have done so.

“Jan. 21st.—Wullee Chandia has done his job well: he fell in with a party of sixteen, they fired, but he killed six and captured 150 goats. I had sent some cavalry to communicate with him, but they had not arrived when his messenger came away. Tonge was abandoned yesterday by Beja; and his men were leaving him to go to Belooch Khan of Lheree, who pretends to be our friend”—Jacob’s force was between him and Beja’s tribes on the west—“I therefore sent Wullee back to Jacob, with orders to handle Belooch Khan roughly, and even send him a prisoner to me. I must rasp these fellows well or my inroad will be useless.

“Ooch, 22nd.—Sent four guns and the cavalry, with the camel corps under Colonel Geddes, to Zooree Khusha, and the well-diggers followed with four days’ provision. I could easily have caught Beja Khan, and I can now catch him as he passes by a flank march across my front; but as he marches with his families it is most probable he would cut their throats if menaced, and I want to avoid such a dreadful catastrophe! News comes that Beja is now at Zuranee, and the Bhoogtees have joined him: if so we shall have a fight yet. I at first thought of sending Geddes at once against him, but now think it wiser to go leisurely, as it will give more time for the women and children to go off to their distant places of refuge; and I shall not risk a repulse by being over hasty. It is also as well to be with my

soldiers in a fight. I am cool, know my work tolerably, and it would not be graceful to let my troops engage without me, unless I am more required elsewhere: moreover being very ignorant still, both of the positions and real strength of the enemy, it is right to delay until all hands are up.

“ Ooch, 23rd.—Ali Moorad ought to be up. Hunter has arrived with provisions and the second Europeans of the Company's service, one of the finest body of men I ever saw. I gave them a blow-up for talking under arms, and they gave me three cheers in return! Some rain has fallen, I hope it will not last, though it may be good for filling our wells. Colonel Geddes sends word from Zooree Khushta that there is no enemy; that the road is heavy sand, the water bad, and scarce. I don't mind this: the well-diggers will soon get it good, it is only bad from a sulphur taste, and boiling will put all right. Where you find one well you are sure of more; where one is a hundred may be. I was prepared for this and know these deserts, having had enough of them: hence when they grumble and cry out '*no water!*' I answer, *dig*. When they growl '*bad.*' I say *boil*: and I will go on, bad or good. Provisions for sixteen days in hand, and though the animals are knocked up the worst is over. Plenty of a wild bush which camels like much, and there are tufts of clover grass which serves the horses. Take care Beja I have been an awkward customer hitherto. It is your own fault John Robber! it is your own fault!

“ We shall probably find the enemy at Zuranee or Gundoe. Simpson shall therefore move with the Bundlecund legion up the Teyaga, where the Mugzees went, so as to get in rear of the passes in my front; if he does the robbers will be in a scrape between two fires. So far as human foresight goes these robbers are not a match for us even in this opening of their warfare; yet they must have believed they were or they would not wantonly have begun it. From the first I reckoned on pushing them into masses,

with cattle, furniture, women, children—more helpless than than a regular army, being without the resources of one, a wandering nation! Thus the strength of their hills is turned against them, and their active wild enduring habits vanish. There is, it may be said, a risk that ten or twelve thousand desperate men thus crushed together may destroy their families, and breaking through the cordon defeat my columns; but calculating on this as probable, I have, and will, provide that each of my columns shall be compact, strong in all arms and as close together as the nature of the country will admit. I will never allow of detachments, the country shall be explored by patrols and spies only, and the positions are as strong for us as for them in defence. Driven together the tribes will quarrel amongst themselves and fight a desperate action or surrender. Would to God they had no women and children, it makes me miserable to think of their sufferings and danger. I much fear some have hid here during the fight in the caves, which abound; and have been starved. Seven old people I have collected and sent them on camels to Shapoor, where a syud or holy man holds a jaghire expressly for the relief of the poor. He would lose fame if he neglected them, and they are safe there. My detestation of war is beyond all description.

“Ooch, 24th.—Waiting for supplies. Tonge is not what it was said to be, it is strong, but guns can go in. This desert of sand is full of life. I dropped a bit of butter, and in a moment a little animal, an aldermanic insect, was upon it, one, two, three, it is covered! these creatures feed birds, birds feed men, and men die to feed vegetables, which are again eaten; the world is one self-consuming, self-creating animal! So much for matter: but for mind! The grosser appetites belong to matter, they exist for its reproduction, they are wholly material, and have no apparent use except for reproduction. It is easy to see so far: but then the union of the body and the spirit! There is the insuperable difficulty, unless we admit that two powers are at strife, the

evil labouring for matter, the good for spirit. Bad minds, which seek to give pain belong to the dark spirit of evil, whose very essence is cruelty: those who abhor the infliction of pain to either mind or body of others belong to the brilliant spirit of light, ever on the watch to receive our adoration; not from vanity but pure benevolence, for of what could such a being be vain? Merciful spirit of light! I in all this work of war labour to do right in your sight and abhor giving pain. Self-defence, and social order, and harmony, are of thy own ordination and for them alone am I in war. Yet I feel the vain desire of doing my work well. Can I without that desire do it well?

“Zooree Khushta, 25th.—Arrived here this day with my whole force, except the legion, which, this day at Poolagee, will to-morrow enter the Teyaga valley, and the news thereof will fly like the wind to Deyrah. My march to-day has been long, twenty-one miles through heavy sand, twelve hours, and the camels are knocked up; however a day's halt does no harm as it will put Simpson forward two marches. To-morrow Geddes and M'Murdo shall reconnoitre the pass in front, but with orders not to fight unless attacked. I would go myself, but if, as I expect, the barbarians defend the pass I would not choose them to imagine that the Burra Jung, as they call me, could be checked in person. If they stop, I shall march on the 27th and instantly attack. If I wavered, or rather delayed, it is very probable the Bhoogtees would say they had defeated me, and the Murrees might be found on the top of the pass as enemies instead of friends. Such vicissitudes must be calculated on in dealing with these tribes: they only side with us from fear and self-interest, and as they are very credulous and wish for our defeat, they will readily believe any report however idle and absurd. They may be ten thousand, but my belief is not more than two thousand will be there, and however numerous their mettle shall be tried. My force is as good as that which won Meeanee, and the game far better; for if de-

feated, who shall say he will be victorious, I have a wide plain, guns, and a superior cavalry.

“26th.—Animals still tired, and we went to get provisions up; there are twelve days’ store in camp, but to have less than a month in hand I do not like. The necessity of secrecy, especially against Buist and the traitor clique at Bombay, prevented my making sufficient preparation, and we have consequently had great difficulty. To this may be added, that to provision an army in a desert is no joke; we are, soldiers and followers together, not less than twenty thousand. However all goes on well; the surprizes at Ooch and Shapoor produced what was wanted, terror, so none of our convoys are annoyed. I shall occupy nearly all the wells and am thus vexing Beja to the heart. But I do not like these short commons. If there be no fight in the pass to-morrow we must halt for supplies. Damn it, why do soldiers want to eat! it is as bad for war as being married: yet somehow we can’t get on without women and sheep. By the way, we find manna in the desert! Moses was a proper clever fellow: how he managed to get bread I know not.

“Zuranee, 27th.—A dreadful march, twenty-three miles of deep heavy sand; every animal knocked up, but the soldiers all spirits, especially the Europeans. The cold braces us but kills the poor Sepoys; it has been trifling, yet three have died of it. Mid-day is very hot. We have however got the two passes of Lallee and Jummuk, one behind the other: this is a drawing of the first, with three little spearmen of my army at the entrance.

It could be turned by a march of thirty miles, but we went through without a shot. The other is five miles off, through a much higher range, but not steep and easily turned. Not being defended both are mine, and my camp is between them. So far all is right. Simpson



will be in two days at the Tomb, and the robbers be thus driven eastward. We occupy from Tomb to Zooree Khushta in the plain of Muttar, or Muth, that is a line thirty miles across the Bhoogtee country, driving Jackranees and Doomkees upon the Bhoogtees, who have not much to eat and will not like to have visitors. Barbarians are hot tempered and jealous, as I have ever observed, and in my book on Colonization have said that we think nothing of driving one tribe back upon another, though they are more jealous of such an invasion than civilized nations are: now I turn this fact to account.

“Several pieces of information convince me that the robbers are not at Gundooe. 1°. As Geddes has found plenty of water near the Jummuk pass in our front, there must be plenty all along the foot of that high range to the east: he has also found much grass. 2°. Tracks of many cattle run east from Geddes' camp. 3°. From Gundooe and other watering-places there are no roads to Deyrah, but there are, to use my guide's words, '*Mountain paths fit for robbers where your army cannot go.*' Now this valley between the two ridges seems fertile, and leads to nothing for the robbers; for at the upper end it opens into the Mooltan country, supposed to be hostile to them. This then is a place to conceal their cattle and families; and they think we shall naturally march on Deyrah, and intent upon the pass in front be too happy to find it open as the only one leading to Deyrah. Not so robber, I shall to-morrow pitch my camp at the foot of the high range, the top being already occupied by an advanced guard; next morning, instead of moving upon Deyrah, we will follow your cattle tracks eastward, between the two ridges. Meanwhile the camel corps shall move along the top of the high range to intercept your fugitives making for Deyrah: and the cavalry shall skirt south of the lower ridge along the plain of Muth, to cut you off on that side. But all my calculations may prove erroneous; probably so; for how can regular troops catch robbers among mountains

and deserts? That I have done so much is more surprising than that no more can be done.

“January 28th.—I am quite through the first pass, and a devil of a one it is. My position between the two passes is very dangerous, but I know my enemy, and hold both defiles. I sent a cossid to Simpson to tell him he may push on, as the passes are mine and no enemy in front; and I rode myself eastward up the valley with four troopers; an awkward ride amongst rocks where matchlocks might have played. We saw nothing, but on turning heard shouts and come on! come on! then dashing at speed we gained the top of the high range: from thence I saw two lights, before seen at night; one seems to me to be Ali Moorad's camp, the other an enemy's picquet. I am too old for war, my health fails me; there is I suspect water on the chest, a mortal disease, but I am ready when God pleases.

“30th.—Ruminated all day. Yesterday made another march in force up the valley eastward, suspecting the enemy were there; we found cattle tracks and a murdered camp-follower: poor fellow he had gone a mile beyond our posts to cut grass and was killed. Many more will be so, for no orders or example prevents these men wandering. McMurdo's horsekeeper, coming through the Lallee pass, was also murdered. McMurdo had just before passed! My march was about five miles and proved my conjectures were right: we came upon the site of a large camp, not less than ten thousand people. There were fires still smouldering, and two *cujavas* or camel litters for women; many mats also, which mark that chiefs were there: they had seen our march from their rocks.

“From Poolagee and Tonge run, nearly to the Indus, two rocky ranges, walls they may be called, and I am between them. The lowest, on the south, is of sandstone rock rising from 50 to 150 feet perpendicularly, and through this wall the first entrance from Zuranee is through the Lal-

lee pass, and then through the Jummuk to Deyrah: the Bhoogtees should have defended both.

“ In my march up the valley, between the ridges, I arrived at another entrance through the sandstone wall, namely the Gundooe pass about six miles eastward of the Lallee. In this situation I am anxiously looking for Simpson's arrival at Deyrah: for his march, being beyond the second range, is very important, as my object is, not to defeat only but to destroy the robbers: I do not mean kill them, but to root them entirely out of their rocks. Their wanton murders of the two poor followers has provoked everybody, and they will get no quarter from the soldiers; I will do my best to have prisoners taken, but I fear it cannot be done where one side is so atrocious. This is not defence of country: they first invaded us and murdered everybody, the right is with us; but still my best shall be done to save them, not out of pity but from principle: their ferocity destroys pity.

“ Well, I chew the cud very much, and it has come into my head that we must have left men behind us in the hills, for some of our people have been killed on the line of communication. Wherefore, three hundred infantry shall try back, and a squadron of cavalry skirt the ridge along the plain, searching: both to meet at Tonge. I offered this command to * * * * *, but he had been infected with the camp nonsense. ‘ *Oh we can never catch these fellows.*’ Our two surprises of the robbers surprised these talkers, but still many hold this tone; and so I cut * * * * * short, saying, I see you have no confidence and a man shall command who has:—get your corps ready. I sent John Napier, who has zeal and spirit and head; very likely nothing may be found but I will have my own way. The more wrong everybody thinks me, the more resolved am I to carry into effect my own opinions. I do not form them on light grounds, so to-night Jack marches, resolved to do all he can to succeed: it will give him the habit of command

in a night march.—A note come from Simpson who is only one forced march off.

“January 31st.—Jack has come back : he saw no robbers but has brought in two thousand head of cattle, which is as good, it starves them. This proves that there were lurking bands behind us, and that all their cattle could not have been carried off. We have now taken six thousand cattle and a vast quantity of grain : I am a good robber at all events. I have sent McMurdo with a troop of cavalry to meet Simpson at Deyrah, where they have probably laid up grain for the winter ; thus I go on quietly but unrelentingly, and with hopes of another Ooch. A crippling blow at the Bhoogtees will secure the Murrees, to which I attach much importance ; but the war is a very difficult one, and to win it will make me very glad. By winning I mean so as to produce permanent tranquillity on the western frontier of Scinde ; for then with a clear conscience I may say that my conquest is complete, and happiness with freedom substituted for wretchedness and slavery.

“February 1st.—All sorts of bother with General Hunter. He is a good-natured excellent man but has no system as a soldier, and puts things into confusion. Yet one cannot be angry ; he is a good soldier in his way and I like him much. The rascally camel men, to the tune of 500, have refused to bring up provisions past Shapoor, and I am fairly put to my trumps. Well, exertion must augment : I will use the camel corps and dismount half the cavalry if need be ; I will eat Red Rover sooner than flinch before these robber tribes : my people murmur but they only make my foot go deeper into the ground. We will advance somehow when I have fortified the pass of Lallee, for that is the key of our operations. While that pass is held I can enter the hills and come out again at pleasure, can communicate with my cavalry, and receive my convoys safely : my position is therefore safe, but very critical, and a single blunder may cause failure. I am now on a line across all the Doomkee

Bhoogtee and Jackranee valleys : their territories run east and west, and I command thirty miles, north and south, cutting them off entirely from the west and from most of the watering-places : they are thus thrown to the east in masses, with little food, and a neutral territory behind them.

“February 2nd.—This failure of the camel men is a dreadful blow, and it is lucky I was so cautious, after gaining the passes, as not to move on Deyrah ; provisions would have failed, and the passes would have been closed behind me by the enemy : I was patient, and patience is wisdom, difficulties shall not foil me. I have sent moonshee to hunt for camels in Cutchee. The Khan of Khelat’s vizier is frightened by my threats against him and his brother for their secret intercourse with Beja : terror is in their durbar and they have sent a vakeel to deprecate my anger. My answer is that if the vizier is, as he says, our devoted friend, he will send me 600 camels, which I will pay for, and receive him into such favour that he shall have a jaghire in Scinde. This and fear will win the scoundrel, and if so I shall take credit for extricating myself from a very serious difficulty. An easy job was never expected by me, but this is all difficulties. Yet I will do the trick.

“Ali Moorad is up and all my operations shall now be changed. Instead of moving in two columns under Simpson and myself, due east, Ali shall, from the south, pass over the high range from Gundooe to join Simpson at Deyrah, and from thence they shall advance in one column by the north of the high range : thus I shall cover more ground. It is a great point that his highness has obeyed my order to move on Gundooe ; at Zooree Khushta he was on my communications, and I feared he would plunder my convoys and lay it on the robbers. These chaps are quite ‘ up to snuff ’ and doing the *Kaffirs* would be a delightful joke for them : my fear of them is considerable. Ali Moorad is honest enough, but a barbarian is a barbarian.

“February 3rd.—The pot boils! Abdoolah Khan, the Kaharee, tells me, and I believe it though a Kaharee rascal says it, that Beja and all the chiefs are at Mundoo, twenty miles off, and dying of hunger, and that many expire daily: in that I am master. Good military movements are destruction to such warriors, and I am now realizing what I have all my life maintained against a strange but universal idea, namely, that ‘undisciplined men of the hills are an overmatch for regular soldiers!’ It is nonsense, one of the idiot fallacies of the multitude. Come, I will wait, let them fast; in four days they will be secure, and then Beja have at you. Aye! but there are his women and children and be hanged to them! I must get them out of the way even at the cost of his escape.

“Captain Malet, agent with Ali Moorad, is just come with an offer from Beja to surrender. Answer. Yes, if the whole tribe of Doomkees come to my camp, lay down arms and promise to emigrate to a district on the left bank of the Indus under the guarantee of Ali Moorad: if not they shall be pursued with fire and sword, and the hunted Doomkees, now prisoners, shall be hanged. The last threat will shew them I am serious, though of course only a threat. If Beja does come in I do think pride may be indulged for my campaign, for it is a very difficult one. I shall take Beja into pay, and employ him against the Bhoogtees; these fellows are as bad as Whigs and Tories, they will do anything for money, as those do for place. Very anxious I am about this surrender. I do not like to destroy the tribe because of their women and children; and it is horrible to exterminate except in self-defence: to save is better than to destroy. Ali Moorad is confident that they will accept my terms: then happy shall I be, and this mountain of danger will be gloriously removed; and usefully, for my hope is to be able to tame all these devils and turn them into peaceful cultivators of Scinde. The frontier will not then be disturbed for fifty years if the governor has a grain of sense.

“February 4th.—The fortifying of Lallee pass getting on: it will secure my communications and procure camels for me. Yes! Camels! for I have told the Khan of Khelat that I mean to stay at Deyrah six months, and the vakeel has seen the Lallee works and will confirm the belief: hence, seeing they cannot get rid of me they will be terrified, and my demands for camels will be attended to. It will also facilitate Beja’s surrender, for he never dreamed of my sticking in this pass, like a bone in his throat. The lurking rascals killed a poor camel man 800 yards in rear of my tent last night; but one of our patrols caught five of them in a nullah and shot three, the others escaped wounded. The camel man’s comrade had his arm cut off; the weapon went through both bones and entered his side: the Belooch sword is terrible. I am bringing up 300 cavalry from the south plain, to enable Simpson to ravage the plain of Deyrah: he has reached that place. Meanwhile Fitzgerald is gone with the camel corps for a night attack on Tallar, where some robbers are; he will then continue his march on Shapoor to bring up supplies.

“Malet writes that Ali Moorad says he is sure of Beja. I am not, just because his boasting highness says he is. I would not believe a barbarian’s word, except when knocked out of his mouth by such a kick as would make half his tongue come forth with the sentence. No! no! dear Ali Moorad! Yesterday you asked six days to get an answer, you got these six, and now you ask eight! Wherefore I shall urge my march upon your friend two days sooner, which is as ‘*remarkable*’ as ‘*the Planxty Step that cost the mother a crown.*’ These two more days to settle a plain question looks as if Ali was secretly giving Beja provisions. I will look sharp, and if he is detected I will pull Malet and John Curling out of his camp, and send a volley of grape shot into his tent in exchange. This danger has just occurred to my mind. I will keep cavalry in his front, yet doubt his daring such a prank. Jupiter Ammon! If he does, I

will blow him and his myrmidons to atoms. He dares not ! Well, I will keep him in such a position that he cannot escape me if false.

“ February 6th.—Waiting for provisions, this delay is bad. Simpson in the dismals, so am I, but that won't feed us. Twelve days' supply has come up, and on the 8th I will abandon these passes and skirt the hills by the plain of Muth until we reach Dooz Kushta, from whence a good road it is said leads to Deyrah : cutting thus the pass altogether I save a cavalry post, have 200 more horsemen at my disposal, and no defile in my rear.

“ February 7th.—March to-morrow. My line across their territory must be preserved, but I could not sooner make this move from want of prog ; nor had I knowledge before of the route in advance of Deyrah towards which I am advancing. It is said the robbers are absolutely starving and ready to give up ; but they are so tricky that my faith is withheld until the thing is done. If it is true it will terminate a war, than which a more difficult one cannot well be. I shall then take my work easy, and spare my declining health. I am weak and unable to stand long, and great cares weigh me down.

“ 8th.—Marched for Sebree and Rassed, and past Ali Moorad's wild camp. He entreats me not to advance, as it will frighten the chiefs and make them disperse ; my consent to halt until the 14th has therefore been given. Is this right ? On one side there is hope of a glorious bloodless termination ; on the other danger of some scheme to gain time : but even then I am as strong as ever, and something must be risked to save blood. At Sebree I will wait.

“ 9th.—Yesterday evening our dâk and a sergeant with twelve men were cut off, and six men killed. My belief is that Ali Moorad's Boordees did this, because the killed men are of the 6th Irregular Cavalry who killed many Boordees in McKenzie's action. At the time this news came McMurdo had gone in a dangerous direction with only twelve men,