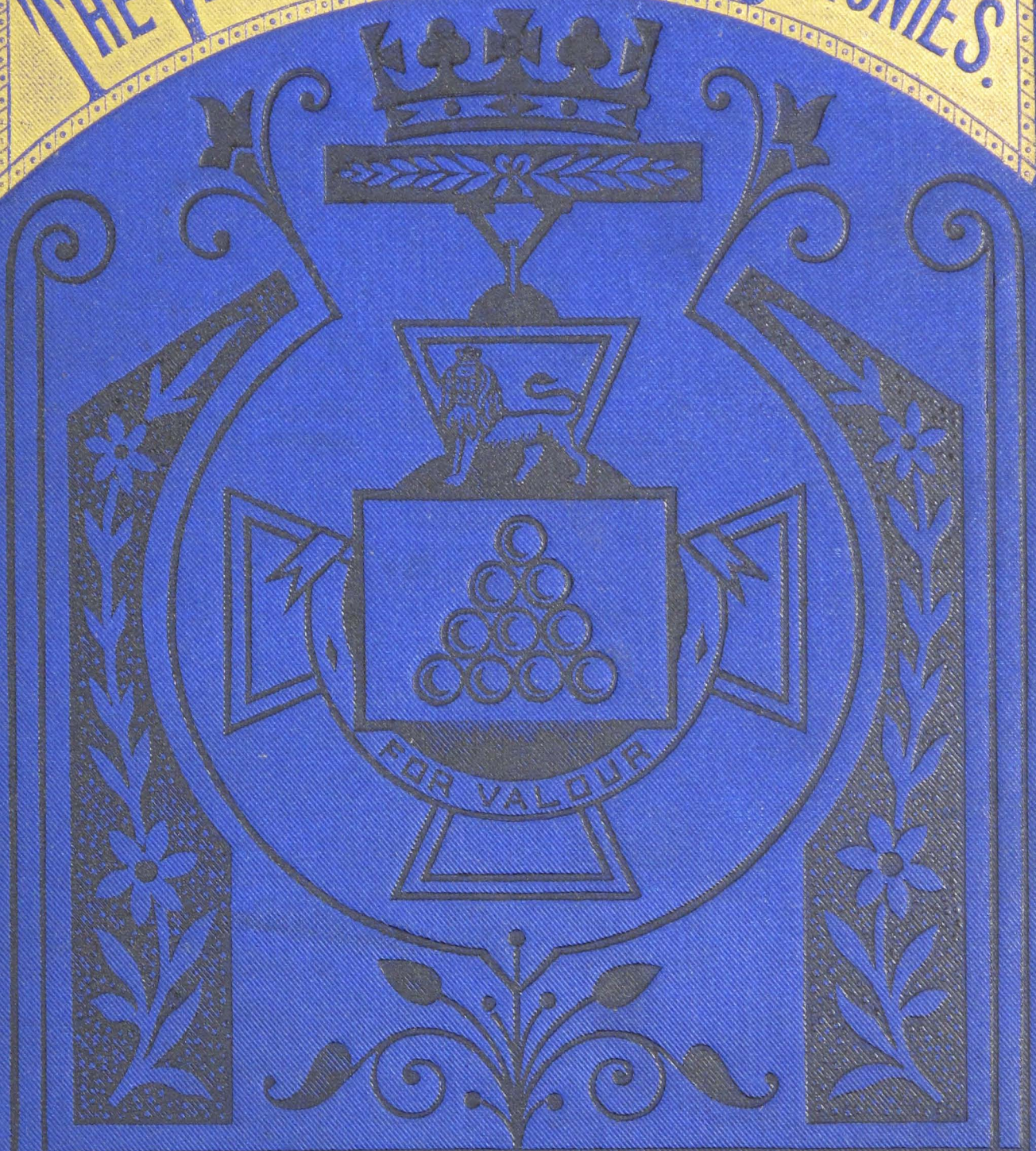


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THE VICTORIA CROSS IN THE COLONIES.





ENSIGN CHAPLIN PLANTING THE QUEEN'S COLOURS OF THE 67TH REGIMENT ON THE NORTH TAKU FORT.

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THE
VICTORIA CROSS
IN THE COLONIES,
AND
GALLANT SEPOYS AND SOWARS.

BY
LIEUT.-COLONEL KNOLLYS, F.R.G.S.,
LATE 93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

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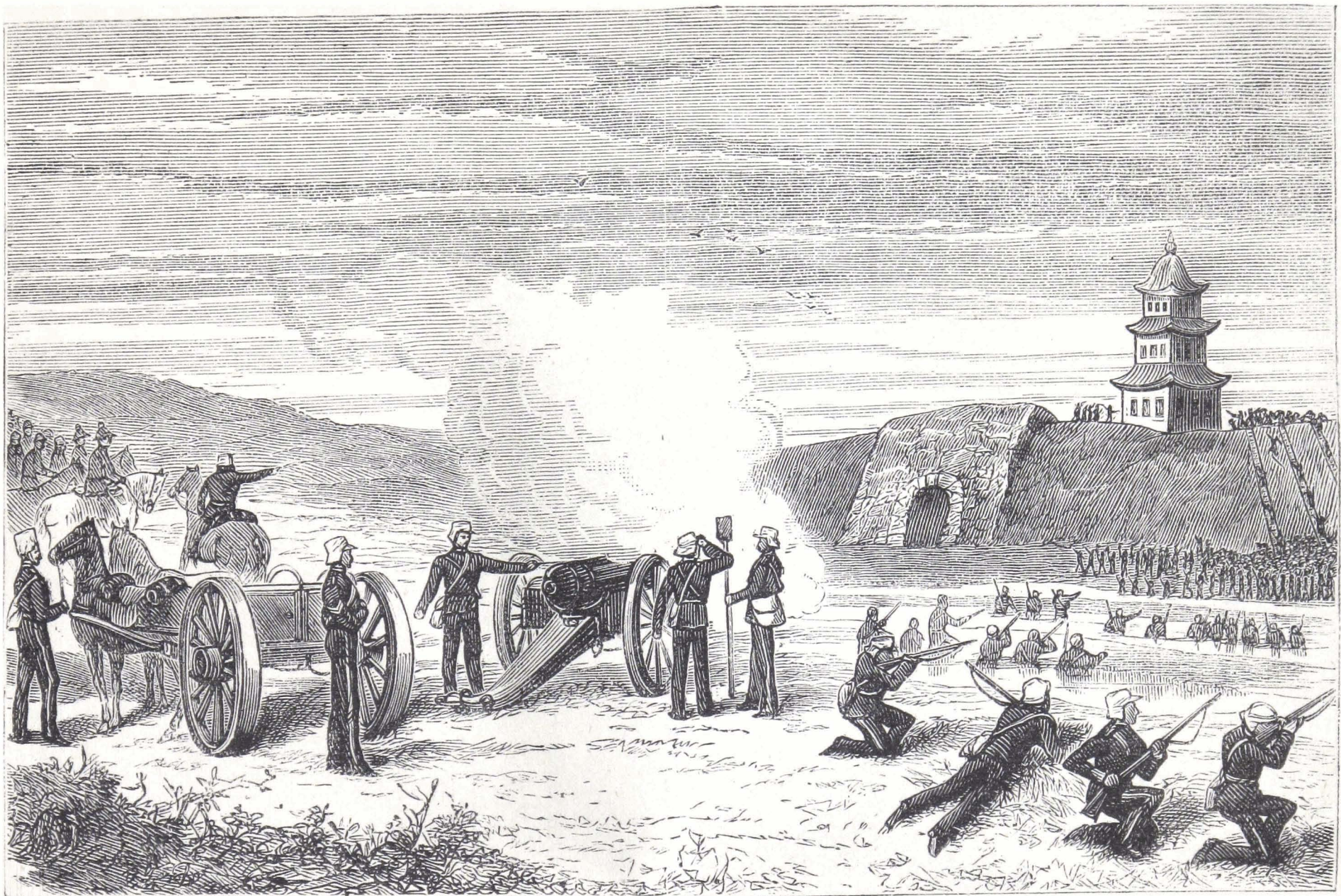
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P R E F A C E.

IN the Introduction to "THE VICTORIA CROSS IN THE CRIMEA" I announced my intention of following up that volume with two others, one being "THE VICTORIA CROSS IN INDIA," the other "THE VICTORIA CROSS IN THE COLONIES." "THE VICTORIA CROSS IN INDIA" appeared some time ago. Professional avocations prevented me from bringing out "THE VICTORIA CROSS IN THE COLONIES" so soon as I had hoped and expected. I now present it to the public with the following explanation. In "THE VICTORIA CROSS IN INDIA" I thought it best to give an account of only those who won the much-prized decoration during the Mutiny. In this book is given, in addition to an account of the deeds rewarded by the Cross which took place in the Colonies proper, one of those which have occurred in India since the Mutiny and the Persian war. The amount of material at my disposal being somewhat small, I have, in the second part of this book, recounted some of the exploits of our gallant native soldiers in India at different times. It is possible that on a future occasion the Publisher may issue another book on this theme. The next volume to appear will, however, be "UNDECORATED HEROES," which is already in preparation.

W. W. KNOLLYS.



ATTACK ON THE TAKU FORTS, FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR BURSLEM.



VICTORIA CROSS IN THE COLONIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE PERSIAN WAR—BATTLE OF KHOOSH-AB—BREAKING A SQUARE—
GALLANT CONDUCT OF LIEUTENANT MOORE—HIS PERIL—RES-
CUED BY LIEUTENANT MALCOLMSON—WAR WITH CHINA—
CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS—ENSIGN CHAPLIN'S DARING—
HEROISM OF LIEUTENANTS ROGERS AND BURSLEM AND PRIVATES
LANE AND M'DOUGALL—ASSAULT OF A TAEPING FORTRESS—
DEVOTION OF TWO BRITISH SAILORS.

THE instances in which a square has been broken by cavalry are extremely rare, though the late Captain Nolan vehemently maintained, in his interesting book on cavalry, that if horses were ridden resolutely that feat could be always accomplished. As a matter of fact, however, in the history of modern warfare it is seldom recorded that a square has been broken. One of the few examples of the possibility of such a feat was afforded in the Persian campaign of 1856-57.

On the 7th of February, 1857, Sir James Outram's army was returning to Bushire from an expedition into the interior. The troops had started in the evening, when suddenly about midnight sounds of firing were heard from the direction of the rear-guard, and in a few

minutes the column was surrounded on all sides by clouds of horsemen, shouting, firing, and trumpeting. During the remainder of the night there was a series of desultory attacks, but our men—about 4,600 men, including 419 cavalry and 18 guns—maintained their steadiness. When the sun rose, the Persians—6,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry—were seen drawn up in order of battle near the village of Khoosh-ab, which name signifies “pleasant water.” Our artillery having quickly silenced the enemy’s guns, our handful of sabres advanced to the attack. In a moment they had scattered the enemy’s cavalry, strewing the plain with corpses. They then dashed at the infantry, all of whom, save two or three battalions, forthwith broke and ran. One of the steady battalions, seeing that the British horsemen were close at hand, formed square. A squadron of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, consisting of 120 sabres, gallantly led by Captain Forbes, aided by Captains Moore and Wren, Lieutenants Moore, Speirs, and Malcolmson, and Cornets Combe and Hill, rode straight at the square under a storm of bullets. The Persians stood firmly, firing rapidly yet steadily, but our troopers were not to be denied. Well mounted, and carried away by his boiling impetuosity, Lieutenant Arthur Thomas Moore was a horse’s length in front of all. Letting his sword hang by the sword-knot, he took a rein into each hand, and, driving in his spurs, made his horse leap actually on to the bayonets. The gallant animal fell dead, but, by falling, made a gap by which the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry poured in like a torrent. In a second the well-formed square had become a disordered and melting mob. Swiftly were plied the sowars’ keen and flashing blades, the air resounded with the clang of weapons, the shrieks of the wounded, and cries for mercy.

The battalion had ceased to exist as an organized body, and many lay dead or dying on the ground.

The tide of battle had mean time rolled on, when Lieutenant Malcolmson missed Moore. Turning round in his saddle, he saw that his comrade was unhorsed and in imminent peril, for his sword had been broken in his fall. Without a moment's hesitation, Malcolmson cut his way back through the broken ranks of the enemy, and, calling to Moore to catch hold of his stirrup, brought him safely out of the press. Neither of these two gallant men was wounded, and both still live to wear the Victoria Cross which they won at Khoosh-ab.

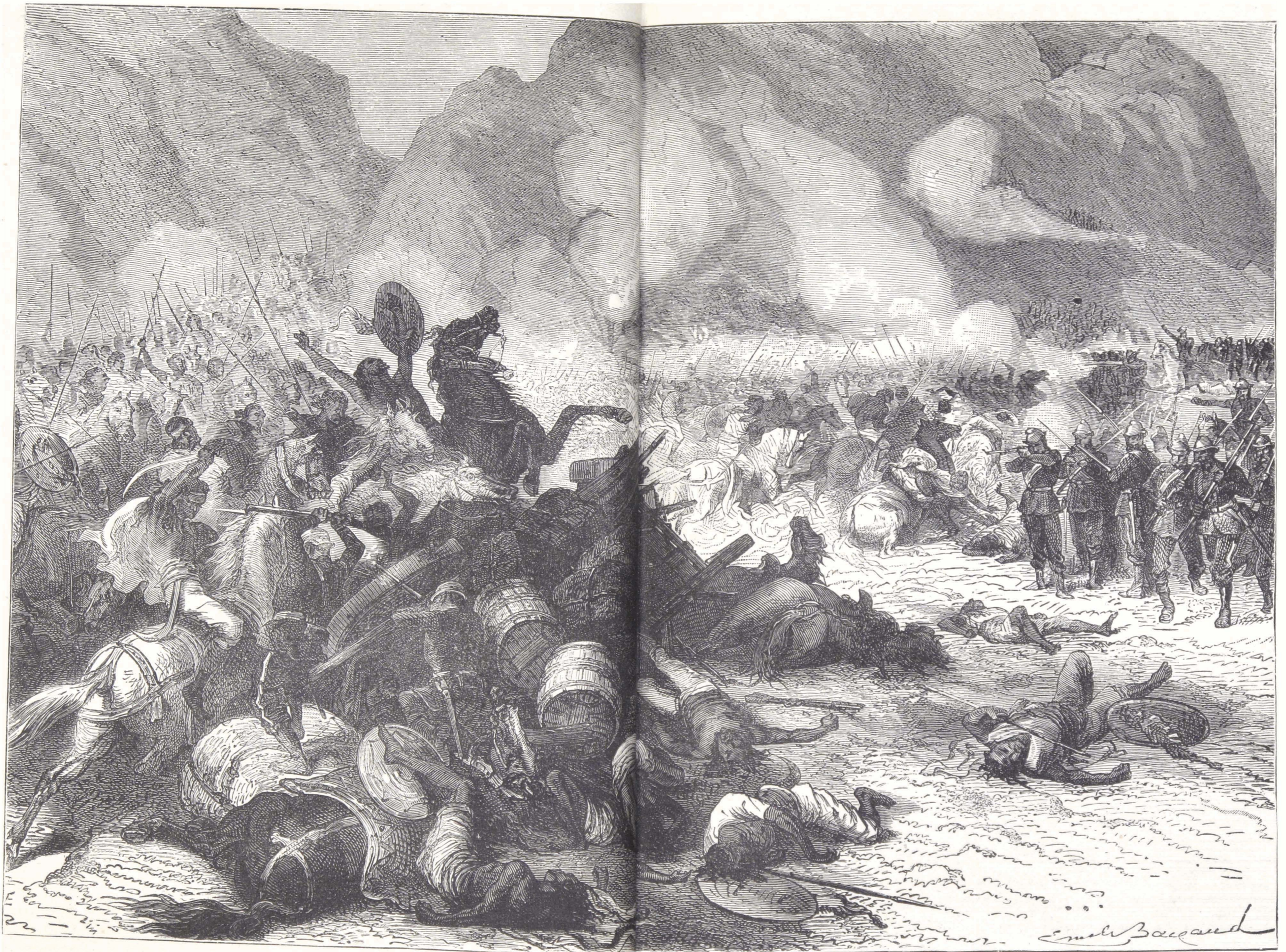
Of the eight European officers engaged in the charge, three were wounded, while of their horses five were either killed or wounded. After passing through the square, Captain Forbes, though wounded, led his men against a Persian battery, which, after some sharp fighting, was captured. The fire of the enemy was, however, so severe that the guns could not be carried off.

Moore served during the Indian mutiny with the Central India Field Force from the siege of Ratghur, where he was mentioned in despatches by Sir Hugh Rose for his zeal in serving a gun when the camp was suddenly attacked, to the taking of Gwalior, and the pursuit of the rebels by Sir Robert Napier. He afterwards served in the Jhansi and Jaloum districts, and, at the head of a troop of his regiment, charged and pursued the rebels at Mhow, capturing two guns. He is now a lieutenant-colonel in the Bombay Staff Corps. Besides the Victoria Cross, he has the Persian Medal with one clasp, and the Indian Mutiny Medal with one clasp. Malcolmson subsequently served with the Central India Field Force at the siege of Ratghur and fall of Calpee. He has the

Persian Medal with one clasp, and the Indian Mutiny Medal with one clasp. Soon after the mutiny he retired from the army, and is now a member of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms.

In August, 1860, the present Major John Worthy Chaplin, V.C., 8th Hussars, was an ensign in the 67th Regiment, of two years' standing, a mere boy, in fact; yet in that month he won a distinction of which a veteran might have been proud. On the 20th of August it was announced that the north fort at Taku was to be assaulted the next day. The fort was a large work enclosed with a crenelated wall and two broad ditches. On the berm the Chinese had studded the ground thickly with upright bamboo spikes sharpened at the top, and capable of inflicting very-nasty wounds. Inside the fort was a high cavalier mounted with heavy guns. Sir Hope Grant attacked with about 2,500 men, four 8-inch guns, twelve 8-inch howitzers, two 32-pounders, four field-batteries, and a rocket-battery. The French co-operated with about 1,000 infantry and two field-batteries. Sir Hope Grant had more troops disposable, but he could not employ them owing to the nature of the ground, the front being narrowed by swamps. The north fort was supported by other forts and intrenchments on both sides of the river.

After a preliminary cannonade, by which the enemy's magazine was blown up and his guns silenced, the storming party advanced. It consisted of the 44th and 67th Regiments, making an aggregate of rather less than 1,700 of all ranks. A detachment of Marines brought up pontoons to make bridges across the broad ditches, but the matchlock fire was so heavy that in a few minutes sixteen Marines were slain or disabled. The French, who formed a separate storming party, sought to pass the



Emil Baccard

CAPTURE OF MALACCA.—See page 24.

ditches in another fashion. They employed Chinese coolies to carry scaling-ladders, and, these being too short, the coolies gallantly jumped into the water and, supporting the ladders on their hands and shoulders, constituted themselves human piers. Many of the brave fellows were killed, but they never flinched, and, owing to their courage, the French in this novel fashion got across, accompanied by some of our men. Others of our storming column swam or waded over. At the same time Sir Hope Grant's aide-de-camp got over the ditch, and, aided by Lieut.-Colonel Man, Royal Engineers, cut with his sword the supporting ropes of a drawbridge which had been raised. When the bridge fell our men rushed across it in numbers, but there still remained to be surmounted the obstacle afforded by the crenelated wall above mentioned. The French attempted to escalate it, but as fast as they reached the top they were slain or thrust back by the swords and pikes of the garrison.

The 44th Regiment was more fortunate. Lieutenant Robert Montessor Rogers and Private John M'Dougall of that Regiment, and Lieutenant Edward Henry Lenon, 67th Regiment, had swum the ditches, and perceiving an embrasure by which an entry might, they thought, be effected, helped each other to climb into it. Rogers was the first up, but almost immediately fell severely wounded; M'Dougall came next, and then Lenon, the latter being also wounded in the arm. These were the first upon the wall.

Lieutenant Nathaniel Burslem and Private Thomas Lane, of the 67th Regiment, full of ardour, had swum across the ditches, and on discovering a small breach in the above-mentioned crenelated wall—which was but a narrow opening—strove to charge it. At last they forced

their way in, but in doing so they were severely wounded.

In the mean time a noble contest took place at the breach. Both French and English strove valiantly who should anticipate the other in planting a colour on the fort. The race for glory was won by young Chaplin. The Queen's colour of the 67th had been that day entrusted to Ensign Fraser, but he was wounded early in the assault. Chaplin then seized it, crossed the ditch at the head of the regiment, and, cleaving a path through friends and foes alike, planted the colour on the highest point of the fort. In so doing he was wounded in three places. In this brilliant affair seventeen of our men were killed, and 184, including twenty-one officers, were wounded. The Chinese garrison, 500 strong, had fought with the utmost gallantry, and suffered a heavy loss.

Let us now try and trace the subsequent career of the six heroes who won, in the manner we have described, the Victoria Cross. Chaplin was for his gallantry promoted to a lieutenancy in another regiment—we forget which—and afterwards exchanged into the 8th Hussars. He purchased his troop on the 5th of April, 1864, and in September, 1878, became major. Rogers, who had entered the army in February, 1855, and taken part in the siege of Sebastopol, became lieutenant August, 1855. In November, 1860, he became captain, and a few years afterwards, exchanging into the 90th Light Infantry, obtained a majority in that regiment in April, 1873. Lenon, who was mentioned in despatches for his conduct on the occasion, was given a brevet-majority for his distinguished services as soon as he became a captain, and retired in 1865. Burslem, who was mentioned in despatches and badly wounded in three places, nevertheless



THE CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS.

was able to be present at the surrender of Peking. On obtaining his company he exchanged into the 60th Rifles. His subsequent career we are unable to trace, as his name no longer appears in the Army List. As to M'Dougall and Lane, we are utterly without information regarding them.

In the autumn of October, 1862, some of the crew of H.M.S. Sphinx were employed on operations against the Taeping rebels. On the 9th of that month, at the assault of the city of Fung, when Mr. Coker, Master's Assistant of the Sphinx, was wounded, George Hinckley, able seaman of the same ship, volunteered to carry Mr. Coker to a joss-house some hundred yards distant, where he could be attended to. The whole of the ground between the spot where Hinckley was standing and the joss-house was being torn up by a continual fire of musketry, jingals, and stink-pots. Nothing daunted, however, the brave tar accomplished his object. Apparently anxious to court death, he had no sooner returned to his post under a gate where he was under cover, than he proceeded to carry off Mr. Bremen, a wounded officer of Ward's force. Hinckley got the Cross for his courage, but never obtained promotion.

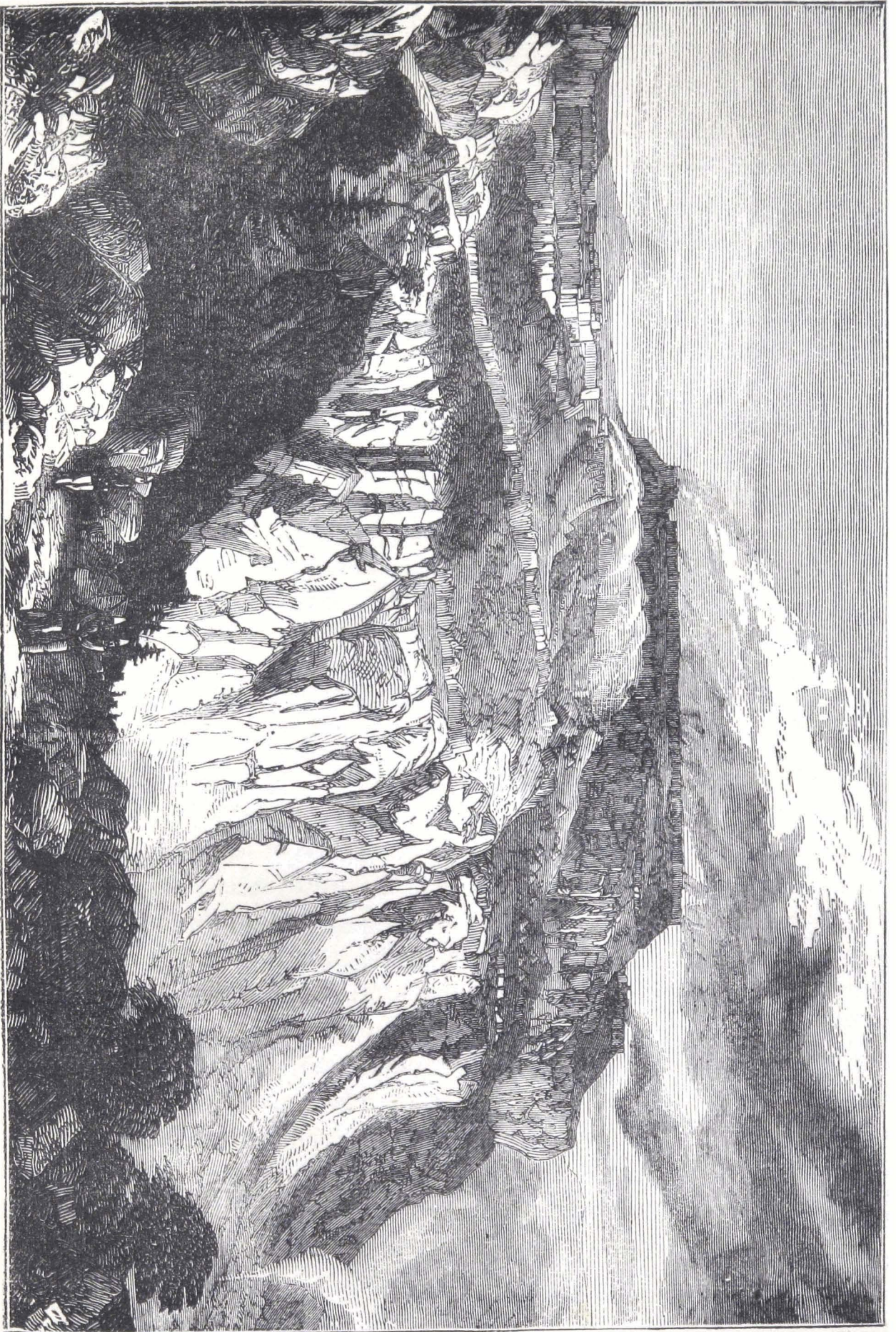
On the same day William Seeley, an ordinary seaman of the Euryalus, also distinguished himself greatly. It being wished to reconnoitre the enemy's position, Seeley undertook the dangerous task, which he executed with great intelligence and daring. Subsequently, though severely wounded in the right arm by a grape-shot, he nevertheless persisted in retaining his position during the advance. We are sorry to add that this brave fellow is still only a seaman.



CHAPTER II.

ABYSSINIA—STORMING OF MAGDALA—PRIVATE BERGIN IS FIRST INTO THE PLACE—DRUMMER MAGNOR'S BRAVE CONDUCT—THE CAPTURE OF A STOCKADE ON THE GAMBIER RIVER—A COLOURED SOLDIER EARNS THE VICTORIA CROSS—THE ASHANTEE WAR—EXPLOITS OF LORD GIFFORD—CAPTAIN MARK BELL'S COOL CONDUCT UNDER FIRE—SERGEANT M'GAW, OF THE BLACK WATCH—HIS MELANCHOLY DEATH—CAPTAIN SARTORIUS—HIS FAMOUS RIDE—RESCUES A WOUNDED MAN UNDER FIRE.

THERE was not much fighting in the Abyssinian campaign, but two Victoria Crosses were worthily won at the capture of Magdala. One of the recipients, Private James Bergin, of the 78th Highlanders, related to the author how the much-coveted distinction was won; and the simplicity and modesty with which he told his tale stamps it with truth. James Bergin, born on the 29th June, 1845, at Killbricken, Queen's County, Ireland, accompanied, when a lad, his father, who was a labourer, to Preston, where he went in search of employment. On the 22nd January, 1862, Bergin enlisted in the 2nd battalion, 10th Regiment, whose depôt was at Preston, but on the 1st July, 1863, volunteered into the 108th Regiment, and a few weeks

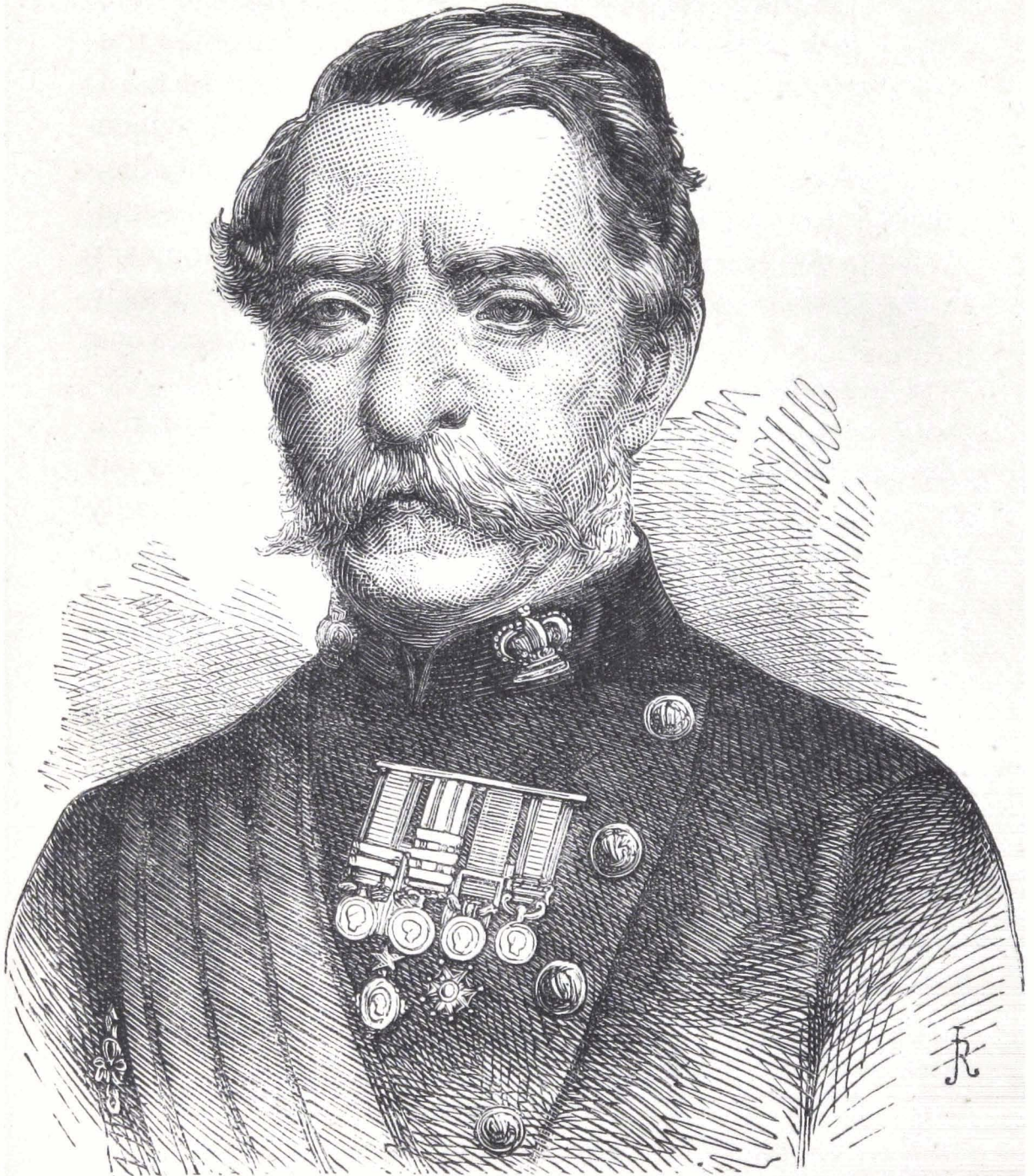


BURNING OF MAGDALA.

later sailed for India. Having an elder brother in the 33rd, he was allowed to transfer his services to that regiment in January, 1867, and at the end of the year accompanied it to Abyssinia. On Easter Monday, 1868, Magdala was stormed. The 33rd was marching in fours, firing right and left as they went up the steep road, which led to the summit of the rock on which Magdala is situated, headed by the Engineers. All of a sudden an Engineer officer came running back, calling out that the regiment must get into the place the best way it could. It is said that the powder for blowing open the gate had been forgotten! Whether that assertion is true or not we cannot say, but it is very certain that the 33rd received no assistance that day from the Engineers. On receiving the intimation from the Engineer officer that they must trust to themselves alone, the 33rd broke off from the road and clambered up the hill under the fire of the enemy. On reaching the foot of the wall they found that it was, in fact, a scarped cliff, about seven or eight feet high, with a thick hedge of prickly bushes about a foot high at the top. Bergin, who is a tall man, six feet in height, contrived with his bayonet to make a gap in the hedge. Drummer Magnor, of the 33rd, was by his side, and Bergin said, "Let me help you up, and then you can pull me up." Magnor agreed, and, getting on Bergin's shoulders, caught hold of the top of the cliff with his hands, and being shoved up by the butt of Bergin's rifle, got to the top, and then pulled up Bergin, who was assisted in mounting by Ensign Connor and Corporal Murphy. Bergin saw a cluster of the enemy standing at the gate, which was about forty yards off. Ensign Connor asked Bergin to give him a hand, but Bergin replied that he wanted to have a shot at the enemy, and that the drummer, having

no rifle, had better help the rest of the party up. Meanwhile, the enemy had been firing at Bergin, who lost no time in replying, advancing as he fired. Some of the enemy kept on firing, but others ran away. By the time he had fired ten or twelve rounds Bergin had reached the gate, the enemy falling back before him, at least such of them as were not killed by Bergin's breech-loader, which caused several to drop. It was then, after a lapse of time, which must have been about four minutes, though Bergin naturally thinks it was three times as long, that some officers and men came up, and the whole party advanced towards the inner circle of fortifications. All of the enemy save one quickly disappeared through an open gate. The one exception stood his ground, and tried to fire four or five rounds at Bergin and an officer who accompanied, but whose name he forgets. It had once been raining heavily that afternoon, and the Abyssinian's gun snapped each time. The officer, saying "I'll make him a prisoner!" rushed forward to seize the man. The latter drew a sword, and in another instant would have cut the officer down, when Bergin promptly shot the Abyssinian through the head. The officer might have easily protected himself, for he was armed with sword and revolver; but he was so intent on capturing his gallant foe, that but for Bergin he would have been slain. Notwithstanding his narrow escape, this officer, with the true spirit of an English gentleman, exclaimed, when he saw the man fall, "It was a pity to kill him, for he was a brave soldier!" Bergin and his comrades then entered the gate, and skirmishing through the inner town, soon put an end to all resistance. For this exploit both Magnor and Bergin were given the Victoria Cross. Bergin was quite surprised at the honour, for he was unaware that he had done anything out

of the common. So little did he expect the Cross that he volunteered, on the 1st June, 1868, back again to his old regiment, the 108th, which he says he would not have



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT NAPIER, K.C.B.

COMMANDING THE ARMY INVADING ABYSSINIA.

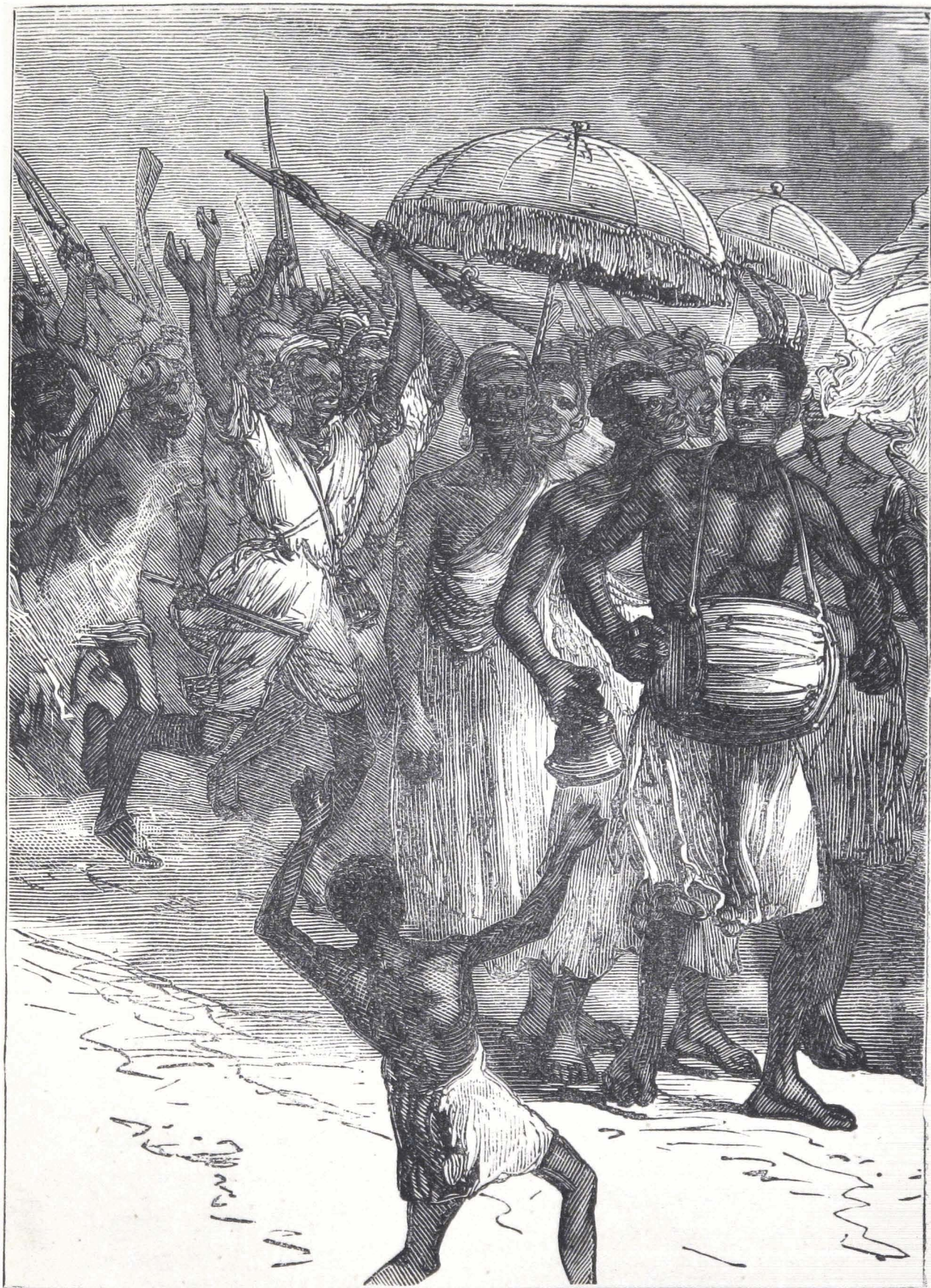
done had he known that he had been recommended for the Victoria Cross. After spending upwards of eight years more in India, he returned to England with his regiment, and in February, 1878, volunteered to the 78th Highlanders. He is not wanting in education, is a fine, smart, intelligent soldier, and, though not by any means a teetotaler, is not habitually addicted to drink. It might have been thought, therefore, that he would have obtained promotion: he, however, never rose higher than Lance Sergeant, and having been on one occasion absent from duty when Orderly Sergeant, was reduced. Magnor is still a private in the 33rd Regiment.

As far as we know only one coloured soldier has ever received the Victoria Cross. This man, who, we believe, is now dead, was Private Samuel Hodge, 4th West India Regiment, a corps now no longer, we regret to say, to be found in the *Army List*. A native of Tortola, one of the Virgin Islands, he originally enlisted in the 3rd West India Regiment, but was afterwards transferred to the 4th. In 1866, Colonel D'Arcy, Governor of the Gambia, undertook an expedition against some warlike tribes in the vicinity of the settlement who had given the British authorities much trouble. The enemy took refuge in the stockaded town of Tubabeecolong, and offered a fierce resistance. A breach having been effected in the stockade, Colonel D'Arcy headed a storming party of the 4th West India Regiment and the Gambia Volunteers. They were received by a perfect storm of bullets, beneath which fell two officers and sixty-four men, both officers and four of the men being killed or mortally wounded. Left almost isolated in the breach, Colonel D'Arcy stood proudly at bay, firing off muskets handed to him by Hodge, who was

badly wounded, at the enemy's marksmen, one of whom he at length slew. Being then joined by other men, Colonel D'Arcy, accompanied by Hodge, succeeded in penetrating the breach. The resistance, however, continued to be stubborn, and many barriers and stockades had to be forced. These Hodge hewed down under a terrific fire, and eventually the place was swept from one end to the other, but not before 300 of the enemy had fallen. On issuing from the town after the capture, Colonel D'Arcy presented Hodge to the 4th West India Regiment as the bravest man in the corps, which announcement was greeted with an enthusiastic cheer.

The hero of the Ashantee war, 1873-4, was undoubtedly Ederic, third Baron Gifford. Born in 1849, he entered the 63rd Regiment as ensign in 1869, became lieutenant the following year, and in 1873 was transferred to the 24th Regiment. He was one of the body of volunteers who accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Gold Coast. Appointed to train and command the Winnebah company of Russell's native regiment, he took part in the defence of Abracampa and the defeat of the Ashantee army. He subsequently, for several weeks, performed the duties of adjutant to Russell's regiment. When the Ashantee territory was invaded, to Lord Gifford was assigned the command of a scouting party. This party was 50 strong, and composed of men from the West India Regiment of Houssas, Kossos, and Bonny natives.

Early on the morning of the 6th January, 1874, Gifford, with his scouts, crossed the Prah in canoes, and explored the country on both sides of the road to Coomassie. The rest of the army crossed by the bridge the same day. Marching some five miles ahead of the advanced guard, Gifford reached a village called Essiaman, and found that



THE ADVANCE OF ASHANTEES AGAINST AN ENEMY.

it was occupied by an Ashantee detachment, which, on advancing, he at once attacked and put to flight, losing only one man severely wounded. Advancing to a village called Akrofumiu, he discovered that it was held by the Ashantees ; but not being able to ascertain their strength, which he believed to be superior to his own, he prudently contented himself with observing them.

After remaining in this critical position for several days, he had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy retire. He then pushed on—indeed never left off pushing on in the most daring yet skilful manner till Coomassie was reached—always keeping well ahead. His scouts were devoted to Lord Gifford, “whose docile savages,” writes an historian of the campaign, “worshipped the English gentleman for his superior skill and spirit in climbing that steep barrier range, the Adansi Hills, dividing the Assin from the Ashantee country.” The night previous to the action at Amoaful Lord Gifford carefully reconnoitred the enemy’s position, and during the fight he was, with his gallant little band, as usual, well in advance and doing good work.

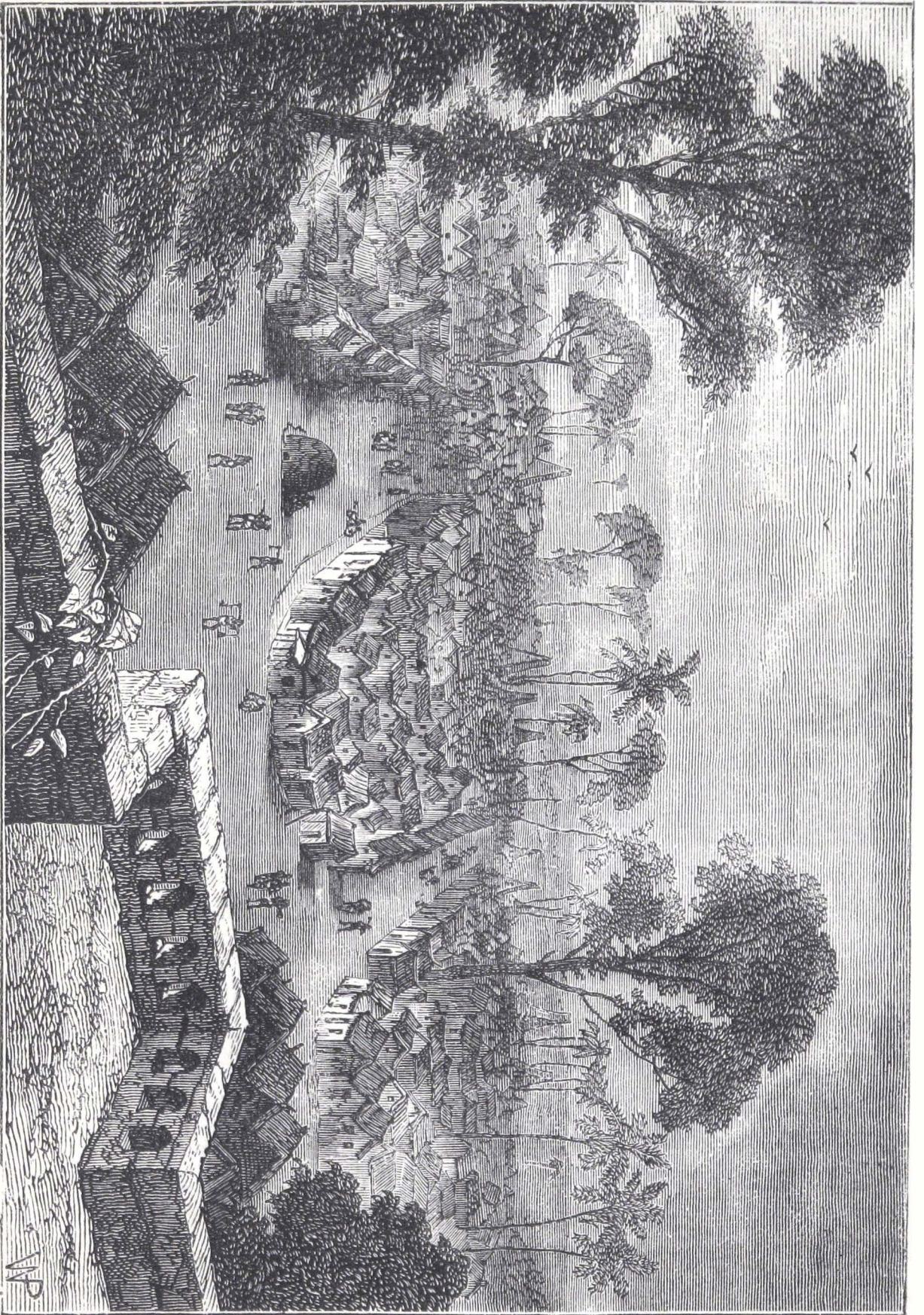
The next day Gifford was sent to reconnoitre the village of Becqua. He had got close up when some twenty Ashantees sprang up in the bush and fired, but providentially without effect. On receipt of his report Sir Garnet Wolseley despatched a strong force to capture the place. Gifford’s scouts led, followed by a body of Houssas, Russell’s regiment, and the Naval Brigade, the 42nd Highlanders and a company of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers acting as supports. As soon as the firing began Lord Gifford, followed by his handful of scouts, rushed audaciously on, and dashed unhesitatingly into the town, though it was occupied by 1,000 Ashantees. The

Houssas, for once, could not be induced to charge; they persisted in lying down and firing unaimed shots into the bush.

In the mean time Lord Gifford and his party were exposed to the concentrated fire of the defenders. His best scout was killed, and he and all his men were wounded. In fact he was in an almost desperate situation. On this Lord Gifford shouted to the Naval Brigade to come to his assistance. With a cheer the gallant fellows replied to the appeal, and at their charge the enemy fled.

Three days later the action of Ordahsu took place, Coomassie was entered, and the campaign was virtually at an end. From that time Lord Gifford, there being no further need for his services as a scout, acted as aide-de-camp to Sir Garnet Wolseley. During the whole war this young, slight, modest-looking lad had displayed the greatest enterprise and intrepidity, and rendered the most valuable services. Fortune had in this case certainly favoured the brave, for notwithstanding unremitting exertions and constant exposure both to climate and the bullets of the enemy, he escaped disease and was only once wounded. Modest as he was brave, he never sought to make capital out of his exploits. They were, however, too conspicuous to escape notice, and he was repeatedly mentioned in despatches. On his return to England he paid a visit to his regiment, the 24th, then stationed at Aldershot. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm by both men and officers. The former carried him shoulder high into camp, and the latter entertained him at dinner; yet he was as unaffected and simple as if he had only returned from an ordinary duty. For his daring conduct on the Gold Coast he was granted the Victoria

VIEW OF COMASSIE.



VP

Cross, and promoted to an unattached company, and has since been brought on to full pay as a captain in the 57th Regiment, in which he is now serving.

To appreciate the gallantry which, in the Ashantee campaign, won for Captain Mark Sever Bell, Royal Engineers, the Victoria Cross, it is necessary to describe the last day's advance on Coomassie. Commencing their march at 6 A.M., Wood's native regiment, supported by the Rifle Brigade and one gun under Lieutenant Saunders, led the advance. They had not gone half a mile before they were assailed by the enemy, who occupied the bush on both sides of the road in great force. The village of Ordahsu was about a mile further on, and it was not till 9 A.M. that it fell into our hands. The enemy, however, though driven out of the village, still clung to the bush through which the road from the last halting-place led. Consequently the road in question had to be lined with our troops while the baggage was being brought up to be parked in Ordahsu. This operation took six hours; but as soon as it was completed the 42nd Highlanders, with Lieutenant Bell and a few Sappers, were ordered to head the advance to Coomassie, which was six miles distant. Saunders's gun still accompanied the advanced guard. The Ashantees not only sturdily resisted in front, but kept up also a constant and very heavy fire on the narrow path along which the Highlanders were moving in file. Though the road did not admit of a broader front, it had this advantage, that, owing to the practice of the natives of treading exactly in the footsteps of former travellers, the centre was much lower than the sides, consequently the Highlanders were protected for about two feet from the ground. To clear the way, Colonel M'Leod commanding the Black Watch gave the order

“The 42nd will fire by companies, front rank to the left, rear rank to the right!” As, therefore, each company reached a spot where the enemy were particularly troublesome, the leading company would halt, face outwards, and, kneeling down under the natural parapet spoken of above, send a volley crashing through the bush on each side. Each company in succession practised the same tactics, and thus the magnificent Black Watch, steady and calm as if on parade, won its way slowly on till, at length, supported by half the Rifles, village after village was captured, clearing after clearing was swept of the enemy, and, as night fell, the British were in Coomassie, and the troops razed it to the ground. Either in enlarging the road, or breaking into the villages, there must have been plenty of work for Lieutenant Bell and his unarmed native Fantees, as Sir John M'Leod speaks in his official report in terms of the highest commendation of his services. His conduct is said to have been gallant and distinguished, and Sir John expressed an opinion, “that this officer's fearless and resolute bearing, being always in the front urging on and encouraging an unarmed working party of Fantee labourers who were exposed not only to the fire of the enemy, but to the wild and irregular fire of the native troops in the rear, contributed very materially to the success of the day. By his example he made these men do what no European party was ever required to do in warfare, namely, to work under fire in the face of the enemy without a covering party.” Captain Bell served throughout the Ashantee campaign, and was mentioned in despatches. Long before, too, had he attracted attention. Entering the service in 1862, in 1865-66 he commanded the Sappers with the right column in the operations in



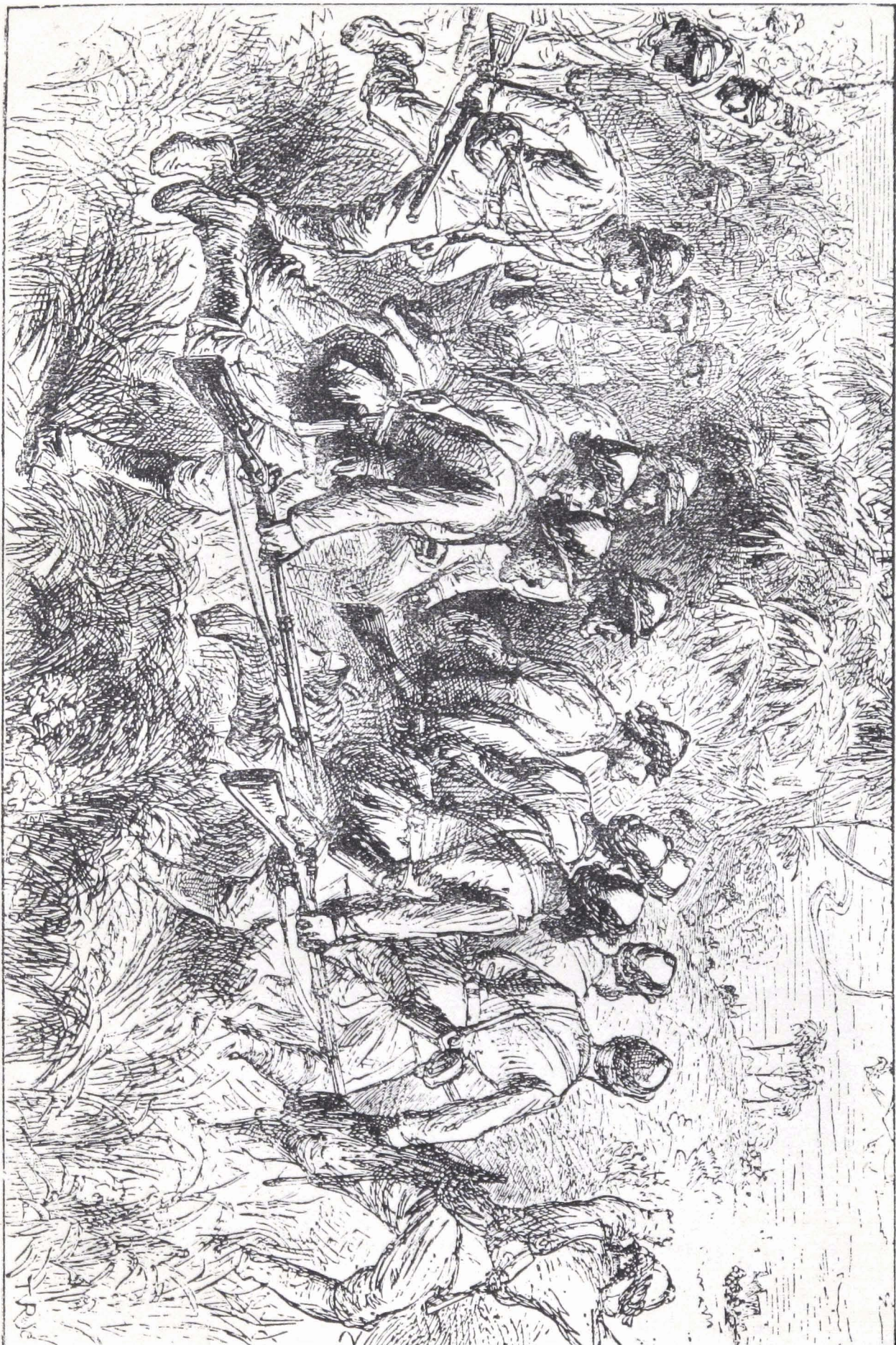
Bhootan. In 1868 he, with a detachment of Sappers which he commanded, made a forced march of 600 miles in order to arrive in time to take part in the Huzara campaign; and this feat, as well as the services of Lieutenant Bell and his men during the subsequent operations, were prominently mentioned in despatches. He became a captain in August, 1874.

At the action of Amoaful, in the Ashantee campaign, the brunt of the fighting was borne by the Black Watch, nearly every fourth man of the Highlanders having been hit. Their precise loss was 1 officer and 2 privates killed, and 9 officers and 104 men wounded, one of the officers subsequently dying of his wounds. The Brigadier-General commanding the brigade to which the 42nd belonged says in his report, "Their steadiness and discipline, the admirable way in which they were kept in hand by their officers, and the enthusiastic gallantry with which every charge was executed, exceed all praise." As the regiment only landed 682 of all ranks, it is probable that not more, at the outside, than 600 were present at Amoaful, some of whom were, no doubt, on baggage-guard. One of the most gallant feats of the day was the storming of the village of Amoaful by the 42nd, which was rushed by them after only a few rounds had been fired into it by Captain Rait's guns. But in truth the regiment nobly sustained its reputation throughout the day. Sergeant McGaw of the regiment displayed such conspicuous gallantry that he was granted the Victoria Cross. He was wounded in the action in the hand, and while Captain Creagh, of his regiment, was binding up the wound, he — Captain Creagh — was wounded in the head. It is sad to relate that soon after the arrival of the 42nd at Cyprus in 1878 Sergeant

McGaw suddenly fell to the ground from sunstroke and expired.

When five days after the evacuation and destruction of Coomassie Sir Garnet Wolseley had accomplished twenty-seven miles of his march to the coast, the force was startled by the sudden appearance of a British officer with an escort of twenty natives, coming from the direction of the capital. The British officer was Captain Reginald Sartorius, 6th Bengal Cavalry, son of that distinguished veteran, Admiral Sir George Sartorius. It had been agreed that while Sir Garnet Wolseley advanced from Cape Coast Castle with his small but well-appointed force, Captain Glover, with a body of Houssas and some native contingents, the whole being estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000 men, should march from the Upper Volta. Finding, however, the native contingents backward and unreliable, Glover, in obedience to instructions, took with him only some 2,000 of the best of his men, and, notwithstanding terrible difficulties in the way of transport, fought his way through the bush, till, on the 9th, he had arrived at a point about eighteen miles to the south of Coomassie. He was without tidings of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and naturally most anxious to establish communications with and receive orders from him. The difficulty, however, of carrying out his wishes seemed insuperable. Nothing was known of the course of the campaign, or the whereabouts of Sir Garnet's camp. The country was equally unknown; the enemy were in front, and for all Captain Glover could tell the main Ashantee army was between the two columns. Ascertaining, however, his chief's desires, Captain Sartorius volunteered to undertake the difficult and dangerous task of seeking out Sir Garnet Wolseley.

AMOA FUL.



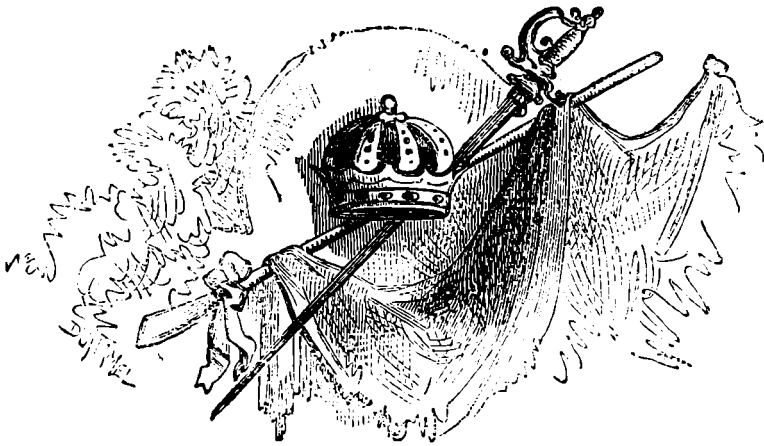
Captain Sartorius, with an escort of twenty natives, rode off on his mission at noon on the 9th March, 1874, and wrongly imagining that he was only seven miles from



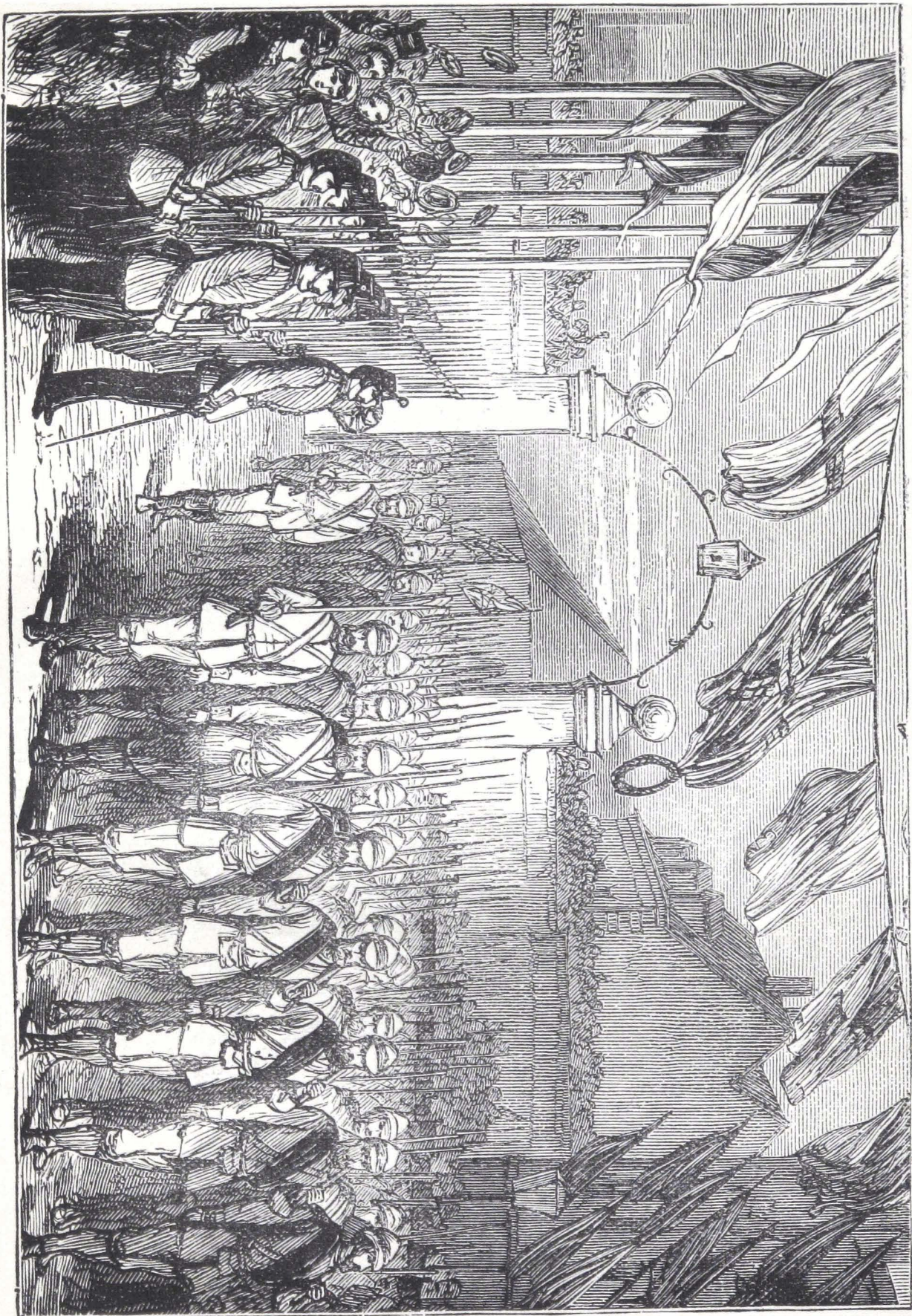
MAJOR REGINALD SARTORIUS, C.M.G.

Coomassie, and that he would soon meet Sir Garnet, took no provisions with him. He ought not to have been so rash, for he was not new to war, having seen service in the Indian Mutiny. Travelling all day he at nightfall found himself at a village seven miles from Coomassie. Amidst a variety of conflicting rumours there was one that Coomassie had been burnt and evacuated by the British. Believing this intelligence he resumed his journey next morning. When within two miles of the capital he met a woman who told him that the king and his warriors were in the town and greatly exasperated at its destruction. Not one whit deterred by this alarming information, Captain Sartorius pushed on, and making a circuit entered the town on the north side. He traversed it from one end to the other, and ascertained that it was utterly destroyed and completely deserted. Following in the track of Sir Garnet Wolseley's force, he from time to time came across a few Ashantees, but they fled at his approach without making any attempt to molest him. At sunset he reached Amoaful, where he learned from a wounded Houssa in the Ashantee service that Sir Garnet was not far off. Off again at daybreak he overtook the troops at 12.30 P.M. on the 11th, having ridden with only twenty men fifty-five miles through unknown country, exposed all the time to be intercepted by the enemy. Ostensibly he did not obtain the Victoria Cross for this exploit, though it, no doubt, greatly influenced the authorities in his favour. The feat for which he was granted the much-prized decoration was one which, though it sounds, perhaps, better, was really not half so dangerous as his daring ride at all events seemed to him when he undertook it. In one of the early fights on the march from the Volta at Abogoo, a Houssa sergeant-

major was mortally wounded. This non-commissioned officer was lying on a spot swept by the enemy's fire, but Captain Sartorius took the man up and removed him to a place of shelter. For his conduct throughout the war he was created a C.M.G. It only remains to be said that he entered the East India Company service in January, 1858, became lieutenant in May the same year, captain in November, 1868, major 1st April, 1874, and then served as squadron officer in the 6th Bengal Irregular Cavalry.



RETURN OF SOLDIERS FROM ASHANTEE—MARCHING THROUGH PORTSMOUTH.





CHAPTER III.

THE BHOOTAN WAR—CAPTAIN WILLIAM TREVOR AND LIEUTENANT DUNDAS LEAD THE ASSAULT OF A BLOCKHOUSE—THE UMBEYLA CAMPAIGN—LIEUTENANT FOSBERRY FIRST INTO THE CRAG PICKET—MURDEROUS ATTACK ON A BRITISH OFFICER AT QUETTA—PROMPT COURAGE OF CAPTAIN SCOTT.

THE general public will be surprised to learn that the war with Bhootan, which has always been regarded in England as a very trifling affair, was spread over parts of three years, and involved not only great exposure and fatigue, but some hard fighting. Such, however, was the case. Operations began in October, 1864, and were not terminated till the spring of 1866. We do not propose to give even a sketch of the war, but only to describe one or two incidents, and to relate how two officers of the Royal Engineers won the Victoria Cross. In December, 1864, Brigadier Mulcaster's column encamped at a spot fifteen miles from Dewangiri. This place, situated at the summit of the Darungah Pass, consisted of a village with the great temples and the Soubah's house, a strong stone building. Captain Macdonald, at the head of fifty Sepoys and

armed policemen, was sent on in advance ; and after following a mountain footpath for ten hours he reached one of the temples. Finding himself civilly treated, he anticipated no opposition. Continuing his march, however, he came across a small stone house, in front of which a breastwork had been thrown up. From this he was saluted by a volley of arrows and stones, and a solitary jingal shot, the latter mortally wounding one of his men. Promptly assaulting the breastwork and house, Macdonald drove off the enemy, who, however, frequently returned during the night, and kept up a continual fire by which four of our men were wounded. Macdonald nevertheless maintained his position, and, the main body arriving the next day, the capture of Dewangiri was completed. After some other successful operations Mulcaster's force was broken up.

In Dewangiri was left, under Colonel Campbell, a garrison consisting of the 43rd N. I., about 500 strong, twenty Eurasian artillerymen, with two 12-pounder howitzers, a detachment of Native Sappers, and a few armed police. The peasants warned our officers that an attack was impending, but to that warning sufficient importance does not appear to have been attached. About five A.M. on the 30th January some Bhooteas stole past our sentries, entered the camp, and began cutting the ropes of the tents. In spite of the surprise our troops at once fell in, and, firing in the supposed direction of the Bhooteas, kept the latter in check till day broke, when Colonel Campbell, though suffering from fever, led on the 43rd and the Sappers to charge the enemy. An obstinate resistance was encountered, but it was at length overcome, and the Bhooteas fell back with a loss of about sixty killed and wounded. Our

casualties were one officer and four men killed, and one officer and thirty-one men wounded.

The Bhooteas, upwards of 5,000 strong, though unsuccessful in their first attempt, were by no means disposed to abandon the enterprise. They continually harassed the garrison, cut off the water supply, erected a stockade only 600 yards from the camp, and by occupying the mouth of the Darungah Pass closed all communication with the plains. Campbell wrote for reinforcements, describing his position, and stating that his ammunition was running short. An attempt to send them cartridges failed; and Campbell, finding affairs desperate, resolved to attempt, on the night of the 4th February, a retreat by the Lehra Pass. The retreat was accomplished in safety, notwithstanding the difficulty of a night march in the mountains by an almost unknown road. A panic, however, took place, and it was found necessary to abandon the guns on the way. A few weeks later, the troops having been reinforced, a fresh advance took place along the whole line, the column under General Tombs marching on Dewangiri. General Tombs's force consisted of a wing of the 55th Regiment, the 29th Punjab Infantry, a battery of artillery, and was strengthened on the 29th April, when close to Dewangiri, by two other Native Infantry regiments and part of a third.

On the 30th the attack was made. The Bhooteas' position consisted of a central stockade, flanked by two others—one 120 and a second 150 yards distant. The artillery opened fire from a spot 600 yards distant, but, owing to the nature of the ground, with little effect. A company of the 55th skirmished up the hill till within 100 yards of the central stockade, when they lay down and fired at the loopholes. Two storming parties then ad-

vanced, one against the stockade on the right, the other against the main stockade. The first was repulsed, and the second storming party for a few minutes looked as if it also were about to fail; but three gallant officers, Lieutenant C. J. Griffiths of the 43rd N. I., and Captain William Spottiswoode Trevor and Lieutenant James Dundas of the Royal Engineers, set an example by climbing the palisades, and, being bravely followed by their men, the stockade was entered. The fight, however, was not over. The main body of the enemy, accepting their defeat, had retreated; but a party of about 200 men still held out in a loopholed blockhouse. General Tombs was anxious to capture this blockhouse without any haggling, for fear lest the enemy, encouraged by its resistance, should rally. The two nearest officers to him were Captain Trevor and Lieutenant Dundas. Them he ordered to show the way, and with alacrity they obeyed. The wall of the blockhouse was fourteen feet high, and between it and the roof was a space of two feet.

The feat of entering this post was a desperate one, but the two Engineers were not for a moment daunted. Clambering up the wall they thrust themselves head foremost through the opening above mentioned; they entered the blockhouse, followed soon after by their men, and though both were wounded they soon compelled the surrender of such of the enemy as were not slain. Trevor and Dundas received the Victoria Cross for their daring conduct on this occasion. Captain Trevor, who had served and been wounded in the second Burmese war, is now lieutenant-colonel, and employed in the Public Works Department at Indore as superintending engineer. Lieutenant Dundas is now Captain Dundas, executive engineer, second grade, in the Public Works Department in India.

The Umbeyla campaign of 1863 is now almost forgotten save by Anglo-Indians, yet it was a sharp struggle, and many brave soldiers perished in it. One of the most severe contests took place on the 30th October. The hill-men, early in the morning, executed a simultaneous attack on the front of our camp, stationed in a valley, and on the Crag picket, an advanced post some distance to our right front on a steep mountain. Making the assault a little before daylight, the enemy drove in the picket. When, however, daylight appeared, Major, now Brigadier-General, C. P. Keyes, who was in support with his regiment, the 1st Punjab Infantry, made a gallant and successful effort to recapture the post. With the 1st Punjabees was a gallant subaltern—Lieutenant George Vincent Fosberry, late of the 4th Europeans—who had volunteered for the campaign. Major Keyes made his attack in two bodies: the main body he led himself, while a small party, under Lieutenant Fosberry, was ordered to advance by another road. Bravely leading on his men up the steep path swept by the enemy's bullets, Fosberry was the first to reach the Crag picket on his side. A sharp hand-to-hand fight ensued, but the stormers were not to be denied, and in a few minutes the enemy fled, having lost, it is computed, sixty men in killed alone. Major Keyes having been wounded in the moment of victory, Lieutenant Fosberry led the regiment in pursuit of the flying foe and greatly harassed them. During the whole of the operations he did excellent service in command of a body of marksmen taken from the 71st and 101st Regiments, who fired rifle shells of Lieutenant Fosberry's own invention. He entered the army in 1852, became lieutenant in 1857, brevet-captain in 1864, substantive captain in 1866, was promoted to a brevet majority,

as soon as he got his company, for his services in the Umbeyla campaign; became substantive major in the Bengal Staff Corps in 1872, and is now second in command of the 35th Bengal Native Infantry. Besides the Victoria Cross, he has also a medal and clasp for the Umbeyla campaign.

On the 26th July, 1877, at Quetta, a recently established cantonment in the Khelat territory, Lieutenants Hewson and Kunhardt while superintending the works were suddenly attacked by some Pathan coolies—for what reason, unless from a fanatical hatred of intruding Feringhees, is not known. Lieutenant Hewson was at once cut down, receiving wounds which shortly caused his death. Lieutenant Kunhardt was badly wounded, and, retiring before his assailants, would have been soon killed had not rescue been at hand. Fortunately, the 4th Sikh Infantry was on parade close by, and, on hearing a cry that British officers were being murdered, Captain A. Scott, of that regiment, and several of his men rushed to the scene of bloodshed. Sepoy Ruchpal Singh was first on the spot, and with his fixed bayonet kept the three murderers, who were armed with tulwars, at bay. Captain Scott, on coming up the next moment, took in the situation at a glance, snatched a rifle from one of his Sepoys, rushed in at the Pathans, bayoneted two in rapid succession, and closed with the third, falling with him to the ground. The struggle, however, was soon over, for more Sepoys had come up, and they quickly bayoneted the miscreant. For thus saving Lieutenant Kunhardt's life Captain Scott was granted the Victoria Cross. Andrew Scott entered the army as ensign on the 4th March, 1860, became Lieutenant on the 1st January, 1862, and Captain on the 4th March, 1872, on which day he was appointed Adjutant and Wing officer of the 4th Sikh Infantry, a post which he still fills.



CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW ZEALAND WAR—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M^cNEILL SAVES A PRIVATE'S LIFE—DR. TEMPLE AND LIEUTENANT PICKARD ATTEND TO THE WOUNDED AT THE RANGIRI PAH UNDER A HEAVY FIRE—DR. MANLEY'S HEROISM AT THE GATE PAH—EXPLOSION OF A TRUCK LADEN WITH POWDER PREVENTED BY THE GALLANTRY AND PRESENCE OF MIND OF PRIVATE O'SHEA—A BRAVE MIDDY GALLANTLY SUPPORTED—THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS—DR. DOUGLAS AND FOUR PRIVATES OF THE 24TH REGIMENT RESCUE A PARTY FROM THE SURF—PERAK CAMPAIGN—STORMING A STOCKADE.

THE last New Zealand war was not waged with much skill, and can scarcely be considered a very glorious one; yet it afforded several instances of the most devoted courage, the most chivalrous conduct. Among the most remarkable examples of cool courage and self-sacrificing humanity is an exploit of Colonel John McNeill, C.B., C.M.G., V.C., Equerry to the Queen. Entering the army in 1850, he was five years an ensign. During the Indian Mutiny he served as aide-de-camp to Sir Edward Lugard, and was present in that capacity at the siege and capture of Luck

now, the engagement at Jaunpore, the relief of Azimghur, and the various operations in the Jugdespore jungle. Having become a captain in August, 1860, he was in October, 1861, rewarded for his services by the brevet of major. In 1861 he proceeded to New Zealand as aide-de-camp to Sir Duncan Cameron, and remained there till 1865, being present at numerous engagements, and displaying such gallantry and capacity that in 1864 he obtained the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. On the 31st of March, 1864, he was sent on duty to a place called Te Awamatu. His only escort were Privates Vosper and Gibson, of the Colonial Defence Force. On returning, and when about a mile beyond a post called Ohanpu, occupied by a detachment of the 40th Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel McNeill perceived a body of Maoris in his front. On this he sent Gibson back to Ohanpu to bring up troops, he and Vosper continuing to watch the enemy. Suddenly from some fern close at hand emerged some fifty Maoris, whom they had not previously observed. There was nothing for it but flight, and they promptly turned their horses to gallop off. In doing so Vosper's horse fell, leaving the rider on the ground. The natives made a rush towards him, and his fate seemed sealed. Lieutenant-Colonel McNeill, however, perceiving that Vosper was not following him, looked round and saw his companion's peril. He did not hesitate for a moment, but quickly returning, caught the loose horse, and helped Vosper to mount, all under a close and heavy fire from the Maoris. They then galloped off, but they had a narrow escape, for the enemy were close on them, and it was only by riding at the utmost speed of their horses that Lieutenant-Colonel McNeill and Vosper succeeded in getting off. Employed on the staff in Ireland, after his return from New Zealand,

ENGAGEMENT WITH THE MAORIS.

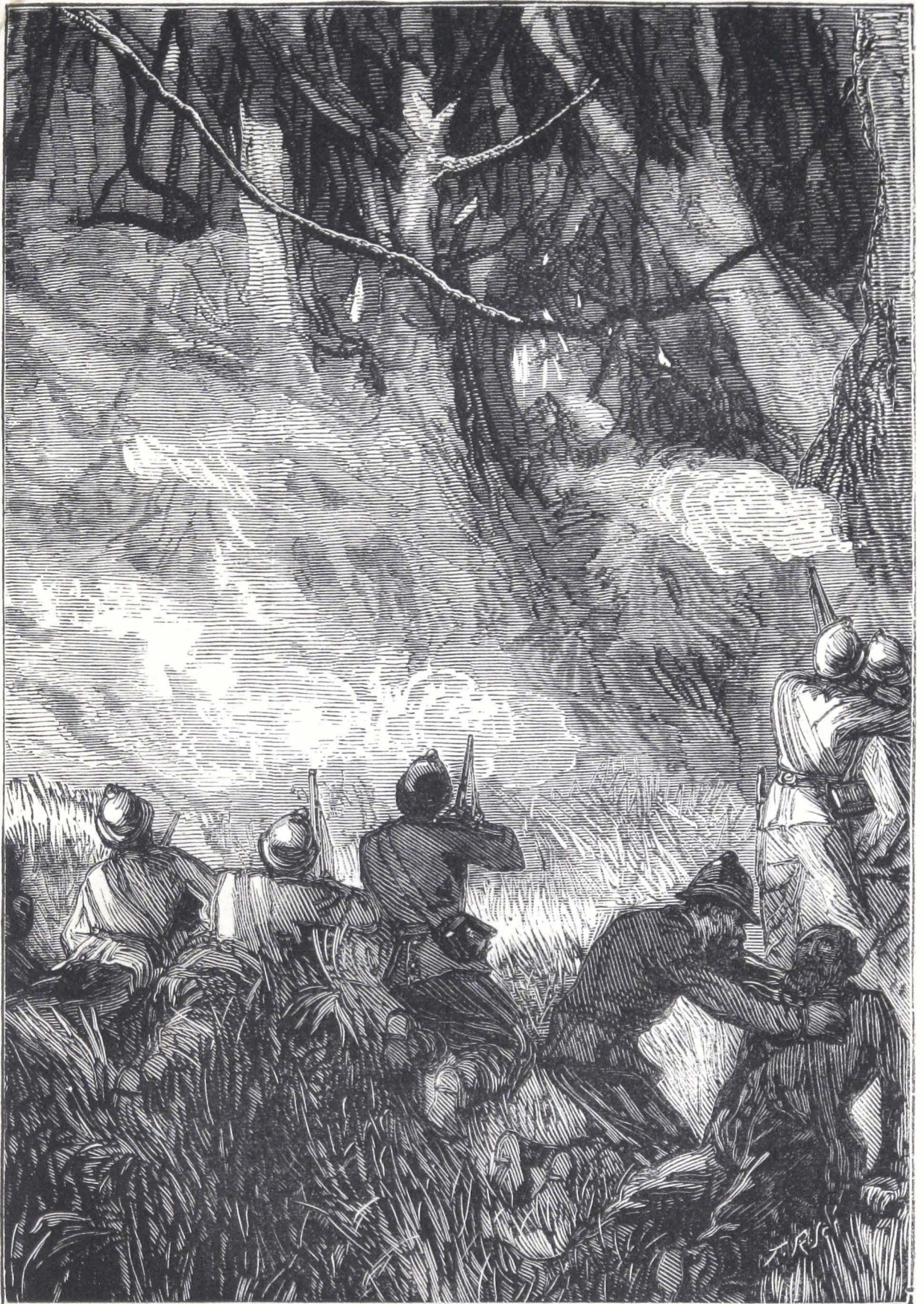


Lieutenant-Colonel McNeill, in the winter of 1866-67, during the Fenian disturbances, commanded the Tipperary flying column, and was thanked in general orders by Lord Strathnairn for his services on that occasion. In 1870 he served on the staff of the Red River expedition, and was rewarded by being made a C.M.G., becoming a full colonel in 1872. In the following year, as colonel on the staff and second in command, he took part in the Ashantee campaign, and on the 13th October was very severely wounded in the attack of the village of Essaman. He was mentioned in despatches, created a C.B., and granted a medal. Compelled by his wound to return to England before the close of the war, he was, in January, 1874, appointed A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and on the 11th August following equerry to the Queen.

On the 20th November, 1863, Sir Duncan Cameron, at the head of about 1,000 men, comprising a few sailors and about fifty artillerymen, attacked the Rangiriri Pah. At the first rush the outworks were captured, but, finding that the body of the place was of formidable strength, the colonial militia fell back, notwithstanding the utmost efforts and the gallant example of their officers. On this the General ordered Captain Mercer and his fifty gunners to make an attempt. Armed only with sword and revolver they advanced with the utmost intrepidity, and, led by Captain Mercer, some of them even mounted the parapet of the Pah. At that moment Mercer was mortally wounded by a bullet which struck him on the jaw, tearing away the whole of the lower part of his face. Several of his men soon likewise fell, and in the face of the heavy fire the handful of survivors were compelled to retreat.

The sailors were now ordered to the front, but they could not approach nearer the Pah than fifty yards, and in their turn fell back, losing amongst others a young midy only fourteen years old, who was shot through the head. An attempt was then made to blow in the stockade but the fuze was damp and would not take fire. Fortunately the next day at dawn the welcome sight of a white flag hoisted inside the Pah was beheld. The place, and with it 180 Maoris, had most unaccountably surrendered, about 175 having taken refuge in flight. The Maoris had lost in killed forty-five, beside wounded, while our casualties numbered six officers and forty men killed, and nine officers and eighty men wounded. Though our prestige suffered greatly from our repulse on this occasion, there were some redeeming incidents to console the British public.

Two British officers displayed, in their devotion to the wounded, the highest heroism, the greatest abnegation of self. Assistant-surgeon William Temple, Royal Artillery, seeing his friend Mercer rolling on the ground in agony, was anxious to take assistance to him and the numerous wounded. It was a service of the utmost peril, entailing almost certain death. The spot where Mercer and his wounded comrades lay was close to the Pah, and the defenders of the latter had concentrated a cross fire on the place in order to forbid approach. First one soldier, then another advanced on the errand of mercy, but one after another was shot down as he drew near. Then, heedless of his own life, sprang forward William Temple. His progress was watched with breathless anxiety. It seemed impossible that he could escape. When he reached the spot which had proved so fatal to his predecessors, the enemy's fire was redoubled, and the



A FIGHT IN THE BUSH

gallant surgeon was enveloped in smoke. Many must have thought that it was his winding-sheet; but no, when the thick white cloud cleared away Temple was seen, apparently unhurt, leaning over Mercer, and assiduously busied in the attempt to soothe his agony. Fortune favours the brave, it is said, and it certainly did so on this occasion; instinctively he had stooped when the Maoris had fired, and their bullets had whistled harmlessly over his head. When once by Mercer's side, he was perhaps too close to the Pah to be hit; at all events throughout that afternoon spent in tending not only Mercer, but the other wounded men who lay in clusters, almost as it were under the muzzles of the enemy's muskets, he was untouched.

Another gallant officer rivalled Temple in humanity and devotion. He also was in the Artillery, and his name was Lieutenant Arthur Frederick Pickard. Repeatedly did he pass through a heavy cross fire in order to bring water to assuage the agonizing thirst of the more advanced wounded, though so great was the peril that no one could be induced to accompany him. For their conduct on this occasion both Temple and Pickard were granted the Victoria Cross, which decoration was not, however, thanks to official slowness and forms, notified in the *Gazette* till the following September, or ten months later.

Let us now trace the career of these two heroes. William Temple entered the army as assistant surgeon in 1858. He served in the New Zealand war of 1860-61, and also in the campaigns in the same country of 1863-64-65, being present in numerous engagements, and mentioned in despatches. In 1873 he became surgeon-

major, which rank he now holds. Arthur Pickard became lieutenant in the Artillery in 1858, captain in 1871, and brevet-major in 1872. He served in the New Zealand wars of 1860-61 and 1863-64, was present in numerous engagements, and was mentioned in despatches. When the household of the Duke of Connaught was formed, Lieutenant Pickard was appointed equerry to His Royal Highness.

William George Nicholas Manley entered the Army Medical Department as an assistant-surgeon in 1854. Proceeding to the Crimea in the following summer, he served with the Royal Artillery at the siege of Sebastopol, from the 11th June until the fall of the place. He served with the Royal Artillery during the New Zealand war of 1864-6, and he was thanked in general orders and promoted to the rank of staff-surgeon for "distinguished and meritorious services rendered to the sick and wounded during the operations in New Zealand," his commission being dated 20th October, 1865. He was present at the assault and capture of four Pahs, but it was on the occasion of a serious disaster that he won the Victoria Cross. The Maoris had constructed a strong stockaded work at Tauranga, called "the gate Pah." It was situated on a narrow slip of land connecting a peninsula with the mainland, and on each side of the Pah was a swamp extending to the sea. It was thought only possible, therefore, to attack it in front. The troops assembled in front of it constituted a formidable body, consisting of the 43rd and 68th Regiments, detachments from the 14th, 65th, and 70th Regiments, some artillerymen with eleven Armstrong guns, six mortars, and two howitzers, a few engineers, and a Naval Brigade 200 strong. Sir Duncan Cameron

arrived on the 27th April, 1865, to assume command, and that night, under cover of the darkness, the 68th Regiment, with thirty sailors, made their way through one of the swamps and took up a position in rear so as to intercept the defenders should they try to escape: At half-past seven on the morning of the 28th a cannonade was opened on the Pah, into which a continuous shower of shot and shell was rained till four in the afternoon. So slight had been the reply from the enemy's muskets and rifles that it was thought that the garrison must have been annihilated. Nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure, it was determined to continue the cannonade until a practicable breach had been made. It was not, therefore, till 4 P.M. that the assault was delivered. The stormers consisted of portions of the Naval Brigade and the 43rd, the remainder constituting the supports. After a brief musketry fire the stormers, with loud cheers, rushed towards the Pah, Commander Hay, of H.M.S. Harrier, leading the way. In a moment the ditch was passed, the breach penetrated, and, as only an occasional shot was heard, those outside deemed the affair over. The stormers were of the same opinion, for all they could see was a few wounded Maoris, so casting away their arms they dispersed in search of plunder. The wily Maoris had, however, taken refuge from the cannonade in underground chambers, covered over with turf and branches. Almost uninjured by the shot and shell which had, for more than eight hours, been poured into the Pah, the defenders waited patiently for the assault. At length the sound of cheers gave notice that the stormers were at hand, and immediately afterwards a crowd of soldiers and sailors streamed with disorderly impetuosity into the work,

and seeing no enemy scattered themselves over the interior. Thus hidden and invulnerable, the Maoris sent up, as it were from the bowels of the earth, shot after shot, each one of which hit its mark, and to which no effectual reply could be made. Struck with panic at such an unexpected attack, this new form of death so daunted our men that those who had not fallen rushed out of the place in the wildest confusion, leaving the interior strewn with dead, dying, and disabled comrades. Seeing what had happened, Sir Duncan Cameron at once ordered forward the supports. These at once responded to the appeal, and led by Captain Hamilton, of H.M.S. Esk, made for the breach. Captain Hamilton was the first over the ditch, but he then fell dying, with a bullet in the forehead. Seeing this,—thrown into confusion by the backward rush of the stormers, and pitilessly pelted by an incessant fire from the Maoris, who had by this time emerged from their burrows,—the supports also fled, and not all the efforts, not the most daring gallantry of the officers, could arrest the maddened flight of our men.

When the sudden fire was first opened on the stormers, Commander Hay was one of the first to fall mortally wounded. In the selfishness of terror both the soldiers and sailors abandoned the wounded. There was, however, a noble exception—Samuel Mitchell, captain of the foretop of H.M.S. Harrier. He, casting aside all thoughts of personal safety, raised Commander Hay in his arms and, under a heavy fire, carried him out of the Pah. There he met Dr. Manley, who had volunteered to accompany the storming party, and who, notwithstanding the panic, confusion, and terror which prevailed on every

side, calmly dressed Commander Hay's wound, and then entered the Pah to see if there were any more wounded whom he could succour. It is said that he was one of the last officers to leave the Pah. Throughout that sad evening his efforts were to alleviate suffering where necessary, and Sir William Wiseman, commanding the Naval Brigade, reported that he "ministered to the wants of the wounded and dying amid the bullets of the enemy with as much *sang froid* as if he had been performing an operation in St. George's Hospital." Both Mitchell and Manley obtained the Victoria Cross for their devotion on this occasion. We may here remark that during the ensuing night the Maoris abandoned the work, and managed to get off in safety, notwithstanding that the 68th and thirty sailors watched the rear of the Pah.

Dr. Manley, had he never done anything else, would have well earned a place on the list of British heroes. He, however, subsequently nobly justified his right to the Victoria Cross. While in New Zealand he happened to be present during the disembarkation of some artillery in the Waitotara river. As he was quitting the steamer a gunner fell overboard. The man was in imminent danger of being drowned, but Dr. Manley promptly sprang into the water and rescued him. For this feat he was awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society. Accompanying the British Ambulance to France in 1870, he so distinguished himself by energy, courage, and devotion, that he was thanked by General von Wittich, commanding the Prussian division to which Dr. Manley was attached. He was granted the steel War Medal, and the second class of the Iron Cross, the latter decoration being con-

ferred upon him "on account of his devoted and excellent conduct in seeking out and caring for the wounded of the 22nd Prussian division in the actions of Châteauneuf and Bretoncelles, on the 18th and 21st November, and the battles of Orleans and Cravant on the 2nd to the 10th December, 1870." He also obtained the Bavarian Order of Merit for 1870-71. In December, 1872, he attained the rank of surgeon-major.

It is not difficult to understand how it is that, excited by the fury of battle, and sustained by the plaudits of their countrymen, there are never in action wanting brave men ready to encounter almost certain death, partly from a sense of duty, partly from a desire to win the much prized distinction of the Victoria Cross. All honour to such heroes, and well do they merit the imprimatur of courage. Even greater credit is, however, due to those who, unwarmed by any previous excitement, in the midst of peace, in cold blood, risk their own lives in order to save those of others. It must, therefore, have been a source of satisfaction, both to soldiers and civilians, that the regulations contained in the Royal Warrant instituting the Victoria Cross were broken through to reward Private Timothy O'Hea, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, for his cool courage on the 9th of July, 1866. We cannot do better than quote verbatim, from Sir William Cope's 'History of the Rifle Brigade,' the story of the deed which procured O'Hea the Victoria Cross:—

"On July 9, a railway van, containing 2,000 pounds of ammunition, on its way from Quebec to Kingston, under charge of a sergeant and a guard of the battalion, was discovered to be on fire on reaching Danville Station. It had been ignited by a spark from the engine. The van

was immediately shoved down the line away from the station, and the alarm given. The people living in the vicinity fled from their houses in fear of the explosion. Private Timothy O'Hea, one of the guard, ran down to this van, forced open the door, removed the covering from the ammunition, discovered the source of the fire, hastened to get water, and extinguished the flames. A braver or more daring act it is impossible to imagine. A subscription was immediately set on foot, and a purse handed to the brave rifleman, and he subsequently received the Victoria Cross for this courageous act."

It is to be regretted that an amendment of the Royal Warrant has not been made. The fifth clause of the regulations is as follows:—"It is ordained, that the Cross shall only be awarded to those officers or men who have served us in the presence of an enemy." Thus, though O'Hea fully merited the distinction conferred upon him, the bestowal of the Cross in this instance was a distinct violation of the statutes.

In September, 1867, a powerful and semi-independent Japanese nobleman, Prince Nagato, having refused to open the Straits of Simonosaki, in accordance with the treaty, and the Tycoon being unable to coerce him, a combined fleet of French, English, and Dutch vessels were despatched to open a way by force. The English fleet was commanded by Admiral Hornby, and consisted of nine ships, the French co-operating with three, and the Dutch with four others. On September 5th the fleet attacked and destroyed two Japanese batteries. The next day some other forts having opened fire it was returned, and after a brief interchange of shots the enemy was silenced. As he soon, however, opened fire again, the Marines and small-arms men of the allied fleet were landed, and at

once proceeded to attack the Japanese forts. The assault was successful, the batteries were captured without much resistance, the guns dismounted and spiked, the carriages and platforms burnt, and the magazines blown up. The admiral deeming it inexpedient, from the rugged and almost impenetrable nature of the country, to retain possession of any post during the night, directed the whole of the allied force to re-embark at four in the afternoon. The French and Dutch were already in their boats when a portion of the British Naval Brigade was suddenly attacked by a strong body of the enemy. The battalion of Marines coming up at the moment, the Japanese were not only repulsed but followed up. The latter took post in a strong stockaded barracks. The struggle was short but sharp, and many of our men fell in the course of a few minutes. Eventually, however, the enemy were dislodged, leaving seven small guns in our possession. On this occasion two Victoria Crosses were won. Mr. Duncan Boyes, midshipman of the *Euryalus*, was one of the recipients. He carried a colour with the leading company. Rushing on in front of all, he pushed forward through a storm of bullets, though of his two colour-sergeants one was mortally and the other dangerously wounded. Indeed, had it not been for the positive order of a superior officer, who desired him not to keep in advance of his men, the gallant young midshipman would probably have tried to capture the Japanese barracks single handed. The colour which he carried was six times pierced by musket-balls. We regret to say that Mr. Boyes's name is no longer to be found in the *Navy List*; we imagine, therefore, that he is dead. The other hero was Thomas Priell, captain of the after-guard of H.M.S. *Euryalus*, who was one of Mr. Boyes's colour-

sergeants, and displayed the utmost fearlessness on the occasion, and supported the midshipman most gallantly. He was wounded dangerously by a musket-ball in the left side of the chest. By the latest *Navy List* he is still serving in the same rank as that which he held when he won the Cross.

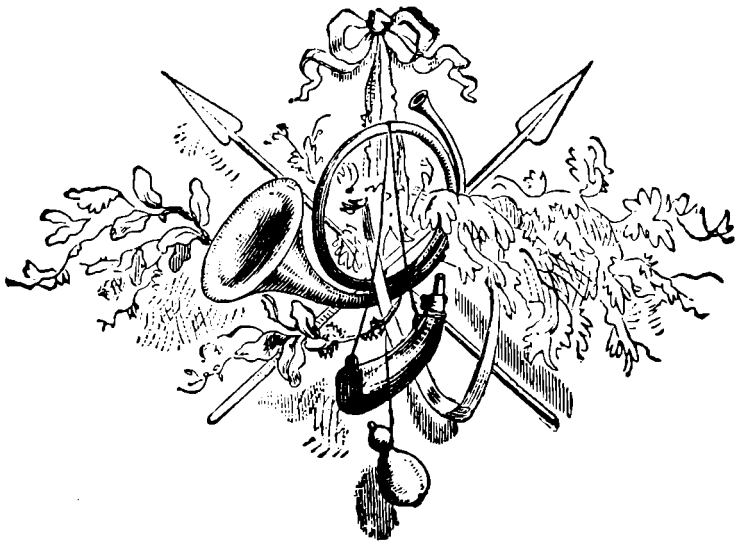
During the spring of 1867, the captain and seven of the crew of the merchant ship *Assam Valley* went on shore at the island of Little Andaman, in the Bay of Bengal. They did not return, and all endeavours to ascertain their fate having failed, the *Assam Valley* proceeded on her voyage. The Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, on learning what had happened, despatched the steamer *Arracan*, with a detachment of eighteen or twenty men from the 2nd battalion, 24th Regiment, under Lieutenant Much, and some half-dozen Marines. Assistant - Surgeon Campbell Millis Douglas, of the 24th Regiment, was sent with the party, and Lieutenant Glassford was so eager to go, that he accompanied the expedition as a volunteer. On the 7th May they reached their destination, and the detachment having been placed in the boats, the shore was examined. Perceiving at one point the remains of a sailor's jacket, the party landed, and scarcely had they done so, when a shower of arrows was discharged at them. The fire of our men, however, kept the savages in check, and permitted the continuance of the search. The result was the discovery of eight graves, which, on examination, were found to contain the remains of the missing men, who had evidently been murdered. Infuriated by the sight, the party opened a brisk fire on the savages who were hanging about, and first and last killed between twenty and thirty of them. When our men wished to return to the steamer,

they found that one of their boats had been so much damaged that it was useless, while the other had lost its rudder, and was almost equally unserviceable. A raft was then constructed, but when it was launched the men were swept off by almost every wave. Seeing the evil plight of their comrades, Dr. Douglas, and Privates Thomas Murphy, James Cooper, David Bell, and William Griffiths, of the 24th Regiment, manned the second gig, and made their way through the surf almost to the shore. Finding their boat half filled with water, they returned, but only to make a second attempt, which proved successful, Dr. Douglas and his crew managing to convey five of the party which had landed safely through the surf to the boats outside. On a third trip he removed the remainder, all being rescued with the exception of Lieutenant Glassford, who was drowned. It is stated in the official report, that "Dr. Douglas accomplished these trips through the surf to the shore by no ordinary exertion. He stood in the bows of the boat, and worked her in an intrepid and seamanlike manner, cool to a degree, as if what he was doing was an ordinary act of every-day life. The four privates behaved in an equally cool and collected manner, rowing through the roughest surf, when the slightest hesitation or want of pluck on the part of any one of them would have been attended by the gravest results." For thus saving seventeen officers and men from a fearful risk, if not a certainty, of death, Dr. Douglas and his four brave companions were granted the Victoria Cross. To thus decorate them it was necessary somewhat to strain the statutes of the order, but no one can regret that this was done, for greater courage, humanity, and self-devotion for an important object could not have been displayed. We are unable to trace the subsequent

career of the four privates. As to Dr. Douglas, all we know is, that he entered the service as an Assistant-Surgeon on the 1st October, 1862, became Surgeon-Major on the 28th April, 1876, and is at the present moment serving in Nova Scotia.

George Nicholas Channer entered the Bengal Army on the 4th September, 1859, and became Lieutenant 25th May, 1861. In the winter of that year he took part in the Umbeyla campaign, and was present in the actions of the 16th and 17th December. For his services in this campaign he received a medal and clasp. In 1864 he served with General Wylde's column in the Jadoon country, and in 1871-72 went through the Looshai campaign. On the 4th September, 1871, he attained to the rank of Captain, and in 1875 accompanied the 1st Goorkhas to the Malay Peninsula. During the operations, which took place at the end of 1875 and beginning of 1876, he was present at numerous engagements, and at the surprise and capture of Malay stockades in the Bukit Putus Pass, he led the advanced party, composed of his own regiment. This engagement occurred on the 20th December, 1875, under the following circumstances:—Captain Channer was despatched by the officer commanding the column to procure intelligence as to the enemy's strength and position. He contrived to get in rear of the enemy, and crept forward to reconnoitre. He found that he could hear the voices of the men garrisoning the stockade, and, observing that they were cooking at the time, keeping no look out, and utterly unsuspecting of danger, he resolved to attack. Beckoning up his party, all crept quietly up to within a few paces of the stockade, when a rush was made. Captain Channer dashed to the front, and, climbing over the wall, shot the first man he saw dead with his

revolver. His men then came up, entered the stockade, and soon disposed of the Malays. The stockade was a most formidable one, being surrounded by a bamboo palisade, while inside was a stout log-house, loopholed, and with only two narrow entrances. The officer commanding reported "that if Captain Channer, by his coolness, foresight, and intrepidity, had not taken this stockade, a great loss of life must have occurred, as, from the fact of being unable to bring a gun to bear on it, from the steepness of the hill, and the density of the jungle, it must have been taken at the point of the bayonet." For this exploit Captain Channer was mentioned in despatches, given a brevet majority, and decorated with the Victoria Cross. He is now Wing Officer and Quartermaster of the 1st Goorkhas.



THE REGULATIONS OF THE ORDER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

PRACTICALLY the conditions under which the Victoria Cross is granted are not accessible to the general public. It has been therefore suggested that an abstract of those conditions might with advantage be given in the books which deal with the exploits of the heroes whose gallantry has been recognized by the bestowal of the decoration in question.

The order of the Victoria Cross was instituted during the Crimean War, the royal warrant founding it, expressing its objects, and stating its statutes, bearing date 29th January, 1856. The document commences by stating that there being no means of adequately rewarding the individual gallant services of the subordinate members of the navy and army, Her Majesty has been pleased to institute a new naval and military order, and to approve of rules for its government. The cross is to be suspended by a *blue ribbon* in the navy and by a *red ribbon* in the army. The names of all recipients of the decoration are to be published in the *London Gazette*, and entered in a register to be kept at the War Office. If any one, having received the Victoria Cross, shall subsequently perform acts of bravery for which he would have been

entitled to the decoration if he had not already received it, a bar is to be granted for every such additional act. The fifth rule states "the Cross shall only be awarded to those officers or men who have served us in the presence of an enemy, and shall have then performed some signal act of valour or devotion to their country." In the sixth rule it is laid down that neither rank, long service, nor wounds, nor any other circumstance, save conspicuous bravery, shall be held to establish a claim to the honour.

The promptitude of a reward doubles its value, so it is ordained that the Victoria Cross may be given on the spot under the following circumstances:—When the fleet or army in which such an act has been performed is under the eye and command of an admiral or general commanding the forces, or when the naval or military force is under the eye and command of an admiral or commodore commanding a squadron or detached naval force, or of a general commanding a corps, division, or brigade on a distinct and detached service. In the case of an officer, not an admiral or general, commanding the forces, it is distinctly stated that the subsequent confirmation of the sovereign is needed. No mention is made of the necessity of confirmation in the case of an admiral or general commanding the forces, but we imagine that the confirmation of the Sovereign is required in every instance.

When the act of valour shall not have been performed in sight of an admiral or general commanding the forces, or an admiral, commodore, or general commanding a distinct and detached force, the claimant for the honour shall prove the act to the officer commanding his ship or regiment. The latter is to report the same, through the proper channel, to the officer commanding the force, and he, having received satisfactory evidence, is to recommend

the grant of the Cross. Every person selected for the Cross on account of an act of valour witnessed by the admiral or general commanding the forces, or the officer commanding a squadron or force on distinct and detached service, is to be publicly decorated in presence of the naval or military force to which he belongs, and which was present when the act of bravery was performed. His name and the cause of his decoration are to be recorded in a general order. Every person recommended by the general or admiral for the Cross is to receive the decoration as soon as possible, and a general order is to be published on the occasion. All general orders on this subject are to be registered in the War Office or Admiralty. In the event of a claim not having been satisfied on the spot, the Sovereign may, on the recommendation of the Secretary of War and the Commander-in-Chief, or the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and on receipt of conclusive proof, confer the Cross.

In the event of a gallant act having been performed by a squadron, ship's company, a detached body of seamen and Marines not under fifty in number, or by a brigade, regiment, troop, or company, if the admiral, general, or other officer commanding such force considers that all were equally brave, and that no selection is possible, the following is to be the procedure:—The officers and petty officers, or non-commissioned officers, will each select one officer, and one petty officer or non-commissioned officer respectively, and the sailors, soldiers, or Marines will select two of their own rank. The names of those selected shall be forwarded by the senior officer commanding the body to the admiral or general commanding, who shall confer the decoration as if the acts were performed under his own eye.

Every one under the rank of a commissioned officer receiving the Cross shall be entitled to a special pension of 10*l.* a year, counting from the date of the act of valour. For every bar an addition of 5*l.* shall be made to the pension. In order to keep the order pure any person holding the Victoria Cross who shall be convicted of treason, cowardice, felony, or any infamous crime, or who, being accused of such, shall not within a reasonable time surrender himself for trial, shall be expelled the order and be deprived of his pension. The Sovereign, however, shall have power to restore both decoration and pension.

It is needless to add that the Victoria Cross, which was first bestowed on those who had distinguished themselves in the Russian war of 1854-56, is very highly prized. The original intention of the founder of the order has not, however, in all cases been fully carried out. It was clearly laid down that the Cross was only to be bestowed upon members of the army and navy for acts performed in the presence of an enemy. In one instance, however, a private soldier was decorated for having in time of peace prevented by his courage and devotion the explosion of ammunition placed in railway trucks. He certainly displayed the highest class of courage on the occasion, still by giving him the Cross the statutes of the order were violated. Another departure from the letter of the statutes was the bestowing the Cross on Messrs. Macdonnell, Mangles, and Kavanagh for their services during the Mutiny. It may be fairly urged, however, that though they were civilians, their services were of an essentially military character, that they fought alongside of soldiers, and that for the time being they were subject to military orders. That they thoroughly earned the distinction no

one will for a moment dispute. Our only contention is that an additional clause should have been added to the statutes empowering the Sovereign to bestow the decoration, under certain circumstances, on soldiers not engaged in war, and on civilians.

The most valuable clause of the statutes is that which empowers the bestowal on the spot of the Victoria Cross ; but if this clause be carefully considered it will, we think, be apparent that it can rarely happen that an act of conspicuous valour is witnessed by the commander of the forces himself. It is more likely to take place under the eye of the commander of a detached force, but his bestowal of the Cross is only provisional. Under any circumstances, considerable delay must occur before the Cross can actually be placed on the breast of the hero. The value of the decoration would be infinitely enhanced if, as a matter of course, a certain number of Crosses were handed over to the commander of the forces, or any general officer, or admiral or commodore, commanding a detached force, to be bestowed as occasion might require. Any general, admiral, or commodore, commanding a detached force, should also be empowered to confer the decoration in Her Majesty's name, without the necessity of any confirmation. As matters stand now, a commanding officer, however much he may deserve the decoration, cannot receive it, because he cannot recommend himself. Surely the officer commanding the brigade should be empowered on sufficient evidence to recommend such commanding officer of a regiment, battery, or detachment for the honour. Indeed, a similar principle might even prevail with respect to generals themselves. An officer commanding a regiment is not unfrequently required to set an example of conspicuous

personal gallantry, which should be duly rewarded. As a rule, a brigadier should not come into actual contact with the enemy, but it might so happen that his duty demanded that he should do so.

We would also remark that the order was instituted for the purpose of rewarding, not general gallantry, but some specific act of courage or devotion, yet many officers and men have received the Cross for the former alone. We would likewise protest against a *pro ratâ* distribution of the decoration. At Lucknow, Lord Clyde, who had had the Peninsular prejudice against decorations, recommended that certain corps should receive three or four Crosses, the recipients to be elected by officers, non-commissioned officers, and men respectively. This was manifestly unfair, for though every regiment engaged did its duty, some regiments had more opportunities than others of displaying gallantry. Finally, we call attention to the fact that, as far as we are aware, no second act of valour has been rewarded by a bar to the cross, and that no native of India has received the decoration.



GALLANT SEPOYS AND SOWARS.



GALLANT SEPOYS AND SOWARS.



CHAPTER V.

DEVOTION OF NATIVE SOLDIERS TO THEIR OFFICERS—ORIGINAL SYSTEM OF THE BENGAL ARMY—SIR JAMES OUTRAM ON THE ALTERATIONS INTRODUCED—HAPPY PRESENCE OF MIND OF A JEMADAR—PRECEDENCE IN THE HOUR OF DEATH—A DUEL BETWEEN ELEPHANTS AND ARTILLERY—MONSON'S RETREAT—SAVE THE COLOURS.

IN an excellent work, too little known, Maxwell's 'Life of Wellington,' we find some remarkable instances of the devotion displayed in old times by our native troops to their European officers and comrades. On one occasion a body of European and native troops were besieged. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and a surrender in consequence seemed inevitable. Nothing but rice was left, and but little of that; and the last hour of resistance seemed to have come. At this crisis the Sepoys came forward and asked to be allowed to boil their rice, and, giving the grains to the Europeans, to content themselves with drinking the water in which it had been boiled. They added, "Your English soldiers can eat from our hands, though we cannot eat from theirs."

On another occasion a very touching proof of the affection borne by the Sepoys to their officers was given. When the remnants of Baillie's army, which had been captured by Tippoo Sahib, were given up they were marched across the country to Madras, a distance of 400 miles. The guards, in the hopes of seducing the Sepoys and inducing them to enter Tippoo's service, used every endeavour to keep them apart from their officers. The Sepoys, however, not only remained firm to their allegiance, but constantly swam the rivers and tanks by which they were separated from their officers, bringing them presents of food, for they said, "We can live on anything, but you require beef and mutton."

Again, when many years ago a formidable native revolt took place, the only troops that could be brought against the insurgents were a battalion of the 27th Bengal Native Infantry and 400 recently embodied Rohilla Horse. The rebels were 12,000 strong, and continued to resist till 2,000 of them were slain. Many of them were the friends and relations of the troops employed against them, yet the Sepoys did their duty resolutely, even though a priest advanced and called out to them not to fight against their co-religionists. Only one man yielded to the temptation, and he was immediately put to death by his comrades.

The contrast between the conduct of the Sepoys in old days and their behaviour to their officers during the Mutiny is very striking, but may partially be explained by the change in our military system. Originally each battalion was commanded by a European captain, assisted by a European lieutenant, and ensign, the two latter acting as majors. There was a native commandant, who took post in front of the line with the European commandant, and a native adjutant, who took post in rear with the two

junior European officers. Each company was commanded by a Subadar, and had a colour with the Subadar's badge or device on it. In 1780 there was a new system, the Native Infantry being organized in regiments of two battalions; a major commanded the regiment, a captain each battalion, and a lieutenant each company, but there were no ensigns. A European adjutant was also appointed to each regiment, the post of native commandant being abolished. In the non-commissioned ranks a European sergeant-major and a European quartermaster-sergeant were given to each battalion. These European sergeants, we may mention, as to command, took precedence of all the native officers. In 1776 the Native Infantry were re-organized in thirty separate battalions, each under the command of a captain, or a major on captain's pay, a European officer for each company being retained. Towards the end of the year another change took place. Six brigades of six battalions were formed, a lieutenant-colonel and a major being at the head of each brigade. In 1796 the whole of the Bengal Native Infantry were organized in twelve regiments of two battalions each, the establishment of officers being fixed at one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, seven captains, one captain-lieutenant, twenty-two lieutenants, and ten ensigns to each regiment. The above establishment continued almost unchanged till the Indian Mutiny. Thus the final blow was struck at the position of the native officers, who thenceforth were little better than sergeants. The effect of the alteration did not become visible for several years; but though slowly, yet surely, the new system diminished the loyalty of the Sepoys, and contributed, among other causes, to the mutiny of 1857. Another cause was the promotion by seniority. The evils of this system are

tersely, yet plainly, exposed by Sir James Outram. Writing to Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, on the 27th of April, 1857, he says:—"The mutinous spirit so extensively displayed in the Bengal army is a very serious matter, and is the consequence of the faulty system of its organization, so different from that of Bombay, where such insubordination is scarcely possible; for with us the intermediate tie between the European officers and the men, *i. e.*, the native officers, is a loyal and efficient body, selected for their superior ability, and gratefully attached to their officers in consequence. Their superior ability naturally exercises a wholesome influence over the men, among whom no mutinous spirit could be engendered without their knowledge, and the exertion of their influence to counteract it; whereas the seniority system of the Bengal army supplies neither able nor influential native officers, old imbeciles merely, possessing no control over the men, and owing no gratitude to their officers or to the government for a position which is merely the result of seniority in the service. I pointed this out to Lord Dalhousie once, who told me he had seriously considered the matter, and had consulted some of the highest officers of the Bengal army, who, one and all, deprecated any attempt to change the system as a dangerous innovation. Whatever the danger it should be incurred, the change being gradually introduced; for as at present constituted the Bengal army never can be depended on."

In August, 1781, there was a dangerous insurrection in the district of Benares, and it soon spread to the neighbouring part of Oudh. In that kingdom there were several corps commanded by English officers lent for the purpose. Some of these corps mutinied, and seemed disposed to join the insurgents; but several detachments,

remaining true to their officers, threw themselves into forts, and in a certain manner checked the rebellion. In the fort of Gorruckpore was a jemadar—native lieutenant—with about fifty Sepoys. Being attacked by about 6,000 rebels, the garrison, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, scouted the idea of surrender, and determined to hold out till the last. The attack commenced about nine o'clock in the evening, and was pressed with so much vigour that the garrison, finding the outer fort too extensive for effectual defence by their small numbers, retired into the keep. In the latter there were 200 prisoners, and these strove to seize the Sepoys, who, however, soon put down the attempt, killing nineteen and wounding many others. With a savage and overwhelming force outside, and these prisoners inside, it is wonderful how the garrison managed to resist the persistent endeavours of the rebels to carry the keep. Resist, however, they did with success, when about four in the afternoon, after nineteen hours' continuous fighting, the siege was raised in the following remarkable manner.

At that hour a jemadar called Shawmut Khan, with nine men, who had been, on the intelligence of the outbreak, sent to reinforce Gorruckpore, arrived in the town. The inhabitants advised them to throw away their arms and run into the jungle to save their lives, for the fort was being attacked by 6,000 rebels, and must fall in a few minutes. Instead of—as most men under such circumstances would have done—following this prudent counsel, Shawmut Khan, with wonderful courage and presence of mind, calmly said that he was only the advanced guard, and that a battalion accompanied by artillery was close at his heels. To give colour to his assertion, he ordered one of his men to run and bring up the battalion quickly, tha

the whole of the rebels might be destroyed. He at the same time opened fire on the enemy. The report that a strong relieving body was at hand soon spread, and, seeming to be confirmed by the bold attitude of Shawmut Khan, a panic spread among the assailants, and they fled in the utmost confusion before Shawmut Khan's men in buckram. The garrison of the fort, seeing the enemy in full flight, sallied forth, and, being joined by Shawmut Khan, pursued them. Fast the latter fled, but the Sepoys, though most of them were exhausted by a nineteen hours' desperate struggle, and the remainder by a long march, soon caught up the rearmost of the fugitives, and killed or captured about 200 of them.

The Sepoys, whatever their faults, have always been remarkable for a high military spirit, and this was never more strongly illustrated than in the following case. The oldest battalion in the Bengal army was raised in Calcutta in January, 1757, and being the first corps that had ever been regularly clothed, it was called "The Lal Pultun," or "Red Regiment," from the colour of its coat. It distinguished itself greatly in many actions, and was highly esteemed; but in 1764 the battalion, on a pretext that certain promises made to them had not been fulfilled, broke into open mutiny, and declared that they would serve no longer. Their first step was to seize and imprison their officers, but they did them no harm, and the next day released them. A party of Marines and a battalion of Sepoys being stationed in the neighbourhood, they were promptly sent against the mutineers, who, after a little parley, surrendered, and were brought into Chuprah. Major Munro, who had just been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal army, had arrived at Chuprah for the purpose of inspecting the troops sta-

tioned there, and he determined to make a severe example. Twenty-eight of the most guilty of the mutineers were immediately tried by drumhead general court martial, and all were convicted and sentenced to death. Major—afterwards Sir Hector—Munro resolved that the sentence should be carried out in the most impressive manner. He accordingly directed that the prisoners should all be blown away from guns, eight at Chuprah, and the remaining twenty at other stations. Eight guns were brought out on parade, and as many men tied to the muzzles. They all met their fate with the utmost fortitude, and even at that dreadful moment three of them showed how great was their military pride. These three were grenadiers, and when they were brought out for execution they begged, not for mercy, but that as being grenadiers they had always fought on the right of the line, they might be attached to the three guns on the right. Their request was granted, and they were the first who were executed, thus maintaining their precedence up to the very last moment of their lives. It is said that all the spectators were much affected, yet among them were two Marines who were not new to military executions, for seven years previously they had been members of the firing party who were the instruments of the shameful murder by an unprincipled and heartless Ministry of the gallant and hapless Admiral Byng.

It is not often that soldiers are called upon to use their arms against elephants. Many years ago an elephant exhibited at Exeter Change, in the City, went mad, and it was found necessary to send for a detachment of the Guards to shoot him. This, however, was no service of danger, for the animal was shut up in a cage and could not charge his assailants. Under very different circum-

stances did the Ramgurgh battalion and some native artillerymen slay two wild elephants at Hazaree Bagh in 1809. These elephants were of enormous size, very ferocious, and had done much mischief. So formidable were they, that the officer commanding the station brought up the Ramgurgh battalion and two 4-pounder field-pieces to destroy them. A stubborn fight took place. The elephants made several furious charges on the guns, which, however, were worked by the native artillerymen with the greatest steadiness and courage. Shot after shot was fired into the animals' carcasses, but without, for a long time, producing any effect save an increase of their rage. One of the elephants rushed at a subadar, upset both him and his horse, and in another second would have destroyed the former. Fortunately, a brave Sepoy of the Ramgurgh battalion—Buldee Tewaree by name—seeing the subadar's danger, hastened to his assistance, and made such a vigorous thrust that he broke his bayonet in the animal's trunk, and thus diverted its attention from its destined prey. Even elephants, however, cannot resist for ever being battered by artillery, and the gallant beasts at length sank to the ground dead. How stubborn their resistance, how tenacious of life they were, appears from the fact that nineteen four-pound shot were taken out of their bodies, and it was believed that eight or ten more were imbedded in their carcasses. The commanding officer deemed this singular fight of such importance that he made an official report on the subject. It is satisfactory to be able to add that Buldee Tewaree was promoted for his gallantry.

One of the most disastrous episodes in our military history was the retreat of General Monson in 1804 on Agra from a point about 350 miles south-west of that town. His

army consisted of 4,000 regular troops, 3,000 Irregular Horse, and fifteen guns. Ordered to observe an attitude of observation, General Monson imprudently assumed the offensive. The celebrated Mahratta chief, Holkar, indignant at the affront, hastened by forced marches, at the head of 40,000 men with 160 guns, to overwhelm his audacious foe. All experience shows that a retreat in the face of an Oriental army is fatal, and that the latter should always be attacked whatever the odds. This was the Duke of Wellington's opinion with regard to General Monson's retreat, and to following the great Duke's advice Havelock and Clyde owed not merely victory, but an escape from terrible disaster. Retreat, however, General Monson did, and the consequences were terrible. The retreat had scarcely commenced when Monson's Irregular Cavalry were surrounded by overwhelming numbers of the Mahratta cavalry, and, after a desperate resistance, cut to pieces. Monson was soon obliged to abandon his artillery, and, though he received reinforcements as he fell back, was so pressed by the enemy that matters became at length desperate, and Monson eventually reached Agra without cannon, baggage, or ammunition, and with only 1,000 exhausted men, most of whom were invalided as utterly unfit for further service.

The sufferings of the force during its retreat were terrible. The tents having been abandoned on the third day of the retreat, the troops had no shelter from the weather—it was the rainy season—and only such provisions as they could find in the deserted villages near the line of march. Many of the men were without shoes; the rain rendered marching very fatiguing; the marches—made both by day and night—sometimes lasted twenty-four hours at a time; and the enemy's numerous horse

and their light artillery harassed our troops without intermission. Every endeavour was made by Holkar and his officers to seduce the Sepoys from their allegiance. Money, promotion, and other powerful inducements were held out to those who would quit their colours and give up their officers ; while, on the other hand, threats of the most cruel treatment were uttered against those who declined the proffered bribes. Nevertheless, the Sepoys remained staunch, and all spies were seized and delivered up to the officers with a suggestion that they should be promptly shot. There were a few exceptions to this fidelity, and some Sepoys, under the influence of despair, deserted, but their number, considering the circumstances, was inconsiderable. The Sepoys were often heard to express a wish that General Monson would halt and give battle, saying that they would be answerable with their lives for the capture of all the enemy's guns. At other times they expressed their deep mortification that the fame which they had gained under General Lick Sahib (Lord Lake) should be tarnished by a retreat which would never have taken place if their wishes had been consulted.

On a small scale the horrors of the passage of the Beresina were paralleled by the crossing of a swollen stream between Kotah and Rampoorah. The only means that could be devised for getting the troops over was by rafts constructed of wood taken from the houses of the neighbouring villages, and by elephants, who, so deep was the stream, were obliged to swim. The scene is described as having been fearful. Rafts crowded with men sank, and many of the elephants, when tired from swimming backwards and forwards, shook off their living freight when half way across. By sunset the large

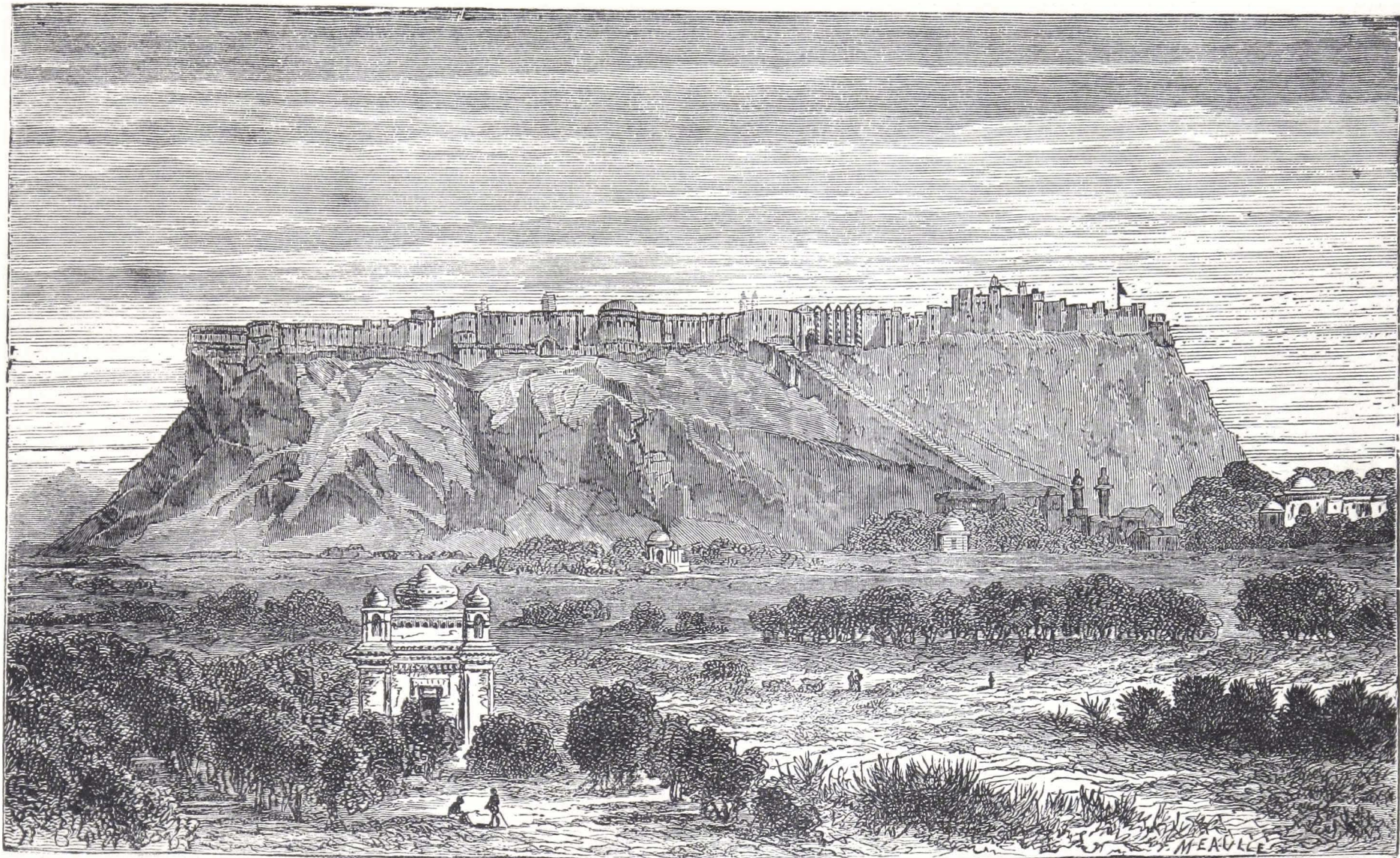
majority of the troops had either crossed or been drowned, but most of the camp followers, soldiers' wives, and soldiers' children were left on the enemy's bank till morning.

Captain Williams, in his 'History of the Bengal Infantry,' from which we have gathered most of what we have written on the subject of Monson's retreat, says, speaking of the camp followers, "These unfortunate creatures had no protection, and during the night bands of robbers and freebooters from the hills attacked, plundered, and massacred many of them, whilst their cries were heard by their husbands, fathers, &c., on the other side of the river, who were tortured into a state of despair and frenzy. It was with the utmost difficulty the officers could prevent the men from throwing themselves into the river under the influence of their agonized feelings. Sentinels were posted along the bank for the purpose, but, notwithstanding, several men, it was understood, lost their lives in that dreadful manner."

At the passage of the Banass river the rear guard, consisting of the 2nd battalion of 2nd Regiment and some pickets of European infantry, were nearly annihilated, they being on the enemy's side of the river, while the main body was on the other side, and occupied by a large body of Mahratta horsemen, who had crossed in order to keep them in check. It was with great difficulty that the rear guard got over, and they had to fight hard to extricate themselves. When they reached the other side the survivors were seized with mingled admiration and anxiety at the sight of a native officer of the 2nd Battalion 2nd Regiment Bengal Native Infantry displaying the utmost heroism and devotion under the most critical circumstances. This brave soldier, who was that day

carrying the colours, had been somehow separated from his comrades, and sought to rejoin them. The Mahrattas, however, swarmed around him, and it seemed as if every instant he must be slain. Carrying the colours with one hand, and striking fiercely with the sword held in the other, he succeeded in keeping the thronging foe at bay, and reached the bank of the river in safety. The hopes of his admiring comrades thus excited were, however, doomed to disappointment. Whether he was unable to swim or whether he was wounded is not known, but when, still grasping firmly the precious trophy which he had saved from the clutches of the enemy, he plunged into the stream he at once sank, and neither he nor the colours were ever seen again.

Never have the Sepoys displayed the highest soldierly qualities in a more marked degree than at the capture of Java in 1811. Though opposed by French and Dutch as well as native troops, the Sepoys in every action were conspicuous for their gallantry and steadiness. In one of the engagements a Sepoy of the 1st Battalion 27th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, named Bahadur Khan, exhibited an amount of prowess of which even Shaw, the Life Guardsman, might have been proud. Plunging impetuously into the *mêlée*, he, without firing a shot, bayoneted, some say six, but, according to the testimony of some soldiers of H.M.'s 69th and 78th Regiments, nine Frenchmen. For his gallantry on the occasion he was promoted to the rank of naick, or corporal, the next day.



FORT GWALIOR.



CHAPTER VI.

THE FORTRESS OF GWALIOR SURPRISED BY SEPOYS—SEPOYS IN JAVA—A FORMIDABLE SOLDIER—NEPAULESE WAR—STICK TO YOUR GUNS—WAR IN AFGHANISTAN—FERRIS'S JUZAILCHEES.

THE fortress of Gwalior has several times been captured, yet to the unprofessional eye it looks impregnable, and is certainly very strong by nature. It is on an isolated rock, with very steep, in some places almost perpendicular, sides. It rises sheer from the plain to a height of about 800 feet, and is a quarter of a mile long, with a breadth varying from 25 to 100 yards. In 1780 it was in the possession of Scindiah, who had taken it from the Rana of Gohad, an ally of the British. Major Popham, with a brigade, was encamped only a few miles off. A party of professional thieves, who had been in the habit of climbing up the rock at the back or Agra side of it and scaling the wall, proposed to the Rana to attempt the capture of the fort in the same manner. The Rana, however, considered the enterprise too perilous, and declined. Major Popham, hearing of the suggestion, sent men to reconnoitre the place. They returned and reported that the

fortress might be entered at the spot indicated. Popham therefore made up his mind to try what could be done. He prepared scaling-ladders and made all other arrangements with the utmost secrecy. The storming party consisted of two companies of Sepoys, supported by twenty European gunners, while two battalions of Sepoys, commanded by Major Popham himself, constituted the reserve. To deaden the sound of their movements the stormers were provided with woollen slippers padded with cotton. At 11 P.M. on the 3rd of August the troops marched from their camp at Rajpur, eight miles distant, and, proceeding by unfrequented paths, reached the foot of the rock before daybreak without having been observed. They could see the lights of the rounds visiting the sentries on the ramparts above. When these disappeared they advanced, knowing that it was the custom of Indian sentries to take repose between the rounds. Climbing up the rock, Lieut. Neville Cameron, the Engineer officer with the party, mounted the wall, to which he fastened a rope, which he let down to aid the Sepoys in climbing up.

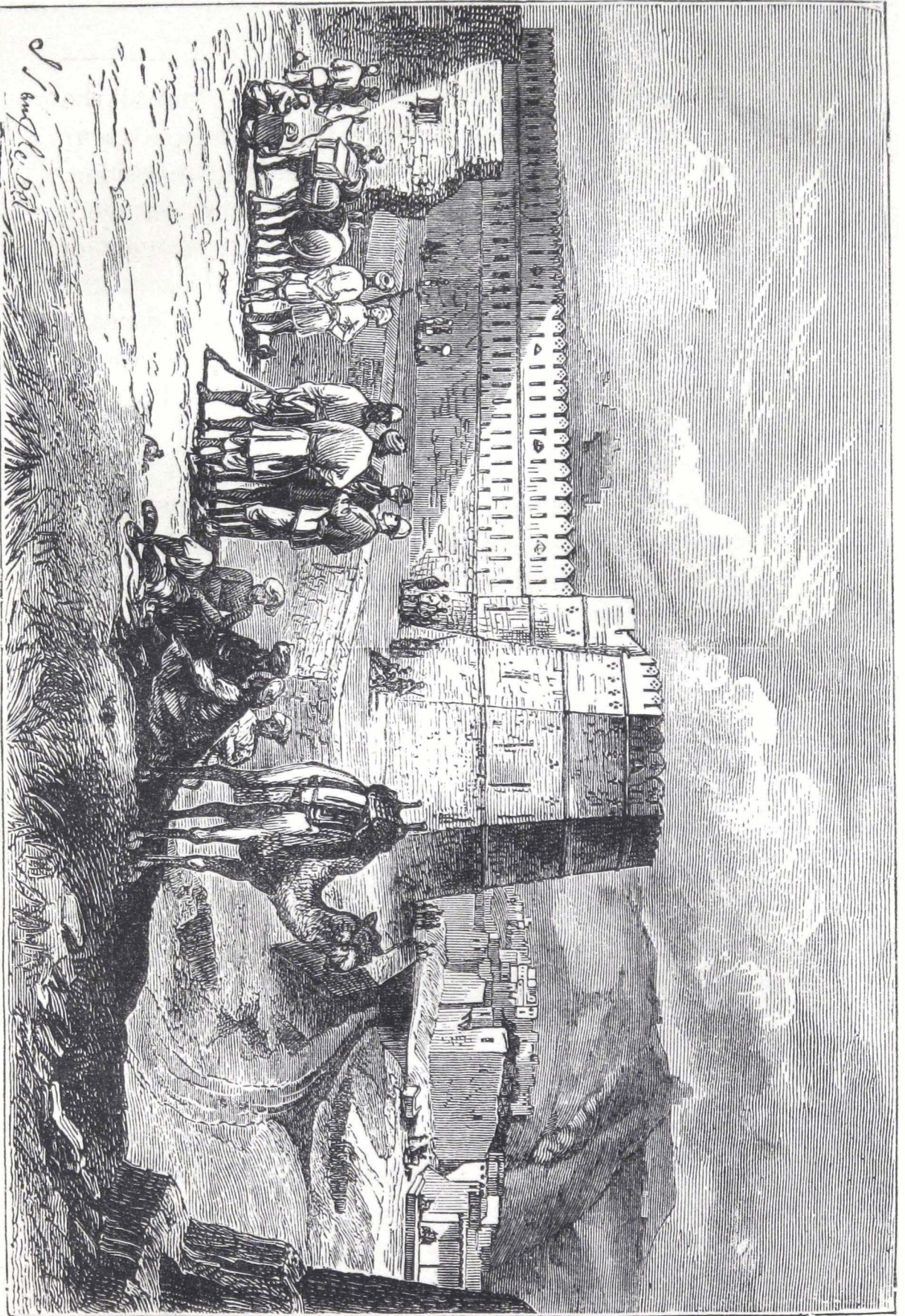
Captain Bruce and twenty of his men thus scaled the parapet, and quietly lay down till more men should join them. Three of those who followed them, however, nearly ruined the enterprise by their precipitation. Catching sight of some of the garrison, they rashly fired at them, and thus gave the alarm. Captain Bruce fortunately kept his head. He stood firm, and the darkness concealing his weakness, he was soon rendered sufficiently strong by the arrival of reinforcements to charge and drive back the enemy. Major Popham at this crisis entered the fort with some of the reserve, and gradually pushed the enemy before him till most of the garrison fled disheartened, and the chief officers, who, with a few

of their followers, had taken refuge in the buildings near the principal gate, surrendered. The whole affair only lasted two hours, and the British loss was but twenty wounded. It is noteworthy that to the Sepoys is due the glory of this splendid achievement, for but twenty European soldiers took part in the affair.

During the Nepaul war of 1814-15-16 there were several grave blunders, not a little incapacity, and once or twice conduct not very creditable to the troops. On the other hand there were several instances of brilliant courage on the part of the soldiers, both European and native. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1815, Captain Sibley, of the 15th N.I., was attacked at Parsa. He had under his command a body of Sepoys and one gun, the latter under the command of Lieut. P. G. Matheson, Bengal Artillery. Captain Sibley, notwithstanding the lesson which he might have learnt from the example of the enemy, neglected to take the most ordinary precautions in the shape of fortification. He had, however, intimation that an attack was intended. The result was, that though the enemy were repulsed with heavy loss, the casualties of the British force amounted to 258, Captain Sibley himself being amongst the slain. The one gun was gallantly fought by Lieut. Matheson. One by one all his artillerymen fell dead, dying, or badly wounded, yet as long as ammunition remained the deadly fire of the gun continued. Two men especially, bravely supported Lieut. Matheson. One of them was Matross—a rank superior to gunner—William Levy, and the other Silari, a gun Lascar. Levy, though one arm and one leg were pierced by musket bullets, stuck to his work till his priming-pouch was blown from his side, and his wounds had become so painful that he was obliged to sit down. Silari, though wounded in the hand and foot,

continued to help Lieut. Matheson to work the gun till the last. He also seized and carried away a silver spear which the enemy had planted close to the British position. Both the European and the native artillerymen were noticed for their gallantry in Lieut. Matheson's report of the action. How hot this was may be judged from the fact that out of the single gun detachment four Europeans and six natives were killed, while nine Europeans and nine natives were wounded, and two natives were missing. In addition two followers were wounded.

Several remarkable instances of gallantry and fidelity on the part of our native troops were exhibited during the Afghan campaigns. Among the most noteworthy was that displayed by Ferris's Juzailchees. These were a corps of Afghans raised and commanded by Captain Ferris, and on every occasion, and under the most trying circumstances, they eminently distinguished themselves, particularly at the forcing of the Khyber Pass; first by Sir Charles Wade, in 1839, and afterwards by General Pollock, in 1842. When the insurrection at Cabul broke out, in November, 1841, Captain Colin Mackenzie, in political employ, was residing in a fort in the city, and was immediately besieged by the insurgents. In this fort were the commissariat stores of the Shah's force, guarded by twenty-one Sepoys. Close outside was a grove of mulberry trees, in which the baggage animals of the Shah's commissariat had been kept till a few days previously. In it was a guard of six native cavalry, sixty of the Shah's sappers, and ninety-six of Ferris's Juzailchees, so called from their weapon, a juzail, or long, far-reaching gun. Captain Mackenzie was just about to start in the early morning of 2nd November, 1841, for cantonments, intending to accompany Sir W. Macnaghten



CARAVAN.

—the envoy—on the following day to Peshawur, when he heard that a serious riot had taken place in the town. Brigadier Anquetel and Captain Troup, respectively commander and brigade-major of the Shah's force, who occupied quarters close to the fort, had gone out for a morning ride, and Mackenzie waited for their return before he decided whether he should hold out or retreat. In the mean time he ordered the guards to stand to their arms.

Suddenly a naked man, covered with blood from two sabre cuts on the head and five bullet wounds in the arms and body, appeared. He proved to be a sowar sent by the envoy with a message to Captain Trevor, who lived near. The sowar had been intercepted by the insurgents, and had barely escaped with his life.

Seeing that matters were serious, Mackenzie brought in the troops from the mulberry grove, with their wives and families, losing one man killed and one wounded in the operation. He secured all the gates and loopholed the house of Captain Troup, about forty yards from the fort, and guarded by eleven Sepoys.

The insurgents now began flocking round the fort under cover of the gardens, which came close up to it. Several sallies were made to drive them back, and with temporary success; but as soon as the troops re-entered the fort the Afghans crept up unseen, and firing through the loopholes killed and wounded several of the garrison. The canal close outside was, after a few hours, cut off, and so closely watched that a man sent by Mackenzie for a supply of water was shot. Fortunately an old well was discovered inside the fort.

Towards the afternoon Mackenzie, afraid of a failure of ammunition—he had none but what was contained in the Sepoys' pouches—communicated with Captain Trevor,

also besieged in a tower about 700 yards from the fort. Through this officer he sent a requisition to camp, about one and a half mile off, asking for aid, or, at all events, cartridges. The requisition reached cantonments safely, but no effectual action was taken. Disheartened by the non-arrival of succour, and by the disquieting rumours which obtained currency, and were, alas ! too well founded, the garrison became despondent.

The attacks continued at intervals all through the night, and Mackenzie was disquieted by a suspicion that the enemy were undermining one of his towers. He made a sortie in the morning to ascertain the state of the case, and though quickly driven in again found that his fears were correct. To counteract this attempt he sank a shaft inside the tower, and posted four resolute men with orders to shoot the first man who might burrow into the tower.

The extent of the fort was so large that all the garrison were obliged to be continuously on duty, and weariness began to seize on them. Ferris's Juzailchees, however, nobly kept up their spirits, and whenever a comparative lull took place some of them would sit down to indulge in a smoke, while others, to the accompaniment of a rude guitar, would sing some martial song. These sounds, combining or alternating with the yells of the enemy outside, the occasional discharges of musketry, the groans of the wounded, and the almost incessant wailing of the women over the dead and dying, produced a most singular effect.

About noon, on the 3rd November, the enemy were seen to enter Trevor's tower, and a report—which afterwards proved to be untrue—that he and his family had been all killed, naturally weakened the morale of Mackenzie's garrison. Besides, the Afghans mounting to the top of

Trevor's tower were able to command with the fire of their juzails a part of the fort, and indeed to clear one side entirely of defenders.

About this time the guard of eleven Sepoys clamoured for admittance, and they, as well as Mr. Ballon, Captain Troup's writer, were brought into the fort. To make matters worse, the ammunition, though carefully husbanded, was running low.

In the afternoon the enemy opened with a heavy wall-piece, the balls from which shook the upper walls of one of the towers, much alarming the Juzailchees, who have a great dread of anything in the shape of artillery. The Afghans were also seen bringing down large quantities of fire-wood, as well as poles with combustible matter at their ends, evidently with the intention of burning the gates.

The six sowars above mentioned now almost broke out into mutiny. They began pulling down the barricade against one of the gates in order to try and escape by the speed of their horses. Mackenzie, however, going amongst them with a double-barrelled gun, threatened to shoot the first man who should disobey orders, and thus subdued them.

When evening came the garrison was quite exhausted, having been fighting and working uninterruptedly for nearly forty hours. The gallant Mackenzie during that time had also been without refreshment, for, as he himself says, "eating was impossible from excitement and weariness; and my absence for five minutes at a time from any part of the works disheartened the fighting men." His wounded, moreover, were dying from want of surgical aid. The Juzailchee jemadar, Hassan Khan, and Mr. Ballon, both of whom had given him the most valuable support,

urged upon him the impossibility of resisting longer. He therefore resolved to evacuate the fort during the early part of the night, when, it being the fast of the Ramazan, the enemy would probably be employed in eating, and not likely to be very alert.

The Juzailchees led, and had orders—they were Afghans, be it remembered—to answer all questions in case of a challenge. The wounded followed on ponies, the women and children came next, while Mackenzie, with the few regular Sepoys, brought up the rear, Mackenzie himself being mounted. The distance to cantonments was one and a half miles ; but it was necessary to deviate from the direct road in order to avoid attracting attention. After proceeding about half a mile an Afghan post began to fire on the Juzailchees. The regular Sepoys had gradually slipped away to the front, as being the safest place, and Mackenzie found himself with only a chuprassy—a messenger—and two sowars, in the midst of a crowd of women and children. Riding on by himself to try and pick out the road, he was suddenly surrounded by a body of Afghans, whom he spoke to, thinking they were his own Juzailchees. They soon showed him his mistake, for, crying out, “Here is a European,” they attacked him with swords and their long formidable knives. Spurring his horse violently he wheeled round, and cutting right and left he clove his way through the crowd. It had been a desperate *mêlée*, in which he had cut off the hand of his most determined assailant, receiving himself two slight sabre wounds and a blow from a sabre, which fortunately turning in the hand, merely inflicted a contusion on the back of Mackenzie’s head, nearly however knocking him off his horse. As he dashed off he was saluted by two volleys from a picket, which, alarmed by the noise, had hurriedly

turned out, but not a bullet touched either him or his horse. He was pursued, but soon distanced his enemies.

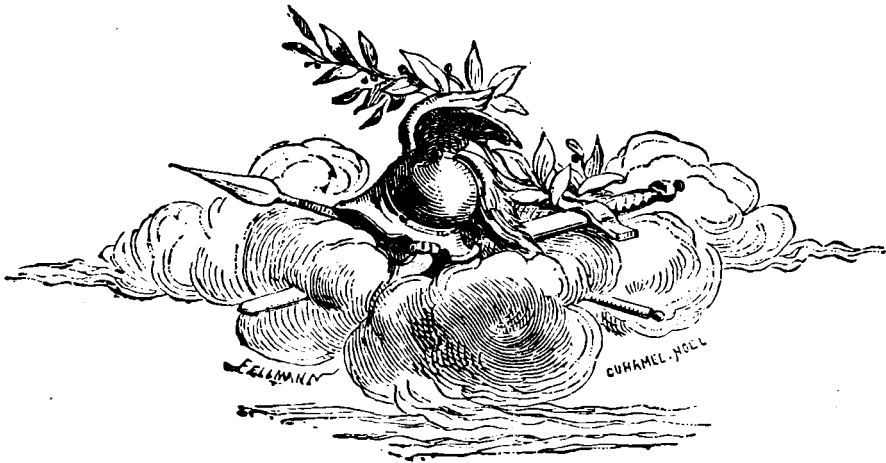
When out of immediate danger he slackened his pace, and moving cautiously along he found himself faced by a dense body of Afghans drawn up across the road. Flight was impossible, so, to use his own simple words, "Putting my trust in God, I charged into the midst of them, hoping that the weight of my horse would clear my way for me, and reserving my sword-cut for the last struggle. It was well that I did so, for by the time I had knocked over some twenty fellows, I found that they were my own Juzailchees."

His adventures were now almost at an end, and after a little more wandering about in the dark he reached cantonments.

During the whole affair he lost about twelve men killed and six wounded, several being camp followers, while it is computed that about thirty of the enemy had been slain. Of the survivors of the ninety-six Juzailchees who were commanded by Mackenzie—for whom they had conceived a great attachment—till the sad close of the campaign, some were killed, others disabled, a few returned to their homes while Mackenzie was temporarily a prisoner in December, but the remainder stuck by him till, on the 8th January, Captain Mackenzie was given up to Ackbar Khan as a hostage during the retreat from Cabul. We presume that such of the Juzailchees as were then alive and able to move on this dispersed. They rejoined, however, afterwards, for writing from Rawul Pindie on the 9th November, 1842, Captain Mackenzie says, "I believe nearly the sole survivors are some ten or fifteen men who, with their brave leader, Hassan Khan, are now with us in camp." Greater staunchness under the

gravest temptations was assuredly never displayed by any troops. Their reward was disbandment at the close of the war, the old soldiers receiving a donation of twelve months' pay, the younger men a proportionately less sum.

In conclusion we may mention that Captain Colin Mackenzie is now Lieut.-General Colin Mackenzie, C.B., C.S.I., with a special annuity of 300*l.* for his important services. It may seem strange to some that he is not at least a K.C.B.





CHAPTER VII.

AFGHAN WAR CONTINUED—THE RICKA BASHEE FORT—MAHOMED
SHEREEF FORT—GALLANTRY OF A SEPOY IN SINGLE COMBAT—
“THE ILLUSTRIOUS GARRISON” —FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN SEPOYS
AND BRITISH SOLDIERS—GENEROSITY OF THE SEPOYS—A MAG-
NANIMOUS SEPOY—THE 37TH N.I. AND 13TH L.I. ENTERTAIN
EACH OTHER—PRESENT OF THE LATTER TO THE FORMER.

DURING the siege of General Elphinstone's force in the cantonments of Cabul, in the winter of 1841-42, several men of the 37th Bengal Native Infantry particularly distinguished themselves. On the 10th of November, 1841, an attack was made by us on the Ricka Bashee Fort, within musket-shot of our works. About noon a force as follows issued from cantonments:—two Horse Artillery guns, one mountain train gun, a troop of Irregular Horse, the 44th Regiment, the 37th N. I., and the Shah's 6th Infantry. The whole was commanded by Brigadier Shelton. The advance, commanded by Colonel Mackerell, of the 44th, a gallant soldier who had risen from the ranks, consisted of two companies from each regiment. Captain Bellew, Assistant Adjutant-General, had volun-

teered to blow in the gate with a bag of powder. Unfortunately he missed the gate, and merely blew in a small wicket, so narrow as only to admit of two or three men entering at a time, and even these were obliged to stoop. When the storming party rushed up, the enemy received it with a heavy fire from the walls above, and many of our men fell. Colonel Mackerell, Lieut. Bird of the Shah's 6th Infantry, and a few European and native soldiers, however, forced their way in, though how resolute was the resistance is proved by the fact that an officer was sabred in the very entrance.

The audacity of the handful of stormers imposed upon the garrison, who thought that at the back of Mackerell and his comrades a large body was entering the fort. The Afghans, consequently, hastily decamped by a gate on the other side of the fort. Unfortunately, at that moment a party of Afghan horse charged round the corner of the fort. A cry of "Cavalry" was raised, a bugler, through some mistake, sounded the retreat, and our men outside fled in panic terror. Twice did the gallant one-armed Shelton rally them, twice did they give way, notwithstanding the exertions of their officers, and the brave example set by Private Steward of the 44th, promoted sergeant for that day's work. The third time Shelton was successful, and his men were at length induced to enter the fort, when they soon drove away and disposed of such of the enemy as had returned to it. Mean time a fatal twenty minutes had elapsed.

When our men had fallen back, Mackerell had caused the gate by which the garrison had escaped to be closed, fastening the chain which secured it by a bayonet. Encouraged by the success of the charge of their horse outside the enemy returned to the gate in great numbers,

and, pouring a hot fire through the crevices, managed to remove the bayonet by cutting a hole in the gate. Rushing in they soon sabred Mackerell and most of the dozen men left in the fort. Lieut. Bird, however, accompanied by two Sepoys of the 37th N. I., took refuge in a stable, and, having shot the few Afghans who had seen them enter, were in the confusion at first unobserved. They took advantage of the respite to barricade the door with logs of wood and anything they could find. Soon, however, they were discovered, and a determined attempt was made to force the door. Steadily firing, every shot told, and, the foremost assailants falling, a simultaneous rush was checked. One of the Sepoys was slain, but Bird and the survivor kept the foe at bay till, after a resistance of nearly a quarter of an hour, our troops re-entered the fort. Thirty Afghans are said to have fallen to the muskets of Bird and his companions, of whom fifteen were slain by Bird himself. Bird's surviving companion was for his gallantry promoted to the rank of havildar, or native sergeant. The whole regiment on the final assault is said to have behaved with great gallantry.

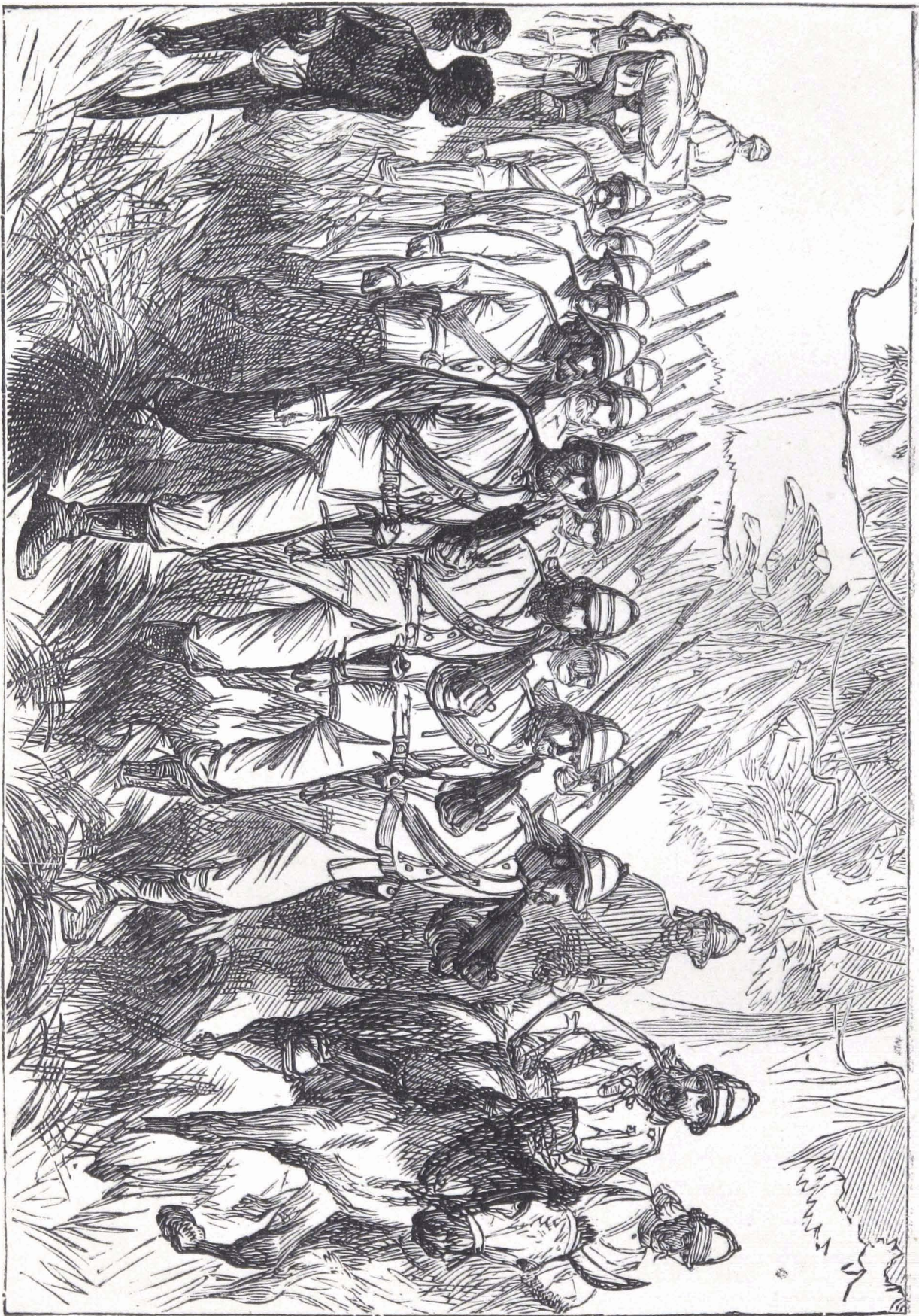
Lady Sale, in her journal, says :—"The conduct of the 37th is highly spoken of; they drove the enemy (who had got on the top of a bastion) with their bayonets clean over the side, where they were received on the bayonets of the 44th."

A few days previously another Sepoy of the 37th had displayed conspicuous valour. On the 6th November the Mahomed Shereef Fort, after being breached by artillery, was assaulted. The first in the breach was Ensign Raban of the 44th, who was shot through the heart while waving his sword to encourage his followers. Close at his back were a havildar and a Sepoy of the 37th N. I., and this

notwithstanding that their company was in the rear of the storming party. The Sepoy captured the enemy's standard, and, waving it, thus intimated our success to the spectators in cantonments. For his gallantry he was promoted.

The 23rd of November, 1841, decided, according to Lieutenant—now Sir Vincent—Eyre, the fate of the garrison. It was an eminently disastrous day, and not only did Brigadier Shelton display remarkable incapacity, but the troops behaved ill. One brilliant exception was, however, afforded by a Sepoy of the 37th N. I., who did what no efforts of their officers could induce the European soldiers to do. He engaged a Ghazee—fanatic—in a hand-to-hand fight.

It was resolved to capture the neighbouring village of Beymaroo, and for this purpose Brigadier Shelton quitted cantonments at 2 A.M. with one gun, five companies of European infantry, twelve of native infantry, a strong company of sappers, and three squadrons of native cavalry. A heavy fire from the infantry and our one gun was poured into the village, and at daybreak an attempt was made to carry the village, then almost abandoned, by assault. The principal gate, which was open, was missed, and the small wicket, which was reached, was barricaded, and could not be forced. Our men were therefore obliged to take what cover they could, and await further orders or the course of events. It may be mentioned that, taking the Cabul side of cantonments as the front, Beymaroo was situated to the rear of a flat-topped hill, which formed an angle of about 45° with the right face of our defences. After a time the brigadier observed a large number of men pouring out of the city, and making for the other end of the hill. He therefore recalled our troops from the village, and, leaving three companies of the 37th N. I. as a



reserve on the village extremity of the hill, moved with the rest of his force to the Cabul end of the plateau. To understand what follows the reader should be told that at the Cabul end of the hill is a gorge, on the other side of which is another hill. For the sake of distinction we shall call the latter the Cabul hill. A sharp fire from the juzails of the Afghans posted on the Cabul hill now began to annoy Shelton's troops, whose short-range smooth-bore muskets were quite unable to make any effectual reply. It was proposed to erect a breastwork, but the suggestion was not acted on. By degrees about 10,000 men had assembled on the Cabul hill, while the plain to the right of the hill was swept by swarms of the enemy's cavalry, to whom our small body of Irregular Horse could not offer any substantial opposition. A few skirmishers only were sent out from Shelton's force to line the brow of the hill overlooking the gorge, the remainder of the troops being drawn up in two squares in echelon a little to the rear, with our handful of cavalry in rear of the right. The whole force suffered heavily from the enemy's fire, and especially the skirmishers. Some of the enemy, ensconcing themselves in a small ravine, inflicted great loss on one of the squares. Colonel Oliver, of the 5th N.I., called on some of his men to follow him to the brow of the hill, with a view to subduing the fire of the party in question. Not a man would follow him, and it was only when he rushed forward into the midst of a shower of bullets, saying, "Although my men desert me, I myself will do my duty," that about a dozen Sepoys followed his example.

The one gun played with great effect on the masses of the enemy, but the vent soon became too hot for the artillerymen to serve, and then was bitterly felt the absence

of another gun, which, in accordance with all ru'e, ought to have been taken out.

After about three hours of this sort of fighting the enemy's cavalry surrounded the British position on every side but that facing cantonments. The gun ammunition was almost expended, and the men were exhausted from fatigue and thirst. The number of casualties was also becoming serious.

About this time some of the most daring of the enemy descended into the gorge, and, creeping gradually up under cover of some inequalities of the ground, managed to establish themselves on our edge of the gorge, driving back our skirmishers, and planting a flag within about fifty yards of our foremost square. This challenge was more than our officers could stand. The brigadier offered one hundred rupees to any soldier who would take the flag, but neither the hope of so handsome a reward nor the entreaties of our officers would induce them to charge. On this five officers rushed forward and pelted the enemy with stones, but not even this noble example shamed our men into courage. Two of these officers were slain, and the rest of course could do nothing. At length a Ghazee sprang to the front, waving his sword as a challenge. Then one man, a Sepoy of the 37th N. I., hastened to meet him, thrusting with his bayonet. Whether his weapon took effect or not is not known, but both combatants fell and both rose again. One of our men shot the Ghazee, and a death wound was by some unknown means and person given to the brave Sepoy.

At this time the enemy, emboldened by our inaction, made a dash at our one gun. Our few cavalry were ordered to charge them. Two native officers—Jemadar Syud and Ressaldar Ishmael Khan—and two privates—

Mahomed Syud and Mirza Musseer Bey—alone followed their English leaders. Unaided these heroes could not check the fierce onset of the Afghans, who captured the gun, slaying Lieut. Laing, and two men who fell dead while fighting their gun, as did all the artillerymen, with the usual devoted gallantry of their corps. Sergeant Mulhall received three wounds, but was not killed. Another artilleryman was miraculously saved. He got under the carriage and clung to the wheels. Perhaps he was thought to be dead, perhaps he escaped observation, possibly in their excitement the enemy could not succeed in striking him. Notwithstanding, however, the stanchness of the men who were working it, the gun was captured, and our leading square, panic-struck, broke and fled. When they reached the second square, 200 yards to the rear, they halted and reformed, whether encouraged by the support of their comrades, or instinctively obeying the halt which Shelton caused his orderly bugler to sound, can never be known. But rally they did, and, raising a shout, so scared the Afghans that in their turn they were stricken with a panic, and fled, abandoning the gun, but carrying off the horses and limbers. A fresh limber and horses and a supply of ammunition were sent out from cantonments, and the fight was renewed. The enemy, largely reinforced, poured in a constant shower of juzail balls, and our men, in addition to possessing an inferior—in point of range—weapon, fired all that day too high. At length the fire became so hot that it was necessary to withdraw the gun a short distance. The sight of this withdrawal, and the number of casualties which were taking place, demoralized our men. Unluckily, almost simultaneously Shelton went a few yards to the rear to bring up reinforcements, and a crowd of Afghans, headed by some furious Ghazees, sud-

denly emerged from the gorge. In a moment our force became a frantic, flying mob. The officers tried their best to rally their men, but they were mad with fear, and listened to no one. The gun, in galloping down the hill, was overturned, and necessarily abandoned. The Afghans were not only at the heels of, but actually mixed up with, our men. Fortunately, Lieut. Hardyman, with a fresh troop of the 5th Cavalry, aided by Lieut. Walker, who had rallied about a score of his men, drove some of the hostile horse back. In doing so, however, Lieut. Walker received his death wound. Captain Trevor's Juzailchees, lining a low wall outside cantonments, opened a brisk fire with some effect. The fire from the cantonments themselves also tended to arrest the ardour of the foe somewhat, but notwithstanding these circumstances our loss, heavy as it was, would have been infinitely more severe had it not been that Osman Khan, whose men were among the foremost of the pursuers, for some unexplained reason drew off his men. The wounded, among whom was the brave Lieut.-Colonel Oliver, were mostly abandoned, and all who were so the Afghans savagely slew. Brave, but feeble-minded, broken-down General Elphinstone hobbled out of cantonments in order to try and rally the fugitives, but fruitlessly. They were so mad with terror that they did not stop till close under the walls. As the poor general fatuously remarked to the envoy, "Why, lord, sir, when I said to them 'Eyes right' they all looked the other way."

It will be observed that in this disastrous affair the handful of gunners were—with the exception of the officers—the only Europeans who behaved well, while one Sepoy of the 37th N.I. and several native officers and sowars of the cavalry displayed, under most demoralizing

circumstances, the greatest intrepidity. We think, therefore, that an account of this action of the 23rd of November, 1841, is not out of place in a book which purports to give instances of "gallant Sepoys and sowars."

No Sepoy regiment could have behaved better than the 35th Bengal Native Infantry did at the siege of Jellalabad. It, with the 13th Light Infantry, a handful of cavalry and artillery, and Captain Broadfoot's Native Sappers, constituted Sale's brigade, happily termed by Lord Ellenborough "The illustrious garrison of Jellalabad." Every toil they—notwithstanding caste prejudices—cheerfully shared with their European comrades, and vied with the latter in deeds of daring on the day of battle. Between the 13th Light Infantry and the 35th N. I. a strong feeling of regard grew up. At one time during the long siege—it lasted from the 12th of November, 1841, till the 15th of April, 1842—the men of the 13th had only received six ounces of meat, including bone, daily. On the 1st of April the garrison made a sortie, and brought in 481 sheep and a few goats as trophies. The 35th N. I. had forty sheep allotted as their share of the spoil. What followed we give in the words of the late Sir Thomas Seaton:—"They, with great good feeling, desired that the sheep should be given to the English soldiers, for whom, they said, such food was necessary, and that they themselves could do very well for some days yet on the rations they were allowed. This act elicited the following letter from the 13th:—

"To Colonel Dennie,

"Commanding H. M.'s 13th L. I.

"Sir—In the name of the N. C. O. and privates of the regiment under your command, I trust you will pardon my addressing to you this letter, requesting you will have

the goodness to communicate to our brother soldiers of the 35th N. I. our thanks for the good feeling evinced towards us in giving us their share of yesterday's capture, more especially at the present time of the garrison being on reduced rations.

“ ‘ Believe me, sir, that feeling is more gratifying to us than the value of the gift, and we shall ever feel the obligation our old comrades and brother campaigners have placed us under.

“ ‘ I have, &c.,

“ ‘ GEORGE MUNROWD,

“ ‘ Sergt.-Major H.M.'s 13th L. I.

“ ‘ Jellalabad, April 1st, 1842.’ ”

A short time previously another instance of good feeling had taken place. A man of the 13th L. I. meeting a Sepoy on a narrow causeway running through a sea of mud had lost his balance, and plunged into the mire. Carried away by a sudden access of rage, the 13th man struck the Sepoy. The case was forthwith reported to Sir Robert Sale, who, in the presence of the Sepoy, reprimanded the offender in most severe terms, and finished by ordering the latter into confinement, with a view to further proceedings. The Sepoy on this took the 13th man by the hand, and said, “ General Sahib, forgive him; there has not been one quarrel between any of us ever since the regiments have been together, why should there be now? You have scolded with him, so pray forgive him.” The general was melted by this appeal, and pardoned the culprit, who, touched by the noble conduct of the Sepoy, said he was very sorry he had given way to his temper, and struck a man who could behave so generously. So great was the affection borne by the two

regiments for each other, that several times dying 13th men sent for their Sepoy friends to be present in their last moments.

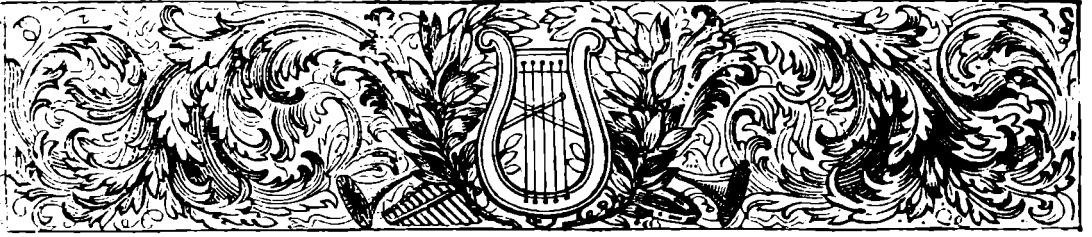
When Pollock's army arrived at Ferozepore on its return to India the native officers of the 35th N. I. came to their commanding officer, and said that as the brigade was about to be broken up, the regiment wished to give the 13th L. I. a dinner. They added, "We will buy everything for our brothers but pig's flesh." Seeing that the Hindoos, of whom the majority of the 35th N. I. was composed, look on the cow as a sacred animal, the promise to provide their guests with beef was a wonderful concession of caste prejudice. As to pig, high class Hindoos regard it with almost as much disgust as Mussulmans, and with justice, for the ordinary Indian pig is a very foul feeder. The 35th, therefore, considered that it would be insulting to offer their European comrades pork.

By lacing a large number of the ordinary tents together an enormous marquee was constructed. It was lighted by sticking wax candles into upwards of 300 black bottles. On the day of the banquet the 35th N. I. asked permission to take all the guards of the 13th L. I., and were allowed to take some of them. Their attention to detail was so great that they procured every dooly—sick litter—they could lay their hands on, "in order," to quote Sir Thomas Seaton, "to carry off to hospital any soldier who might be 'taken ill,' as they termed it, their natural politeness preventing them from making use of the word 'drunk.'"

The dinner was most successful, toasts, cheering, and merriment prevailed, and we are happy to say that not a single dooly was required. The 13th L. I. then gave the 35th N. I. a return dinner, the soldiers subscribing most

liberally, and with the surplus money purchased a piece of plate, which they presented to the 35th N. I. This piece of plate was an attar-dan, or vessel for holding rose-water, much used at native parties. When the 35th N. I. was disbanded during the mutiny, the attar-dan remained in the possession of the officers of the corps. When, however, in 1863 the amalgamation took place, and they were dispersed, they gave it to Sir Thomas Seaton.





CHAPTER VIII.

FIGHTING IN SCINDE—THE TRUKKEE HILL CAMPAIGN—COLONEL
SALTER'S LIFE SAVED BY A SOWAR—HIGH SPIRIT OF A DYING
SOWAR—COUNTING NO ODDS—HONOURS TO THE BRAVE DEAD
—A SLAUGHTERING SWORDSMAN—EXPEDITION AGAINST THE
KHUTTUCKS—A DASHING EXPLOIT—KOER SINGH AND DAL
SINGH—THE PUNJAB WAR—HODSON AND HIS WARRIORS—
HODSON'S WELCOME BY THE GUIDES AT DELHI—"GREAT IN
BATTLE"—HODSON IN A MELEÉ.

DURING Sir Charles Napier's government of Scinde there were constant skirmishes with predatory tribes, and in 1845 Sir Charles in person drove some of the most formidable of them into the Trukkee hills, and compelled them to surrender. In one of the skirmishes of that campaign a charge was made by Colonel Salter, at the head of some Irregular Cavalry. The fighting was for a few minutes rather sharp, and Salter himself engaged in single combat with a foeman who was pressing him hard.

Fortunately at the critical moment a sowar, Mahomed Buckshee by name, came up and slew Salter's opponent. Sir Charles Napier, who established the excellent prece-

dent of naming all, however low in rank, who specially distinguished themselves, gave Mahomed Buckshee a sword, and wrote him a letter as a reward for his gallantry. This brave sowar afterwards rose to be a russuldar.

In the same charge another sowar greatly distinguished himself. He was named Azim Khan, and was a native officer of the 6th Irregular Cavalry to which Mahomed Buckshee also belonged. Azim Khan fought most gallantly in the action in which he was mortally wounded. Sir Charles Napier coming up found him lying on the ground. Dismounting, the general went up to him and tried to give him hopes. Azim Khan knew, however, that his minutes were numbered, and calmly addressed his commander in these noble words, "General, I am easy, I have done my duty. I am a soldier, and if fate demands my life, I cannot die better. Your visit to me is a great honour." Hardly had he uttered these words when he expired.

Another episode of the Trukkee campaign deserves to be recorded, for the heroes of it were fifteen European soldiers and one Sepoy of the Camel Corps. While Sir Charles Napier was preparing to storm the robbers' stronghold from the south, a strong detachment, by his directions, forced an entrance from the north. This detachment had entered the defile, when a sergeant and fifteen men of the 13th Light Infantry, accompanied by the Sepoy above mentioned, by some mistake went on the wrong side of what seemed to be a small chasm, but which suddenly deepened so much as to be impassable. They saw before them a rocky platform, on which seventy of the enemy crouched behind a rude breastwork. The officer commanding the party to which this detachment

belonged perceived the peril, and gesticulated eagerly to them to retire. The sergeant and his men thought that their officer wished them to attack, and resolutely, without a moment's hesitation, Sergeant Power and his gallant band climbed the rocks, heedless of all risks, for were they not Sale's men, soldiers of Jellalabad?

The enemy waited patiently till eleven had got up, when they rushed on them, and as fierce a contest as ever took place in war ensued. Sergeant Power was slightly wounded; Private John Acton slew three of the enemy and then fell dead; Privates Robert Acton, George Campbell, and Hugh Dunlap each slew two of their opponents, and were then killed themselves. Privates Patrick Fallon and William Lovelace, less fortunate, were both killed without slaying a foe. Private Lowrie slew the enemy's leader and another, and then sank to the ground a corpse. Privates Anthony Burke and Bartholomew Rowan, fighting side by side, were both saved from death by Private John Maloney. Burke's powerful arm sent three of the enemy to their account and he himself escaped untouched; Rowan, doubly unfortunate, only killed one foe and was himself severely wounded. Maloney slew two of his opponents, but was himself severely wounded in a singular manner. He had driven his bayonet into a Beloochee, when the latter unfixed it, and drawing it out of his own body, with a last effort stabbed Maloney with it, falling dead the next instant.

Those who did not quite reach the top were Corporal Thomas Waters, Privates John Kenny, Philip Fray, Mark Davis, and Charles Hawthorne, and Sepoy Ramzan Ahier. Six of the British were slain, and three wounded out of the eleven who reached the top of the plateau; but of the Beloochees eighteen were killed—without counting the

wounded. The Beloochees, however, remained masters of the field, for by mere pressure of numbers they pushed the surviving five British soldiers, of whom—as we have said—three were wounded, over the edge of the rock, and they rolled down its steep face. They, however, suffered no serious injury from their fall.

Sir Charles Napier tells us that among these hillmen it is a custom when a great warrior falls in battle, for his comrades to strip him and tie a red or green thread round one wrist, the red thread being most honourable. On this occasion, so great was the admiration of their heroic adversaries, that before casting the naked bodies of the six men who fell over the cliff, they tied a red thread round *both* wrists. This chivalrous act conferred honour alike on victors and vanquished, and after this who shall dare to say that Orientals are wanting in chivalry!

The last of Sir Charles Napier's campaigns was an expedition against the Affreedees, who had closed the pass between Peshawur and Kohat, and murdered a detachment of native Sepoys. Sir Charles determined to chastise the offenders and re-open the pass. He accomplished both purposes. In the force employed on the occasion were some loyal natives near Peshawur, who had been engaged by Colonel George Lawrence, the Commissioner, to act as auxiliaries. Their chief greatly distinguished himself by his prowess, and we could not do better than give a verbatim extract of Sir Charles Napier's own account of this brave man's achievement. The chief was certainly neither a Sepoy nor a sowar, but for the time being he was in the military employ of the Government. His deeds may therefore be fitly recorded here.

“Among Colonel Lawrence's men was a chief, Futteh Mahomed, or Futteh Ali; he was six feet four inches

high, and always accompanied by his standard-bearer, a tall, spare man, not less daring, yet slight to look at near his gigantic master. This Futteh and his followers attacked a hill covered with enemies, he and his flag-man conspicuously leading. The Affreedees held their ground, firing fast, but on the summit were charged, sword in hand, by Futteh, who slew their chief with a single stroke. 'With one blow I split him down: no man wants a second from me,' was his speech. This was no empty boast: all had fallen who came within the sweep of his sword. He was certainly one of the finest men ever seen, and in honour of his bravery I made him ride into Peshawur on an elephant, with his standard-bearer behind the howdah, waving the flag over his head. That man and his people will always be true to the British unless we maltreat him."

In 1852 an expedition was sent out from Peshawur against the Khuttucks, a clan inhabiting the hills between Peshawur and Kohat, Sir Herbert Edwardes being the political officer in charge. The enemy took up a very strong position in a village at the foot of a hill. Captain Turner, of the Guides, with a company of his regiment, was ordered to dislodge them. After a gallant struggle he succeeded in driving them out of the village. They then retreated by a path only broad enough for one man at a time, which led to the top of a cliff, which broke the ascent of the hill. Having reached the summit, they threw themselves flat on the ground and opened a heavy fire on Turner and his men. Turner followed them till he reached the bottom of the cliff. Here he was safe, but he was in an awkward, not to say critical, position. The Khuttucks could not touch him, neither could he touch them, but he could not climb the cliff, nor could he retire

without suffering serious loss. He was rescued by Dr. Lyell of the Guides in the following manner :—Dr. Lyell was a remarkable character. A splendid surgeon, very handsome, brave, quick-tempered, but kind, he was, as may be imagined, extremely popular. Lyell had followed the company of the Guides into the village, and having attended to the wounded he was following Turner up the hill, when seeing Turner's situation, he returned, sought for Sir Herbert Edwardes and said to him, "Look what a fix Turner is in. He can't advance, and he can't get away. I have examined the ground, and if you send a party up that tongue of land they will be able to get on to the same level as the defenders of the cliff, and on their flank." Edwardes promptly replied, "No one can do it better than yourself. Take some men with you and carry out your idea."

Edwardes then took Lyell to a Goorkha regiment, which formed part of the force, and asked for volunteers to accompany "the Doctor Sahib." The two great pleasures of the Goorkhas are fighting and hunting, and it is hard to say which they most excel in. Such an appeal as that made by Edwardes was not likely to be received otherwise than with delight, and a sufficient number of volunteers at once stepped forward. Two other men also joined the little band, though they had no business to be with it. One was Koer Singh Subadar, of the Goorkha company of the Guides. Koer Singh was a quiet, gentle little fellow, always smiling, but in battle a very lion. The other was Dal Singh, a trooper in the Guide Cavalry, who jumped off his horse, and without asking any one's leave, strode after the doctor, notwithstanding that his long boots were quite unsuited for climbing hills. Dal Singh was always remarkable for his bravery, and so distinguished

FIGHT IN PASS WITH AFGHANS.



himself that he came out of every fight a duffadar native corporal of cavalry, but was certain within six weeks to find himself a private again, owing to his uncontrollable temper, and a quite Hibernian knack of getting into scrapes.

Lyell, a powerful man in the flower of his age—he was then about twenty-eight—strode up the hill at such a pace that only seven of his little Goorkhas could keep up with him. On reaching the top he perceived, about twenty-five yards off, a sungur, or little defensive wall of loose stones, about three or four feet high, from which the defenders of the cliff could be taken in flank. Lyell and his seven companions made a rush for the sungur. As they ran they were saluted by a volley from the enemy, which killed two and wounded five of the eight, Lyell himself being hit by a splinter of rock. They then lay down till more men had come up.

At length twenty-four men had been collected, among them being Koer Singh. At that moment Dal Singh, who had been impeded by his long boots, rushed in, and taking in the situation at a glance said, “Sahib, we mustn’t lie here all day. I’ll jump on the top of this sungur, the enemy will fire, and we can then rush on them before they can reload.” Without waiting for an answer, and before Lyell could stop him, he jumped up on to the sungur, waved his sword, and abused the Khuttucks in the most voluble manner.

The Khuttucks fell into the trap. Every man fired and missed. Dal Singh shouted, “Now, Sahib.” Lyell sprang over the wall, accompanied by Koer Singh and Dal Singh, and followed by the Goorkhas, and charged the foe, who immediately fled. Lyell looked over the cliff, and shouted out, “They have bolted, Turner.

Come on." Turner with his men then climbed the cliff, and the two parties, uniting, pressed so rapidly in pursuit that the Khuttucks had no time to load.

Fast fled the foe, unrelentingly followed by Lyell and Turner up to the top of the hill. There Turner and Lyell deemed it prudent to halt, but sounding bugles, and hurling down stones, they inspired such a panic that the Khuttucks never stopped running till they reached the foot of the declivity and were out of musketry range. As a reward for his courage and useful services on this and many other occasions, Lord Dalhousie appointed Dr. Lyell Opium Agent at Patna, a most lucrative berth. He was not, however, destined to enjoy it for many years.

On July 3rd, 1857, 200 Mussulman fanatics, headed by Pir Ali, a bookseller, unfurled a green flag, and beating drums to summon other of their co-religionists to join them, rushed towards the Roman Catholic church, uttering loud shouts of "Allah." Mr. Tayler, the Commissioner, promptly sent Captain Rattray, with 150 Sikhs of his Police Battalion, to put down the revolt, which they speedily did. Before, however, Rattray could arrive, Dr. Lyell, with his usual gallantry, and heedless of all personal risk, galloped to meet the rebels, thinking that by his personal influence he might quell the rising. As he approached several shots were fired at him. One of these caused him to fall from his horse a corpse. Koer Singh was slain at Delhi, fighting on our side. Dal Singh, four or five years after the incident above related, got into so serious a scrape that he had to leave the regiment.

In January, 1849, Lieutenant Hodson, with 100 infantry of the Guide corps, and fifteen sowars of the 15th Bengal Cavalry, was following up a party of insurgent Sikhs near Dufferwal, in the Punjab. Hodson heard on the

15th of the month that they were in a neighbouring village, but knowing that the only way to deal with them was to take them by surprise, he encamped as usual for the night, and did not commence his march till midnight. Proceeding swiftly but quietly as he approached the village, he rode on in front with his fifteen sowars to reconnoitre, the infantry being half a mile in the rear. At daybreak he had succeeded in getting, with two sowars, within 250 yards of the enemy before they—who numbered 150 horse and foot—perceived him. They stared at Hodson, who remained quietly gazing at them, and seemed to hesitate whether they should attack or not. His object was not to alarm them, but to entice them to remain till he was reinforced, so without making any demonstrations he merely beckoned to his remaining sowars to come up. His hopes were, however, disappointed, for after five minutes' hesitation the Sikhs went off, to use Hodson's own expression, "sulkily, like a herd of frightened deer."

Seeing that if he waited for the infantry the foe would escape him, Hodson, regardless of the enormous odds against him, determined to attack the 150 with his fifteen sowars. The instant that he began to advance the Sikhs broke and fled, and Hodson and his gallant troopers had a brisk gallop of half a mile before they could come up with the hindmost of them. The mounted portion of the enemy succeeded in getting off, but a body of Akhalies—Sikh fanatics—on foot turned to bay and fought desperately. One Akhalie beat off four sowars, one after another, till at length no one dared to measure swords with him.

Seeing this, Hodson, who more than any man appreciated the *certaminis gaudia*, and plunged into single combat as if

he were making a charge at football, himself attacked the fanatic. The latter, shouting the war-cry of his race, "Wah gooroo ji," rushed to meet his new assailant, and with each shout dealt him a tremendous blow with his tulwar. Hodson, a most skilful swordsman, guarded the three or four first cuts, but the Akhalie pressed so closely to his horse's rein that he could not get a fair cut at him in return. At length Hodson assumed the offensive so sharply that the Akhalie missed a stroke. Seizing his opportunity Hodson seized the tulwar with his bridle-hand, and, wrenching it from him, cut his desperate antagonist down with the right. His own left hand was severely wounded from grasping the tulwar, but he slew his man.

How many more fell to his sabre that day we know not, but the enemy lost in killed seventeen—*i. e.*, one more than the number of their antagonists,—while five others were desperately wounded.

The chief merit of this daring and successful feat was of course due to Hodson, but the conduct of his sowars showed that, when led by a British officer who has gained their confidence and excited their enthusiasm, the natives of India are as capable of heroism as even British soldiers. How great was the confidence in and enthusiasm for Hodson on the part of the natives was remarkably illustrated by the behaviour of the Guides when, arriving at Delhi, they beheld their old commandant. They cheered, shouted, hailed him with exclamations of "Great in battle," seized his bridle, dress, hands, feet, and threw themselves on the ground before him, with tears of joy and excitement streaming down their war-worn faces. Well indeed did he deserve this reception, for above any man, even in that magnificent body of English officers,

did he combine the brain to conceive and the nerve to execute the most skilful and daring feats of war. In addition to this, his personal qualifications as a warrior were unsurpassed. Not only calm, but even cheerful under the most trying dangers, the fury of his onset was irresistible. Sleepless in his activity and vigilance, a perfect horseman and a splendid swordsman, he perfectly fascinated his followers, while he inspired his opponents with a superstitious terror. Lord Clyde, in a letter to his wife announcing his death, spoke of him as "one of the most brilliant officers under my command," and the men of his regiment wept like children when they heard that their gallant leader had fallen. We conclude our remarks on this magnificent soldier, who inspired so many Sepoys and sowars with gallantry, by giving the following description of Hodson on the day of battle, given by an officer who served at Delhi:—

"In a fight he was glorious. If there was only a good hard scrimmage he was as happy as a king. A beautiful swordsman, he never failed to kill his man; and the way he used to play with the most brave and furious of these rebels was perfect. I fancy I see him now, smiling, laughing, parrying most fearful blows as calmly as if he were brushing off flies, calling out all the time, 'Why, try again now.' 'What's that? Do you call yourself a swordsman?' &c. The way that in a pursuit he used to manage his hog-spear was miraculous. It always seemed to me that he bore a charmed life, and so the enemy thought. His judgment was as great as his courage, and the heavier the fire or the greater the difficulty the more calm and reflecting he became."



CHAPTER IX.

THE PERSIAN WAR—CAPTURE OF FORT BUSHIRE—SUBADAR MAJOR MAHOMED SHEREEF—SEPOY BHEER BHUT—INSENSIBLE TO PAIN—BREAKING A SQUARE—HAVILDAR RUNJEET SINGH—SOWAR LALL SINGH—THE MOOLTANEE HORSE—SERVICES OF THE MOOLTANEES UNDER HERBERT EDWARDES IN 1848—RESPOND TO HIS SUMMONS IN 1857—FORMED INTO A REGIMENT—THEIR BATTLES AND EXPLOITS.

THE Persian War, though the losses of our forces were slight in comparison with the important results of the campaign, gave several opportunities to both European and native troops of distinguishing themselves. In the first portion of this book we have described the feat which earned Captain Wood, 20th Bombay Native Infantry, the Victoria Cross. Two Sepoys of the same regiment also displayed such conspicuous gallantry on the same occasion—the storming of Fort Bushire on the 9th of December, 1856—that Sir James Outram recommended them both for the Victoria Cross. We regret to say that his recommendation was not attended to. Indeed, to the best of our knowledge no native soldier in the Indian army has

ever received that much prized decoration. One of the two men was Subadar Major Mahomed Shereef. He was with the leading section of Captain Wood's company—the grenadiers—in the assault. He was shot through the leg, but, emulating the example of his captain, he continued to lead on his men, and would not fall out to have his wound dressed until the capture of the fort was complete, and all opposition had ceased.

Sepoy Bheer Bhut, of the same regiment, also greatly distinguished himself on the same occasion, displaying not only the most signal gallantry, but also an heroic fortitude under extreme suffering. While advancing to the assault a musket shot shattered his right arm to pieces. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand men would have, under such circumstances, gone to the rear for surgical treatment, and no one would have dreamt of blaming them for such a natural proceeding, for a man with a shattered arm of no use in the ranks. Bheer Bhut's high spirit, however, enabled him to overcome his pain and weakness. By a supreme effort of will he not only kept himself from sinking fainting to the ground, but he actually continued to fight. His right arm being helpless he could not take cartridges from his pouch, but his comrades supplied him with them, and, marvellous to relate, he with his left arm only continued to load and discharge his musket.

In the first part of this book we described the feat for which Lieutenants Moore and Malcolmson, of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, won the Victoria Cross at the Battle of Khoosh-ab, on the 8th of February, 1857. We have shown how bravely the European officers led; it now remains for us to do justice to the gallant manner in which the native soldiers followed. Rarely, indeed, has

a steady, regularly formed square been broken by a charge of cavalry, yet on the occasion in question this exploit was performed. The square consisted, as we have said previously, of a regiment, 800 strong, one of the best in the Persian army. Captain Forbes had under his command 120 sabres, and seeing him approach the Persians formed square with the utmost regularity—with bayonets fixed and the front ranks kneeling. There was no sign of wavering, and the fire was rapidly, though steadily, delivered up to the last moment. Captain Forbes led his squadron in one line at full speed against the square, and without a moment's check his men—not one hanging back or diverging—went straight through the square. Havildar Runjeet Singh was, while charging, struck by a bullet, which, entering the centre of the breast, lodged under his shoulder-blade. He did not pause or falter for a moment, but, continuing his furious career, entered the square close to Lieutenant Moore. After riding through the confused mass of broken infantry, he was close to Captain Forbes in the attack on the guns in rear. He then received a second wound, which prevented him from wielding his sword. He nevertheless retained his grasp of it, and remained in the ranks till the fight was over. He then rode up to his commanding officer, and, saluting him, said that he was shot through the chest, that he knew his wound was mortal, but that he did not mind losing his life if his officer considered he had done his duty bravely. This hero was rewarded for his gallantry by being promoted from havildar (sergeant) to jemadar (lieutenant), and, notwithstanding his severe injuries, ultimately recovered.

Trooper Lall Khan evinced great intrepidity in the attack on the enemy's guns after the destruction of the

square. He dismounted under a heavy fire, and at Captain Moore's—this officer must not be confounded with Lieutenant Moore, the Adjutant—request mounted the leading horse of the Persian gun which Captain Moore was endeavouring to carry off from the midst of the enemy. Captain Moore's horse, however, fell dead at the critical moment, and it was found necessary to abandon the attempt.

We must not quit the subject of the Battle of Khoosh-ab without mentioning that at the commencement of the action Captain Graves, of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, was ordered to the front to reconnoitre the enemy's position. He took four troopers with him, and, commencing at the left of the Persian line, rode along the whole front at a distance of 200 yards under a continual fire returning unhurt to report his observation.

Of all the regiments raised during the Indian Mutiny none rendered more valuable service or illustrated their records by more brilliant feats of personal daring than Cureton's Mooltanee Horse, now known as the 15th Bengal Cavalry. An interesting account of this regiment was published, under the title of 'Indian Cossacks,' in the *Cornhill Magazine* in January, 1863. We propose to reproduce the pith of the article in question.

The Mooltanees are a tribe of Pathan or Afghan origin, inhabit the city of Mooltan and that part of the trans-Indus territory called the Derajat, their chief town being Dehra Ishmael Khan. Partially absorbed among them are some Beloochees. Brave, splendid swordsmen, admirable horsemen, active, truthful, and loyal, the Mooltanees possess all the good qualities of the regular Afghans without their vices. It is unfortunate, therefore, that this clan is so small, having been twenty

years ago only able to turn out 2,500 fighting men, and being probably not much stronger now. Entertaining the hereditary hatred of their race for the Sikhs, they promptly responded to Herbert Edwardes's summons when, in 1848, he raised an irregular levy, by which he succeeded in holding Moolraj in check. When the mutiny broke out Herbert Edwardes, then Commissioner of Peshawur, bethought him of his trusty comrades of 1848, and wrote to invite them to join his standard. His letter reached Dehra Ishmael Khan on the 20th of May, and on the 1st of June Gholam Hussan Khan, whose name is now familiar to the public as that of the native envoy sent in advance of Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission to Cabul, appeared at Peshawur, followed by 300 horsemen. When the Sepoys broke out into mutiny in the Peshawur district Gholam Hussan Khan and his followers did good service, and on the restoration of tranquility beyond the Indus he petitioned to be allowed to form a regiment of 600 sabres. His request was granted, and the requisite number presented themselves at Lahore in the first week in January, 1858. A few days later Captain Cureton arrived to take command, and on the 14th of January the regiment started on its march to Roorkee, 270 miles distant. There it was incorporated with Brigadier Jones's field force, and on the 17th of April, *i. e.*, three months after its formation, it entered on the campaign. On that very day the regiment was sharply engaged, and it is related that one of their officers slew eight men with his revolver, every other man in the regiment disposing of at least three men each with sword, lance, carbine, pistol, or matchlock. Their own loss was—killed, one trooper and one horse; wounded, sixteen men and nineteen horses. The next day a jemadar, Emam Buksh

Khan, being out on patrol with forty men, learned that in a neighbouring fort there was a rebel Nawab with 500 followers. Without a moment's hesitation he marched straight to the fort, surrounded it, and imperiously demanded that the garrison should surrender and give up the Nawab, threatening that in case of refusal he would put every man to the sword. Impressed by his audacity, and imagining, no doubt, that he was supported by a large force, the rebels surrendered. The Nawab came out, and, surrendering himself, was placed in charge of a strong escort. The jemadar then entered the fort, turned out the garrison, first depriving them of their arms, and then sent word to camp of his success. For this feat he eventually obtained the third class order of merit.

On the 21st of April General Jones totally defeated an army of 12,000 rebels with fifteen guns at a place called Nugeenah, his own force being under 4,000 men. The regiment was broken up on that day, only about half being present with Cureton. The first exploit of the Mooltanees was to charge a superior body of the enemy's cavalry, whom they, after a sharp encounter, routed, capturing three guns. They then crossed a nullah, or small ravine, behind which a body of the enemy's infantry were drawn up. These they quickly dispersed and drove off the field, with a loss of 100 men.

Having now nothing in his immediate front, and the enemy being in full retreat, Cureton determined to try and strike their track. Sweeping across the plain in rear of the enemy's original line, and sabring many fugitives as he went, he perceived, after going five miles, the enemy's main body making off, while between them and him he saw six elephants loaded with chiefs and surrounded by an escort of infantry and cavalry. Dashing

at the group he captured the elephants, slew the chiefs, killed or dispersed the escort, and rescued an English telegraph signaller.

Scarcely had this feat been accomplished than Cureton discovered a large body of the rebels coming up from the rear. He had only 200 sabres with him, but not for a moment did their leader or his men think of retreat. Withdrawing his party into a grove by the roadside he awaited the arrival of the foe. On they came, stepping out actively to avoid the avenging British bayonets in their rear, and Cureton estimates them at 800 infantry and 500 cavalry. They have also some guns with them. They catch a glimpse of the party in the grove, but not seeing them plainly, and perceiving the captured elephants, they never doubt but that it is friends whom they are approaching. At length they come up to the grove, and to their consternation they hear an English voice shout "Charge!" and in another instant the Mooltanees are in the midst of them. Panic-struck by the unexpected and furious onset, they soon break and fly, leaving behind them a green standard and several guns as trophies for the victors, and as a proof of Mooltanee prowess upwards of 100 corpses.

Among those who chiefly distinguished themselves was the jemadar who a few days previously had, as above described, captured a fort. In this action he received two severe sword-cuts. After taking part in the operations connected with the capture of Bareilly, the Mooltanees had a severe fight at Bunai, where General Jones completely defeated a body of rebels. The Mooltanees, who were on the left of the line, were passing a large grove, when Cureton was informed by his flankers that the rebel horse were in the act of charging his left flank. Rapidly wheel-



FIGHT WITH SEPOYS.

ing up his left squadron, the latter had scarcely completed the movement when the enemy were upon them. They were between two and three hundred in number, and came on with sufficient resolution till they almost touched Cureton's men. They, however, then pulled up, and contented themselves with discharging their carbines and hurling their lances. Their leader and twenty Ghazees—Mussulman fanatics who have devoted themselves to death in battle—were bolder, and made such a furious rush that they pierced the line, and, fighting with desperation, were almost immediately slain, but not till they had done some mischief. Their leader encountered a young Mooltanee, who dashed his spear at him but missed. Determined, however, that his foe should not escape, the Mooltanee clasped the rebel round the waist, and the two fell together to the ground. When the fight was over both were discovered lying side by side dead, the trooper with a pistol bullet through the body, and the rebel with a dagger in his chest.

But to resume the thread of our story. As soon as the Ghazees had been disposed of Cureton gave the word "Charge" to his regiment. The word alone sent the rebels flying, and being well mounted the latter soon distanced their pursuers. They lost, however, in the fight twenty-six killed and about fifty wounded. The next action in which the Mooltanees had much to do took place in October near Shahjehanpore. On this occasion they slew one hundred of the rebels, besides wounding many others. Of this number seven were placed *hors de combat* by one of Cureton's non-commissioned officers. On the 1st of December the Mooltanees took part in General Troup's victory at Biswa. Troup, seeing a large body of the enemy's horse threatening his right, ordered Cureton

to charge them. We give *in extenso* an extract from the *Cornhill Magazine* describing this brilliant little affair :—

“ The movement had scarcely commenced when, led by Feroze Shah in person, the hostile cavalry, taking the initiative, charged with the greatest determination and in excellent order. Putting his regiment to the gallop, Cureton met them gallantly, and after a few minutes' hard fighting, in which some terrific cuts were given, the rebels fled, pursued by the Mooltanees for some distance. This was perhaps one of the finest instances of the shock of cavalry which occurred during the mutiny. Both parties charging home, fought man to man for some time with great resolution, the rebels, who numbered many Ghazees in their ranks, not giving way till in a fair stand-up fight they had both received and inflicted considerable loss. In the charge and pursuit the Mooltanees had about twenty men killed and wounded, while some fifty or sixty of the rebels were slain.”

At the end of February, 1859, the regiment quitted Oude for the Punjab, having lost during their year of campaigning in killed and wounded, “ English officers, 4 ; native officers, 9 ; non-commissioned officers and men, 123 ; horses, 204. Of the English officers belonging to the regiment every one was either killed or wounded, or had his horse killed or wounded.” For their services during the campaign the native commandant, Gholam Hussan Khan, received the title of Sirdar Bahadur, the third class order of merit, and a pecuniary donation. A little later he was appointed Vakeel, or native agent, to the Court of Cabul, and subsequently was created a C.S.I. Of his comrades, one native officer received the title of Bahadur, and nine native officers, non-commissioned officers, and troopers received the third class order of merit. It

may be noted that the rank of Sirdar Bahadur carries with it an annuity of 72*l.* a year, and that of Bahadur one of 36*l.*

We cannot conclude our notice of the services of this gallant body of sowars without mentioning the following anecdote, in the words of the writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*. In the skirmish of the 18th of May, 1858, near Bareilly, "Lord Clyde, as was his wont, exposed himself very freely, and thereby caused the Mooltanees so much anxiety that they resolved to try the effect of a petition. Accordingly, repairing in a body to the tent of their commandant, they proceeded to open their hearts to him. With great earnestness they spoke of the danger the Lord Sahib incurred, and represented that if anything were to happen to him not a man in the force would be able to hold up his head afterwards. They begged, therefore, that Cureton would on their behalf petition the Commander-in-Chief to take more care of himself for the future. Cureton pointed out to them that Lord Clyde was the chief, and could not be dictated to as to what he should do. This explanation by no means satisfied his auditory, who, much cast down, left his presence shaking their heads, and were greatly relieved when a few days after the Commander-in-Chief quitted the camp without having sustained any injury."



CHAPTER X.

ANECDOTES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY—LOYALTY OF THE SIKHS—
DEFENCE OF ARR AH—A FAITHFUL FEW STAND BY CRACROFT
WILSON AT MORADABAD—THE SOWARS WHO CHARGED A GUN,
WITH SIR SAMUEL BROWNE, AT SIRPOORAH—FIDELITY OF A
NATIVE ARTILLERYMAN AT AGRA—THE LOYAL REMNANT OF THE
8TH IRREGULAR CAVALRY—COCKBURN AND HIS MEN—BITERS BIT.

AS a rule, the Sikhs who were enrolled in the ranks of the army or police at the commencement of the mutiny displayed great loyalty. On one occasion this quality was very conspicuous under great temptation. We refer to the siege of Arrah. At Arrah, an out-station in the Patna district, there were, when the mutiny broke out, fifteen European and half-caste male residents, not one of whom was connected with the army. At first there were no troops, but after the lapse of a few weeks Mr. William Tayler, the Commissioner of Patna, sent fifty of Rattray's Sikhs to occupy the station. Among the European residents was Mr. Vicars Boyle, a civil engineer connected with the railway. He almost from the first contemplated the probability of an attack.

His anticipations were openly ridiculed, but, fortunately for the scoffers, their jeers in no way affected Mr. Boyle's opinion. Quietly but actively he proceeded to prepare for the catastrophe which every day seemed to his clear head more and more imminent. In his compound were—as is not unusual in old Indian stations—two houses; the smallest of them was a two-storied building with a flat roof, and was about fifty feet square. This he proceeded to fortify in such a manner that it would at least resist a *coup de main*. He built up the lower part of the house, merely leaving an entrance and loopholes. Likewise he stored up sufficient water to last seventy men for a fortnight, and gradually collected a large store of beer, grain, flour, biscuits, and such other provisions as would not spoil by keeping. At length one day the news arrived that the Sepoys at Dinapore had risen, and were hastening towards Arrah. Then Mr. Boyle's friends admitted the wisdom of his precautions, and—with some shame at their own silly ridicule—thankfully accepted the invitation to take up their quarters in his house. One Mussulman gentleman, Deputy Collector Syud Azimudin Khan, faithful in the time of trial to the Government which in peaceful times had fed him, also cast in his lot with the British, and was gladly allowed to form part of the garrison.

It being now evident that at any moment a siege of indefinite length might begin, every exertion was made to increase the store of provisions, improve the defences, and bring in ammunition. Among other measures adopted was the pulling down of the front face of the larger house, situated about fifty yards from the building which had been selected for occupation, in order to deprive the enemy of cover. Happily the women and children had long since been sent away from the station.

On the 25th of July the Sepoys had risen at Dinapore, and on the 27th they arrived at Arrah. After plundering the treasury and releasing the prisoners in the gaol they flocked to Vicars Boyle's house, thinking to find the occupants an easy prey, marching boldly up in military array and full of confidence. The garrison reserved their fire till the Sepoys were close to them, and then opened with such precision and effect that the attacking party fell back greatly disconcerted. The enemy on this broke up into groups, which, taking cover behind the partially dismantled house and trees, kept up a continuous fire on the garrison. From the loopholes and from behind the sand-bag parapet on the roof the garrison had a command over the rebels, and whenever one of the latter exposed himself for a moment a well-aimed bullet stretched him dead or disabled on the ground. As we have said, there was no military officer in the garrison, but Herwald Wake, the magistrate, came of a stock which never failed to illustrate in time of danger the fighting character of the English race. He took command of the Sikhs, who felt great confidence in him, and he soon learned to feel confidence in them.

Among the mutineers were a few Sikhs, and these were employed to try and seduce their countrymen in the garrison. The contending parties were quite within ear-shot, so appeals to their feelings of race, religion, avarice, and fear were successively made, but all in vain. The temptation of a share in the plunder collected and to be collected was held out. It was then sought to terrify them by a picture of the doom which would be theirs when they fell into the hands of the rebels. Lastly, they were entreated to consider the shame of siding with the Feringee oppressor of the Khalsa (the name among the

Sikhs for the whole body of the Sikhs) against the readers of the Grunth (the holy book of the Sikhs).

The next day—28th of July—the rebels, who numbered not only three Sepoy regiments, but also the motley levies of the rebellious Zemindar Kunwar Singh, brought two guns to bear upon the garrison, and the walls of the house were soon riddled, the garrison retaliating by deliberate well-aimed shots whenever an opportunity offered of firing with advantage. The rebels, notwithstanding this resolute resistance, did not despair of overcoming the firmness of the garrison, or at least of seducing from their allegiance the Sikh portion of it. Every evening, therefore, a Sepoy standing behind a pillar in the verandah of the larger house shouted out a summons to surrender.

On the 29th of July the enemy's guns were shifted about from place to place and fired with—in default of regular cannon balls—every missile which they could extemporize, the castors of arm-chairs, for instance; but though every shot told on the house, any damage inflicted was at once repaired, and the garrison showed no sign of yielding. In the mean time the gallant defenders were threatened with something worse than the enemy's fire. There were some horses picketed in the compound, and these the Sepoys shot, hoping that the stench from their carcases, as well as from the corpses of some mutineers who had been shot too close to the house to be removed, would poison the garrison. Ordinarily the various beasts and birds of prey which abound in India do the work of scavengers promptly and effectually. Unfortunately the constant firing had driven them away. Boyle, Wake, and their comrades had, therefore, not only reason to dread intense inconvenience, but even a terrible access of sickness

from the foul smell of the decomposing animal matter. Providentially there set in a breeze which blew away the smell from the garrison. Then the rebels tried to smoke out the defenders—a very common proceeding in Eastern warfare. Under cover of the night they collected a large heap of straw and wood close to the house, and, setting fire to the pile, threw into it a quantity of chilis. The smoke was pungent and distressing, but again a favouring wind blew it away from the destined victims, and one of the rebels who had been most active in kindling the flames fell into them, killed or disabled by a bullet from the house, and a few charred bones afterwards proved that, metaphorically speaking, “the engineer had been hoist by his own petard.”

Then the enemy succeeded in hoisting one of their two guns on to the roof of the dismantled house, but to their astonishment this device did not abate the resolution of the garrison. At midnight there suddenly arose a sound of sharp firing apparently from a spot about a mile distant. It may easily be imagined how the faces of the defenders lighted up, how their hearts beat high at this welcome sound. Relief was evidently close at hand. Within an hour at latest their deliverance would be secure, their anxiety at an end, for British troops rarely fail in any enterprise which they undertake. The thing was, therefore, a certainty, and eagerly were the flashes of musketry watched. Strange to say, they did not come nearer, and after a time ceased. Still no misgiving was felt. The foe had no doubt been defeated, and in a few minutes the victors would themselves bring intelligence of the fact. As, however, minute after minute passed away without any sign, the desponding became certain, and the sanguine began to fear, that for once British arms had

been unsuccessful, and that the garrison had nothing to rely upon but their own undaunted courage. A conviction that such was the case soon set in, and all doubt was shortly set at rest by the arrival of a wounded Sikh, who under cover of the darkness managed to crawl up to the house, and told how Dunbar's party—sent from Dinapore to relieve Arrah—had been surprised, defeated, and almost destroyed.

When day broke on the 30th of July the enemy were all at their posts, and as pertinacious as ever in pressing the garrison, which was now, indeed, in a most critical position. The supply of water had run short, but the Sikhs, with such rude tools as were available, in twelve hours dug a well eighteen feet deep inside the house, and used the excavated earth to strengthen the defences. The meat was exhausted, but by a daring sally, executed during the night, four sheep were brought in from the compound. Cartridges failed, but a fresh supply was obtained by manufacturing them from the powder and lead which Mr. Boyle had so thoughtfully stored. Then, worst of all, a grave suspicion arose that the enemy were having recourse to mining. This peril was met by a countermine. Notwithstanding their courage, however, and the fertility in resource which they showed, the garrison could not but feel that the hour was approaching when further resistance would become impossible. Not a thought of surrender was, however, for a moment entertained. They had fully determined that when all their provisions were exhausted they would try and escape to some ford on the river Soane. All knew that this was a forlorn hope, but it was better to fall with arms in their hands than trust to the mercy of the mutineers.

At length, on the morning of the 2nd of August, the

attention of the defenders was attracted by an unusual commotion among the people of Arrah. The fire of the besiegers somewhat slackened, few of the enemy showed themselves, and crowds of people were hurrying away from the town, accompanied by carts, elephants, camels, and horses laden with the plunder of the station. What all this portended the garrison could not say, but they hoped that it meant the approach of succour ; and we may be sure that Englishman and Sikh alike prayed fervently that this time the attempt at relief might be successful. The shots of the Sepoys came at longer and longer intervals, till at length they almost ceased. Then came the sound of a distant fire of artillery, which after a short time ceased altogether, but its cessation was accompanied by the gradual departure of the besiegers, and a sortie made at night resulted in the discovery that the rebels had decamped.

The next morning Vincent Eyre, at the head of his detachment, announced in person that danger had passed for the gallant handful who had so audaciously affronted it. An examination of the exterior of the house showed the garrison that their suspicions had been well founded. The enemy had tried to undermine them. The gallery had reached the foundations of the house, and a canvas tube filled with powder was lying in it ready to be employed. Thanks, however, to Vicars Boyle's engineering skill no harm would have ensued, for with another stroke of the pickaxe the besiegers would have broken into the defender's countermine.

The names of the gallant men who thus defended a small private house for a week against three regiments of Sepoys, reinforced by detachments of six other corps and by the retainers of Kunwar Singh, provided with two



SKETCH OF FLIGHT FROM MORADABAD.

pieces of artillery, deserve to be recorded. They are as follows :—Mr. Littledale, the Judge ; Mr. Herwald Wake, the Magistrate ; Mr. Combe, the Collector ; Mr. Colvin, the Assistant-Collector ; Dr. Halls, the Surgeon ; Synd Azimuden Khan, the Deputy Collector of Arrah ; Mr. Vicars Boyle, Civil Engineer ; Mr. Field and Mr. Anderson, of the Opium Department ; Mr. Da Costa, Mr. Godfrey, Mr. Cork, Mr. Tait, Mr. Delpelson, Mr. Hoyle, and Mr. de Souza. In addition to these there were, as we have said, fifty Sikhs, who behaved throughout splendidly, and in honour of whom we have written the above account of the defence of Arrah. Mr. Herwald Wake took the command of the garrison, while Mr. Vicars Boyle was the engineer. Mr. Wake for his gallantry was made a C.B.

On the 16th of May, 1857, the intelligence of the mutiny at Meerut reached Moradabad. Moradabad is a station about forty-eight miles from Bareilly, and was at that time occupied by the 29th Native Infantry and a half battery of native artillery. Mr. Cracroft Wilson was the judge, but had no executive command. He, however, on account of his great experience of that part of the country, and of the fact that the magistrate had only recently arrived at the station, applied for the chief civil command. His application was granted, and Wilson at once prepared to meet the storm which he saw was on the point of bursting. The 29th N. I. was a regiment of good repute, and it was believed that by good management it might be prevented from mutinying. At first it seemed probable that this hope would be justified, though the Mahomedans of the town did their best to seduce the Sepoys, and the native gunners were evidently not to be trusted. A political pensioner—Nuwab Niamut Oollah-Khan—who

had formerly been in Government employ, tried to gain over the Sepoys, and as a beginning sent them a present of food. His present was received with thanks, but the donor was ordered to leave the lines on pain of death. On the 18th the 29th N. I. had an opportunity of showing their loyalty, and stood the test well. Information came in that a party of the 20th N. I.—which had mutinied at Meerut—was encamped within five miles of Meerut, with a large quantity of treasure. It was determined to surprise them. Accordingly, at 11 o'clock at night a company of the 29th and about thirty Irregular Horse moved out of cantonments, and, surprising the rebels, dispersed them. Owing, however, to the darkness, only one of the enemy was killed and eight captured. The men of the 20th N. I., believing that, in spite of their conduct the preceding night, the hearts of the 29th were with them, sent a party into their lines. Again the 29th stood the test. They shot down the havildar who was leading the 20th men and made prisoners of his companions. It happened, however, that a near relative of the man who had been shot was a Sepoy of influence in the 29th. He collected about 100 of his comrades, the worst men in the regiment, and hastened to the gaol to carry off the body of his relative and to free the recently made captives. The civil guard fraternized with these mutineers, and in a few moments not only the 20th men but all the other prisoners were set at liberty. Cracroft Wilson, on hearing what had happened, rode down to the gaol, accompanied by most of the European officers in the station. He found the released convicts streaming over the place in every direction, but, collecting a few men of the Nawab of Rampore's cavalry and eight or ten Sepoys, he proceeded to recapture as many of the prisoners as he could,

the adjutant of the 29th having previously started on the same errand with some of the staunch men of his regiment. Between them both they retook about 150 of the released prisoners.

The danger was not, however, over. It was evident that matters had come to a crisis, and Wilson determined to deal with it boldly. Riding down to the lines of the 29th N. I. he passed in front of the artillery. The native gunners stood ready, with their guns loaded and port-fires lit, to open on the gallant civilian. Undauntedly, Wilson rode straight on the muzzles of the guns, waving his hat as a challenge. His intrepidity saved him. The gunners slunk back abashed by his daring. He then went to the lines of the 29th, accompanied by two or three European officers, and, to re-assure the Sepoys, caused ball-cartridge to be issued to them, and then, forming them in square, harangued them. The scene was most dramatic. Wilson dwelt upon the crime committed that morning, but said that as only a portion of the regiment had been guilty, he would ask the Governor-General to forgive them if they would swear to be loyal. The native officers asked if he would swear on the Bible to fulfil his promises. He consented, and then the Sepoys in their turns wore solemnly to be true to the Government which fed them. Thus order was re-established for a time.

On the 21st of May, Wilson, with a few sowars and a company of the 29th, attacked and dispersed a body of fanatics who had come in from Rampore. He had a narrow escape on this occasion. One of the rebels levelled a blunderbuss at his head. Wilson seized it and turned away the barrel. The rebel then drew a pistol from his belt, but before he could pull the trigger a Sepoy of the

29th knocked the man down. A few days afterwards two companies of sappers who had mutinied approached Moradabad. Captain Whish, with 200 men of the 29th, two guns, and Wilson with the civilians mounted, and a few Irregular Horse, went out to meet them. The sappers, overawed, threw down their arms and surrendered. On this occasion the 29th behaved well. On the 2nd of June, however, they at length yielded to the numerous temptations of fear, fanaticism, and avarice held out to them,—and really great excuses may be made for their conduct,—and openly threw off their allegiance. But even then there was not wanting an instance of good feeling and gallantry. On that day news arrived of the mutiny and murders at Bareilly. Wilson appealed to their loyalty this time in vain, and he saw that nothing was left to be done but to try and save the treasure.

On the morning of the 3rd of June it became evident that the coin in the treasury could not be removed, so it was handed over to the charge of the Sepoys in order to prevent a general disturbance, which would inevitably arise if a universal pillage took place. Wilson, with the officers, civil and military, therefore went to the treasury. While the rupees were being handed out, Mr. Saunders, the Collector, seized the opportunity of destroying as much of the Government stamped paper as possible. The Sepoys had anticipated a rich booty, but finding that it only amounted to 7,500*l.*, they became furious, and, believing that some of it had been secreted, in their rage the artillerymen carried off the Native Treasurer, and were going to blow him away from a gun, when Captain Faddy, 29th N. I., who was much beloved by his men, rescued him. At the same moment Wilson and Saunders were about to ride off, when four Sepoys levelled their

muskets at them. Their hour seemed come, when Subadar Bohwanee Singh and Pay Havildar Baldeo Singh stepped between the would-be assassins and their destined victims. Then the Subadar, raising his hand authoritatively, said, with eloquent earnestness, "What! do you wish to see the flesh rot from your bones? Did you not take a most solemn oath not to hurt a hair of their heads, and are you now firing at them?" The Sepoys, struck with shame and remorse, lowered their muskets, and Wilson and Saunders rode off unharmed.

The game was now evidently up. The officers and civilians, with their wives, had no choice left but to escape. The officers, in one party, went off to Nynee Tal, and the civilians with their wives to Meerut. With the latter party rode a faithful remnant of the garrison, consisting of a jemadar's party of the 8th Irregulars from Meerut, twenty Irregular Cavalry men who had been on leave at Moradabad when the mutiny broke out, and a few sowars attached to the magistrate. Considering all things, the mutiny at Moradabad was less atrocious than any outbreak at other stations, and, as has been shown, there was a good deal of gallant, though perhaps not enduring, devotion to be found scattered about among the mutineers.

In our "Victoria Cross in India" we gave a brief account of the manner in which Lieut.-General Sir Samuel Browne, V.C., the commander of the troops assembled at Peshawur for the invasion of Afghanistan, gained the Victoria Cross. On that occasion Major Browne, at the head of a field force consisting of a regiment of Punjab infantry, a detachment of Irregular Cavalry, and two companies of riflemen, on the 31st of August, 1858, made a daring, brilliant, and thoroughly successful attack on a

body of the enemy strongly posted at Sirpoorah. The Sepoys were completely defeated, losing a large number of men, their camp, and their guns. The force came upon the rebels' position at daybreak. Ahead of all rode Major Browne, attended by two Sikh orderlies, Jamiyat and Shere Singh. All of a sudden a nine-pounder gun, commanding the road by which the infantry were advancing, was discharged. Major Browne saw that unless this gun were silenced his people, who were following close in rear of him, would suffer seriously. With classical heroism, he determined to sacrifice himself, if need were, for the sake of victory. The resolution was as promptly carried out as formed. Setting spurs to his horse, he rode full speed at the gun, followed by the two gallant sowars above mentioned, bent on capturing the gun before it could be fired again or perishing in the attempt. In an instant he was at the deadly goal, and, reaching the gun first, he at once engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with the gunners. In the desperate struggle which ensued he cut down several of the rebels, but he did not escape unscathed. He first received a severe sword cut on the left knee. Nevertheless his death-dealing strokes still rained around, when another rebel with his razor-edged and heavy tulwar severed his bridle arm at the shoulder, thus placing him *hors de combat*. He must inevitably have been slain but for the heroism of Jamiyat and Shere Singh, who had come up a moment after their leader, and, fiercely fighting, kept the rebels at bay till the infantry came up and completed the capture of the gun.

When the mutiny broke out, Mr. Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, applied at once to some of our feudatories for armed assistance. Several contingents were at once dispatched to Agra, and among

them one from Kotah. On the 4th of July, a large body of the rebels being at Futtehpoore-Sikri, the British officer commanding the contingent was ordered to march out and attack the rebels. It was scarcely expected that the order would be obeyed, but it was considered wise to bring matters to an issue, and ascertain who could and who could not be depended on. The worst fears were realized. The Kotah contingent, on receiving the order to march, at once broke out into open mutiny. The leading spirit among the Kotah men, a native sergeant, gave the signal by shooting down the European sergeant in charge of the stores. The remainder of the contingent on this opened fire on their officers, fortunately without effect, and rushed off to join the rebels. So great was their hurry that they abandoned their guns, which were afterwards brought into the fort at Agra. One native artilleryman, to his eternal honour, resisted the infection of treason, and, "faithful among the faithless," preserved the presence of mind and nerve to spike the guns. It was probably owing to this exploit that the mutineers did not take with them their artillery. The name of this brave and loyal gunner was Mathura. It may be added that at the same time Dr. Mathias, the European medical officer attached to the contingent, aided by his servants and some other natives, rendered the guns useless by scattering the ammunition in the sand. He was, however, only co-operating with his fellow-countrymen, and acting in his own direct personal interest, while Mathura did violence to every feeling of comradeship, race, and religion in thus actively assisting, at imminent risk to his life, his European superiors.

At ten o'clock on Sunday, the 31st of May, 1857, a Hindoo ressalidar—native captain—of the 8th Irregular Cavalry, then quartered at Mozaffernuggur, came to

his commandant, Captain Alexander Mackenzie, with most important intelligence, namely, that the garrison was on the point of rising in revolt. Alarming as it was, this intimation was not unexpected, for it had been evident for some days past that the crisis was at hand. The *ressaldar's* story was, however, precise. He said that some of the Hindoos of his troop had that morning, while bathing, heard the Sepoys of the 18th and 68th Regiments say that they intended to rise that very day at 11 A.M., murder every European, seize the treasury, and open the gaol. So many similar reports which had proved untrue had been current during the preceding fortnight that Captain Mackenzie was somewhat incredulous. He, however, sent orders for the regiment to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice, and wrote a letter saying what he had heard to Colonel Colin Troup, commanding the 68th Regiment. The 8th Irregulars was a corps which their commandant was justified in believing would stand firm against every temptation. In 1852, when the 38th Native Infantry had refused, on the score of caste, to proceed by sea to Burmah, the 8th Irregulars had volunteered to go there. They were taken at their word, and marched from Hansi a thousand miles to the port of embarkation, without losing a man by desertion. During the campaign they behaved splendidly. To quote Colonel Malleson, from whose history of the mutiny we have taken this story, "Their native officers were men of good family, given to manly and intellectual pursuits, and proud of their regiment and their service. Captain Mackenzie had been some years with the 8th. He had served with it as adjutant and as second in command. He was devoted to his regiment, gave to it his undivided care, and was unsurpassed in all the qualities of a com-

manding officer. He was well supported by his second in command, Lieutenant Becher." Moreover, during the uneasy state of affairs which had lately prevailed, the conduct of the regiment had been, and its spirit still seemed to be, excellent. At length, on the evening of the 29th May, Colonel Troup had received sure information that the 8th were not to be relied upon. They had sworn not to act against the artillery and infantry, though at the same time they had declared that they would not raise their hands against a European.

To return to the eventful Sunday morning. Mackenzie, having taken all the measures of precaution possible, but still doubting the accuracy of the information which he had received, assembled his officers, consisting of Becher, the second in command, and Currie, the surgeon, and caused them to have their horses prepared. They then put on their uniforms and sat down to breakfast. They had scarcely begun that meal when the brigade-major, Brownlow, rushed in saying that the Sepoys had risen. The sound of firing confirmed his information, and at that moment Colonel Troup arrived. Mackenzie and Becher mounted forthwith and rode to the lines to turn out their regiment. Mackenzie at once formed up the right wing, but perceiving some delay on the left wing, he rode off to hurry its falling in. Aided by Becher he had them drawn up in a few moments in the midst of a hell upon earth, for from all parts of the station Europeans were being fired at as they rode, ran, or drove into the lines of the trusted regiment for protection, and bungalows were beginning to smoke and blaze on all sides. Happening to glance towards the right wing he saw it moving off to the right and rear of the lines. Dashing up at top speed he headed and halted the wing, and asked for an

explanation of the movement. A rissaldar said that Colonel Troup had given the order. Riding back to Troup, Mackenzie asked that officer what he proposed to do. Troup replied that he intended to retire on Nynee Tal, a hill-station sixty-six miles distant, with all the Europeans who had escaped. Mackenzie, feeling confident in the loyalty of his men, asked to be allowed to try and recover the guns. Only after urgent entreaties was consent wrung from Troup, who finally said, "It is no use, but do as you like."

During the discussion between the two officers the left wing had been wheeled into line. As soon as the movement had been completed, a traitor, Mahomed Shaffi, the senior native officer, taking advantage of the absence of the European officers, moved the left wing towards the cantonments. Mackenzie saw them move off, but his suspicions were not excited, for at that moment a cry arose that the left wing had gone to charge the guns. He on this addressed the right wing, told them, to their apparent delight, that he was going to take them also to recover the guns, and, accompanied by several officers of other regiments and Mr. Guthrie, a civilian, led his men at a steady trot to the parade-ground. On reaching it he found the left wing not engaged, but apparently fraternizing with the rebels. Leaving Becher with the right wing, which had been halted, he rode up to the left wing. He addressed the men composing it, and they, for a moment, seemed disposed to follow him. Suddenly a cry arose from amongst the Sepoys to rally in defence of their religion round a green flag, which was at that instant hoisted. This appeal to their fanaticism, and the sight of the flag, swept away the last remnants of loyalty, and Mackenzie, seeing that further appeals would be

hopeless, returned to the right wing. This wing, however, had begun to yield to the infection, and during the last few minutes men had been stealing off. Mackenzie found remaining only men enough to make up a single troop, and, bitterly mortified, admitted to himself that he had failed.

There was now nothing for it but to retreat and follow Colonel Troup. Before, however, he was clear of the station other men had deserted, and when Mackenzie overtook Troup at a spot twenty-three miles from Bareilly, only twenty-three sowars were left. Of these twenty-three twelve were native officers. All were greatly and assiduously tempted to cast in their lot with their comrades, fellow-countrymen, and co-religionists, but they nobly stood the severe test, and performed the most excellent service. One *ressaldar*, Mahomed Nazim Khan, abandoned not only all his property, but also three children, to follow his leader; and Mackenzie's orderly, also a Mohammedan, rode all through the retreat his commandant's second charger, a splendid Arab, on which he could easily have made his escape. Before the retreat was at an end Mackenzie's horse dropped dead from fatigue, on which the orderly dismounted, handed the horse he was riding over to Mackenzie, and accomplished the remainder of the march on foot. All these brave and faithful men were duly rewarded by the Government, and when the regiment was reorganized under its old commandant it redeemed, by its conspicuous gallantry at the action of Harhà in Oude, the character of the corps.

The following story is illustrative of extraordinary fidelity and gallantry on the part of a large body of native soldiers. We are unable to give the names of any of them, nor, indeed, would they, if given, have any significance for

English readers. Their conduct, however, deserves to be recorded, for it is too common a notion that all our native soldiers either revolted on the breaking out of the mutiny, or would have done so but for want of opportunity. On the 21st of May, 1857, Mr. Colvin, the Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces, heard at Agra of the mutiny at Aligurh, and sent off at once Lieutenant Cockburn, at the head of 233 irregular cavalry. These men belonged to the Gwalior Contingent, and had been sent by Scindiah to aid the authorities at Agra. The Gwalior Contingent was a native force, officered and administered by British officers, but at the charge of the Maharajah. The fidelity of the men belonging to the Contingent was not to be relied upon. Allied to the mutineers of Delhi and Meerut by race, religion, and sympathy, it was to be feared that they only waited for a fitting opportunity to display the same spirit. Scindiah himself did not trust them, and had warned the British Resident at his court that they were not to be depended on. These anticipations proved eventually correct.

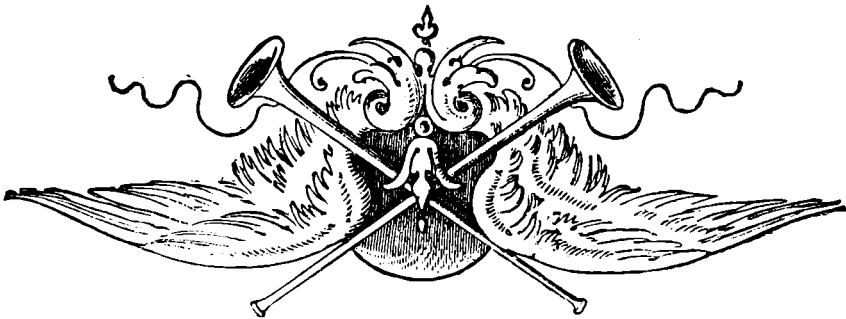
In the mean time, Lieutenant Cockburn, taking his life in his hands, rode boldly towards Aligurh. On the 26th of May he reached his destination, and at first escorted to Hatras the Europeans who had maintained their position in the neighbourhood of Aligurh. At Hatras about 110 of Cockburn's men mutinied, and, having in vain striven to induce their comrades to follow their example, rode off to stir up the villagers in the district. Nothing daunted by this defection, Cockburn determined to punish his faithless troopers. He had learned that they had been joined by 500 of the country people, and were plundering and murdering in every direction. To turn their very crimes into the means of their own destruction he procured a cur-

tained bullock-cart, such as native ladies often use. Inside this, concealed by the curtains, he placed four troopers with loaded carbines. The cart was driven along the road which led towards the rebel camp, while he himself followed a little distance in rear, concealed by some trees from observation. The stratagem succeeded admirably. As soon as they saw the cart, the rebels, thinking that a rich prize was within it, made an exultant dash at their fancied prey. The troopers inside waited coolly till the foremost of the plunderers were close by; they then discharged their carbines with fatal effect. Paralyzed at thus receiving bullets when their thoughts were all intent on bracelets, the rebels paused for a moment irresolute. The delay was fatal to many of their number, for thundering along the road at full speed came Cockburn and his men, who in the course of a minute or two had slain forty-eight, and sent fleeing the remainder of the rebels.

The conduct of Cockburn's detachment on this occasion, considering the temptations to which they were exposed, is above all praise, and we must not be too hard on his men if they were unable long to resist the tide of public opinion.

A few days after the exploit above described the main body of the regiment—the 1st—to which Cockburn's party belonged, arrived at Hatras. At first they all behaved well. To quote Colonel Malleon's words, "Gradually, however, as the villagers rose on every side, the pressure became too much for them. On the 1st of July the 1st Cavalry, then at Hatras, mutinied. The men showed no ill feeling towards their officers, but simply told them they must go. When hundreds with arms in their hands issue orders to units, the units must obey. Alexander and the officers with him had then nothing for

it but to ride for Agra, a journey they successfully accomplished." It will be observed that, though the brilliancy of their former conduct was thus dimmed, murder was not added to treason and mutiny, and that the offence was surrounded by extenuating circumstances. The only wonder is that Cockburn's gallant horsemen remained loyal so long.



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