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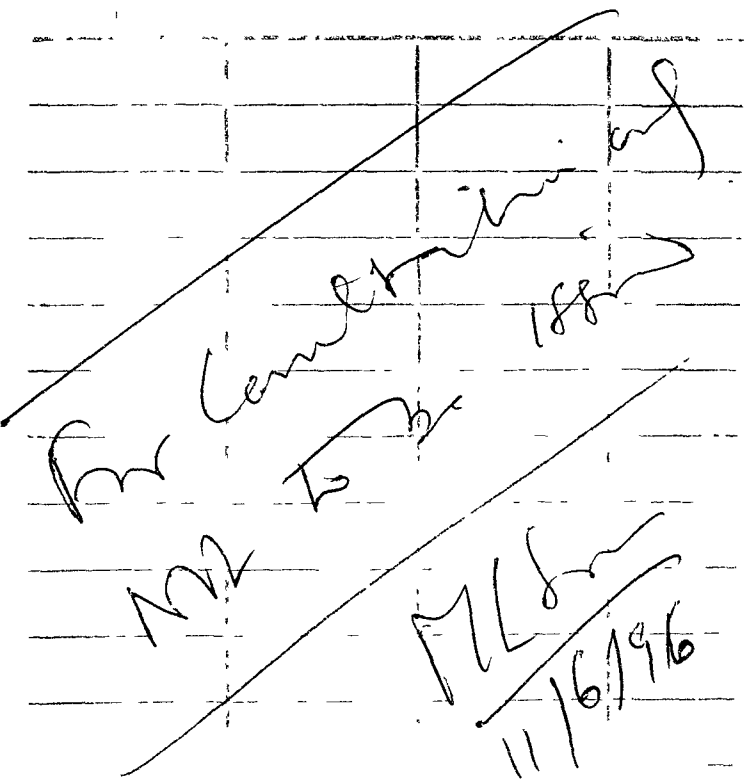

Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie

THE MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE K T

(From a Painting by Sir J Watson Cordon R A 1847)

Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie

EDITED BY

J. G. A. BAIRD

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION.

By a codicil to his will, couched in solemn words, the Marquess of Dalhousie forbade the publication of his private papers until a period of fifty years had passed from the time of his death. Those fifty years have come and gone, and there appears to be no reason why the present generation should be any longer denied the privilege of looking more closely into the career, and seeing more clearly the character, of a man whose life is an enduring example of talent devoted to the service of his country, and of duty done to the utmost, with full knowledge of the consequences to himself which that utmost would surely bring.

Fully to understand the character of a great man whose life has become part of a nation's history, and the motives which governed his actions; clearly to discern the secret of his success or of his failure, and to perceive where human nature triumphed or was overcome by force of will, needs something more than a mere chronicle of his actions and their results, near or remote. This need is supplied in some cases by autobiography or confessions; in others, by diaries or private letters.

The letters contained in this volume were written by Lord Dalhousie to Sir George Couper, Bart., his oldest and dearest friend, though twenty-four years his senior. Captain Couper of the 92nd Highlanders, as he then was, had been A.D.C. to his father, General the Earl of Dalhousie, in the Peninsula, 1812-1814, and won promotion at Vittoria. He

then served in the American War, and was present at the battle of New Orleans, after which he rejoined his General's staff in Nova Scotia, subsequently serving on that of Sir James Kempt, who succeeded him, and whose name is frequently mentioned in the correspondence. He was military secretary to Lord Durham, Governor-General of Canada, and afterwards Comptroller of the Household and Equerry to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, holding that post till the end of his life. He and Fox Maule (afterwards Lord Panmure) were Lord Dalhousie's most favoured correspondents. The letter of September 18th, 1849, contains the following passage: "I write to you and Fox Maule—my oldest friend, my nearest kinsman,—I have already told you I keep you as a safety-valve through which I have a right to blow off feelings which I can express to no one in India but my wife, and do express to no one in Europe but your two selves." Again, on January 15th, 1853: "In parting with this topic, let me add that these remarks are made to the confidence of an old friend alone. They have never been penned or uttered before to mortal except to my wife." Other passages might be cited to the same effect, but those above are enough to show that, with the exception of the diaries which Lord Dalhousie kept from boyhood, his letters to Sir George Couper contain more of the man himself than all the rest of his papers put together. In them he liberated his mind, vented his wrath, and freely gave his opinions of men and things—so freely at times, that in order to avoid giving needless pain, certain passages containing strong expressions of censure, written on the spur of the moment, have been withheld. Criticism there is, especially of the conduct of their respective campaigns by Lord Gough and General Godwin; but anger, born of anxiety, quickly passed away, leaving no traces, and neither of these commanders ever forfeited Lord Dalhousie's esteem as gallant soldiers, nor, it is certain, would he have expressed himself as forcibly as he did had he foreseen that these letters might be published.

The Napier controversy stands by itself. The brothers

Charles and William seldom or never forgave, or showed forbearance to any who crossed their path; to interfere with one was to injure both—an unpardonable offence. Though they have long rested in peace, their writings survive, and the prestige of the hero of Miani, and the historian of the Peninsular War, give a seeming authority to their statements, which have too long held the field. Lord Dalhousie despised their personal abuse but could not ignore their attacks on his public policy, insisting only that, provided his case were fully stated, the questions at issue should be left to the public judgment. He clearly saw the chief failing of the brothers, and, writing to another friend in 1857, described it in the following words: "These two Napiers were vineyards on a volcano. They would have been gay and genial but for the perpetual flames bursting out and scorching and blasting all that was good in them."

The main object of publishing these letters being to show Lord Dalhousie not only as a Governor-General but as a man—to let him display his real nature and true character—passages trivial in themselves have been allowed to stand. On the other hand, many allusions to his health, only written because of the constant and anxious inquiries made by Sir George Couper, have been freely omitted; but enough have been left to show how the greater part of his life in India was a continual struggle against pain, weakness, and disease. Omitted also have been many replies to a father anxious for the future of his two sons, both in the service of the East India Company, one a civilian, the other a soldier. Those that remain prove that Lord Dalhousie would not show favour to the sons of his oldest friend unless they deserved it. Under him there was only one road to employment and promotion—by merit, and merit alone. Of the two, George, the elder, ended his distinguished Indian career as Lieutenant-Governor of the N.-W. Provinces, and James rose to high rank in the Indian Army.

During the period 1837-1848, when Lord Dalhousie was

much in London, the letters were neither numerous nor important—there were other means of communication; but after his arrival in India he wrote by every mail except when at sea. Easily read, they were evidently written rapidly and without hesitation, and there are few corrections. The spelling of proper names according to the method then in vogue has been left as it stood, except when uniformity seemed desirable.

Notes have been inserted in the text for the convenience of readers wherever possible, and for their assistance a brief sketch of the life of the future Governor-General up to the time of his departure for India is here appended. Fuller particulars will be found in 'The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie,' by Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I., published in 1904.

James Andrew Broun Ramsay, third son of George, ninth Earl of Dalhousie, was born at Dalhousie Castle on April 22nd, 1812. His father, a distinguished soldier and a high-minded honourable man, rose to high rank and position in his country's service. He commanded the 7th Division in the Peninsular War, 1812-1814, sharing in the crowning triumph of Vittoria; was afterwards Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Canada, and ended his public career as Commander-in-Chief in India. His mother, Christian Broun, only child of Charles Broun of Colstoun, in East Lothian, was a woman in whom great natural gifts were combined with an unusual variety of acquirements. Never was a son more blest in his parents; never were the characters of parents more faithfully reflected in that of a son. From them he inherited those qualities which formed the foundations of his own character, carried him through many an hour of stress and difficulty, and enabled him to bear with fortitude the pain and grief which formed a great part of the burden of his life.

At an early age he displayed qualities which distinguished him in after life. His mother perceived them when he was but eight years old. She writes to a friend: "Jem is the

most steady little personage that ever was. If Mr T. is out, James is in the schoolroom at the proper hour—his lessons always prepared before he goes to play, because then, he says, he has nothing to think of. He is certainly a quick child, though not particularly so, but has the best arranged, clearest head I ever met with. Even in common conversation no sophism will entrap him—he at once places everything in its proper place. In short, if it please God to spare him, he seems to be a heaven-born judge." Poor mother, fated not to see the fulfilment of his early promise, she died at the very outset of his career.

The Mr T. alluded to above was his tutor, the Rev. W. Temple, who guided his studies until the time came for him to enter a public school. In 1825 he went to Harrow, to the house of Dr Butler, the headmaster. The Rev. H. Drury, D.D., better known there as Harry Drury, a famous scholar in his day, was his classical teacher, and gave him a preference for Greek and Latin over every other branch of learning—mathematics he always hated. At Harrow he remained for two years, leaving at the end of 1827. Sir Wm. Lee-Warner says, on the authority of his diary, that he was removed, and hints at irregularities and idleness as a cause of anxiety to his relations and Mr Temple. It may have been so, but neither in Dr Butler's and Mr Temple's letters to his father, nor to each other, is there anything but praise of his conduct and acquirements. He himself writes to his father in December 1827: "I left Harrow for good on the 6th of this month, and after all the wishes for leaving which I have expressed to you, perhaps you will not believe me if I say that I was exceedingly sorry when I did go. I have got on exceedingly well, though perhaps I have not done very much: I had two exercises read over besides my farewell, which is more than the head of the school had." The letters in which he expressed his wish to leave are missing, and so his reasons for so wishing must for the present, at anyrate, remain in doubt. After leaving Harrow he resumed his studies under Mr Temple until he went to Christchurch in 1829, where four years later he took a B.A.

degree, having been prevented from trying for honours by the loss of a term owing to the illness and death of his beloved brother, Lord Ramsay, whom he attended till the end, and whose title he then assumed, his second brother, Charles, having died long before. Soon after leaving Oxford he entered public life as candidate for Edinburgh at the election of 1835, when he was defeated. In the following year he married Lady Susan Hay, eldest daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale, whose death when nearing the shores of England on her voyage home in 1853 was the supreme trial of his life. In 1837 he was elected Member of Parliament for East Lothian, which event is the subject of the first letter, and took his seat in November of that year. Next March his father died while he was hurrying north from Westminster, whither his duty to his constituents had summoned him from the deathbed. Though deeply grieved, he regarded the death of his father, who was sixty-eight, and whose health had completely failed, as a happy release; but within a year, in January 1839, he was sorely tried by the death of his mother, who, apparently in perfect health and only fifty-three, died suddenly in Edinburgh in the house of Dean Ramsay. In the same year he became a member of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and took part in the proceedings which led to the Disruption, but when Dr Chalmers's motion in favour of congregational veto was carried he felt it his duty to resign his membership. He soon began to take a prominent part in debate in the House of Lords, and in January 1843 received his first public appointment as Captain of Deal Castle from the Duke of Wellington. In May, Sir Robert Peel gave him the post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, under Mr Gladstone,—an office which brought with it more than enough of exacting labour, for, in addition to its ordinary business, there fell upon his shoulders the task of dealing with the flood of Railway bills which then inundated Parliament. Early in 1845, when Gladstone left the Government, he was offered and accepted the Presi-

dency. At the end of that year Peel resigned, but soon after returned to office, and Lord Dalhousie went back to the Board of Trade with a seat in the Cabinet—in his thirty-fourth year. When Peel again resigned, in June 1846, he was offered by Lord John Russell a seat in his Cabinet, which he declined, as he did a subsequent offer of the Presidency of a Railway Board, about to be formed, with a salary of £2000 a-year. This appointment he declined, though a comparatively poor man, because of a condition attached to it which interfered with his liberty of political action. In Opposition he remained until, in July 1847, Lord Hardinge resigned the post of Governor-General of India, which was offered to and accepted by him. The warrant of appointment was signed by the Queen on the 10th of August, and with his wife Lord Dalhousie embarked for India on November 11th, landing at Calcutta on January 12th, 1848. He was then not quite thirty-six.

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Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie.

COALSTOUN, *23rd August* 1837.

YOU know, my dear Couper, that the bustle and scurry of an election do not end with the polling; and you will in this way, I hope, have accounted to yourself for my delay in answering your kind letter. It certainly was a very elating matter, and, thanks to the noble support which I received, was well and thoroughly done.

They are to give me a splash dinner on 1st September, and I will send you one of our County newspapers again to show you all our "sayings and doings."

No man's ambition has any right to point out to him, as a commoner, any higher distinction for his attainment than to represent his native County. This distinction I have gained, and though I feel as gratified as a man must, and ought to feel, I am fully awake and somewhat disturbed by the recollection of the many new and heavy responsibilities which the honour brings with it. I am not frightened, however, by the prospect; for I am resolved, by God's help, to do my best. No man can do more.

My father was of course very greatly pleased. I have been over to the Castle to pay him a visit to-day. He is quite well in health, but sadly feeble; the doctor gives

him wine twice a-day, and since this treatment has begun he has gathered vigour; but there is no use in attempting to shut one's eyes to the fact that his natural strength is perceptibly and quickly ebbing away. With all this there is now never a murmur, a cross look, or a disturbed moment. Everything about him seems calm and tranquillised. You have probably heard this already from my mother.

RAMSAY.

CARLTON CLUB, *25th November* 1837.

PRAY *do not* look for my name in the Debates; I have no wish nor any intention to show it there for a considerable time to come. It does not *pay* for a young man to start too soon. Young hounds who babble seldom gain confidence from others or reputation.

RAMSAY.

CARLTON CLUB, *14th November* 1837.

YOUR last letter found me in all the troubles of paying, packing, and, in addition to this, all the miseries of "the term": a term of which no one can have a sufficient idea unless he is in some degree connected with Scotland. You can appreciate it, and therefore will not blame me, if I have delayed writing to you for some time. I am very ready at all times to take criticism, not being what Sir Walter Scott calls "one of the Black Hussars of literature, who neither give nor take quarter"; and specially ready to stoop to the lash when laid on in so gossamer a fashion as you have used it in. I have no doubt that what you say of my having spoken too fast was quite true; but what could I do? No man, even though he is the hero of the evening, has a right to occupy so very large a share of time as I should have been obliged to do, if I had gone at a dignified pace over the ground. I could not leave out a sentence, for I should have broken the link if I had, and I *did* leave out the idea (before I began) of a good many other things which I meant to have alluded

to. Finally, as it was, I was upwards of an hour about it. Now all this must be some justification for my speed. But against the *whole* criticism I must kick a little, when your friend goes so far as to say he could follow me only with difficulty. Now it was not so bad as that comes to, and your homo must be a little "dull o' hearin'," for I have consulted some auditors in the music gallery, who were among the tapping of the fiddlesticks, under an arch at the very end of the room, and they tell me they heard me easily; so that to the speed I confess, but not to the railroad pace.

RAMSAY.

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, *29th March* 1838.

I AM provoked that, forgetting it was possible you might not have left England, I did not write to you before, but I postponed it till the harass and bustle of this sad week should be over. Now they are over, and I have this day laid my poor father's head in the tomb.

I have a desire to write my own old name [Ramsay] once more,—it is weak and foolish, perhaps, but I *have* the desire; and I know no one to whom I should wish to sign it for the *last* time rather than to you, one of my oldest, and best, and truest friends.

In the beginning of the week after I left you, while I was still detained in London trying to get a pair, the accounts from home told me that my father was certainly weaker, but there was nothing alarming in them. On the Tuesday my letters told me that he was *much* weaker, but there was no necessity for me to be hurried. The letter written on Monday alarmed me so much that I started immediately, and arrived in Scotland in time to hear from the *guard of the mail* that my father died on Wednesday morning. I afterwards found that neither on Monday nor Tuesday, though he was evidently sinking, did they anticipate anything sudden; and it was not till the doctor arrived on Tuesday evening that they were aware of how near the close had come. For several days he had refused to speak at all, and took no notice at all,

hardly tasting anything and requiring little opiate. The last person he knew except my mother was Lady Mary [Hay, his sister], who was named to him a few days before. All the Tuesday he lay in a sort of waking unconsciousness, taking no notice of anything; everything like pain or even uneasiness or restlessness were now gone. He lay with his head on the pillow, and his hands clasped, breathing quick and hard and rattling till the last two hours, when it became soft as a child's, and at last he leaned his head back, and the spirit left him so gently that there was neither struggle nor sob nor sigh, and the hands remained clasped as before; so peaceful a departure could hardly have been conceived. Most ardent was our gratitude to God for permitting so dreamy and childlike a falling to sleep as this. As my mother says, "Until she had seen this, she never felt the full force of the words 'falling asleep in Jesus.'" Beyond the wrench which that one loss of a father to a child, which can only *once* in a lifetime happen, I feel that I ought not to suffer from the bereavement. All happiness in this world was gone, nothing was left of his cup of life but the bitter dregs, and there would have been little tenderness in my wishing that he should continue to drain them. If ever human experience can give confidence of what will be a departing mortal's future state, *we* can surely have the confident belief that he is now gone "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest"; to me the most enchanting and luxurious description of a future state of happiness. He was full of years and honours here; why should I wish to keep him from "graces and glories hereafter." So I feel, and so we all feel, when reason has the upper hand; but then come natural affections and undo it all. But now, when I sit on the evening of the funeral and write alone, I am conscious that I regard what has happened contentedly, which, under all the *circumstances*, you know I could not do, unless urged to do so by the knowledge of the happy exchange which has been made by him. I do very deeply and anxiously consider the wide field of new duties and station which this event opens before me; and I nervously remember

GENERAL THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE, G.C.B

(From a Painting by Sir J. Watson Gordon, R.A.)

the long list of fresh responsibilities which it imposes on me, but I pray to be able to do my duty. I wish no more, and by God's help I will do it. The advantages natural and acquired which I possess *may* be, as you say, superior to his. I don't know if they are; but most of what I have I owe to him and to his affectionate care, and I trust I shall never pervert them to disgrace him. Whether they are superior to his or not, I never dream of equalling his reputation, I only desire not to tarnish it; and in one point at least I will not soil his memory, bright as it is, for in a strict adherence to his manly straightforwardness, in a firm adherence to principles of honour and integrity, and in a jealous adherence to the path of honour, I will not be surpassed even by him. There is no boasting in what I say, for all this is within any man's power who desires to live as a Christian and a Gentleman.

My poor mother has been far more calm than I expected to see her. For the last three or four days she has been quite tranquil, but this day has overthrown her again altogether; but she has given way to her feelings, and I have no doubt now, when she gets into the fresh air and moves about, that she will gradually recover from a blow which *could* not come as a shock, so long has it been visibly impending.

RAMSAY.

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, *4th September* 1838.

To SIR G. C , *at Quebec* [*Military Secretary to the Earl of Durham, Gov.-Gen.*]

LORD DURHAM'S proceedings attracted naturally very much attention, and some very tickling observations were made as to the *company* you have been keeping. A good deal of curiosity and anxiety prevails as to how your Chief will receive all this, as well as the subsequent proceedings of his employers with reference to the State Prisoners. I was not in London at the time and did not hear the debate; but judging from a distance, I must say that a more base and treacherous and cowardly procedure never disgraced a

Ministry than that which the present fellows adopted in reference to Lord D. Although you are one of the "Especials," I hope you will allow me to abuse your Masters to that extent at least.

In May I went up to town and to Court to deliver up the ribbon [of the Bath], a great deal of trouble for little use, as it did not occupy 30 seconds, and was received in "solemn silence all." I thought civility might have induced her Majesty to let fall some of those pretty words, those pearls and rubies which must always drop from a queen's lips, but I was comforted by finding that his Grace of Buccleuch, who had an audience just before me, was treated in the same way; so think if the "Tritons" are served so, what right have the "Minnows"—like me—to complain afterwards.

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, *23rd January* 1839.

I WAS on the point of sitting down to write to you, my dear Couper, two days ago, dreaming little, God knows, of how soon I should have occasion to write, and on how miserable a subject. Before the year after my father's death had elapsed, and at a moment's warning, my poor poor mother has followed after. She had been here for some weeks, and had gone to Edinburgh on a visit to Edward Ramsay [Dean of Edinburgh], and was apparently in perfect health and excellent spirits. They had dined alone, and after dinner had a long conversation (most providentially, for it is soothing to look back on it now) on religious subjects. Two Miss Graemes came in to sit with her in the evening, and she was in the act of talking to them, and telling some favourite story of hers about the little baby here, when her head fell on her shoulder, and before there was an exclamation or a sigh, before even she could draw another breath, she was gone.

Even with the coffin here before my eyes, I cannot realise the thing to myself, but you may tell how shocked and how utterly overthrown we are. God be good to us.

CHRISTIAN, COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE.

(From a Painting by Sir J. Watson Gordon, R.A.)

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, 17*th June* 1839.

As for politics, I can't talk of them. I begin to think that no honest man can or ought to meddle with them.

We have had a pretty business of it here with the Church since I last wrote to you. I sincerely believe that a great body of the Clergy have been seized with a sort of judicial blindness as to their own duty, and position, and interests. Headed most unexpectedly by Dr Chalmers, they carried, by a majority of 47, resolutions pledging them virtually to direct disobedience of the law, and on this they have since acted. So soon as that was done I felt that it was no longer any place for me. The whole history is too long a one for a letter, but the result was, that I felt it my duty publicly to withdraw from the Assembly, and from all participation in the public affairs of the Church, so long as she remained in her present illegal attitude. It made a great row. I believe all the Peers in the Assembly and a great many of the gentry followed my example, and there we are. Chalmers' proceedings were quite incomprehensible to me, and are so still, except that he is the dupe of others.

It is a most miserable state of things, to which in the Clerical mind I see no end. I say the *Clerical* mind, because I believe the *Public* mind in all parties is almost universally against them.

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, 19*th July* 1839.

THE Assembly have not only evaded, but openly and avowedly resolved to disobey and act in opposition to a law enacted for the governance of the Church. They have done so in such a way as to pledge themselves to a continuance in that course. They cannot in honesty retract. I therefore as a good subject, still more as a magistrate, and above all as a member of that Court of Justice whose decrees they are resisting, cannot remain, consistently with my sense of duty, one of their body. If it had been merely a difference of opinion, however wrong, however impolitic, however unrighteous I might have thought their resolution

to be, I would never have left them, but have remained toiling to remove or soften their decision. But when their Act is to say in as many words, we will not obey the Law, then I say it is impossible for me to give my countenance to, by being present in, a body which as a body so speaks and so acts. If, in spite of all considerations, they do retrace their steps, which I do not look for; or if they get an Act from Parliament embodying their resolution, which I do not believe they will, then I am ready to go to them again. In short, I am ready to act with them, to act under them, to act for them, in any way in which I can serve them; but I cannot and will not act with them, while their great governing maxim is disobey, and glory in disobeying the declared law of the land. You may be very sure that I did not take such a step without due deliberation and counsel asked in that quarter where it ought to be sought. I am satisfied that I did not only the right thing, but the best thing I could do for the Church itself, and the kindest. God only knows what will be the issue.

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, *14th December* 1841.

"FIRST catch your hare," quoth Madam Glass—Madras has not been offered me. Madras, I am quite satisfied, will not be offered to me. I say so because if the great guns are not all the greatest hypocrites on earth, they believe me to be in some way adapted for public service. I know that if I am adapted for service, it is home service; and I therefore argue, that if they think well of my capacity for serving they will keep me in the sphere to which it is most adapted, and not send me abroad to Madras, where anybody can do all that is to be done.

I acquit them of being so anxious for the fulfilment of my object as to forget their own! and I therefore conclude that as for their own purposes they will not send me abroad, so they will not do it for mine, and that Madras will not be offered. But if it should, what then? I will not say I *will not go* to Madras, because I hold the opinion that if a man has any fitness for serving the Crown, he is bound to go

where the Advisers of the Crown tell him that for its advantage he ought to go; unless there is some more paramount duty which would justify him in excusing himself. But I will say that if Madras should be offered to me I would do everything that with propriety I could do to decline that government. Just let us balance the advantages and disadvantages.

[Here follow private considerations.]

But these are small minor disadvantages applying to me merely as a private gentleman. Consider those now which affect me as a public man.

I have a seat in the House of Lords. I have already made a commencement there which the public world has criticised good-naturedly, and good-naturedly said from it that I should do well. There is no other young man in the House of Lords of my standing at all. Is it not my line to improve the advantage which my approved commencement has given me, work on towards leading position in the House of Lords, profit by the fortunate opening as rapidly as I can, make hay while the sun shines, and there are no rivals to share my crop with me; and so secure at this early stage of my public life a standing of my own? At this moment I am a little known as a young man who is likely to rise. But unless I work this feeling now it will soon vanish. "Out of sight out of mind" is more speedily made true in London and politics than anywhere else. If I go to Madras, who at the end of five years when I return will know my name? It would be pleasant indeed for me to go to Madras, come home in 1847, and find nobody knew *me*, while everybody was pointing to Elgin as *the* young man who had got an opening in the House of Lords, and must eventually rise to leading office!

I have already said I did not admit Sir James' [Kempt] calculation of the certainty of succession to India as a good one, but if it is good it only tends to doubly fortify my case against going to Madras. For if in five years I should probably lose my opening, how much more in ten or twelve. If at the end of five I should be forgotten, before twelve had

elapsed I should be a stranger, and have to begin at forty-two the world I have successfully entered on at twenty-eight.

Barring all the wife and children part, I think even Sir James, when he considers the matter, will hold what I have urged as not without weight. Meantime we need not perplex ourselves with uncertainties, for, as I set out with saying, "First catch your hare"—the Government of Madras has not been offered to me.

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, *22nd August* 1842.

WE are here labouring away in expectation of the visit. There is a great lack of information; no one knows what is to be done or left undone. The people of Leith are frantic that the Queen does not land in their harbour, where the depth of water at high tide is 12 ft. 7, the Royal yacht drawing 13-8!!; instead of the beautiful pier at Granton, built by the Duke whom she visits, and munificently provided for the public, where she can step on to land from the quarter-deck of the *Royal George* at any moment. And the people of Edinburgh are furious that H.M. proposes to drive through Edinburgh slick away to Dalkeith, and come back for a public entry. That she should wish to do so after a sea trip is to my mind natural, and reasonable, but people won't be reasonable themselves or allow other people to be natural, and therefore, if she does go through hastily, I fear it will give much offence. Otherwise all the world is pleased with the prospect of her visit, and I have no doubt she will be received as the Queen of Scotland ought to be received, and welcomed as the Land of Cakes always welcomes those she is glad to see.

The ladies are in agonies and hysterics about the reception as it is called; whether they are to wear bonnets, what sort of gowns, and all the mysterious &c., &c.

EDINBURGH, 30*th August* 1842.

EVERYTHING has been uncertainty here, and remains confusion. The intimation yesterday that H.M. positively would not go in procession through the town made a great stir. People will not be reasonable, and consider that one come sick from the "dangers of the seas" ought not to be asked to exhibit for the stare of those who "live at home at ease," and I fear H.M.'s resolution may not be palatable. However, we must keep the masses in as good humour as we can. The Archers will turn out 150 strong—a front-rank averaging 6 feet high of *gentlemen*, and commanded only by peers and baronets, is something.

The doings in the Highlands will be very grand from numbers. Glenlyon is to turn out from 800 to 1000 kilted Atholemen at Dunkeld; he himself, poor fellow, at the age of 25, lying for now ten days stone-blind in bed, and likely, all say, to remain so.

The weather has not been so good for two days—east wind and fog; to-day the wind is to the west—no sun—and cool, bracing air, making the atmosphere clear. Oh, may it last for the sake of the Queen, *and* our new uniforms!

EDINBURGH, 2*nd September* 1842.

THERE never shone a lovelier day out of the smiling heavens than the day on which she was to have arrived. Everything was ready, everything was propitious. Hundreds of thousands of people were gathered together by railroads and steamboats, and the landing-place would have been a magnificent sight. In the afternoon the civic authorities announced officially that they had intelligence that H.M. could not possibly arrive that day, but that *due notice would* be given by signal. The squadron arrived close at hand in the night; no signal was given, and everybody was at their ease when the gun fired. This was to have been three hours before any possible landing. We all gathered, and the Archers were in full march at

one hour and a quarter after the gun, and had got close to Granton, when a staff-officer galloped up and, to our astonishment, announced that the Queen had landed, and was within a quarter of a mile. We had just time to line the road when the carriage came up. We could not get into our place; there was no police, no line kept; the crowd ran with us going up, and the crowd met them running down; the mob rushed on the Archers, the dragoons rode on us (no blame to them, for they had received orders to go in a certain place, but blame to the authorities who had prevented our being in time for our place). We fought on from the Botanic Gardens up into Edinburgh, *up the hill to Queen Street at a run*, along Princes Street, beyond the Calton to the toll-bar near the barracks. No magistrates to receive the Queen at the gates; but we found them drawn up in *echelon* on the Calton Hill, apparently to *obstruct* her. Lord Elcho, who commanded us, at the door of the Queen's carriage, was thrown off his feet on to the wheel of her carriage, and in very great danger. The Duke of Roxburghe, Sir John Hope, myself, and the other general officers were trampled on by the cavalry horses, bruised, and our feet cut in every way—partly by the mob, and partly by the horses. Several of the Archers are now ill in bed, and all of us sore and aching. In short, never was such a business, all through the gross stupidity and mismanagement of the Provost and Town Council.

The only comfort is, that while there was no arrangement, the immense masses of people were all most orderly; while there was no precaution, everything was safe, and not a particle of ill-humour appeared in the midst of this shoving and cuffing, and the Queen's reception was very fine and cordial. At the same time it is not to be denied (in your ear) that vast numbers were disappointed by the sudden arrival, and that a very bad and discontented spirit prevailed yesterday. The Magistrates went to Dalkeith, and the Queen has kindly consented to show herself in procession from Holyrood to the Castle to-morrow. This will gratify the people very much in the city, and I only hope our weather may improve.

My ribs ache most cruelly, and if no better order is kept to-morrow, when we escort the Queen through the town, some of us will be badly hurt.

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, *7th September* 1842.

THE Queen kept her intention of making a progress through the town on Saturday. The Archers mustered at half-past seven, and marched to the foot of Arthur's Seat. We remained there till H.M. came at 11; escorted her, or rather fought our way for her, to the Castle, down the Mound, along Princes Street to the Queen's Ferry Road; then marched to the Colonel's quarters at the west end of Queen Street; dismissed for an hour, when we mustered again in Leith Walk, marched to the west end of Leith, escorted H.M. through the town in a pouring rain to the east end of the Links, near Portobello, then marched back to the west end of Princes Street, and dismissed — wet through—at a quarter past six, after having been between ten and eleven hours under arms! This is not a bad day's work for a *garde noble*. On Monday we paraded at 9, went out to Dalkeith House in the railroad, were standing on duty all day, and got back to our quarters at half-past six in the evening.

This is a sketch of the two days' work of our corps, and I think really it deserved to win the approbation which H.M. was good enough to express.

It is impossible to imagine a finer sight, morally speaking, than Saturday's procession. Pageant there was none. There was an escort of cavalry, and the Archers surrounded the Queen's carriage, an advanced guard and a rearguard of them, with a section in files on each side. The officers, Lord Elcho, myself, and Sir John Forbes on the right; Duke of Roxburghe, Sir John Hope, and Sir George Mackenzie on the left. The crowd was tremendous —no police, no arrangement, no order. The Archers were the sole police for the Queen's carriage, and from Holyrood to the Castle, and then over to Queensferry Street, it was one incessant struggle. My right side is black and blue with kicks by the crowd and our own men, and my left

arm and side all rubbed by the wheel of the Queen's carriage. One man (archer) was badly kicked by a cavalry-horse, and numbers of them thrown down and trampled upon. But with all this the crowd was perfectly good-humoured and peaceful. The whole riot was the running for a second look at H.M., and the only tumult was shouting in her honour. The view up the High Street, as we debouched from the Canongate, with every window of those lofty houses crowded with well-dressed people, the air floating with handkerchiefs, and one continuous roar of shoutings shaking the very stones, was the finest sight I ever beheld; and when one looked on the expression of the countenances of those who were thus engaged,—the smile, and the absolute grin of pleasure that was lighting up every face, from the pretty, well-dressed women in the windows, down to the dirty mug of the little callants out of the Cowgate, it really was most touching; and when at the end of it all you turned to look at the object of all this exultation, a young fragile girl, and heard her talking of "*my people*" and *my* faithful city of Edinburgh, when the keys were laid before her, there was something in the sight which brought the water into a great many eyes that were half ashamed afterwards to own it.

Nothing could be more gratifying, more unanimous, more affectionate, or more truly and intrinsically loyal than the feeling which was manifested towards H. Majesty. The same sentiment has been shown everywhere. All is now right. On the Thursday and Friday a very bad feeling was prevalent, but Saturday swept every such thought away, and set all to rights except the Magistrates, whose mismanagement on Saturday sank them deeper and deeper in the mire of Thursday. I enclose you a song which they are everywhere singing about the streets. It came out on Saturday morning, and when the Archers went to Leith, they marched down to the tune of "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" hugely to the delight of the population.

By way of mending the matter, the Provost, when he dined at the Palace, appeared in trousers and a round hat, and finished off by crying out, when the Prince's

health was given after dinner, "Prince Albert, your servant, sir."

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, 31*st October* 1842.

MY last letter left me when all Scotland was in the fever of the Queen's visit. It continued raging high until she shoved off from Granton Pier, and then falling all at once the reaction was most deadly. There was not *half* a soul in Edinburgh, and the whole kingdom has been in a state of coma ever since, except in the Highlands, where whisky has kept up a fictitious excitement.

Nothing could have done better, beginning, middle, and end, after the day of landing. All was pleasure and loyalty; and I do fairly believe that the visit has not only conferred much pleasure, but has wrought real, and I hope lasting, benefit to the country.

DEAL CASTLE, 19*th May* 1843.

I HAVE just now received your midnight note, and much as I am gratified by the prospect of which it is the harbinger, I have at least as much *real* pleasure in the kindly feelings which it sprang from.

No communication has yet come to me, and I shall necessarily be restless until I hear something more. It makes me *funky* when one thinks of it, and if it were not for the old law as to the value of a "bird in the hand" I feel as if I could wish that office should not come to me until after the close of the session, so that I might get shaken into my place and my duties before we got into the thick of it all.

In spite, too, of a miserable day yesterday, this morning's sun on a shining sea and the salt caller breeze so enamour me of my fortress here that I most ungratefully feel as if I should like to stay.

Notwithstanding what I have said, I am very truly glad and very truly grateful. It does, indeed, look as if the

turning-point you have been so long promising me, in the lane, were in sight. If it be the plain I see beyond, Heaven help me through it as it has helped me through the lane, which in good sooth has been rather a dirty one.

LONDON, *22nd December* 1845.

I AM always pleased when you say to me exactly what you think; but I don't take it as a great compliment, I can tell you, that you should have any doubt of what I would do in such circumstances as now exist. In any ordinary case I should not have felt myself justified (considering the unfortunate state of my affairs) in accepting office in a hazardous administration, when it risked if it did not render indispensable the resignation of a high permanent office [Captain of Deal Castle], and a good income.

In the present case I have not hesitated to do all that, under other circumstances, I would not have done.

When Sir Robert Peel told me yesterday the state of things, and asked me to give him my aid by remaining as President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet, all I said was this: "I, and those who have gone before me, have always acted on the old principle to stand by the Crown although it hung upon a bush; we are all free *in honour* to engage in its service now, and I am ready to follow you in supporting the measures which you are about to propose."

I may lose my office. They seem to think the law will not allow me to hold it. They will not let me lose it, if they can help it, for I told Graham yesterday literally my financial position.

If it must go, it must. I am doing my duty and must take my chance of the consequences.

It would be a great and trying calamity to me to be obliged to give it back when I actually had got it; but "I've lippened [trusted] aye to Providence and sae will I yet."

DALHOUSIE CASTLE, *29th August* 1846.

THE Whigs have thrown their other fly for me; but the water was too clear, the fly badly dressed, and the fish would not rise. Lord John last week offered me the command of the new Railway Commission, not binding me to support ministerial measures, but requiring that I should be unconnected with any party in opposition to the Queen's Government. I am not connected with any such party; but I don't choose to resign my right to connect myself with such a party if ever it should be formed, and I think proper to join it. So of course I refused. I told Lord John I was very willing to serve the Crown, if it was thought I could serve it usefully, and if I could do so without sacrificing the independence of my own opinion and political position. His offer did not leave me that independence, and therefore I must decline it.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *5th June* 1847.

I WENT up to see Brodie, for I did not get well, and got no better under his orders. I am dead lame, in almost constant pain, and promised that if I will lie constantly on my sofa I *may perhaps* be well in a month—that is to say, in *two*. I am hence obliged to stay here; because there is no medical man I can trust at Deal, as here; and it is too "kittle an airt" [ticklish a quarter] to play with.

Hobhouse [Sir J. C., President of Board of Control], I know, wrote to ask Hardinge to stay another year by last mail; so he has got his answer by anticipation. Hardinge writes to all his friends, he will not stay. I rather guess now that is a point in which I am interested. It will not be put in my way.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *23rd June* 1847.

I AM confirmed in my belief that the appointment of which we have spoken will probably not come my way. That it should do so would be advantageous in one respect, but in

every other clearly unprofitable; and I should, on the whole, be glad to be saved from the responsibility of having to decide on an offer from these chaps. Their incapacity and imbecility really are every day becoming too gross. You know I am not inclined to the vulgar abuse and prejudice of partisanship, and therefore you may trust what I say. They are becoming so contemptible in the eyes of Parliament that I cannot imagine any dislocation of party can save them from a fall. At the same time opposition to them gathers. The opinion, however, gains ground that Peel is not unwilling to return. Facts are strong, so are his words. I cannot tell on which side is the balance. The first thing that will begin to clear up matters will be the Election; for the issue of that we must wait.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *26th July* 1847.

I GO out as Governor-General to India. On Thursday when in London for the prorogation, thinking no evil, Sir John Hobhouse came to me, told me the Court of Directors wished me to succeed Hardinge, and that Lord John Russell and himself were equally anxious that I should accept the appointment. He urged me upon the point much, and at once, on my adverting to the obstacle raised by difference of political opinion, volunteered to say I should of course be left entirely free in respect of political opinions, and that my taking this appointment should be clearly understood not to imply any abandonment whatever of my own party, or any adherence to theirs, and he implored me not to refuse the offer.

I had a consultation of doctors regarding Lady D.'s health. They were unanimously of opinion that a hot climate would not do her harm, and would probably do her good. I then went to the Duke. He told me he had himself recommended my appointment to Lord J. Russell, and of course advised me to accept. He descanted on its various advantages, said undoubtedly I *must* accept; scouted the idea of its being regarded by my own party as an abandonment of them, and concluded by saying

that no friend of mine could do otherwise than advise me by all means to go. After that, of course, I could not hesitate, so next morning I saw Hobhouse, and accepted, apparently to his great relief, having written a letter formally accepting, and receiving political independence for myself.

God knows how this may turn out, but I have acted for the best and leave the issue to Him. We shall not leave this country before the beginning of November.

The Home Government of India at this time consisted of the President of the Board of Control and the Court of Directors of the East India Company. The Board, established by an Act of Parliament in 1774, which was modified by subsequent Acts, had been gradually reduced to a single member, the President, who was a Cabinet Minister.

There was also the Secret Committee, which acted as a medium of communication between the President of the Board of Control and the Government of India in all matters where secrecy was required, which was limited by law to three Directors, and in practice consisted of the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman.

CALCUTTA, *Jany. 18th and Feby. 7th*, 1848.

WE made out our passage, on the whole, very well. Our weather as far as Alexandria was very good. A heavy gale caught those who preceded us; another like unto it shook those who followed us, and now we learn the loss, with all hands, of the *Avenger*, a fine steamer whom we left in her pride in the Tagus. It is awful to think of.

We passed through Egypt with a regal progress; nothing could exceed the hospitality of the old Pacha, while he heaped upon me every distinction he could show. He went so far as to receive Lady Dalhousie in open Durbar, an unheard-of event even in these liberal days, and there she sat with her cup of coffee and a huge pipe about seven feet long, blowing a distinguished cloud, but blowing it the *wrong* way, and down the pipe instead of up it. The visiting, dining, and fêting tired her more than the desert. It was very hot in the Red Sea, albeit Xmas, and

she suffered a good deal of exhaustion up to Ceylon. After that we were prosperous, and she arrived at Calcutta certainly far better and stronger than when she left London.

Since my arrival here on Wednesday, till to-day when Lord Hardinge sailed, the festivities have been fearful. Two dinners of 150 each, two of 50, and a ball of 800, closed with a breakfast to 90.

I find the house superb, the furniture disgraceful; an A.D.C.'s bed absolutely broke down to the ground with him the other day from sheer age; the plate and table equipage very poor. I can't afford to spend money on plate, but I think the deficiency in plate and in the inferiority of table decoration would be very much remedied, if I had the means of setting off the table with plants, as is done at Buckingham Palace and elsewhere in London.

At present John Company has no more cash than his neighbours, and I can't ask much at present.

The Council and Secretaries are excellent and able men. The work especially, as I have taken the Bengal Government also, is severe for the climate, but nothing to choke a home minister *at* home.

When sacred Majesty goes to see the tiger that Hardinge is taking home for her, and which has eaten in his day six men, and seven women and children, I breathe a fervent and loyal prayer not only for H.M.'s safety, but that her Majesty may not catch so many fleas from him as my wife did. She was so bitten as to be able to appreciate in some degree the sufferings of those whom the tiger himself had torn.

ON BOARD THE "SOONA MOOKEE" YACHT,
February 28th, 1848.

ON our way from Barrackpore, on an educational visit to the College at Hooghly, with tide and current "dead agin us," and a sun even now diabolically hot on deck, I have come into the cabin and commenced a letter to you as the most profitable pastime which suggests itself. Nothing can be more luxurious than this style of travelling, in a yacht, all green and gilding, with no crew, towed by a steamer, with sofas and punkahs, and bedrooms and luxuries of all

sorts; one sits as much at ease as in a room, with the advantage of catching every breath of air which can find its way to you in this incipient frying-pan. I say incipient, because I am told it is now beginning to be hot. To my faculties it has been hot for some time. By way of letting one a little into the customs of the country, we had a rattling earthquake the other day; none of your little shiverings and shakings, but a regular quake; a rumbling unlike any other noise I ever heard, a swaying of the walls of the houses to and fro, a tumbling of bottles off the table, a banging to of doors at one end of the room, and of flying open of them at the other; in short, an affair that, had it gone on half a minute longer, would have bowled over half the houses in Calcutta. It was highly unpleasing.

For the first time since I arrived I have got away from Calcutta to the country house at Barrackpore. It is charming, and reconciles me to a residence in Bengal more than anything else has yet done. The rooms are large but liveable, the furniture not smart, but not so scandalous and blackguard as that at the Government House; a pretty pleasure-ground, beautiful garden, an aviary, a menagerie, and all situated on the bank of the river, and surrounded by a park quite home-like in its character, and as English as anything can be, where you have banians, and cocoanuts, and palms, and mangoes, for oaks and elms, larch and beech. We propose to spend some days of each week here, and I look for relief and refreshment from it.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *April 3rd*, 1848.

FOR the last two days we have had rattling thunderstorms which have cleared and cooled the air beautifully. As for health, my enemy, though a good deal subdued, still prevents me riding or walking, and compels me to dowager in a carriage. The exercise I can get in this way is small, but I have been well enough on the whole. I work usually for an hour and a half before breakfast, and then from 10 to 6. In the evening you can't work effectively in this country. The subjects are so various and so new, and the anxiety in new work is so wearing, that occasionally I get desperately

exhausted. The business as it becomes familiar grows easier; now that I have caused the whole to pass through my hands, and seen what I can safely leave to others without coming near me at all, I am able to rid myself of a great deal; the labour will be lightened; and the absence of Parliament is a celestial fact.

Don't believe what you see in the papers as to the G.-G. insisting on seeing *every* paper, receiving *every* application, &c., &c., himself. I am not such a fool. But I caused every officer to pass all his work before me, until I saw what the whole really *was*, and could judge what could be passed without my inspection. Nothing comes to me now until ripe for decision; the mere working up the case I throw on the officer, holding the Secretaries responsible for its being done effectively and without delay. It is brought up when ready; decided; the order issues, and no order issues without my sanction. As for public affairs here, serving under another Government than my own, I have no right to treat of them in detail. However, we are quite tranquil everywhere. We have got the regiment back from China, where matters seem again composed. Nothing can be more sad than the state of commercial affairs, and I have accordingly every financial difficulty to contend with. However, we must fight on.

The other day I had out the brigade which is in cantonments here—one regiment was on duty in Calcutta; but they had four regiments 800 strong. They were the first Bengal troops I had seen. They are large, very fine men—one regiment, the 16th, upwards of 6 feet, every man of them, front and rear ranks. They moved far more steadily and smoothly than I expected, and their firing is admirable. On the whole, I was agreeably surprised and pleased. My lady gave them a ball in the evening, and to this I caused the native officers to be invited. Some of the old school and some of the young gentlemen did not like this, I believe. I mean to make it *the rule;* native civilians are invited always, why not native officers? They hold the Co.'s commission just as the brigade does; and the object of the Government should be to treat these men as really officers, when from their own merits they have been made

so. Very fine old soldiers they were, many of them with the Order of India, and covered with medals. I made the commanding officer present them, and they went away as pleased as Punch. The orders from the Court are very precise as to these men being treated like gentlemen. I am very much afraid they are not so, and I mean to set the example at all events.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *April 18th*, 1848.

THIS mail has brought me a letter from Lord John Russell, telling me that, on his advice, the Queen has been pleased to make me a K.T. I have written to him not merely to express my humble and devoted gratitude to H.M., but to say how sensible I am of his goodness in taking this step. I *am* fully sensible of it, and unfeignedly grateful to him for the confidence and the generosity he has shown to me here since I first agreed to serve under him here. It is not *every* Prime Minister who would have been and done the same. It will be rather a sell for me if Lord John is bowled out before they can complete the warrant! but I can't anticipate that.

My ambition, so far as outward distinctions or title are concerned, is satisfied. The Queen can do no more for me. I would not exchange my little bit of spinach for any other colour or grade. G.-G. and K.T. go into a small space; but they are more than are usually packed into seven months. In short, I am very proud of this and very happy, so is my wife. I expect she will want to wear it herself.

SECOND SIKH WAR.

When I sailed from England in the winter of 1847 to assume the government of India, there prevailed universal conviction among public men at home that permanent peace had at length been secured in the East. Before the summer came we were already involved in the Second Sikh War.

That we were so was due to no precipitation or fault of ours. The murder of the British officers at Mooltan, and the open rebellion of the Dewan Moolraj, were not made pretext for quarrel with the Government of Lahore. On the contrary, the offence of the Dewan Moolraj

was sedulously distinguished from national wrong. The Sikhs themselves were called upon to punish Moolraj as a rebel against their own sovereign, and to exact reparation for the British Government, whose protection they had previously invoked.

But when it was seen that the spirit of the whole Sikh people was inflamed by the bitterest animosity against us—when chief after chief deserted our cause, until nearly their whole army, led by Sirdars who had signed the treaties, and by Members of the Council of Regency itself, was openly arrayed against us—when, above all, it was seen that the Sikhs, in their eagerness for our destruction, had even combined in unnatural alliance with Dost Mahomed Khan and his Mahomedan tribes—it became manifest that there was no alternative left. The question for us was no longer one of policy or expediency, but one of national safety.

Accordingly the Government put forth its power. After a prolonged campaign, and a struggle severe and anxious, the Sikhs were utterly defeated and subdued, the Affghans were driven with ignominy through the mountains, and the Punjab became a British province. — *Final Minute of the Marquess of Dalhousie.*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *May 10th*, 1848.

MY time is more than usually occupied in preparing papers for Government relating to this sad business in the Punjab.

Two days before the letter reached me I should have forwarded the report, weekly transmitted, "that perfect tranquillity prevailed in the Punjab," without any more doubt on my own mind of the probable endurance of that tranquillity than is raised by the consciousness that, in India, one is always sitting on a volcano. The Dewan of Mooltan had always been favourable to the English; he had kept quiet during all the last war, and he had now resigned his government of his own accord, and after repeated assurances that he could retain it if he chose, and that neither Durbar [of Lahore] nor Resident [Sir F. Currie] would disturb him. His successor went down accompanied by two officers, Mr Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson. They had an escort of a regiment of infantry (Ghoorkas too, famous for their fidelity), some cavalry, and eighty artillerymen with guns. Their reception was most friendly. He gave over charge of the Government, but on coming out the Dewan's sepoys attacked and wounded the officers. Next day they attacked their camp. The Lahore

MOOLRAJ

(From a Water-colour Drawing by C. Grant)

escort troops went over in a body, and the two officers were butchered, not a man being scratched even except themselves. The Dewan is now in open revolt; troops, the disbanded Khalsa soldiers in particular, are flocking to him; the Durbar has told the Resident that they cannot rely on their troops, particularly on *their regular army*, to act against the Dewan, and that they cannot punish him or give reparation for the insult and injury to the British power.

Had this happened two months or six weeks earlier all would have been well. But it happened in the end of April; the hottest of the hot season was at hand; the rains follow about 10th June; the rivers swell before that, and the C.-in-C. has officially replied to the Resident's inquiry whether military operations are now possible before the end of the rains, that it is not possible to move the army without the certainty of frightful loss, and the almost equal certainty of failure.

The Resident of course must assent, and the Government must sanction. Nothing could have well happened more unfortunate. That we should have to deplore the loss of two fine young fellows, cowardly and treacherously murdered, is sad, but that we should be thereby involved in war again is more grievous still. Five months must elapse before we can get at the Dewan. He will, of course, be busy all the time; he will gather an army of desperadoes. According to the Resident's anticipation, it is more than likely that the whole Sikh army will follow the example. At best, for half a year that unreasoning Eastern population must see us inactive, either unable or afraid to move, according to the representations that will be made by the rebels; and operations on a large scale will, and must to all appearance follow. However, I do not seek to shift the responsibility of the ills that may ensue on the Resident or C.-in-C. I say frankly that I think they are right; and Mooltan has a fort of great size, and according to all representations among the strongest in India. It could not be reduced without siege-guns. It is 250 miles or so from Ferozepore where they are. The date was 29th of April. May is the hottest month, and the Mooltan district the hottest in the whole of India. The rivers swell all May,

and extend miles in breadth. Mooltan is surrounded in the rains for miles by inundation, and the rains commence on 10th June.

Therefore what was before us was this. Between 29th April and 10th June to collect carriage for the siege-train, to march it 250 miles with an army to take Mooltan, to put down a rebellion, and to get across the rivers on our way back again. All this in India, in the hottest part of India, and in the hottest month of the Indian year!! And yet if we had *not* done this before 10th June we should have been caught by the rains, enclosed by inundations, in terrific heat, pestilence raging, and the army under canvas.

With all the danger, in very full view, of a rebellion unpunished for five months; recognising the possibility that the rebellion will spread; contemplating the prospect of a fresh war in the Punjab—a costly campaign,—and the embarrassing question of what to do with the country when we had conquered it, as conquer we should; I yet say that the horrible loss our troops would suffer, and the imminent risk of being, at the very least, unable to complete our operations this season, and so *appearing* to have met discomfiture, would have produced still greater peril to the interests of British India; and I approve of the Resident and C.-in-C. having accepted the choice of two great and undoubted evils. As it is, we shall give the Dewan and the State of Lahore to understand what they have to expect after the rains. We have in the two divisions on the frontier upwards of 50,000 men, with a large proportion of British force, and an immense strength of guns. We are in possession of the capital of the country, and the person of the sovereign. Nothing can happen to us, if we keep together, and when October comes we will have a squaring of accounts, more or less rigid as the State of Lahore behaves itself in the meantime. Of course we shall be violently abused for want of energy and pusillanimity, both here and at home. Therefore it is that I have written this long story, that you may know fully what others do not know, or will not believe—namely, what campaigning in the rains in India is.

War as much as you please if we can't help it, as it is in

this case, but I decline a war against God Almighty and His elements, for they would be our real antagonists, and not the Sikhs. In what I have written I have given you the worst view of the case. On the other hand, the Sikhs cannot move in the rains much more than we can. The Dewan is collecting a disorderly mob, and it is not improbable that they may quarrel among themselves and cut his throat, and then one another's. The disaffection may not spread, and the affair may be comparatively small. Still our poor fellows have been murdered; they have been betrayed by the troops of Lahore; the Government of Lahore declares itself unable either to punish the perpetrators of the crime, or to subdue to obedience their own rebellious subject who is the criminal. For all this, the State of Lahore owes us a heavy reparation, and by my word they shall make that reparation somehow.

CALCUTTA, *June 3rd*, 1848.

THE business at Mooltan is not mending. Moolraj is in open revolt, and moving against Lieut. Edwardes to the west of the Indus. He is gathering men from all quarters. The Durbar troops confessedly will not act against him; it remains for time to show whether they will not join him. We are reinforced at Lahore, have 11,000 men there, 11,000 in the Jullunder Doab next it; consequently are able to maintain ourselves against anything that can come against us until after the rains. Of course we shall be violently abused for want of vigour in not moving against Mooltan. I am confident in my opinion that the C.-in-C. was right. A force without siege-guns could not have touched Mooltan. The carriage for the siege-guns was all discharged by Lord H. Before they could have been collected and moved 20 marches, or 250 miles to Mooltan, June must have been well advanced. The rains set in about 10th June, the rivers swell before that. When they swell Mooltan is surrounded for 2 miles by inundation. It is 20 to 1 we could not have acted; it is positively certain we should have lost thousands by the climate. Could any Government be wise in taking such a course? I say No.

No dangers that can arise from delay are to be compared, in my judgment, to the evils which spring from putting a B. army into the field at Mooltan in the hot season and rains. It is astonishing how vigorous gentlemen are who have no responsibility.

The star they send me is made of tin and wedgewood ware, I believe. Would you call at Kitching and Abuds, jewellers, Conduit Street, and order a star for me; not a diamond one, you know, but a plain handsome star, not very large or very small? And tell them to get a thistle to look like a Thistle, and not like a piece of cut beetroot at a ball supper as it usually does.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *4th August* 1848.

IN this country the condition of mercantile affairs and of pecuniary matters is wretched. Public finance necessarily takes the same hue; and I, whose ears tingled with the trumpeting which proclaimed expenditure and income equalised, find myself with a deficit on the year of about £1,400,000, and with orders in my hand from my masters for a bullion remittance of half a million—the second demand of an equal amount made on me since I assumed the Government six months ago! Take this plus the prospect of a war on the frontier, and you will be able to recognise the full blaze of the "triumph of peace."

Since I wrote to you as to the Insurrection of Mooltan matters have gone on better than was anticipated. The Durbar, the Regency, and the Chiefs, are one and all utterly and absolutely useless—worse than useless. The Chiefs in a body declared that the Sikh army was not to be trusted, that they would join Moolraj if moved against him, and that if the rebellion were put down it must be by British troops. Accordingly the policy of the Resident has been to keep the Sikh army as far away from the rebellion as possible, and we have been working away with the levies of the Nawab of Bhawalpore, and a number of raw levies raised on the instant under Lieut. Edwardes, a most able and gallant and enterprising young fellow. He has fought

two severe actions, and is now keeping Moolraj at bay. All of a sudden the Resident, by virtue of the very large powers vested in him, has required the C.-in-C. to send a siege-train and British force, though, as you will recollect, he reported to Government that from the frightful effects of climate movement was impossible till October.

The Government at 1200 miles distant, and with a post going at the rate of 4 miles an hour, is compelled to depend on its agents on the spot. We therefore confirmed, saying that we saw no reasons to show that troops could safely be moved *now*. The Resident is very angry that the Government should have an opinion at all. I have just given him to understand that if the Government supports his orders it is enough; he must not expect them to change their opinion until he shows cause for their doing so, or at least admits that the grounds he gave them for their former opinion were erroneous. Furthermore, I have given him to understand that there can be only one Master in India, the G.-G. in Council or somebody else; and that I don't mean that it shall be *anybody* else. This comes of sending members of Council to inferior stations—a bad policy for which I am not responsible, and which my Lord H. would have been glad to get out of if he could.

The Queen's 10th and 32nd, five native regiments infantry, two regiments native cavalry, field-artillery, and 32 pieces of siege-artillery, with sappers, &c., are now on their way to Mooltan. I shall look with deep anxiety for the effects of the march on the Europeans; and I heartily pray they may not be such as were anticipated. Some weeks ago Sir Frederick Currie wrote to me that, if Europeans had gone, not 1 in 5 would ever have returned to the provinces, and not 1 in 10 would ever do the State a day's service again. After this he moves them! For me to have countermanded them when once ordered to move, would have been, in the eyes of all India, *fear*, and would have set the whole frontier and Scinde in a blaze.

The result cannot be doubted, as a military operation. But after that will come the settling, and it will be a crooked affair. Much depends on evidence promised but not yet before me. The Sikh army are traitorous to a man, the

State is impotent, and the policy has broken down; whether the drop scene has risen for the last act cannot just yet be seen. If not in my day, assuredly in my successor's, the curtain will fall on the Sikh dynasty. If it be not sponged out now, there will be no real tranquillity or sense of peace secured. The *right* to annex the Punjab is beyond cavil. The policy of it on the score of expense is not so free from doubt.

By the way that your director who discoursed on my admittance of native officers to my house was a headed director, I don't question; that he was a *sound*-headed one, excuse me if I doubt. I fully admit his conclusions that native officers ought not to be put on an equality with European officers, but I deny his premise that this was putting them on an equality. It is not necessary to keep them on a *level with the sepoy* in order to avoid the appearance of making them equal with an European officer. But they are now kept on a level with the sepoy. It may be right that an old Subadar Major—a Sirdar Bahadur, *i.e.*, the highest grade of the Order of India (who was on guard here the other day), who has been fifty-one years in the service, and covered with medals, the first being for the siege of *Seringapatam*—should be commanded, as he is, by the son of some director's voter in a borough, just landed from the cuddy of an Indiaman. I don't wish to disturb the rule or the policy, but is it to be maintained that if you do anything to raise the native officer above the level of the sepoy, you therefore place him at once on a level with European officers? That old Subadar, except on parades, is on a level with his sepoy. He lives in a hut next door to him, talks to him, has nobody else but him and such others to talk to, is never received by European officers, never consorted with. If he goes to them (notwithstanding Army orders), is probably left to stand in the lobby. How can this man have respect in his own eyes? How can he have authority in the eyes of his men? He holds the Co.'s commission, signed by the G.-G., just as his European Col. does: he is made an officer, surely he is to be treated as something more than rank-and-file. Two native officers are my aides-de-camp; are they to be excluded from my house like the

sentry at the door? And because I, once or twice a-year, please these old soldiers—for they are all old soldiers—by letting them come and stand in the drawing-room, do I put them by that single act on a level with European officers, or lead them to presume? I say No. I say I elevate these men in the eyes of the troops whom we *intend* (at least I suppose your sound-headed director will admit the native officers are to command sepoys) them to command; I elevate them in their own eyes; I please them; I attach them to the Government they *serve*, and whose representative is treating them as officers of that Government; but I do not raise them on a level with Europeans. I receive always the Subadars of the guard here, and talk with them for a while. They grin with delight, and go away with tears running down their faces at the civility. Do I send that man back to Barrackpore less disposed to do his duty to the Government, or less disposed to obey the officers whom for fifty years he has been obeying? No.

He must have been a fossil director that, that you dug up somewhere. Believe me, if there is danger to the discipline and fidelity of the Indian Army, it is in the growing distance between European officers and the native soldiers; in the diminished interest those officers are said now to take in the native troops under their orders—officers, of course, as well as men—and not in such little marks of attention from their superiors to those whom we have made commissioned officers that the danger is to be found. The analogy your Megatherium director draws between my asking native officers to a ball, and Ellenboro's proposing to introduce hereditary chiefs of the country into military command over disciplined troops of the country, is too absurd to need pointing out to you. Send that director to the British Museum, Couper, my dear. Get Buckland to put his bones together, and when his anatomical and intellectual analogies are scrutinised I have no doubt he will be pronounced to be some (I hope extinct) specimen of Asinus. I hope I have not been abusing any particular friend of yours. But really when one sees an insignificant act of courtesy to fine old fellows who have been fighting for you for 30, 40, 50 years, and

which can have no effect but that of gratifying their feelings, and disposing them well towards the Government one represents, thus perverted into a source of danger to discipline by the distorting force of antediluvian prejudice totally at variance with the dicta of the Indian constitution, which allows one of these Subadars to be a member of Council, if the Court chooses to appoint them, it really stirs one's bile.

And now, having cast my bile upon your director for many pages past, I feel better, thank you. Seriously, I am sure your good sense will show you how preposterous it is.

My lady's phæton and harness have come, and she has got some ponies. She bowls about with her dragoons behind her, and rather flatters herself that Calcutta course has not seen such a turn-out in its day before! It really is something like.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *September 18th*, 1848.

THINGS grow more and more ugly in the North. There has been great delay at Mooltan, though I believe the fort is ours at the date at which I write. The 32nd on their march, and the 14th Lt. Dragoons, lost nearly 40 men by apoplexy between them—as much as in some actions. But the troops now actually before Mooltan are wonderfully healthy, and I hope may continue so as long as they are there.

If Moolraj had had the brains of a lobster or the soul of a louse, he would have made an example of our force dropping in to right and left by driblets. He moved out 11 miles to a night attack. Edwardes with 20,000 men never harmed him, and never knew of the movement! For ten days Edwardes, with 20,000, we with 6000, and the Durbar troops, 5000, have been lying before Mooltan, Moolraj outside his works, and capturing elephants, camels, &c., under the very noses of these 30,000 men!! The general caught two men in *the act* of tempting the troops to desert. Because the system did not appear to have been carried out to *any great extent*, he resolved not to

hang them. One would have thought *that* the best means of encouraging the system to go on to a great extent. Accordingly he reports to me yesterday that two of our *own* Cavalry picquets have gone over to Moolraj ! ! All this may be very right in a military point of view. To me, being an unenlightened civilian, it looks queer and slow.

The insurrection in Hazarah has made great head, and there is much appearance of the army from that quarter marching on Lahore. I should wish nothing better. The C.-in-C. was authorised to move quietly up to the frontier 8000 or 10,000 men, who, with those already at Lahore, will serve them out handsomely. The Resident's negotiations, and the unfortunate detachment of the British officers, sadly embarrass the business. Were it not for these the insurrection would locally make head, and in the commencement of the cold season we should be obliged to walk into them. If there be a war, it will be a very different affair from the last one. They have, on paper even, under 25,000 men, and they are scattered all over the country. The disbanded soldiery no doubt will join, but they are but individual swordsmen, and would be swept like dust before a regiment even of sepoys. The Sikh strength was in their guns, and the most of them are reposing placidly at my elbow in the arsenal of Ft. William. In short, there is no fear of anything except the lives of the officers detached, and I am sanguine even as to them. I can see no escape from the necessity of annexing this infernal country. The Resident has already applied for the assembling of an army at Ferozepore, which has been ordered; and the full development of the Hazarah affair which we are waiting for from day to day must decide us soon, if it goes on.

I shall avoid annexation to the last moment; but I do not anticipate that it can be avoided.

Meantime I have got two other kingdoms on hand to dispose of—Oude and Hyderabad. Both are on the high-road to be taken under our management — *not* into our possession; and before two years are over I have no doubt they will be managed by us.

You will laugh, doubtless, as I often do to myself, to think of the "Laird o' Cockpen" sitting here and bowling about kings and kingdoms as if they were curling-stones! But although one does laugh, it is anxious work, I can tell you.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *8th October* 1848.

I HAD wished very much to write to you fully by this mail, but time forbids absolutely. The pressure has arisen from my immediate departure, and from the press of business arising from affairs in the north. They have been and done it now. Raja Shere Sing, the brother-in-law of the Maharaja, has joined Moolraj with his whole army, and issues proclamations in the name of the Maharaja calling on all true Sikhs to join him, pithily adding, "Murder all Feringees."

This is short and sweet and decides the question. I have ordered the army to be augmented, troops from Madras and from Bombay, and have written for 3 regiments from home which Hardinge sent away in January! I have told the C.-in-C. that the whole business must be done this cold weather, if possible, and that everything is possible when one is *determined* to do it.

The officer[1] who commands at Mooltan [Gen. Whish] has retired, may the devil confound him, in the very height of success, almost conclusive in itself and after great loss. Oh, for generals! The troops—European and native—will do anything, go anywhere, but oh for the sword to lead them!

If it please God to grant me success I will make a clean job of it this time. I declare before Heaven I have done all man can do to avert the necessity; but since they will force war on me, I have drawn the sword, and this time thrown away the scabbard. If the Sikhs, after

[1] It is only fair to say that Gen. Whish determined to raise the siege after consultation with his superior officers, including Major Napier, chief engineer, afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala, and Major Edwardes; and after the defection of Shere Singh.

RAJAH SHERE SINGH.

(From a Water-colour Drawing by C Grant)

this is over, rise again, they shall intrench themselves behind a dunghill, and fight with their finger-nails, for if I live 12 months they shall have nothing else left to fight with.

In two days hence I go to the frontier as fast as I can, or as health will allow. I am much better, but not the man I once was.

ON BOARD "SOONA MOOKEE,"
October 14th, 1848.

THEY have a great deal to answer for who, contrary to all precedent, and without any necessity, have gone out of their way to thrust on to me a general in whom not one of them has any confidence, at a time when *every one* of them must have seen a war in the Punjab was imminently probable, to say the least of it. But I have not complained and do not mean to complain. If we are successful they will not recollect the disadvantage at which they placed me, and if we are unfortunate, the blame will fall on *me*, not on them; so what care they?

I do not anticipate or dread any failure, because I know my cause just, the war I engage in thrust on me; and therefore I will not believe that Heaven will do otherwise than favour our enterprise. But it would have been as well not to increase the chances of failure; and I feel the unfairness of the thing. *Because* my predecessor represented the unfitness of the C.-in-C., and the Government proposed to discontinue him, he must be continued now though they still believe him unfit, and though we are on the brink of events which may sorely test his fitness. This seems to me neither logical nor just: nor yet either handsome or fair towards an officer on whom they cast enormous responsibility, and with it force on him instruments by which he is to act, who are in their own estimation wholly unfit for the task before them. The C.-in-C. has been all I could wish hitherto. What he may be when he gets into the field remains to be seen.

He has spoken of going to Mooltan to command. I have

told him his place is not there at the head of a storming-party, and not on the extremity of our operations; but in a central position ready to order such movements as may be necessary, whenever they may arise. I have done all but *order him* not to go; and I hope he will have sense enough to appreciate my stopping short of an order, and act upon what I have said as if it were one.

Many thanks for the star, which came safe. Although the enamel might have been liker to a thistle, it is, I assure you, a vastly improved edition of those which are usually supplied; and I am greatly obliged to you for it.

PATNA, *October* 31*st*, 1848.

AFFAIRS in the Punjab have gone on as I told you I anticipated they would do. Rajah Shere Singh's force has gone to join Chutter Singh's forces in the north, not the slightest attempt on earth having been made by General Whish with 7000 men, and Lieutenant Edwardes with 20,000 men, to attack or follow him. The Sikh army in Bunnoo has now openly revolted, and is marching to join Chutter Singh also, after murdering its commandant. Moolraj's men are leaving him for Chutter Singh. This changes the scene. Mooltan will now again become secondary, and operations will probably be carried on in the north.

The army is fast assembling; the subordinate Governments are acting cordially and promptly, and I hope, please God, we shall do the thing effectually. It is a serious addition to our difficulties that the rains have failed; forage and supplies are extremely scarce, and in some districts not to be procured for any money. The dispatches of the Court by last mail are not satisfactory. Mr Edwardes' successes have made them cock-a-hoop; they crow loudly, and manifest a strong intention of throwing this Government over, and of modifying the approbation which they cordially bestowed on our policy before. Mr E.'s proceedings prove much in his own favour, and in favour of his troops; but one European officer

keeping the field with troops who *are natives of the very district* they are fighting in, is no proof that European troops could then have kept the field with equal impunity. I have not noticed it publicly, but privately I have told them I have noted it, and very civilly given them to understand I remark the change and its shabbiness.

This slow, snail-like movement does not suit me at all, and I fret exceedingly to be on the frontiers and at hand.

In the rest of India all is quiet, and our neighbours in Ceylon have put down their rebellion and caught their king.

CAMP LOODIANA, *December 22nd*, 1848.

SINCE last mail I have been travelling on in camp from Umballa, and halt here for Christmas, of which to you and yours many and happy ones. I won't dwell on a camp life, strange as it is on the scale of a G.-G.'s, but go at once to what will interest you more—affairs in the Punjab. I forget when I last wrote to you, or whether I mentioned the affair of 22nd November [Ramnugger]. It was a very sad one. Where the blame actually rests nobody can decide. The admitted facts are that it was an attack quite without an object, and without a result. It was an affair of Cavalry and Artillery alone—was most brilliant on all hands as far as gallantry could make it so, but inflicted on us the irreparable loss of Cureton and the death of Havelock, and many others wounded, and a gun. The C.-in-C. waited for some time until his heavy guns came up, got them into battery before the Sikh intrenchment which was on the right bank of Chenab, and then despatched General Thackwell with a large force up the river with orders to cross, and coming down take Shere Singh in flank. The troops were delayed —the fords indicated were impracticable, and Thackwell had to go round by Wuzeerabad. On the 3rd December he came on the Sikhs, who had moved out a large force of men and guns to attack him. For a long time he did not answer a shot. When they got nearer his field-guns opened, and in an hour's time silenced the Sikh artillery.

At the same time an attempt they made to turn both his flanks was completely foiled; the Sikhs were beaten back and fled in complete rout. When everybody was preparing to advance, Thackwell ordered a halt. His officers are said to have argued and implored in vain; the approach of evening or over-prudence or some other cause prevailed in his mind, and he would not move a yard *till morning*. By morning, of course, every man was gone: and not only that, but every gun also. The C.-in-C. is reported to have said that one single hurrah would have taken every Sikh gun in the field. As it was, they actually came back for their guns, and we got not one. The C.-in-C., I hear, is very much hurt with me, and very angry that I would not fire a royal salute for this "victory." I told him frankly that I could not consider it a victory. It was a great success, and an important step gained in the war, crossing the Chenab with little or no loss, but it was not a victory. He says the enemy lost 8 guns. I daresay they did, but *we have not found them*, nor yet our own which they got from us. Had the old Chief been there himself we should have had every single piece. As it was, it was a golden opportunity unluckily let slip by Sir Joseph Thackwell. Lord Gough cannonaded the Sikh intrenchments from this side. Mountain described them to me afterwards. They were very formidable. The ford, divided by an island, was deep up to a man's breast two-thirds of the way; the island was intrenched, and two batteries. The right bank was high—a *quadruple* intrenchment on it with about 30 guns in battery; every tent inside had a little intrenchment round itself. This would have cost us fearfully to take in front. Wherefore the C.-in-C.'s movement was excellent, his success important, but it was not a victory, and I cannot call it so, however vexed he may be. But he is still more angry with me for another cause. When I reached Umballa, this was the state of things I found. The C.-in-C. had moved his whole army from Ferozepore to the Chenab, when commissariat and other department arrangements were incomplete, and in spite of the remonstrances of the heads of departments. The supplies he expected in the country totally failed him—at one time they had only four days' supply at command, and on

24th November he wrote that his army was in "a most critical position." You have heard, doubtless, of Lord Hardinge's army, which he said he left, of 50,000 men and 100 guns on the frontier. This was all very fine, but the frontier *included Meerut*, the position of which you will see on the map. Of the 50,000, 8000 were at Mooltan—a large force must be left at Lahore always. Our Jullunder province must be guarded. Maharajah Gholab Singh must be provided against—troops must be left in some degree in the Upper Provinces. Thus you see how little of the 50,000 men was really available as an army to be moved.

As I before said, 8000 men and more were at Mooltan. The C.-in-C. had every disposable man and gun with him; he had brought away a brigade from Jullunder; the garrison of Lahore (the city being the great object of the rebels) was weakened, so that there were only 1 regiment European and 4 regiments Native Indian, instead of 2 regiments European and 7 regiments of Native Indian as usual. *He had no reserve.* At Ferozepore there are 3 regiments of Native Indian instead of 6 regiments Native Indian, 1 of European Cavalry and 2 of Native Cavalry as before. At Loodiana there were but 1½ regiments of Native Indian. At Umballa 1 European Infantry and 1 Native Indian. The provinces behind were almost bared, for recollect the army is more than 30,000 men weaker than in 1846, and advancing 400 miles into an enemy's country. From Umballa to Calcutta, 1100 miles, I have but 2 regiments of European soldiers!! and to give him a reserve of but 6 regiments I was obliged to order up 3 Madras regiments to Bengal, and move a Bengal regiment from the *coast of Arracan.* I have now shown you the state of the C.-in-C.'s supplies and of his supports. Add to this that the people of the country are hostile and warlike; that bands of them were breaking in on his communications; that risings in Jullunder, our new province—nearly all Sikhs—were taking place; that Gholab Singh might cut down on us from his hills at any hour, as an enemy. You will perceive that this was not a comfortable state of affairs, and could not safely be trifled with.

At the same time I received repeated entreaties from everybody directly and indirectly to put some check on H.E. — that he was uncontrollable — would listen to nothing and to nobody—that all were dreading his hurrying on recklessly, and begging that for Heaven's sake the G.-G. would prohibit an advance until the fall of Mooltan should set the force there free.

I saw this would not admit of hesitation. Accordingly the day but one after my arrival I wrote officially; set all these facts before him; gave him full liberty, if he could do so safely, to cross the river and attack Shere Singh and destroy his army; but positively prohibited him from advancing into or across the Doab *without further communications with me.* I hear and I perceive that he is very angry at this — talks of want of confidence, and so forth. I have answered him that no C.-in-C. in India ever received, I will venture to say, more confidence from the G.-G. with whom he served than he has done, or more hearty aid; that I am bound in my duty to take a wider view of affairs than the C.-in-C. is called upon to do; that instructions issued by the G.-G., and founded on that wider view, can never fairly be regarded as indicating want of confidence; that H.E. is responsible for the army, but that I am responsible for the Empire; and that if I do not act as I conceive it to be my duty in that position to do, I am of no sort of use here, and had better go back to D. C. as soon as possible.

I hope this will satisfy H.E. If not, he shall obey my orders when I know I am right, whether he likes it or not. We have been very good friends hitherto, and, as far as I am concerned, it shall continue so; but, as I have said before, there can't be two masters here, and shan't be.

In the meantime matters are changing. The halt at Ramnugger has allowed the Commissariat to complete their arrangements; we have possession of the Rechnah Dooab; Wheler has scattered the bands, who were cutting in on our communications; the crossing the Chenab has given us much of the resources of the Jeteh Dooab; supplies are now in plenty; the several risings in the

Jullunder have been put down, and I have got the rebels in limbo. Wheler is back in his district, so that Gholab Singh is provided against; troops are arriving for the reserve; 2 regiments of my own escort are available; finally, the Bombay troops are at last arriving at Mooltan, and I hope will soon settle that hash. Accordingly I have authorised the C.-in-C., whenever he feels with reference to these considerations that he can safely advance, to go at Shere Singh on the Jhelum. They have, as usual, intrenched themselves in a tremendous position —a tree jungle of 8 miles in their front, with two paths wide enough for three files only—the only passages, converging when they reach the plain—and the intrenchment, with at least 60 guns, commanding the points of convergence. Their numbers are very large of one sort or another; and unless they can be turned there will be heavy loss. In the plain they can't stand before us for an hour. When Mooltan falls, the two armies united, including what may be left at Mooltan, will amount to not less than 31 or 32,000 men and upwards of 100 guns, exclusive of the siege-train. I think that ought to do the job. I daresay many will be very spirited and very bold—gentlemen who have no responsibility—and cry, Why don't the Government strike boldly, strike promptly? &c., &c. Don't you join in that cry if it should be raised; recollect that one has a serious task in prosecuting a war with a nation of soldiers and fanatics, and don't think the worse of the prudence and real policy of my conduct if I prefer to play the sure game, and avoid placing so great a stake on a single cast. Please God, the thing will be done at the right time, and I hope thoroughly done.

CAMP NEAR SOBRAON,
January 2nd, 1849.

IT is something to be able to tell friends that something has happened. So thankful am I inclined to be for small mercies in that way at present, that I should have been content with being able to tell you that the Bombay troops

had really reached Mooltan. I am therefore joyful in telling you that not only have they come but have recommenced operations, and on the 27th with great success. They resolved to attack the suburbs on the same side as before. They did so in 4 columns, and in such style that they drove everything before them, and occupied a line of strong position within 150 yards of the city wall. The loss was comparatively slight, and everything apparently well done. On the 28th they had two heavy mortar batteries playing on the citadel and town. Next morning they were to have several breaching batteries, and by evening of 29th or 30th they expect to have the city. These successes must have a great effect on the enemy. Our own people are in the highest feather, and I hope the citadel won't last long.

The fort down, the spirits of the Mooltan army will be greatly shaken, and I trust the C.-in-C. will then go at them.

Incredible as it may appear, there is strong reason for believing that Dost Mahomed of Cabul actually is in Peshawar, has declared against us, and assumed the government of his *own* province. Of course he must be kicked out of that, but you need none of you be afraid; I shall not be tempted through the Khyber Pass; we were there once too often before. But how is it possible to reason at all regarding these people when we see the Ameer of Cabul, who knows what we are made of, and has visited the climate of Calcutta once already, idiot enough to come out of his own country against us once again?

The C.-in-C. has now on paper about 23,000 men with him on the Chenab. At Lahore is a garrison of nearly 6000. The Reserve is rapidly coming up. At Mooltan are now more than 16,000 British troops and 14,000 allies. When these last are released on the fall of Mooltan, and a garrison of about 3000 British troops left there, there will probably be 12,000 available for the C.-in-C. That gives him 35,000 men and upwards of 100 guns. I think I have done my part in giving him this in less than three months after the necessity of in-

vading the Punjab was proclaimed; and in enabling him within that time to have three out of the "Five Rivers" in his possession. He must now do his part in making use of what I have given him.

Nothing more is known of the position of the Sikh army on the Jhelum than what I last wrote to you. We seem to have no intelligence at all.

On my march here I rode over the field at Aliwal. It is a splendid plain of hard ground, expressly manufactured by the devil for men to murder one another upon. The river has cut a great part of it away already. The monument to the officers killed has sunk, and in all probability within two years there will be no such place as Aliwal. Sobraon is within 3 or 4 miles of us; but we only arrived this morning, and I have not yet visited it. Great part of that position can now be visited only in a boat. That is what you call "going down the stream of time."

In case you see in the newspapers an absurdity about my issuing an order as to civilians' moustaches, believe it to be a fabrication. The Civil Service are fond of such decorations, and as their place of business is called a Cucherry, Ellenborough christened them "the Cucherry Hussars." At some time (I presume after seeing some unusually fierce pairs) I observed that I wondered at the fancy which made an Englishman like to make himself look like a Frenchman. Now in this country everything that "very magnificent three-tailed Pasha"—the G.-G.—says or does is chronicled. He can't blow his august nose in Calcutta but the echo of it reverberates on the Sutlej. Accordingly this very harmless remark of mine flew before me, and moustaches fell "like leaves in October" at all the stations on my approach. Some good squibs were published, and at last one of the newspapers published a letter, signed F. F. Courtenay (a parody on a letter published some time before), professing to be a declaration of my sentiments regarding the "capillary decorations" of the Civil Service! When Elliot (the Foreign Secretary, who is named in it, and is there called Professor Elliot, from having written a paper on Hairs

in a Calcutta review many years ago) read the newspaper article to me, I said to him, "That's so gravely done that you may rely on it half the people will take it for gospel." And now I see ever so many of the idiots of editors *have* taken it seriously, and in the overland summaries for England have wondered that G.-G. can occupy himself with such trifles, and use such expressions as "capillary decorations"!! I daresay half the asses of the world in England will believe it too. However, don't you.

CAMP MUKHO, *January 20th*, 1849.

WE have gained a victory, but like that of the ancients, it is such an one that "another such would ruin us."

Attock fell at last by treachery; Chutter Singh was approaching Shere Singh with reinforcements of men and guns. It was important to attack the latter before this took place, and the C.-in-C. concurring in this view moved. He marched to Dingee on the 12th. On the 13th he left Dingee at 7 A.M., and after a march of 9 or 10 miles came on the enemy's advanced picket at 11½ A.M. This was soon driven in. From their position on a mound by the village of Chillianwalla he could see the enemy. The enemy had advanced in front of his intrenchments, and was drawn up in extended line from position to position, his left resting on low hills full of ravines, his right in a very thick jungle. He was posted himself also in jungle which extended in his front to where the C.-in-C. was. He was in great force, by all accounts not less than 40,000 men and 62 guns.

By this time it was near 2 o'clock. The C.-in-C. had made up his mind not to fight so late in the day, but to make a reconnaissance in force and attack on the morrow. His plan had been to penetrate the centre, and then to throw himself upon the flank of the enemy, to right or left as he might see best. He told me on the 12th he was to take into action about 12,000 men and 60 guns.

All this was very well. But as he was making his arrangements, the enemy pushed some of his batteries forward and

SIRDAR CHUTTER SINGH

(From a Water-colour Drawing by C. Grant)

opened a fire. The heavy guns were ordered to the front, their practice was beautiful, they were making great execution, and rapidly silencing the enemy, when the C.-in-C. stopped them, and ordered *an advance in line of his whole force* with only two regiments Native Indians in reserve.

In vain he was reminded of the time of the day; in vain he was shown the enemy were ready enough to fight; in vain he was reminded of his own plan which he was abandoning; in vain the efficacy of the fire of the heavy guns was pointed out, and he was implored to confine himself to them till the next day. His answer to my agent [Major Mackeson] was, "I am C.-in-C. of this army and I desire you to be silent." Although he had been told over and over again that fighting in jungle was the sorest trial to sepoys, "Advance." So they advanced, a line of 3 miles against a line of nearly 7! in thick jungle, in and behind which the enemy were posted with all their guns, and with their intrenched position to retire upon.

The consequence was that every regiment in that action fought a battle itself. Each brigade lost sight of the other; each regiment lost its neighbour. In thick jungle it was almost impossible to preserve formations. The Sikhs poured grape into them terrifically, and fought with desperation. Brig. Genl. Campbell's division on the left with its left brigade advanced nobly, carried everything before it, and captured all the guns, spiking them and passing on, till they reached the edge of the jungle. Here they found that their right brigade, comprising H.M. 24th and others, was nowhere. It had advanced at the C.-in-C.'s word through the jungle, went on precipitately, carried a battery with the bayonet, and was then attacked by a fresh division and fresh guns, and beaten back from sheer exhaustion, with fearful loss. On finding this, Campbell changed front to his right, swept along, spiking and leaving guns behind him until he closed up. Finally the right brigade rallied and readvanced, and all that part of the field was cleared.

Fearful confusion, however, prevailed before this was accomplished. Greatly outnumbered and broken by the jungle, the regiments lost one another. The Sikhs overlapped them in every direction, and the fighting was

desperate. I have seen many letters from many regiments, and I have never yet seen one in which it is not reported that the regiments were fighting front, flanks, and rear *literally* at the same time.

All this time there was *no support* and no reserve but 2 regiments Native Indians on the right. Sir Walter Gilbert with Mountain and Hoggan [Brigadiers] did splendidly. They in like manner were separated from each other; every regiment was fighting for itself, was overlapped, and finally advanced, taking batteries and spiking the guns. The Cavalry on the left did all that could be wished.

The Cavalry on the right consisted of H.M. 14th Lt. Dragoons, H.M. 9th Lancers, and 2 regiments of Regular Cavalry. They advanced to the front, passed some batteries, and moved on to meet some 400 or 500 Goorchurras —*i.e.*, Irregular Horse—who were coming on. You will see what the despatch of the C.-in-C. says. I tell you that before they met these miserable creatures, the whole 4 regiments halted, turned about, and *galloped to the rear* as hard as they could ride. They galloped *over our own Artillery*, broke the harness, and were followed by the Goorchurras, who cut to pieces nearly every man of the battery and took 3 guns. The 14th and 9th galloped on till they rode amongst the field-hospital, and upset the surgeons who were operating on the wounded. They were stopped by the *chaplain*, pistol in hand, who was helping to hold a man under operation, and not till then!

Ultimately the whole line advanced, drove the Sikhs from their position in the jungle on to the hills, when night came on. There was no arrangement for this; the troops lay out all night without food or covering. In the night the Sikhs carried away the spiked guns.

The result of this is that we have only 12 guns captured and lost 3 of our own, and we have suffered a horrible carnage of 2375 killed and wounded—about 650 killed. In the Queen's 24th 11 officers were killed and 10 wounded, and in other regiments a large proportion.

We have gained a victory for we have routed the enemy, committed great slaughter on him, captured 12 of his guns,

and remained masters of the field; but, I repeat, "another such would ruin us."

I grieve to say much gloom prevails in the army. One and all, generals of Division, officers, soldiers, sepoys, publicly attribute this great loss and small result to the total incompetence of the C.-in-C., and justly so. They have totally lost confidence in him, and I do not know what would be the result of his taking them into another action at present. I view my position, I hope, firmly, but I do not deceive myself; it is a grave one.

If disaster is to be brought on the State, and my reputation destroyed, because the Government forces incapable instruments upon me, I must submit. But it is hard to bear. Except the Cavalry on the right, the troops behaved on the whole admirably well. In any other hands I should have no anxiety. In the hands of Lord Gough, I feel no confidence against disaster. My best hope now is, that he may be able to keep his army unharmed until the Mooltan force can join him.

But they are occupied there still. On the 30th December they blew up the great magazine in the fort. On the 2nd they carried the city by assault. Next day they commenced their approaches against the citadel. They have had for ten days or a fortnight nearly 50 pieces of ordnance playing on him; still he holds out. It is not easy to get into a place whose terre-pleine is some 60 feet above the glacis, a solid clay hill faced only with brickwork, and desperately defended.

This is what Sir H. Lawrence taught them in England was a "contemptible place," and which the Government of India was blamed for not capturing "with energy" with a flying brigade. On the 15th their sap was at the ditch, and they were to mine. They should have it very soon now. But time is slipping away, and at present the war does not look as if it would close with this cold season. If Napier had been here it would have been closed ere now. You must not think me desponding; I am not so. But I am not a fool, and I can see how and where I stand, and while I say what I am saying to you confidentially as an old

friend, I neither say so, nor look so, publicly. "The Lord's aye where He was," I say so, but I don't say so and fold my hands; I do the best I can with my hands, and hope, as the Lord is aye where He was, that He will make their work to prosper, however discouraging present appearances may be.

Poor young Cureton has followed his father soon. Brigadier Pennycuick and his son killed together. No other man of any particular note. But the collection of blood is horrible.

CAMP FEROZEPORE, *February 5th*, 1849.

I ASSURE you most truly nothing has been more vexing to me than to be unable to comply with Jem's [Couper] manly but modest urgency to be allowed to leave his regiment and go to the front,—an application which he renewed only a few days ago. It needs not a red coat on one's own back, believe me, to make one able to enter into those feelings; for my father's and forefathers' red coats have, I believe, helped to give colour to the blood that runs in my veins. But if you only saw the multitude of applications for the same favour, you would recognise the real difficulty of my granting it. Regiments in India are at all times scantily officered; the country below is nearly stripped of troops, and the necessity is thereby increased of keeping them up to the highest point of practicable efficiency. If I grant it to him I cannot refuse it to others, without favouritism, which I cannot, really I cannot display, even for your son. I told Jem if any man in the army went, he should. I have not sent one. Even the major of his own regiment, whom I ordered to join his regiment from a high and lucrative office in *Arracan*, I have not allowed to go to serve with the army. And I give you my honour, Jem shall go if any man does. I have not allowed one of my own staff to go. When the 24th lost 22 officers on 13th, I sent Frank Fane to do regimental duty because the public service demanded it; but I requested the C.-in-C., if the 24th were sent to the rear, to send Fane back to me. You see I am dealing fairly,

and that if I refuse Jem it is because I cannot concede it without unfairness to others. I refused the C.-in-C. the other day young Peel, whom he wanted to put extra on his staff, because I thought the public service required it. Poor fellow, he has since been killed in his duty. So again I say, you see I deal equally, as I am bound to do.

The reports regarding Edwardes to which you allude are false. There has been a bad bitter spirit at headquarters *on that subject, which led I fear to very unworthy feeling*, and which rose to acrid bile as Edwardes' honours fell on him, and ended in an actual black vomit when the C.B.-ship was announced. I myself did not think Mr Edwardes' operations wise, because I felt sure they could not lead to *one main* result—viz., the capture of Mooltan. But he did not fight against orders, for he had the leave of the Resident, who was his superior; his victory [Kineyrie] was not without result, for it certainly checked rebellion, and he did not mislead the Chief. He offered to take Mooltan with a siege-train without troops, which he could not have done. But the Chief refused this, and himself named the force which actually went. Edwardes was overpraised at home, but this which you report is the result of headquarters jealousy.

Touching "war they shall have and with a vengeance," Prince Edward probably did not understand that the three last words are an idiomatic phrase, which do not mean revenge, but merely express a superlative degree. If I had known that what I said at a supper after a ball would be reported and commented on as a State phrase, I would not have spoken, and it will be a lesson to me. But I was saying half a dozen sentences to the army in Bengal, who gave me an entertainment—all were soldiers; a man must speak *to his audience* if he wants to produce an effect; and I did so, without thinking of more than truth and effect. As for the truth, I purpose to show that they *shall* have war with a vengeance, even further than I have yet done, since they have compelled me to do it. As for the effect, if you had heard the shouts which followed, and seen the eyes of even the old fellows glistening, you would not have questioned the effect. Mrs Gairdner (wife of an old, grim, grey

Scotch Colonel of 16th Grenadiers) who sat next me, nudged me, and said, "See to Gairdner, ye've set him crying"; and another fellow was heard to say as we came out of the room, who was going off to join his corps next morning, "Well, good-bye; after Lord Dalhousie's speech, d—ee, I feel as if I could fight a regiment all by myself." An after-dinner speech such as this may not stand strict criticism, but if it produces what the speaker aims at that is enough, and trust me, this one to which you have alluded did so.

The conduct of all the other troops, with of course the usual individual exceptions, was very good. Mountain's brigade took 2400 into action. It left 800 there. The time for fighting the action may be open to argument. I don't myself say that Lord G. was wrong in fighting that day, but the mode of attack can admit of no doubt. No doubt has been expressed or felt. In private letters, the public journals, everything that is written and said is in the same tone, and proclaim a want of confidence which is lamentable and most injurious to the public service.

The Sikhs are greatly shattered. They are trying negotiations now. I will have none of it: first, because their demands are preposterous; second, because any compromise would in the eyes of all India *now* be confession of inability to conquer, or compel. I give one reply: "Unconditional submission to British power, but I will not forfeit your lives, and not compel you to starve."

The Nepal cloud passed away. However, I had got 500 of the 25th Queen's up sharp from Madras, and we should have thrashed them well if they had had any evil views. They have no cavalry, and dread a man and horse as if he were a centaur. They can do nothing out of their own hills.

However, there are solid clouds elsewhere. Dost Mahomed of Cabul has actually invaded the Punjab under British protection. One son with troops is with Chutter Singh, another has entered Bunnoo, he himself has seized Peshawar, and he has marched the Kandahar chiefs on Scinde!! The Bombay Government have very properly reinforced Scinde, and as the Afghans are miserable in the plains, and espe-

cially in any other plains than their own, I have no apprehensions at all of the result there.

The C.-in-C. and Sikh army are lying in face of one another. The Sikhs have got all they can get in the way of reinforcements. They are nearly as strong as before in numbers, notwithstanding many desertions. But they have little food, no pay, and are not in feather. When General Whish joins they will show fight once more, and then the heavy part of the war will be over. I have sent the C.-in-C. another brigade, but I hardly hope that a fight will be postponed till Whish comes up. Very heavy firing was heard in the camp from that direction yesterday morning, and before this letter goes I hope to tell you what it was. In former days the mere sound of guns would have enabled me to feel *sure* that it was a battle fought and won; nowadays one cannot feel so sure of it.

Mooltan surrendered on morning of 22nd. The fort had been battered to "everlasting smash." Upwards of six-and-thirty thousand heavy shot and shell were expended in the siege!! of which 21,000 were shell. The troops were about to assault, when the gates were opened and Moolraj surrendered unconditionally with a garrison of 3000 to 4000. An assault would have been more brilliant, but I thank God it was avoided. For 3000 desperate men must have cost us many lives; whereas we send them all up to the C.-in-C. in full strength.

I can't hang him, but I will do what he will think a thousand times worse: I will send him across the sea, what they call "the black water," and dread far more than death.

It is said they are finding great quantities of booty in the fort; and I have ordered a contribution from the city of 15 lacs or so. The rascals, they were in it heart and hand; and even little boys were caught perched in the trees trying to pot the officers.

One decisive action and all will go smoothly. Pray God we get it.

My new Resident, Sir H. Lawrence, took charge three days ago from Sir F. Currie, and commenced his career by proposing a Proclamation which I have forbidden and shaken him for it. It began by saying that he was anxious

it should be generally known that he had returned to Lahore, desirous of bringing peace to the Punjab, and then promising all sorts of things. I told him this sort of thing would not do at all; that I had great confidence in him, but that I could not permit him to substitute himself for the Government, whose servant he was, or permit a word to be said or an act done which should raise the notion that the policy of the Government depended in any degree on the agent who represented it; or that my measures and intentions would be the least affected by the fact of his being the Resident, or Sir F. Currie in his stead. I ended by forbidding this proclamation at all, and desiring that nothing should be said or done without my approval—being within 50 miles of the frontier, whither I had come expressly to give my own orders and direct others. Lawrence has been greatly praised and rewarded and petted, and no doubt naturally supposes himself a king of the Punjab; but as I don't take the Brentford dynasty as a pattern, I object to sharing the chairs, and think it best to come to an understanding as to relative positions at once. It will soon be settled.

I have come to this cantonment. If the Sikhs had been worth a button, they might have made a foray on me with great ease at Mukho, where I was. Such was not the case when I first went there; but when no decided success took place in front, it was not unlikely, indeed was reported. Of course I did not choose to show any want of confidence, and remained. It would have been a bonny job to have had to swap me for the Maharanee!!

February 6th.

The firing I mentioned was not accounted for, but it does not appear to be in camp. The Sikhs have been changing their position, and I doubt a fight being avoided. The C.-in-C. grows worse and worse, and I sit day and night on a barrel of gunpowder.

CAMP FEROZEPORE, *February 19th*, 1849.

THE last fortnight has not been an eventful one, so far as fights are concerned, though things have happened which may be developed into importance.

General Whish's force has been moving up the Chenab in three divisions. General Whish's first brigade received the surrender of Chenioti, a strong fort on the river which has long resisted the Durbar troops, or rather levies in our interest defending it. I kept sticking the spurs into General Whish all the way up. He got on really very well, and reached Ramnugger on 13th; the second brigade on 16th, and Dundas with 4000 men will be there also to-morrow.

Since I last wrote, the C.-in-C. had remained in his camp. He had strongly *intrenched* it, and there he occupied a strictly defensive position. Weeks ago I urged him to send away the enormous superfluous baggage of which he had complained—double sets of tents, the whole headquarters departments' records, and printing-presses inclusive. He said he would; he never did.

One fine morning the Sikhs, quitting Russool and passing at the back of the hills, prepared to pass a body of troops through the Poorun Pass into the plain. C.-in-C. was shown this would give the enemy possession of the whole northern plain and its supplies, which were now closed to them, but which would then become closed to us. He would not move. Accordingly, next day the force with 40 guns was at Khoree, on his right flank, and plundering to Dingee in his rear. Still he would not move. The enemy were round him everywhere. He went from excess of rashness to excess of timidity, kept within his intrenchments, made his army sleep *in their clothes*, and wished to make them sleep in their accoutrements (I have it from a brigadier of the force); he dared not bring in his convoys, and dared not, or would not, send out his sick and baggage to Ramnugger. At last the rest of the Sikhs came out of their fortified camp at Russool and joined the other force at Khoree. No attempt whatever was made to molest either force during the movement, nor did he move himself, and he said he could not send a brigade to occupy Russool

because he had his heavy baggage in camp, and sick. Everybody was mystified. Nobody could conceive why the Sikhs should come out of their position (which, by the way, was found to be awfully strong); nobody knew whether they meant to cross Jhelum or Chenab. Finally, when they got up on 14th, lo! the whole Sikh army was gone slick away. Still the C.-in-C. did not move a peg that day.

The Sikhs then turned up at Goojerat, apparently intending to cross at Wuzeerabad, and go—anywhere. By this time Whish having arrived at Ramnugger, two brigades were sent on left bank of Chenab to Wuzeerabad. C.-in-C. was moving up right bank to near Goojerat, and Brigadier Harvey was to join him on that day, 17th.

My latest accounts are the morning of 17th. The brigades on left bank have probably rendered a crossing by the Sikhs impossible. C.-in-C. has boats to cross these brigades if he wishes. Harvey's Brigade was with him on that day. Dundas, with 2000 European and 2000 Native troops, was three days off.

Shere Singh ought to be in a hopeless fix now that he is out of the hills, and with such a force round him. Whether he will prove to be so or not, God above only knows. If he stands a fight he must, humanly speaking, be smashed. If the C.-in-C. allows him again to slip through his fingers and get to the hills, where he will make a partizan warfare of it, it will be grievous. It will become vexatious, but comparatively cease to be dangerous.

The same characteristics in the C.-in-C. have been daily displayed during this interval. He has now got his sick to Ramnugger, and at last his heavy baggage. To facilitate the reduction of encumbrances I peremptorily refused to assent to his request that I would allow supplies to be issued by Commissariat to *private servants and followers* on their being paid for at fixed rate for sepoys—viz., 16 seers for the rupee, the market price being just now in camp 7 seers the rupee. This has done good.

I have, moreover, written very sternly regarding the next action he may fight; I have done it so that he cannot mistake it, though he cannot complain of it publicly.

Privately I daresay he will, and I have no doubt he does not write home of me in the "high terms" you describe in your last. He ought to do so (though I say it), considering the support I have given to him. The clamour throughout India against him is universal. The croaking and down-heartedness in the press, and over all India, especially at Calcutta, is disgusting and contemptible. You may well believe that all this sickens me; it does not, and please God will not, daunt me one bit. I know we have the stuff in us, and it will make its way after all.

Everything regarding the action of 13th, and the Dragoons, as stated by me, was correct. I have now the official papers. The only difference is that two squadrons of 9th Lancers, who were detached, are exempt from the charge, not having been with the brigade. The men are furious with themselves they say, and people write from camp that next time they will do something awful. I hope they may.

I have got my Resident's nose down tidily.

The letters of January from the Indian authorities are mightily civil, but such twaddle. I wish I heard from them only once a-year. Don't tell Shepherd [Dep. Chairman of Court] that.

Lord Auckland will be missed in the House of Lords on Indian matters. So much the worse for Lord Hardinge. I expect to hear of Ellenborough catching at this opportunity to pitch it into him, which he has always longed to do.

P.S.—21st, 3 o'clock P.M. My latest news are 9 P.M., 19th. The Sikhs were still at Goojerat. Our army five miles from it. Bombay column has joined, also 2nd Brigade of Bengal, 1st Brigade crossing, and H.M. 53rd to join in night. If the enemy has not bolted they must have been attacked, I think to-day, but the mail must go.

CAMP FEROZEPORE, *March 7th*, 1849.

HURRAH for our side! This time we have got a victory and a sniffler.

The C.-in-C.'s despatches will no doubt be published immediately in England, and I need not tell the whole story. How the enemy got to Goojerat we will omit to inquire. There he was, anyhow. The C.-in-C. on the 20th was joined by all his reinforcements, except two corps of Irregular Cavalry which he left to watch the fords, and the troops he had at Ramnugger. On the morning of 21st he attacked about 9 A.M. He must have had from 20 to 25,000 (I am not sure of the number in the field), and 94 guns, 18 of which were heavy. The enemy were 60,000 strong, of which some 2000 were Afghans, and 59 guns. He was posted in and round Goojerat, but without intrenchments. C.-in-C. began with his artillery. He cannonaded for three hours, moving gradually forward. The enemy then began to shake. Sir W. Gilbert carried the village, which was the key of their position. Enemy retired, our people advanced, kicked them from pillar to post, drove them into their own camp, through their own camp and out of their own camp, broke them into disorder, and pressed on them till they fled in utter rout, dropping their guns, and throwing away their arms as they ran. We pursued for twelve miles, and till nightfall. We have taken 53 guns, many standards, his whole camp, stores, baggage, cattle, and ammunition. Their loss is stated from 3000 upwards. We have lost 96 killed, of which 5 are officers, and 700 wounded, many slightly. Thank God for it! I rejoice heartily that the old Chief has been able to close his career with this crowning victory, and now he may go in peace.

Everything was well managed. Everything well done. The troops of all arms behaved admirably, and as if on parade; and the sight is described as at once beautiful and terrific beyond ordinary cannonades and advances.

It has taken Ossa and Olympus off my head, and for once during the last three months I breathe freely. One is apt, of course, to over-estimate what happens in his own

time; but I really believe the C.-in-C. may feel that no victory ever gained in India was more important in its results, or more calculated to impress the native enemy with a sense of our invincibility, as arising from military science, and vast military resources, apart from courage and dash.

The Sikhs behaved bravely, and stood their ground obstinately. On one occasion they actually charged our line of guns, were allowed to approach, and then were doubled up by grape, and flank-fire from H.M. 29th. Their guns were served, as usual, steadily and rapidly, and their cavalry made repeated attempts to turn both our flanks. They were really *singhs* (lions) while they stood. But they were fairly *cannonaded* off the field. The Bombay Infantry Division had not a man hurt.

I say that to gain such results against an enemy triple our strength, skilful, brave, obstinate, with only 96 of our people killed, is a great and real triumph of military science, calculated to have a crushing effect on the native mind, and worthy of honour by you all. I may say all this without conceit, for of course I have no share in the glory. In fact, all that I have done towards it has only produced me trouble. On 11th and 13th I wrote to the C.-in-C., as I felt myself bound to do, strongly impressing upon him the necessity for using the vast means he had, and warning him at once against the past, and of what I expected for the future. By my word it was time for me to do so. He has been furious with me for this, and declared he would resign in consequence. Whether he will do so or not I cannot tell. For his own sake I hope not. At all events, I have this comfort, that while he declared five days before (to an officer who told me) that the "artillery was not the thing; that the bayonet was the thing, and he would use it," he has used the artillery so as to render the bayonet necessary only to complete his work, and has so gained a perfect victory. Thus I may venture to believe that my letter was not without its effect.

In compliance with instructions which I gave in my letter of the 13th, Major-General Gilbert went on with a strong

force to Jhelum at daybreak on the morning after the action. The Sikhs, who were fugitives, had rallied on a body of 5000 men with 6 guns detached under Sirdar Artar Singh, Shere Singh's brother, some days before the action. They burnt the boats and be hanged to them! On the 27th when we were preparing to ford, the Singhs went off. They did not defend Rhotas, a fort of reputation; they occupied the Bukrialla Pass beyond; but on our advance they bolted from that too, and have gone to Rawulpindi. It is not expected they will stand anywhere, but I will not guarantee that.

An officer lately in my camp says that General Sewell told him that on his going to embark for Madras the other day, Lord Hardinge assured him there would be no serious war with the Sikhs—"he had drawn their teeth." During this campaign (exclusive of 50 pieces in the fort of Govindghur) the troops under the C.-in-C., Whish, and Edwardes, have taken 129 pieces of artillery! If their teeth were effectually drawn, this looks as if they had had a good set of false ones made to supply their place.

I lament to say the troops will not be able to return this hot season to the provinces. I have already given orders for their cover as far as possible, and feel sure they will bear it cheerfully.

The people and the newspapers cannot make out—not nohow—what I am going to do with the Punjab. They are divertingly peevish, and because I won't tell them what my mind is, they tell me I don't know my own mind myself. I do though. "First catch your hare!!" The Secret Committee is as civil as sixpence now, and they are all supporting me handsomely and assuring me of constant support. I have told them the very plain truth since 13th January. I have told it also to the Shah. I had a very long letter from him from Strathfieldsaye, apparently well. Tell me always when you see him, how he is, for I love the old man. All else in India is quiet. I am happy to say I have continued to improve in health and strength. All these concerns, I suppose, will make me look horridly old and wrinkled before I get back.

Mountain was in great glee; C.-in-C. had given him the

rank of Brigadier-General, and he was going on to Peshawar in command of a Division of the army. He had the misfortune, in putting his pistol into the holster, of wounding his left hand badly, and he is obliged by the doctors to return. It is a bad wound, but I hope and believe he is doing well. I am very sorry indeed for it, both on his own account, poor fellow, and on account of the public service.

Tell the Baron [Stockmar], with my regards, that now things are looking up a little here, I begin to think a friend of mine was right when he lately wrote and congratulated me "that *I and* the Emperor of Russia were the only two autocrats left in safety." Don't say this, though, if he will repeat it.

CAMP FEROZEPORE, *March 19th*, 1849.

EVERYTHING is going admirably at present. In my last letter I mentioned that Gilbert had pushed on across the Jhelum. The Sikhs did not dispute the passage or defend Rhotas, or the passes beyond. They were closely followed, and I had yesterday the infinite satisfaction of receiving a despatch announcing that all was up with them. The whole of our prisoners have been returned to us in safety. On the 14th, Chuttur Singh, Shere Singh, and the Sirdars gave up their swords to General Gilbert, and the remains of the Sikh army, to the number of 18,000 men, were marched by parties through our columns, and laid down their arms to the British troops as they passed. They surrendered also 41 guns, some of them very large. It must have been a proud day for old Gilbert; and I can truly say that I do not know I ever spent five minutes of such intense pleasure as when the guns in my camp yesterday were cracking out the tidings that the war with the Sikhs was ended.

The Afghans still remain to be whopped, but I do not think they will stand. The troops have advanced without a day's delay; and, humanly speaking, I entertain not the least doubt of closing the war with this campaign.

If the Sikhs ever renew it, let it be set down to my fault *if I get my own way*. I have some time ago set about

disarming the Sikhs in the Manjha. The Resident's instructions first were to persuade them to give up their arms. This was no go, and a search was ordered, as it should have been at first. The consequence was that the very same villages which on Wednesday produced nothing, yet searched on Thursday yielded up 1 four-pounder, 1 three-pounder, 2 smaller guns, a quantity of round shot, and many muskets and pistols! It shall be followed up vigorously, and periodically.

My letters from home all show a strong feeling about the first affairs of the campaign. I wonder what you will all have said about Chillianwalla. I fear a heavy outburst against the old C.-in-C., which he will be ill able to bear at present. I have had a continuance of the disagreeable correspondence with him, which I mentioned in my last letter. At last he shifted his ground, said he did not wish me to unsay anything I had said, but that the *tone* of my letter had wounded him, and he hoped I would regret it. Well, I did not want the old man to do so foolish a thing as to *cut* me, which he was going to do, so I replied immediately; said I could not retract anything of the *substance* of my letter, and did not think it in any way discourteous; but if he thought so, I had not the least hesitation in saying I was sorry the *manner* of my expression had given him pain. I hope this will bring him round, as it ought. If not, I can do no more. It was the truth of what I said, and not merely the manner which angered him. He knows that it *is* the truth, and is so put out he would bite off his own nose if he could. He sent home his resignation by last mail, but on general grounds. I hear from home that Sir George Napier has been named to succeed him; and I hope that as all is well over now, they will not (as in 1846) affront him by superseding him on hearing of Chillianwalla. They have done well in naming Mountain Adjutant-General: 1st, because he merits it; and 2nd, because if they had made Campbell they would have deprived us of one of the best men we have for a command.

Lady Dalhousie is now fairly landed at Simla. She is charmed with the house, and the place, and everything about it. In about a month I hope to be there. It is

already getting very hot in the plains, and before we leave them it will be scorching. So far as I can judge at present there seems little probability of my being able to leave this part of the world next autumn, so that it will give me another year in the hills, but I have not determined anything on the subject at present.

The Secret Committee and the Board of Control are very civil now to me. They both, as usual, are trimming about the policy to be pursued. They neither say yes nor no. So I shall take my own line, and if they disapprove, I cannot help it.

March 23rd, 1849.

More good news on the night of 16th, Gilbert made a march of 31 miles on Attok in hopes of surprising the Afghans who were still there. At 5 miles he made a rush with 50 troopers (not too prudent) to look at the place. When they saw them the Dooranis bolted, the place was evacuated, and what was of more value they got hold of the bridge of boats. The Dooranis went off that night towards Peshawar, and our people were to be over on 18th or 19th.

I hardly think they will fight. My savages in the Khyber swear they will stop them. If they do I have promised the beasts a lac of rupees, and if they succeed, the Afghans will be tremendously pounded. I hope all will be over by next mail.

The old Chief and I are all right again. We have agreed to "kiss and be friends"; and we are both glad of it, I believe.

CAMP FEROZEPORE, *March 30th*, 1849.

THE war in the Punjab is at an end; and in all the land there is not a man in arms against us. After the battle of Goojerat I told the army that war could not cease until *every* enemy had been swept from before us. They have done it for me—done it well and speedily. The surrender of the Sikh host I have already described to you. Gilbert's

dash on Attok I also mentioned. He got the boats on the 17th, got his troops over by moonlight on 18th, and pushed on hot-foot for Peshawar. The Afghans who had bolted from Attok when he appeared, never called a halt; and when he got to Peshawar, he found that the Dost had cut and run without ever looking behind him, till he got through the Khyber Pass, and I daresay he is running still. The Khyberees who—as I told you—were not to be depended upon, did not or could not stop the pass; and he ran too fast to be overtaken. However, as he came like a thief, he ran away like one; and was chased disgracefully from the land he had invaded.

On the 26th these news reached me officially. I had now "caught my hare." On the 27th, accordingly, I sent Mr Elliot, Government Secretary, to Lahore. On the 28th he arrived and saw the Regency—he most ably effected his mission, and yesterday, the 29th, the Council of the Regency and the Maharajah signed their submission to the British power, surrendered the Koh-i-noor to the Queen of England; the British colours were hoisted on the Citadel of Lahore, and the Punjab, every inch of it, was proclaimed to be a portion of the British Empire in India.

Six months ago I officially reported to the home authorities my opinion of the necessity of this policy. They have given me no *definite* instructions of any kind whatever. What I have done I have done on my own responsibility. I know it to be just, politic, and necessary; my conscience tells me the work is one I can pray God to bless; and I shall await the decision of the country with perfect tranquillity. If the Government disapproves of my act, you will see me at Frogmore before summer is over. If they sanction and approve (as unless they are maniacs they must do), their approval will be full and conspicuous. It is not every day that an officer of their Government adds four millions of subjects to the British Empire, and places the historical jewel of the Mogul Emperors in the Crown of his own Sovereign. This I have done. Do not think I unduly exult. I do not do so. But when I feel an honest conviction that the deed I have done is for the glory of my country, the honour of my sovereign, the security of her

present subjects, and the future good of those whom I have brought under her rule, I may fitly indulge a sentiment of honourable pride (while I give, as I do humbly and unfeignedly, and have done publicly and officially, all the glory to Almighty God) in contemplating the brilliant success which has been achieved. Beyond the intense enjoyment of the consciousness of having rendered good service to my country, I desire no further reward. The Queen, in her bounty, has already at 35 filled me brimful of honours. An earl of the elder peerage of Scotland, I attach no value to increase of rank *for its own sake.* I had rather wear my old earl's belt than the best bran-new marquis' coronet they could make for me.

Some time ago you alluded to this subject in one of your letters, and therefore I advert to it now. I have said that *for its own sake* I desire no increase of rank, but would rather deprecate it. But if that increase of rank comes as the evidence of the Sovereign's approval of *public service* I should certainly not reject it. On the contrary, its absence would rather imply to the public, disapproval and censure; for there is not one of my predecessors who has not received it, or might have received it; for Lord William Bentinck rejected it. I do not expect that they will propose to confer any such honour on me now, even if they give a formal approval of my act. I look to posterity rather than to the Ministry for the cordial sanction which I believe the act demands, and will one day receive. But if they should propose to do so, it may as well be done in the form I should like it in, as otherwise. If then you should hear that there is any design of conferring such honours as they have heretofore done, then I beg you to open the enclosed letter and—as my Commissioner and representative—to communicate with the President of Board of Control, or Prime Minister, regarding its contents. You will probably know easily whether any such notion is on foot through Stockmar or otherwise.

But I enjoin it upon you—as you love me—not to make any move unless you are well assured of the thing being in contemplation; and I most earnestly prohibit you from *fishing* on the subject. I repeat, I do not expect anything of

the kind, for, high rank they never like granting; but I may as well provide for the possibility, especially when you have alluded to it yourself.

I do not know how far the Government may choose to give publicity all at once to the settlement I have made. I do not believe they can help it; but you had better not mention the facts I have given you until you hear them publicly.

My own health now is, I am thankful to say, excellent, though the last three months have worn me. I look detestably old when *I shave!* I don't know how I am got up afterwards.

Letter referred to above.

If you have acted on my former letter of this date, then before you read these lines there will have been good grounds before you for believing that the Government has the intention of conferring high honours for this war, similar to those which have been granted on like occasions. If so, there is in my case no choice. If they wish to increase my rank, they can only give me the one step in rank next to that which I hold. Being an earl they can only make me a marquis. But unless you wish to see me come home a hopeless maniac, repeating incessantly the word "of of of of," don't let them omit that monosyllable—as they did in the case of M. Wellesley, M. Cornwallis. Let me be Marquis of Dalhousie and bear my father's name, I hope not unworthily.

You will laugh when I say, too, that it will be a good opportunity for fixing the proper pronunciation. Let us have the old Scots sound back again, and let me be Dalhoosie (not in spelling but in sound), like my forbears before me. The second title would naturally be the next in grade. There has been an Earl Douglas and an Earl Bruce, and I know no just cause or impediment why there should not be an Earl Ramsay also.

In various cases they have added a local designation. There has been in India created Earl Amherst of *Arracan;* Lord Keane of *Ghuznee;* Viscount Hardinge of *Lahore;* Lord Gough of the Sutlej (I think). If they wish to

give a designation now, let it be Earl Ramsay of the Punjab.

I do not think you will regard me as vainglorious in writing this. They are intended only as instructions, in case the Government contemplate such an honour, as they have done before. I repeat, I do not expect it.

But if they do think of it, I do not see that it is unbecoming of a gentleman to be reasonably nice about his name any more than about his dress. A gentleman *ought* to wish to have a well-made coat, and why not also a right-sounding title.

CAMP NEAR ROOPUR, *April 13th*, 1849.

WE have been moving for several days through a beautifully rich country, parallel with the banks of the Sutlej. The crops are luxuriant, the people fat and quiet. Yet three years ago this was a part of the State of Lahore, and these people are Sikhs principally. Why should they not become equally tranquil on the other side of the river as on this? There is no reason why they should not; and they will. I send you cut out of a clever but rather abusive paper, copy of my G.O. and the concluding despatches of the war. I hope you will approve. On the same sheet you will find a letter signed Economist. It is the last of a series of able letters which have been published from time to time regarding annexation. Previously E. had been very angry with me, and called me all sorts of hard names—said I did not know my own mind (because I did not choose to tell it to the public till the proper time came), and divers other things. This is his close. The author is a young man of the name of Campbell, living absolutely alone in the jungles, administering a small principality, and from which he has privately prayed to be relieved if we did not wish to "drive him to the desperation of matrimony"! He is a clever fellow, and his letters have excited much attention. Barring the compliments, his statements will receive, here in India, an assent as nearly unanimous as any opinion on a very great question can be.

You ask me why I did not get nearer to Gough. I did go to the edge of the Sutlej, within 2 miles of the frontier and within 120 miles of him. I could not have got nearer without going to him, and this was inexpedient for four reasons—

1. I should have been in an enemy's country, and must have required five times as many troops for my protection. Not that I should have been afraid of myself, but because if I had as G.-G. got myself taken prisoner, which might *easily have been done*, I should have been greatly to blame, and should have gravely compromised the public interests.

2. Because, even as it was, my presence would have been *numerically* very inconvenient. The business of Government could not stand still. I must have had my departments with me, and you may judge what that implies, when I tell you that though my camp is for a G.-G. a small one, yet, including escort, it amounts to nearly 8000 people.

3. Because a civil head of the Government would be a great incumbrance in the field. Such a person ought not to assume the command, and yet it does not do for him even to *appear* to play second fiddle.

4. Because I should *not vivâ voce* have produced as much effect as by letter. Letters he read—conned over—broke out—cooled—read again—and perhaps acted upon. A *vivâ voce* remonstrance by a civilian—half his age—on a military matter would have had no effect whatever on him, and would only have produced altercations more violent, and greater scandal, than those which occurred when remonstrance was made by Lord Hardinge as G.-G.; a General, and an experienced one, and as experienced nearly as himself. My letter of 13th February which made him so preciously angry with me, *did* produce an effect,—a remonstrance on the field of Goojerat would have been ineffectual.

In four days more I hope to be at Simla, and will finish my letter from thence.

SIMLÁ, *April 20th.*

I AM well content to have Sir C. Napier as C.-in-C., but naturally I am sorry for Lord Gough's supersession, when

all was well over. The Government could hardly have done otherwise, though one is sorry for it as matters stand.

SIMLA, *May 1st*, 1849.

ON the 17th I arrived here. The heat of the weather in the plains had been very great, and the hot winds had set in. It was therefore a real relief to get up into the hills. The change was in itself very great, and the season has this year been unusually inclement, so that I have been blessed with an influenza—a genuine Piccadilly influenza—ever since I came here.

The C.-in-C. arrived here immediately after me. We met very cordially, have got on extremely well, and are excellent friends. To-day he is going to have a grand splash for the purpose of presenting to me on the part of the army two of the captured Sikh guns. I could well have spared the ceremony and the speech, but there was no avoiding it, and I must e'en bear it.

By last mail I had a most offensive private letter from Hobhouse in reply to one which I wrote after Chillianwalla; imputing to me, on rumour, that I have written home declaring that the Government retained Lord Gough in his command against my resistance, that I had complained to others of want of support from the Government, and various other things. I replied on 22nd denying the whole. I told him there were but two persons in England to whom I wrote openly on public affairs—yourself and Fox Maule—and that I was very certain neither of you had ever mentioned a word I said. I said that, even to you, I had never made the statements he alleged against me.

His letter was insolent and ungentlemanlike in the worst degree. I told Fox Maule that while Ld. J. Russell, writing to me on the same day, addressed me like a gentleman, Sir John Hobhouse addressed me as no gentleman would address his gamekeeper; and that if I listened only to private feeling, and not to public duty, I would not remain a day under this man's orders. The more I

think of it, the more furious I get; and I never will forget it.

Everything in the Punjab is perfectly quiet, so far, and I have no reason to expect that the quiet will be disturbed. I have been annoyed by the announcement a few days ago of the escape of the Maharanee from confinement. She was under strict guard at Benares, and on suspicion being excited was removed by the agent into the fortress of Chunar. Thence she effected her escape alone, nobody knows how. It seems impossible that it could have been done without the connivance of her guard, and a Committee of Inquiry is now going on. The thing in itself is of no great importance now. I have confiscated her 9 lacs worth of jewels, and she has no money of her own, so that she can't do much harm. If she flies to Nepaul and keeps quiet there, it will be a clear gain, for she will lose her pension, of course. If she goes to the Punjab she can do no great mischief there now. Three months ago it would have been less agreeable.

Sir C. Napier's appointment was a great surprise to everybody, as you may well suppose. We are expecting daily to hear of his arrival. One cannot help being sorry for the old Chief here at receiving this mortification in the hour of his triumph; and he bears it manly and well.

SIMLA, *May 7th*, 1849.

I HAVE no intention of running away from my work here, and have always contemplated remaining the ordinary time unless failure of health should drive me away, or unless my acts should fail to give satisfaction.

"Major Hannay of the Indian army" is rather a wide word, and might have placed him among the officers of the "Wallajabad Irregulars," with which I see some fellow has been fleecing the lieges. I have, however, sought him out, and I find he is as high as I can put him. He is detached, and taken away *from his regiment*, the chief and creditable (!) ambition of every officer of the Indian army from the day he lands a cadet, and he is

in command of the Assam Lt. Infantry Battalion, being a regimental captain. I can't engage to advance him further.

I will not revert now, when all is sunshine, to the dark topics of January and February. All has long been well, and I have fully expressed my thoughts upon it.

There never was a series of events in which the hand of God was more sensibly present, even to limited and reluctant human recognition, than in the last campaign. If Chillianwalla had been what it ought and might have been, the Sikhs would have gone across Jhelum. If they had been attacked when they moved from Russool—as, humanly speaking, they ought to have been—they would never have got into the plain. If they had not secured all these advantages so galling to us at the time, the battle of Goojerat would never have been fought, and we might have been hunting them on the hills still. You will see our mission, which you recognise, working out its own accomplishment. You err, however, in some degree about the Sikhs. Their great Gooroo Govind sought to abolish caste, and in a great degree succeeded. They are, however, gradually relapsing into Hindooism; and even where they continue Sikhs they are yearly Hindoo-ified more and more; so much so, that Mr, now Sir Geo., Clerk [Governor of Bombay, 1847-48] used to say that in 50 years the sect of the Sikhs would have disappeared. There does not seem to be warrant for this view, though it is much more likely *now* than six months ago. I am glad my despatches are approved in the Hall of Lead. Except where corrected or added to by my hand, they are, according to practice, written by the Secretaries. Any very important one I do myself, such as that of 17th April intimating what I had done. I could not possibly send you a copy; but it will be bluebook-ianised directly, of course. I have just had a letter from the Council of India on it. Including the new members, they heartily concur.

Sir Charles Napier, I reckon, would land in Calcutta yesterday, just in time to go to the Cathedral and attend Public Thanksgiving for the close of war and the restoration of peace!

Arbuthnot's account to me was that Napier objected to coming, because the papers said I was going away: as he knew me (which he does slightly), but was afraid of a successor who would side with the Court against him. The Duke assured him I was not coming away. He shall have full military authority, and shall have every confidence and support from me in those military duties which belong to him; but, by George, he shall not interfere with me in Civil matters, or touch them with the point of his beard.

We had a grand show at the Chief's when he gave me the Sikh guns. It was very much against my will. I was able to say pleasant things to him with perfect truth, and he and the family and the soldier-people are highly pleased; so that even the clouds have passed away. Poor old man! he is a fine old fellow. I don't much care usually for newspaper attacks, but one of the Calcutta ones has angered me (reasonably, I think) by saying: "Lord Dalhousie had *given out* that he would prefer Scotsmen to the offices in the Punjab, on account of their place of birth, and not on the ground of claims or qualifications." This may be repeated in England. My answer is: 1. It is false that on this, or on any other occasion, I ever did, or said, or thought any such thing. 2. There have been 35 officers named to the Punjab. Of these I, as G.-G., while *appointing* by my sole word all, have personally named, directly or indirectly, only 5! Whether Scots or not I can't say. All the rest have been named to me for employment by the Secretary to Government and Sir H. Lawrence, whom I had *previously put on their honour* that they would name to me men for their qualification only. These are the facts. And thus an honourable man's reputation is damned by reckless liars such as this bankrupt Editor. I won't contradict this; because it would involve my being obliged to have everything else contradicted, or believed in consequence of its *not* being contradicted.

Hobhouse's letter to me by last mail was very civil, and the Chairman's too, also the despatch of Secret Committee.

SIMLA, *May 18th*, 1849.

I RECEIVED on 13th your two letters of April mail, dated March 30th and 31st.

I begin with what is disagreeable. You say you have learnt most confidentially that I "wrote to the Board of Control to the effect that the disaster (of Chillianwalla) was the natural result of Lord Gough's inefficiency which (I) had reported in previous despatches," that "in consequence copies of those despatches have been sent to (me), with an intimation from Government that nothing in those despatches bears the construction I have put upon them." You add that your informant has seen my early letters, and said to you they did not bear any opinion of Lord Gough's unfitness.

I sincerely wish I could feel myself justified in sending you the copies of my confidential letters to Sir John Hobhouse, that you might judge for yourself; but even to *you* I should not be justifiable in doing so. But I can at all events give facts, or occasionally words.

Your informant has misstated to you facts, and has (unintentionally of course) misrepresented me and my writings. In reply, I beg distinctly and without reservation to state—

1. That I never wrote, publicly or privately, to the Board of Control to say that the disaster was the natural result *of Lord Gough's inefficiency which I had reported in previous despatches.*

2. That I never hinted at Lord Gough's inefficiency in *any despatch.*

3. That no despatches have been sent to me with the intimation you mention.

4. That I never said or wrote that I had in *previous private* letters asserted Lord Gough's inefficiency.

There is, however, just enough in the real facts of the case to give colour to these statements, as you will have learnt by a recent letter from me. The facts are these: On 22nd January the despatch reported no disaster, and said nothing against Lord Gough—none of my despatches have. In the private and confidential letter to Hobhouse I said: "We

have thus gained a substantial victory; but it is my duty to acquaint you that the results which have been gained by no means compensate for the loss we have sustained. I must add that the conduct of the action by the C.-in-C. and his military proceedings *are the cause to which must be attributed the very heavy loss* we have unnecessarily suffered, and the incompleteness of our success." Having described the action, I repeated "it was a victory, for we drove the enemy back. Writing confidentially to you, it is my duty to say that the success was quite incommensurate with the loss; and that in any other hands than those of Lord G. five times the success would have been gained at one-sixth the loss. It is with pain that I state my opinion, that *I can no longer* feel any confidence that the army is safe from disaster in the hands of the present C.-in-C. And yet I am in so false a position that I cannot remedy this evil that I see. H.M. Government and the Court of Directors, in the face of what took place in 1846, and of what was to be expected in 1848, have thought proper to prolong the period of Lord Gough's command." I then showed why on these grounds I was not justified in removing him, and said, "*In my last letter and hitherto I have declared my unwillingness to make any deprecatory remarks on the C.-in-C. of this army.* But matters have come to that pass that my duty to those I have the honour to serve, and common justice to myself, require that I should not, from false delicacy, withhold the truth." I then said, "I beg respectfully but plainly to state that, if the army shall be repulsed, *it will* be by the incompetency of the officer who has been retained in the command. I beg also respectfully to add that I will not conceal or permit concealment of the fact, that this result will be attributable to the incapacity of the instrument by which I have been compelled to act,—a fact to which all this Empire will with one voice testify."

I have now given you the extracts from my letters in which any reference is made to the subject on which you wrote, and on which I am replying. I beg to recall to your recollection that the charge against me is, that in my letter of January 22nd I said *I had reported in previous letters Lord Gough's inefficiency;* whereas on reference to my

letters no such statements appear, and that therefore I am a liar.

You have now before you the contents of that letter, and can judge. I say that I *never* stated in that letter of January 22nd that in previous letters I had reported Lord G.'s inefficiency. I say that there is not one syllable in that letter which signifies I had so reported. I say that there is not one syllable which can be distorted into bearing such a meaning, and consequently that the charge against me—viz., that in my letter of 22nd January I had said to the Board of Control that I had in previous letters declared Lord G. to be inefficient—is not only false, but is absolutely without the pretence of foundation. *N.B.—In that* letter of 22nd I reported Lord G. inefficient: I did *not* say in that letter that I had previously reported his inefficiency.

In reply to it, Sir J. H. wrote me a very violent letter. Even *he* did not impute to me that I had said, I had in previous letters reported Lord G.'s inefficiency. He founded his anger, and his complaint, on my having used the word "compelled." He said that by using it I intimated that the Government had compelled me to retain Lord G. as C.-in-C. against my remonstrances; he said he was informed I had written to others saying that the Government had compelled me to keep Lord G. against my resistance; and he subsequently insinuated, as I told you, that I was communicating with my former political friends, to make out a case against those with whom I was now officially associated!

He sent me extracts of my private letters (not despatches) to show that I had never objected in them to Lord Gough, and ended by asserting that I had never at any time expressed doubt of Lord G., or he would at once have been displaced.

On the 20th April I replied. I began by meeting his assertion that I had never given him ground to suppose I was adverse to the prolongation of Lord G.'s command. I told him that the fact of my having been one of the Ministers who superseded practically that officer in 1846 might have been conclusive, without anything else as to my wishes. But I added that I begged to state, "as positively

and emphatically as courtesy would admit, that he was in error in making that assertion." I told him that the command in India was the subject of frequent conversations in England between us. I reminded him that I had urged him to send me the best officer to be had in the army fit "to command this vast Bengal army in *time of peace* as well as of war." I reminded him that he had himself made me the bearer of a message to the D. of W. at Walmer regarding Sir C. Napier and the Indian command; that I had borne it, and that I had brought him back in reply the names of three officers, whom the D. named as eligible for the command! I said that, no doubt, I never said in the very words, "don't continue Lord G.," but only because it never entered into my mind, or his, or the Duke's at that time that such a thing was possible. Lord Gough's retirement in August 4th was accepted as a *fait accompli;* and everything that was said or done was on that assumption. For the same reason I had not written to object by anticipation to a reappointment in May 1848. I was fool enough never to think of such a thing as possible. I said, further, that undoubtedly he found nothing in my letters from India up to December 1848 in dispraise of Lord Gough. I told him, of course, he did not. The thing was done, the reappointment was made; and it was my duty, and my wish, to show all the confidence and to give all the encouragement I could to the officer in such a command. And it was only a sense of imperative duty which at last, on 22nd January, made me speak of him as incapable. I denied that I ever said or wrote, here or in England, that Lord Gough was continued against my remonstrances. I denied that I had ever complained of want of support from the Government. I denied, most indignantly, that I was making a case through my friends against my employers, and I denied that there was anything in my letters, my conduct, or my character which justified his addressing so offensive an insinuation to me.

But I said, if you mean me to admit that the responsibility of Lord Gough's reappointment does not rest with H.M. Government and the Court of D. because the Duke advised it, I decline to make any such admission.

What then am I to withdraw, conquering the pride you ascribe to me? Am I to withdraw the assertion your informant says I made in my letter of January 22nd—viz., that I had in previous letters reported Lord Gough's inefficiency? I reply I *never* made such an assertion in that or any other letters. Am I to withdraw my assertion that Lord G. had been retained against my remonstrances and resistance? I reply that I never said or wrote any such thing. Am I to withdraw my assertion that H.M. Government did not support me? I reply I never said such a thing to a human being. Am I to withdraw my assertion made recently to Sir John H., that I did frequently and earnestly urge on them before *I left England by word of mouth*, the appointment of a successor to Lord G., and that he must be a first-rate man? I say, I will not withdraw it, for I did so urge my wishes over and over again. Am I to withdraw my opinion that the Government and the Court are responsible for Lord Gough's reappointment and the consequences? I will not. I say they *are* responsible, whether the Duke advised it or not, and whether I had ever objected to it or not.

In the end of my letter to Sir John H. I said, if the use of the single word "compelled" had raised the inference that I meant the Government had forced on me the C.-in-C. against my resistance, then "I regretted the inaccuracy of literal expression." I said, if, recollecting the fate of Lord Auckland, and of my own father (how the one illustrated the fact that any calamity in India was always visited on G.-G., and the other showed that an officer, whose public conduct had been approved, could be left undefended even by his own political friends); if, recollecting these things, I had said I would defend my own reputation, and so had shown apparently a hasty distrust of the Government, I regretted the hastiness. This I have said, and I will say no more, let him recall me if he will, or if he dare.

These letters to you are necessarily written in haste, but the execution of this one is even more imperfect than I suppose, if it has not proved to you from my own extracts—

1. That in the letter to which your informant alluded I did not treat Chillianwalla as a disaster.

2. That I never represented by one syllable in that letter that I had *previously* reported to them Lord Gough's inefficiency.
3. That I am consequently innocent of having made an assertion to the Board of Control as to the contents of my previous letter, which, on reference to those letters, was not justified by their contents.
4. That I have no necessity, therefore, to curb my pride and make retractations, for I have nothing to retract.
5. That the charges made by Sir J. H. in his reply are false—grossly false.

Having thus disposed—I hope to your satisfaction and conviction—of Sir John H. and of the mistakes of your most confidential informant, I turn to assure you on another head—viz., our new C.-in-C. He has arrived in Calcutta, and has assumed the command, greatly to the mortification of Lord Gough, who, by a letter of the Duke of the same terms as his speech at the India House, was led to expect Sir C. would await his resignation. I am sorry for the old man. Sir C. N. is on his way up the country. I do not fear our getting on. He shall have full authority, aid, and confidence in his own functions; he shall not stir a hair's-breadth beyond them, if he does it designedly. I think I shall not show want of temper in the management of him. Did you ever know me lose temper in public? In private I have as much pepper, mustard, and vinegar, and all other hot and sour ingredients in me as you may choose to allege; but from December 1834 to this present May 1849, did you ever see me lose my temper in *public affairs?* I think not.

As for his Excellency being troublesome in Council, we have, thank my stars! no Council or Parliament here. And if I found him so at Calcutta, it is but one voice.

I hope I have said nothing in this long defence which will seem sour towards yourself. If I have, forgive me. Consider the annoyance which a man, surrounded by real cares and straitened enough to avoid error in his acts, must feel when he finds himself subjected to such injurious and false imputations as those which Sir J. H. has put forth, and those which you repeat from a person whom you say is my friend, especially when he knows that four months must

have passed before he can clear himself from such charges, however unfounded.

The Maharanee has gone to Nepaul, where she may stay if she likes. A native State, as a point of honour, cannot on demand give up any one who takes refuge. So I have not demanded her, but have called on them to see that she does no mischief. All quiet in the Punjab.

P.S.—In reading over this letter, I think it well (with reference to the extracted passage which says that in previous letters I had stated my unwillingness to depreciate Lord G.) to give you exactly what in previous letters I did say.

January 4th, 1849. "His supplies are now abundant; he has a noble force with him of more than 20,000 men. How they are directed the public despatches enable everybody fully to judge. I endeavour, as is my duty, to display as much confidence in the Head of the Army as I can do consistently with truth. I omit no precautions which I can take in his behalf. I withhold from him nothing which can strengthen his hands. It is odious to me, while doing this, to transmit to you the statements which are made on all sides of his proceedings, or to repeat the opinions which are expressed by *everybody*. I say again you can judge for yourselves. At the same time, I beg you all distinctly to understand that, although I do not complain, I am fully aware how good a right I have to do so."

You have now all the extracts before you, and I repeat again that in my letter of January 22nd I did not, directly or indirectly, say that I had previously reported Lord G. for inefficiency; while the last extract will show you that they had no reason to doubt what my opinion was. I am not afraid of your verdict.

SIMLA, *June 9th*, 1849.

I RECEIVED on 1st your letter of 18th April. Written before the details of Goojerat had reached England, it speculates

on some things which subsequent letters will have cleared up, and on which I need not return.

I have been vexed that the mere intimation of an action having been fought reached England without the details. It was not my fault; I kept the express till the latest moment, safe for the mail on 3rd. The news of Goojerat did not reach me for forty-eight hours after the express had gone.

The thanks of Parliament, which I received by last mail, were doubly gratifying to me because I really did not expect them after Goojerat. The G.-G., I apprehended, is not usually thanked till the end of a successful campaign, and I did not expect it half way. Sir Robert was very civil. I don't think I am under much or any obligation to Hobhouse. He repeated the old refrain of 54,000 men, toadying thereby Lord Hardinge (who, as I know from his Lordship himself, had been at him), and while saying nothing but what was strictly and literally true, did in fact give colour to an impression calculated to lessen whatever little merit I may have had in placing in the field the fine army that was there. I have no intention of complaining; but this sort of thing is infinitesimally little.

Your question "with whom I correspond" has been answered in recent letters, both as to official and private letters. I write by every mail to Chairman and to the President of India Board, confidentially in the full sense of the term. I am perfectly open, free, and minute. Since his letter of 7th March, I correspond with Hobhouse with great distaste, but confidentially on all points.

Sir H. Lawrence is disgusted, of course, with being a Board, and that Board under strict control. He has tried restiveness once or twice. Lately here, where he has come sick, he began to try the stormy tone. Upon this I tipped him a little of the "grand seigneur," which I had not given him before, and the storm sank into a whisper in a second.

Poor Col. Pennycuick either did give the word to charge, or by waving his sword was understood to give it, too soon. His regiment was quite young, 1100 strong; they took the battery, but were blown, and being pitched into by a very heavy body of Sikh regular Infantry just behind the guns,

they were swept away by scores. He paid the penalty, poor fellow, of his own or his men's errors.

Bowles either misapprehended the Duke, or the latter expressed himself incorrectly. I did not prohibit Lord Gough from "fighting a battle until the Mooltan force came up." I never interfered with Lord G.'s movements, but once—viz., when from 27th November to 17th December I prohibited his pursuing operations across the Doab, beyond the Chenab. With that exception I prohibited nothing. I cautioned him gravely, but ordered nothing.

Everything continues quiet in the Punjab. The troops that are cantoned are pretty nearly all well roofed in, and they continue, I am happy to say, to be healthy. The Civil Government too is going on well, and the promise of success continues good.

Moolraj is on his trial at Lahore, after many delays of one kind or another. He was offered any one he chose to name as his Counsel. He would not have any of his countrymen or any native: he would have nobody but a British officer; he did not care who he was, provided only he was a British officer. This speaks well for our character for fair-play at anyrate.

Poor little Gomm is actually on his way to Calcutta from Mauritius knowing nothing of Sir C. Napier being named, and supposing himself C.-in-C. What a mess they have made of it!

I send you a copy of what was said on giving the Sikh guns. I did all I could to avoid the occasion; but as that was impracticable I hope you will think I said nothing at which the supersessors can take offence, and the superseded was pleased. I sent Hobhouse a M.I. copy the mail before last. Lord G. is very low, and feels the blow more than anybody expected.

It is not easy to answer your question about the address. Strictly speaking a G.-G. is not your Excellency. He is termed the Rt. Hon. the G.-G., because G.-G.'s usually are Right Honourables, otherwise I believe he is no more than Honourable. This is quite wrong and should be altered formally. In the meantime it is altered practically; for almost everybody from England addresses me and my

predecessors as his Excellency—the Queen included—and she ought to be good authority.

SIMLA, *June 12th*, 1849.

MY letters from home are satisfactory except Hobhouse's, who repeats what he has been harping upon—that I should wait orders from home as to what I should do with Punjab. If after having destroyed the army, and destroyed the Government of Lahore, I had hung up the question for four months, I should have been a madman; for I should have thereby proposed a premium to renewed resistance, and anarchy and loss of every kind. Firmly convinced of the fact, I should have been a coward if I had shrunk from doing what was right for fear of personal censure. What I have done is not irreversible; they can give back the kingdom to the Maharajah to-morrow if they please: my act will enable them to give it back orderly and prosperous; if I had followed their suggestions I should have given it back riotous, and half bankrupt.

I expect that they will confirm my act, and censure me for the deed. It depends on the terms of the censure whether I submit to it or not.

My letter from the Chairman is much more cordial and promises support. I have also a kind and friendly letter from Mr Shepherd.

I can enter into all your disappointment at Jem not being engaged; but I can't in honesty let the blame lie, as he supposes it does, on Col. Hamilton. I, and I only, was the cause of his not going to the front, for the reasons I have given you. If anybody is to be blamed, blame me. I hardly think, however, knowing how willing I am to gratify you and yours, that you will blame me for adhering to a course of just consistency and impartiality.

I have nothing more to tell you. I am disgusted with this service, or rather with those under whom I serve, and with the prospect of being censured for having had the courage to do an act, which is a wholesome one, and an honourable one, and is daily proving itself to be both.

SIMLA, 25*th June* 1849.

AT so short an interval I have little to say, and what little I have is not good. Lady D. had, as I told you, picked up wonderfully when she came here. The weather has been very oppressive for Simla, and then the rains came on with constant and heavy thunderstorms, producing great variations of temperature. These causes have affected her and she has fallen off very much of late, and has grown again thin and weak. I also am not right. I do not suffer from dysentery or from the dreadful exhaustion of Bengal, but I am very weak somehow, and suffer many inconveniences arising, they say, from general debility of system. For months, too, I have had a lameness in the joint of my right heel, which comes and goes, which they don't understand the cause of, and which for some time has so lamed me that I can neither walk nor ride. All this is depressing, and although I fight against it, yet this, and the anxiety in which I feel myself (in spite of all I can do) until I hear what the decision on my acts at home has been, combine to keep me low in strength.

The place has been greatly overrated in climate and everything else. Poor Mountain has had a terrific attack of cholera, which he has barely weathered, and there is much general sickness.

Sir Charles Napier has been living with me for a week. He has faced the terrible journey from Calcutta, in such a season as has rarely been known, without much harm, and I hope will remain here. He is a most agreeable inmate. We have had long and frequent conversations. I spoke to him very frankly on our relative positions,—he seems quite satisfied—so am I, and I do not anticipate any embarrassment from him, or any conflict between us in our respective jurisdictions. He will astonish the Bengal army before long, and much they need it.

MUHASSOO, 10*th July* 1849.

YOU were quite right in contradicting the statement that Lady D. hated India and everything in it, and endeavoured

to inoculate me with the same feeling. To say that she *likes* India would be to assert a paradox. What woman of rank and position in her own country can by possibility do otherwise than dislike a banishment which separates her from her children during the bud and blossom of their youth—which separates her from all her friends—puts her in a position where she can see little of me, and where she has heavy ceremonial duties to perform, which she is physically unable to bear without bodily suffering, severe and frequent? But she does not dislike India *for itself*, nor does she ever express such a feeling. She dislikes it no more than any other country which would enforce the same separation I spoke of; and since she reached Simla (where for the first time she recovered from wretched health, which for five months had kept her day and night in great and continuous suffering) she has been delighted.

Far from inoculating me with a dislike of India, or anything in it, she has a thousand times rebuked me when I was storming abuse of the country, and dissuaded me when I said, as I often have said, that nothing should induce me to remain here. In truth, I needed no inoculation. You know very well that I hated the prospect of coming here: nothing but poverty and the sense of its being my duty to serve the country when urged to do so ever could have persuaded me to come. I was broken down in health when I started and had no business to come. I landed in Calcutta an invalid, almost a cripple. During all 1848 I was never one hour free from pain, and often attacked by the illnesses of India. It was of no use my reporting home that I was not well, even to you; for it would surely have gone abroad that I was dying. But, although I am much better—I thank God for it—than I was this time last year, I am well aware that I am wofully the worse for wear. I cannot now ride a dozen miles without being worn out; I could not walk two, if I were to be hanged for it. "It is mere debility," they say. Yes, mere debility! it is merely debility which makes a lamp go out; and so will other things in like manner.

Since I came here I woke one night with my nose stream-

ing with blood; my nose never having bled in its life before, even under the application of a fist. Well, this is not pleasant, you know, my good fellow, and not calculated to make me like India, which was the death of my father, and of my brother before me.

Moreover, I am alone! How can a Governor-General ever have a friend? You may be easy and companionable with the few you choose to select—but there you are—the Lord Sahib Bahaudur always—the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king set up. I am sure if the latter potentate had been a sensible man, he would on the offer of restoration have cut his kingdom while he cut his nails, and would have preferred thereafter to purge and live cleanly as a noble man should do. I don't deny, therefore, that I detest the country and many of the people in it. I don't proclaim it; but I don't doubt that my face does not conceal it from those I have to deal with.

As a public command it is the noblest in the world; and with all my troubles past or contingent, yet when I look over Europe, Africa, and America, I pronounce it a bed of roses in comparison. If I have life and strength, I shall remain my full time, and will not run away from a post which I have myself rendered it more imperative than ever that I should continue to occupy. I don't care who knows that I hate the concern, but don't let my wife bear the blame of it.

Some time ago I came out to this cottage for change. The site is 1000 feet higher than Simla, and the air purer, and cool, so that we wear winter clothes, have a fire, and sleep with blankets. This change, together with the bloody nose, I fancy, has done me good; but I am as weak as half a cat.

Perhaps the best tonic which could be prescribed for me is that which arrived by last mail—viz., full approval and confirmation of my act in annexing the Punjab. There was no time to write in detail, but both Lord John and Hobhouse write freely and decidedly, and the Chairman is in ecstasies. I took a very great responsibility; it was aggravated by my receiving letter after letter in the interval from Hobhouse,

disapproving of my doing by *myself* what I had already done! You may conceive the load which one sentence in the last despatch has taken off my shoulders.

All is going on quietly here. You will see, I daresay, gossiping letters copied into 'The Times' as to the prospect of war with Gholab Singh, and my having demanded his guns! It is all stuff. War there may be, but there is no more probability of a war with Gholab Singh than with the Rajah of Bhurtpore.

The aspect of affairs on your side of the water is grave enough. I only hope England may keep herself out of the mess; and that as conducive to that end, Palmerston has been gagged and handcuffed by his colleagues.

I had reserved the best of the captured guns for the Queen, in case she should wish to have some; and in consequence of orders sent to me I am now trying to recover some of the arms and armour taken at Goojerat. The Government has none, and if I get it at all, I must purchase it from fellows who have got hold of it.

Sir Charles Napier lived with me for more than a fortnight after he arrived. I am sure that this stay was of great advantage to both of us. We got well acquainted with each other, had much and frequent conversation, and I am sure gained mutual confidence. I have no doubt whatever of our getting on excellently. I shall act with him as much as possible by personal communication. So far as I see, our views in no material point are likely to differ, and I am confident that he will aid me greatly in many ways.

Lord Gough continues furious, and I don't know what he is *not* going to do. He is especially wroth with the Duke and Lord J. Russell. We are the best of friends, and my Lady and Lady Gough particularly thick.

By the way, in case you hear people condemning me for raising what they here call a "Sikh Contingent," you may deny it. I have done no such thing. By the acts of the local officers I was *pledged* to employ the troops who stood by us of the Khalsa in last war. Besides these we had 20,000 levies, to some of whom service was positively promised, to others virtually. I could not employ these in our own regular army, for it was full. I could only

make local corps of them. There are five regiments of Infantry, five of Cavalry, but so far are they from being Sikh that I have no one Sikh in the Cavalry at all, and only 80 men in a regiment, or 400 in all, in the Infantry. The rest are all to be from the levies, not Sikhs, who served us and fought for us for twelve months. The Khalsa regiments I have broken up and made military police—there are but 450 Sikhs in them! Surely 850 Sikhs are not to be regarded as dangerous, especially when we have long had squadrons of Sikhs in our Irregular Cavalry, and two of our finest regiments have each of them one-half Sikhs. The army and the newspapers, in their interest, are very angry because no regular regiments are raised; for regular regiments require a full complement of officers, and that produces promotion! This is the key to their policy. I see no necessity for increasing the native army and many reasons against it. The increase now made in irregular regiments can at any time be got rid of, for the officers can be sent back to their own regiments in the line and men gradually absorbed. Sir Charles, thinking they were Sikh regiments, was very uneasy about them and wrote to me. I gave him the explanation I have just given you, and he is now at ease.

SIMLA, 20*th July* 1849.

I AM sorry to think you should have had three months of uncertainty as to my being satisfied with what you did about the title. I assure you with perfect sincerity that I would not desire to have a single thing altered otherwise than as it is. The chief value of the elevation consisted in the promptitude with which it, as an acknowledgment, followed the service. A pause would have led everybody to suppose that it had been given doubtingly, if not grudgingly. As for the title itself, I am entirely content. The words "of the Punjab" connect the title with the service done; and as for the Earl Ramsay, I don't care a single snuff about it. Equally so as to the *Dalhoosie*. You mistake as to the Scots pronunciation. It always was Dalhoosie,

and always is now. My father changed it, and even my mother always pronounced it so. I remember old Lord Lauderdale rebuking the Clerk of Session, when calling the Union Roll at a Peers' Election at Holyrood, because he pronounced it Dalhowsie. However, Dalhowsie be it. I have, perhaps, like a fool, felt a pang on seeing the old Scottish earldom become rear rank to this smart new English marquisate. But though childish perhaps, in that respect, believe me I am not ungrateful. I am deeply grateful for, and proud of, the distinction which has been conferred; and I appreciate, as the donors could wish me to do, the reward bestowed and the terms in which it has been transmitted. Lord John Russell addresses me as he always has done; Hobhouse is very civil and obliging, and the Chairman equally so; while the Queen herself has written to me sentences which, uttered by sovereign to subject, amply compensate me for any labour and anxiety I may have undergone, and are a reward which I would not have exchanged for the patent of marquisate that has been superadded to it. You are right as to my writing to her. Before quitting Windsor she desired me to do so. I begged permission, in the peculiar relations in which I stood to her Whig Ministers, to intimate to them that I had her commands to that effect. She assented, and I told Hobhouse. Ever since I have transmitted the letters to H.M. through him, sealed, and have enclosed to him a copy at the same time. It is a difficult and delicate sort of correspondence, for it would be duller than a despatch to send her a bare detail of facts; and yet in trying to make a letter interesting, there is risk of being betrayed into one's own style, which might by chance seem familiar. I have been very cautious; and from her Majesty's replies—which are most gracious—what I have hitherto done seems to have pleased.

On reading over your letter, I see you advert to Dalwolsey as having been the title. It never was the *title*. It was the old name of the Barony (as the Scotch term for the possessions of large and knightly proprietors ran); but it has not been used for nearly 400 years.

Lord Gough is greatly pleased by his honours, but still more so by the unbounded attention they have paid to his

recommendations of his officers. When they told him what the Horse Guards and the Government had done for the officers of his army, he threw up his arms and said, "Well, after that I forgive them everything!" He is a generous old fellow, and I hope he will now go home quite pleased.

Lord Hardinge wrote to me by this mail, fully approving annexation, and expressing himself cordially and handsomely. I have seen several of his letters lately to Lawrence, and he has gradually been approaching that conclusion, and frankly admitting it. If you have seen my despatch of 7th April, which was laid before Parliament, you will see that, while justifying my own measures of policy, I did not throw the slightest speck of dirt on the policy he had established previously.

SIMLA, 16*th August* 1849.

YOUR letter of 4th July begins with my own health; so, as the papers take wonderful charge of it, I will say I have the same cold as from November last. The ulcer in my mouth is better and diminished, but the bone is still exposed. The inscrutable lameness in my right foot fluctuates but never goes away. Having only one leg to stand upon, I must needs break the shin of it. This place has some peculiarity which opens old wounds, as many poor fellows here can tell, and won't let new ones close. I never noticed the broken shin, beyond cursing, I daresay, the stool that did it, and one fine day having got worse and worse it was as big as a crown piece; so I have been motionless with that. I am very weak, and consequently low; but I have nothing else the matter with me.

I have had a letter from George [Couper] since I wrote to you last, I think. You need not fear for him: he will always do well.

The two letters notice the opposite views taken of my mode of dealing with the Koh-i-noor, &c. The Court, you say, are ruffled by my having caused the Maharajah to cede to the Queen the Koh-i-noor; while the 'Daily News' and my Lord Ellenborough are indignant because I did not

confiscate everything to H.M., and censure me for leaving even a Roman Pearl to the Court. I am like—I was going to use the old simile, but it will, I take it, be more consonant with truth, and more soothing to my feelings, if I reverse the figure and say—I am like "a bundle of hay between two asses." I can't be wrong both ways, and I maintain I am right both ways. I was fully prepared to hear that the Court chafed at my not sending the diamond to them, and letting them present it to H.M. They ought not to do so—they ought to enter into and cordially to approve the sentiment on which I acted thus. The motive was simply this: that it was more for the honour of the Queen that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered directly from the hand of the conquered prince into the hands of the sovereign who was his conqueror, than that it should be presented to her as a gift—which is always a favour—by any joint-stock company among her subjects. So the Court ought to feel. As for their fretting and censuring, that I do not mind—so long as they do not disallow the article. I know I have acted best for the honour of the Sovereign, and for their honour too. I do not work so much for General Galloway [Chairman of Court], or for the rotation crop of chairmen under whom I may serve in the next three years, as for history; and there I know my act will stand straight and square. In the meantime, while the Court is growling (inarticulately) at my having excepted the Koh-i-noor from the confiscation to the Company, up jumps my Lord Ellenborough and says, "What business has this G.-G. to confiscate anything to the Co.? It belongs to the Queen, and the army have a right to demand it, and I tell you it is dangerous to refuse it."

You are too old a soldier not to know that the army have no *right* to anything but what the Queen grants. You know, too, that booty has never been declared prize, unless seized in a captured place or as the immediate result of an action. I have acted on this. The army have got all the booty at Mooltan: the property at Lahore was no booty at all, according to practice. Further, admitting to the utmost the abstract right of the Queen to all property in a conquered country, such has not been the practice in India.

When Lord Hardinge made Lahore pay 1,500,000 was it held booty and claimed for the army? No, it went to the Co. in payment of the cost of war. In *Ava* in 1825 the same thing. Why, then, should I have pursued a different course, when there was not only the war to pay for but a previous debt of £500,000 due to me by Lahore? And so I say, I have acted in practice as all others have done. If the army need pecuniary reward, give them batta. I have incurred in the place of the Government, and have taken on my own head all the odium of withholding batta—simply because my masters have not got the money. Let me tell you (though I say it that should not) it required some pluck to do this; and I am execrated accordingly. Wherefore, if the Government choose at last to give the batta they may do so, but they should defend my act which they have approved, and I have no doubt they will. As for Lord E., the motion was a pitiful act of popularity-hunting. But his closing sentence, as I gave it above, was an incendiary sentence, of which he ought to be ashamed as a statesman and a patriot. You are mistaken, however, in thinking that the disposal of the Koh-i-noor is objected to by many—by none except the "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" and a certain number of mercenaries in the army.

Be assured, I do not let anybody see when I am annoyed by anything in the journals. Pray don't suppose that my noticing these things to you is proof of my doing so to others. It is the reverse: for I often feel my letters to you as a safety-valve, and so use them to let loose feeling, which I strongly repress and silence here.

Moolraj and the Maharanee have been accounted for to you. Shere Singh, &c., were disposed of according to my *necessity*, not my will. Please to recollect that Shere Singh, with an army still of 16,000 men, with 40 guns in the Hazarah hills, and the allied Afghans behind him, had British officers and their wives and children prisoners in their hands. As condition of surrender they asked a promise that, when put under restraint, it should be in the Punjab. If I had refused, and they had retired into Cabul with the British prisoners, &c., as they said they would, and as they would

have done, what would England have said of me, who had allowed our name to suffer such a reproach, and had brought on us either further war or deeper disgrace for so trifling a matter as the Sirdars being put under surveillance *in* the Punjab instead of in the provinces? With £240 a-year as his all, paid monthly, what could Shere Singh do, if he did escape, among a disarmed population surrounded by a large British army? Pooh! folk at home have not recovered their pusillanimous terror after Chillianwalla. If it were not for the fresh access of hysteria which the report would bring on at home, I wish to goodness they *would* run away. I should save their pensions like that of the Maharanee. They know very well if they do they will receive no mercy; and Moolraj's trip across the "black water" will be a wholesome reminder.

SIMLA, *3rd September* 1849.

TALKING of the war medal, I have my medal grievance too. The last Secret Committee despatch alluded to my grant of medal to the Company's army. It gave a very sulky paragraph, telling me such grants were very embarrassing to them, and an encroachment on the Queen's prerogative, and only said they would consider the subject. Now this was too bad. I did only what all my predecessors have done with their armies before me. Batta and medal were granted for Cabul; do. do. for Maharajpore. For Sutlej campaign batta and three medals. No objection was made to either of the first two grants. The third, for Sutlej campaign, twice over, and immediately received their "most cordial approbation." Nothing whatever has been said against such grants in the interval. My grant was in the same words as Lord Hardinge's, but with more reference to the Court. Yet they have officially rebuked me, and have not even said they would confirm the grant, which they could do; for my grant was to *Company's army*, and said not one word about Queen's troops, to which neither Co. nor I were competent to make any grant. Now I feel it to be very harsh towards me thus to have recorded me as

embarrassing them, and assuming to myself the favours which belong only to the Sovereign, when I have only done what my predecessors did before me. Nay, I have done *less* than my predecessors by far, yet they were cordially approved, and I am reproved for having done too much. I say I have done less. The army under my administration has finished a campaign in which were three general actions, a great and successful siege—a whole army surrendered—another army expelled, the result of which has been a kingdom added to their Empire. Yet I gave *no* batta, and only one poor medal for all; still, I repeat, they who gave batta and three medals were approved; I who, for equal services, grant no batta and only one medal am sharply snubbed for doing too much. I have set these facts before them temperately, and I have added that I am deeply mortified by having such a censure placed on record. I have ended by saying "that since they have apparently changed their views since 1846, I regret that, during a campaign of seven months, they did not give me orders on that head." Their orders, I said, would have been implicitly obeyed, whereby they would have been spared the embarrassment of which they have complained, and I should have been spared the mortification of seeing myself officially reproved for only doing that for which my predecessor was cordially applauded. The despatches of Secret Committee are despatches of Board of Control—*i.e.*, of Hobhouse; and I have no doubt I owe this and similar rubs to the spite which our recent personal correspondence has engendered in him. If this is to continue, I will not remain in my charge here.

As I have told you before, my health has this season been so different from what I hoped it would be, and from what it should be naturally, that I have found my task as heavy as I well can bear. If personal obstruction and annoyances are added, I feel myself unable to sustain the burden with advantage to the public.

A few mails ago I told you cursorily my state, and why I said as little about it as I could. To show you that I was not peevish or hypochondriac, I will now mention to you in deepest confidence that a few days ago my own surgeon—a

man of ability and reputation—put into my hands a letter on my case. I had not asked him to do so, nor had said anything to lead to it. He said he felt himself bound to declare to me his opinion, of his own motion; and added he was conscious he should betray his professional duty if he did not do so. The letter is a long one. The substance is that while I am in some respects better, "the disease of the nostrils and palate persists to a degree that forms the grounds of much solicitude; solely, however, from the risk of injury which might arise from any extension or fresh outbreak of the ulceration"—he adverts to the long existence of this suffering, for six months—to the known unfitness of Simla for such a disease—and alluding to my weakness, truly says that there is a general depression of the system, during which no local ailment can mend. He rests with much hope on what the cold weather may do, but adds, if it does not do *all*, will it not be then too late to provide for "a return to Europe" next year, and ought not that to be provided for now? He says there is an "absolute necessity for immediate change of climate, and complete relaxation from duty," and urges "two months at sea." Of the fact that these opinions would not be lightly given, it is proof enough to say that my adopting his advice and going to Europe would be a loss to him of his office, with £1500 a-year. Now this is grave. Change of climate may be got. Relaxation! How is a G.-G. to get that? If I go home my condition is pauperism, aggravated by enhanced titles, as your examination of my accounts will have shown you. What is worse, it sorely damages my reputation; for I leave my work at best to the mercy of others, and in the eyes of those who desire to look invidiously, I leave it "because I am afraid of its failure."

At present I decide nothing. We will see what the fine season after the rains does for me. I cannot fitly leave my post as long as it is *possible* for me to remain. I shall probably endeavour to get the Court to give me leave to adopt, if necessary, such palliatives as going to sea; of course with the alternative that if they can't give me leave, they would be so good as to send a successor. If they do give me leave, I shall endeavour by the help of it to

remain as long as I have a foot to stand on, provided they don't ill-use me. If the foot bears me, I shall work my own policy till 1853; if it fails me, and I stay a little *too* long—why then, old friend, the good-bye we said in 1847 must serve for a longer separation.

I have said nothing of this to my wife, and I do not intend to say anything. If, then, you write about it, put what you say in a separate letter and mark it "Confidential."

They have sent orders for six months' batta to the army of Punjab. I wish they had sent the money as well as the orders.

SIMLA, *18th September* 1849.

I HAVE been, since I received that letter of 7th March, on terms of elaborate courtesy with Sir J. H. I am perfectly unreserved, as I ever was. But I despise him; and consequently nobody can expect me to forget what has passed, and be a familiar friend. If I correspond with him freely, treat him with irreproachable civility, and perform all the demi-official duties of my office as before, nobody has a right to demand for him, from me, inward respect or regard. "The hand of Douglas is his own."

In the meantime, as I told you before, he is making his power behind the curtain felt to my detriment. Last mail brought the despatch of the Court conveying their sentiments on the annexation of the Punjab. Such a thing! If there be a limbo for disembodied despatches as for persons, this cold, meagre, miserable, unsatisfactory skeleton must have been extracted from thence by the Court and transmitted to me in its original bareness. Hogg [Sir J. Weir] in confidence gives me the Secret History. The first draft sent by Hobhouse was worse even than this one, — Court rejected it. A second, approved by Court, went to Hobhouse, and came back mangled into what it now appears. Hogg himself dissented, and the dissents are officially recorded. The despatch was signed by 13; the dissent on the spot was

signed by 7, and more were expected. Hogg writes, and others also, to people in this country that the hostility to the G.-G. in Cannon Row is too glaring. Even the Chairman thinks it necessary to make apologetic remarks. He assures me my policy was unanimously approved in "that House," and tells me that the despatch was less warmly expressed than most of the directors thought was due: nothing could have been more acceptable to them than my act in annexing the Punjab, and that I shall have their cordial support. "A plague o' such backing!" The worthy chair omits to advert to the fact that the *historian of India* must take his view of these great transactions from *official documents;* and so, on his own showing, the directors have put their hands to a despatch which will give that historian a false view of the sentiments of "this House." This is all so small and so mean (I know the directors can hardly help it, poor harnessed hacks), and (taken in connection with other public acts and records) must hereafter so stultify itself, that it has not angered me a bit. I have answered the Court's despatch by reciting the pith of each of their paragraphs, that they may see in their nakedness and count the cold bones of their skeleton, and have respectfully acknowledged the receipt of it. To Hobhouse I shall say nothing, though it is his doing. To Galloway I shall merely say that I am glad to hear from him that the directors have unanimously and cordially approved my acts, since I should never have found it out from their despatch.

And now, my friend, for your remark on my "warmth of expression," which you say is all right to you, but which you fear "in writing to others who do not know me and love me as you do, makes them fancy I am of an over-anxious and irritable temperament." Now, is this an abstract sentiment — an etherialised sort of an anxiety as to possibilities affecting me? Or is it a remark, a caution founded on substance — such substance as pen, ink, and paper can supply? Is it a remark, in short, founded on a letter? If so, name—name, I say.

I have told you that I write to the President. You have seen my letters on an *infuriating* occasion, and you

acquit me of all intemperate language. I write also to the Chairman; and you will hold me guiltless there also, when I assure you that nothing ever went to the Chairmain with one-twentieth part "the birr" of the letters you have seen.

I write to you and to Fox Maule—my oldest friend, my nearest kinsman. I have already told you I keep you as safety-valve, through which I have a right to blow off those feelings which I can express to no one in India *but my wife*, and do express to no one in Europe but your two selves. I throw you my glove. I defy you to produce any letter of mine irritably expressed, except to one of you two, with whom, as I said before, I have surely a right to claim the privilege of expressing the elsewhere suppressed annoyance which every man in my position must occasionally suffer. Tout for all such letters at the Guildhall in London, at the Cross in Edinburgh, in the Five Courts at Dublin; and if you produce one, I will eat dirt profusely. But till you do produce it, then once more be tranquil in the knowledge that you two are all whom I address on Indian matters; and that to all others, however intimately they are my friends, I speak of things here in very commonplace terms. This mail I have answered Hogg. I have not named Hobhouse, and have said merely that I received the despatch with the sentiments which it must inspire—that its tone was a strange one. He seems to expect that such things may induce me to retire from India. It was not an unreasonable expectation; but I have told him that I mean to keep my temper and my office for the stipulated period, unless they remove me or my health forbids.

I have not heard of any gigantic rhododendron found here. Dr Hooker has found many new species (but not more gigantic than they all are here) at the other end of Himalaya. I will write to him.

Lady Gomm has left Calcutta for Ceylon after a very severe illness. I perceive they are to wait there to get orders from home, so I suppose he will take Bombay. We have heard nothing on that head from England. Sir C. Napier says positively he will go home in March,

if all remains quiet. He has not said so yet to me. All is quiet at present everywhere.

Will you be so good as to say to H.R.H. [the Duchess of Kent] that I do not presume to address H.R.H. myself, but that I have asked you to convey to her the assurance of my gratitude — not merely for her thinking of me at all, but for the very considerate kindness which has led H.R.H. to send me what I shall truly value on all accounts—the portrait of so old a friend.

The portrait of H. Majesty which H.R.H. gave to Lady D. on the day we left Windsor hangs in our room here on the top of Himalaya. H.R.H.'s own portrait is placed there also, and would serve to remind us of H.R.H.'s many acts of kindness to us, if the repetition of them, even when we are at such a distance, did not render any such reminder quite unnecessary.

MUHASSOO, 19*th October* 1849.

YOUR letter of 23rd August reached me on 8th inst., and was welcome, as your letters always are. The rest of the mail was satisfactory privately, and not disgusting publicly. It is something new to be able to say so much of public despatches.

Something must be allowed for newspaper colouring; but even so, the Queen's reception in Ireland seems to have been very gratifying. Of course it will not regenerate Ireland or cure the rot in potato crops; but it will have a large effect, I believe,—and that a wholesome and kindly one.

Never believe anything you see in the newspapers about India, unless my letters confirm it. I never called for the artillery of Gholab Singh. If I had wanted it, I should have gone and taken it at the proper time.

The Sirdars were all seized on the same morning. They are now at Lahore, and will be imprisoned in the fortresses in Hindustan. The fools! Some very curious papers have already been found, and more will appear, no doubt. The seizure of these fellows has given great satisfaction

to those who remained faithful to us, and the event will clear the political atmosphere undoubtedly.

Sir C. Napier appears without doubt to intend going home in March. I have been disappointed in the intellect, but lament his loss as a General greatly if he should really go.

The climate now, for the first time since I landed in India, has answered the description of it given beforehand. It is now very lovely, and the scenery, and everything connected with this little cottage, are delightful and do me a world of good. My lady, too, is improving much. She has grown as much younger in appearance than she was twelve months ago, as I have grown older.

It is to be hoped your anticipations as to my estates may be fulfilled. I have found a great deal of truth under the old Lord Haddington's exclamation when he heard of a man being ruined. "Ruined! how the deuce can that be? He has not got a large landed estate!"

You remark on some of our C.-in-C.'s orders. What will you have said on some of the later ones? His slashing onslaught is efficient to commence the breakdown of the system; but unless followed up firmly and steadily when he goes, no good will have been effected. He is very wild and incautious in his talk, and gives me trouble and will give me more, but we are the best of friends.

I have heard by this mail that Hobhouse, poor fellow, has lost his eldest daughter, after a short illness. He was wrapped up in her, body and soul, and it will crush him cruelly. It half softens me towards him, like a fool, but it is like kicking a man when he is down to be sulky with him when in such a state.

Lord Gough dines with me for the last time to-morrow. Sir C. Napier goes into the plains the day after, and when I next write to you it will again be from camp and under canvas.

SIMLA, *5th October* 1849.

ON the 22nd I set off for the interior. We went five or six marches towards the north, encamped for a day over the

Sutlej, went up and down a vast number of big hills and little hills, and saw much really fine scenery. The variations of climate were great, even when we were stationary; hot in the day-time and very cold at night; and when moving, the alterations in the course of a few hours, when we were sometimes 2000 or 3000 feet higher, and again as much lower than the point we had left, made it very trying. The heavy vegetation, too, in the pine forests, saturated with the profuse rains we have had, struck dank and chill into everybody's bones. So I have come back certainly not so well as when I went out; and of the three who were with me, one has fever, and the other fever and ague severely. So that, on the whole, our tour has not been successful. Some marches off, news reached me that my lady was ill again, so I rode in to Simla, and I am better to-day. Lady D. had a second attack of bilious fever, of which I spoke before,—something quite new to her, and arising from the chill of the damp after the rains, and the great varieties of temperature. She is still in bed, but greatly better, and as plucky as usual.

You will probably hear in England all sorts of reports of my health, and that I am about to leave India. These arise partly from the fact that I am *not* well, and partly from my having ordered a steamer to Scinde to take me to sea. There are other reasons for that order, which I will tell you some mails hence.

I am decidedly stronger, for I rode five-and-twenty miles two days ago quick, to see my wife. Now 25 miles in these hills is not like 25 miles on the "Posst rod" [post road], as Sir David Milne used to call it, and I have not suffered in consequence, so that I must be better. On the whole, I hope sanguinely from the cold weather; but my constitution, it is not to be concealed, is depressed and shaken.

The papers of this mail will hardly tell you of a sort of *coup d'état*, which I have successfully executed, and which will probably please in England. I have again got Chutter Singh and Shere Singh in my power, and have had them arrested and imprisoned in the citadel of Lahore. You are acquainted with the facts which compelled me to leave them partially at liberty. They enjoyed it, however, only under

stringent conditions, one of which was that they should receive no persons whatever at Attaree, and should communicate with none of their former associates. I have the best reasons for believing that they *were* so communicating, and I know that, on the eclipse of the moon, they collected and fed 100 Brahmins at Attaree, and continued to feed them for days afterwards, without either asking leave or reporting the fact. On this I ordered their arrest. They will of course plead religious observances. But this is a futile plea here. In the first place, no religious observances require such an assemblage. In the next place, these Brahmins are notorious as the intriguers through whom every political machination is carried on in India. The Ranee did the same in her time and was delated. Lawrence at that time prohibited such assemblages, and this is well known to Shere Singh, who was one of the Regency that issued the order. I have said before that I did not fear anything these men could do. But I am glad they have committed themselves, for now I shall "mak' sicker" by sending them to the provinces, and men's minds here and in England will be quieted.

Dewan Hakim Rae, the cleverest scoundrel in all the Punjab, and Lal Singh Moraria, another leader, were detected by one of the Deputy-Commissioners in the act of holding a levee, and beyond their fixed bounds—a double offence. I have ordered their arrest also. Nothing else has occurred of any interest.

The C.-in-C. now goes into camp on 20th, and everybody persists in saying that he goes home in March. I know not.

CAMP NEAR RIVER BEAS,
17th November 1849.

MY last letter will have told you that George has been all right, whatever may have become of his letters. I have written to ask him to meet me at Lahore. He will see the last gleam of the "Bright Star of the Punjab" before its setting.

The C.-in-C., too, is very anxious to show me his troops when there; he says he expects to have 17,000 men, as the relief will bring many other corps to Lahore at that time on their way to and fro.

He is a singular man, and is bothering me a little just now. In my last letter I mentioned that the reduction of Scinde allowances were to be made on corps moving in relief, and that I wished it well over. Shortly afterwards he wrote to me that the 41st N.I. were showing signs of mutiny, detailed what he should do, and suggested that the usual furlough, which had been withheld this year, should now be granted to 25 men per company in every regiment. I did so the same day. Two days afterwards he writes me that his information is good—he hopes mine also is, but that he considers we are in danger of a volcano, "whose explosion will be fearful," and in particular that "the Punjab is in great danger." I do not believe the fact, because my information is different, and because he will not give me his authority. Moreover, I cannot think that he believes the fact himself, for if he had believed it, would he have advised me two days before to give leave of absence at one swoop to 19,500 men for four months? I am forced in these circumstances to set him down as either credulous or reckless.

I was saying just now to old M'Sherry, who held Govindghur, that the C.-in-C. was strangely impressed with a notion of Gholab Singh's vast power, and his intention to use it, and that I was at a loss to understand what made him think so. When he replied, after looking at me, "Do you not think it may be because he wishes it was so?" Possibly this may be the case. In the meantime it is troublesome, because of course he writes it home; and equally of course, a Government will believe anybody rather than its own officer, and therefore will believe and be alarmed by him rather than be guided and comforted by *me*.

I am very much pleased by what you say about the Punjab Blue Book. The despatch of April 7th was *my own;* so are all the minutes, but the ordinary despatches are written by the Secretary, and though I did not like

many of them, I let them pass as they were not incorrect.

Touching the name, what I meant was, that my father was the first who pronounced it Dalhowsie,—his brothers and sisters followed him; my mother and everybody else pronounced it Dalhoosie, and such is the Scots pronunciation *now*. But I have not done anything towards making a change, and will let things take their own way. In the *Marquess* I entirely concur, and, moreover, "abhor and utterly abjure" the modern coxcombry of the "most honourable," instead of the "most noble." I never will pay a shopkeeper who duns me as "*most honourable*"—there would be an inconsistency in it. I fear that Lord Gough, instead of going back to you "contented," will go more furious than ever about the bar for Chillianwalla. His wrath has abated nothing, and I doubt will make him do something foolish.

Lord Hardinge says the regulations about five officers absent can never be observed because he never *did* observe it himself, for which I was vicariously wigged.

There are *plenty* European officers for peace, too few for war, and I agree with him that the staff and civil appointments are beneficial as strengthening the Government. All our irregulars (and some of these are our best regiments) have only three officers, but then these are selected. On the whole, I want no more officers.

Shepherd is humbugging when he says my economies have shortened the patronage. They have shortened it not one ha'porth—they have avoided *enlarging it*, but they have not diminished it one tittle.

The Czar had better not come here. I can whip him if he does, and will—please God.

I get 'The Times,' 'The Spectator,' 'The Economist,' and 'The Britannia,' which last I shall stop. Its adverse opinions I don't mind, but its ignorance is too debasing to be read.

No more regiments are reported as grumbling on the reductions announced, and the 41st N.I. marched on the day ordered without further ado. There never was a mutiny in this army except from our own injustice or

ill management. The sepoy is a child in simplicity and biddableness, if you make him understand his orders, if you treat him justly, *and don't* pet him overmuch. This C.-in-C. is inclined to do so. He told 41st the other day that the sepoys were *better* than any troops in the world, except British troops, and *as good* as the British! Four days afterwards they refused to pile arms when coming off parade—in fact, took the first step to mutiny. That sepoys are as good as Britons (even if it were true) is not just the lesson to teach them while we are 25,000 and they 200,000 disciplined men. But it is *not* true, and whenever it becomes anything like the truth it will be time for us to be looking over our shoulders towards the Bay of Bengal and the outward bound. In the meantime the relief is going on, and corps are moving all about. Last night there were about 3000 men round my camp—one regiment, the 1st N.I. upwards of 1200 strong, including 1000 bayonets. It is like a brigade.

Terrible sickness pervades the whole country, in consequence of the heavy rains: Europeans and natives suffer alike, and the mortality bills are very heavy.

KUDLEE BUNGALOW, *2nd November* 1849.

RESTING here during the heat of the day—for, only three marches from Simla, and in November we have again got into hot weather—I shall spend the time in beginning a letter to you before moving into camp this evening at the foot of the hills. The climate has been really delicious since I last wrote to you, and as we left Government House yesterday morning at 6 o'clock, by the light of a splendid *full moon*, I thought that if Simla were always in the month of October, I could have strongly regretted leaving it. My health has accordingly continued to improve, I don't feel the 25-mile marches at all, and, in short, I am looking up, on the whole.

Everybody about myself is, *or seems to be* (for I grow suspicious, I find, as I grow older), vexed at the possibility they fancy they detect, that my sea voyage will be a per-

manent departure, and therefore by belief of one's partial usefulness I am more encouraged—if I needed encouragement—to exert myself to stay. My Council are doing their duty well in legislation. My Deputy-Governor of Bengal is exceeding my expectations. I have got the "ill bawbees" in the Punjab out of circulation, and have ordered the escorts to take them to Allahabad fortress. The Ameer is frightened out of his body and soul—Gholab Singh has hitherto been eager to lick the dust below my feet—Nepaul is your humble servant, and has just sent to pray my leave to send "Jung Bahadur" (their Prime Minister, who so frightened Sir H. Maddock last war) and their chief Sirdars on a *complimentary mission to England!* which I have entreated the Government to allow. Punjabee revenue performing better than it promised. Canals begun there. General revenue of all sorts rising, trade reviving. Financial Secretary alluding (this is something) to the closing of the 5 per cent loan—getting on as well as possible with C.-in-C. Altogether I have reason to be satisfied with the immediate prospect of this Empire as compared with its recent condition, and I feel rather "coosh," an expressive word they use here—comfortable—jolly as we used to say at college—snug.

Sir C. Napier still persists in saying he will go home, to other people, and in abstaining from saying so to me. Most people are of opinion that he will *not* go after all.

I have at last got the relief, and I have taken the opportunity of effecting the reduction of the war allowances, which, according to precedent, have been continued to the troops for a time. I do not anticipate any row, but reductions are always ticklish, and I shall be glad when it is well over. My own escort are the first on whom it will fall when it crosses the Beas with me—so nobody can say I am skulking, anyhow.

From Lahore I go on the proposed route. My increased strength has led me to contemplate an extended round, which I did not before think I had pith for. You shall hear it, if I can mature it.

Sir Chas. allows his daughter to go with him to Peshawar, but will suffer her to have no more than one hill-tent,

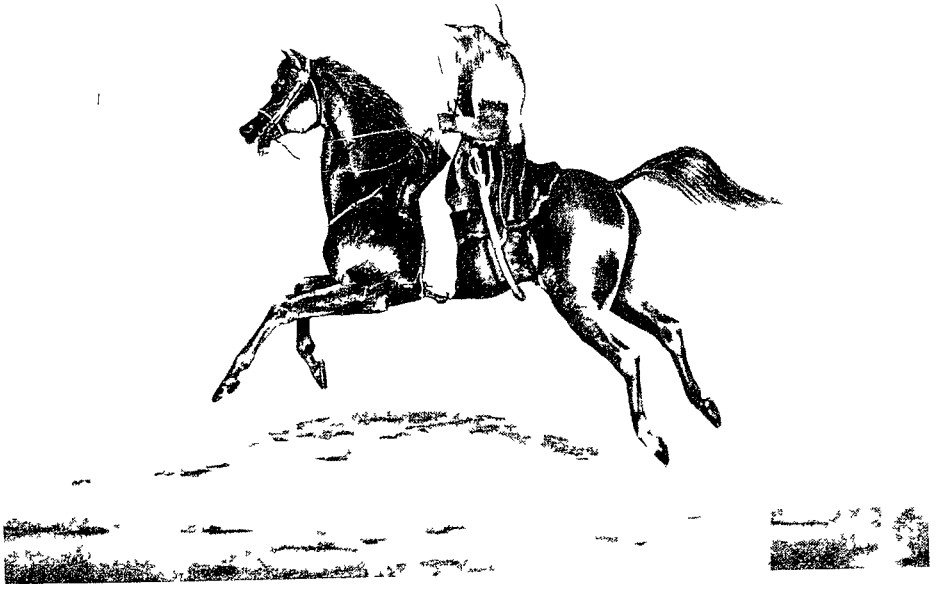
about 12 by 10 feet, and *half* a camel for baggage. He has forbidden any wine or beer, or potatoes, to be taken into camp for himself and staff, and will use none!! I think this is absurd in time of peace, and I fear people will attribute it to parsimony, which I do not believe to be the motive, but simply the Baggage Pamphlet.

Mountain and he do not hit it off at all, I fear. The deafness of the former is a great drawback—and both are particular.

CAMP, 6 MARCHES FROM LAHORE,
15th December 1849.

WE arrived at Lahore on the morning of 28th November. The chiefs came out to meet me, and the troops were paraded in considerable strength—there was abundance of God save the Queens, and lowered colours, and roaring salutes; and as the camp was pitched just under the walls of the citadel of Lahore, a fine mass of building, and as I knew that Chutter Singh, and Shere Singh, and Moolraj, our *prisoners*, as well as the little Maharajah, were looking down upon us, the sight was rather a fine one in sentiment as well as in gay externals.

The review was not as great an affair as was expected—not above 8000 or 9000 men. The dust was so tremendous that even when the troops were stationary, as I came up to the general salute, I very near rode over the C.-in-C. before I found out that I had arrived at the centre of the line, and I was totally unable to see either flank. You may fancy what it was when they began to move. I was pleased because I had never seen anything on that scale before, and I rode near a H. Artillery troop watching their working—and there was a devil of a fire, which was wholesome for the ears of Lahore. Sir Charles got into a terrific rage, and, I hear, cursed them all generally and individually up hill and down dale. He was furious even when I met him, and declared to me there was not an officer in the field fit to command his regiment—a sentiment which he afterwards communicated to them. He is



SIR CHARLES NAPIER

(KICKING UP A DUST)

talking everywhere very wildly, and mischievously—prognosticating an immediate attack from Gholab Singh, and asserting the certainty of a row—all of which is the very likeliest mode of producing the evil he prophesies. He asked me one day what powers he was to have in my absence on my journey. I communicated to him as blandly as I could that he would have no more power, and required no more power, than he has at present. Since I left Lahore I have taken the precaution of putting this in black and white, and detailing the course to be observed, thus preventing him getting up a row anywhere on his own account. At least I hope so, but I am a little fidgety lest he should commit some escapade.

The little Maharajah is an engaging little fellow, and has quite won my heart. He appears to be happy, enjoying his hawks and his fun, and already very fond of Dr Login, the officer who has had charge of him. Dr Login will accompany him to Futtehgurh, on the Ganges, in a few days. The only remaining member of the royal family—a little child—will go at the same time. The Sirdars and Moolraj will be removed under an escort very soon afterwards, and then I shall have the stage pretty clear. One actor is wanting—Bhaee Maharaj Singh, the *soi-disant* Gooroo who began the row, and is preaching rebellion now. I have offered 10,000 rupees for him (*not* dead or alive, as the newspapers say). He is a pestilent vagabond; and if I catch him, he shall be hanged, and so meet with his long-standing deserts. My own firm belief is that the C.-in-C. has no intention whatever of going home next year, though he preserves the same extraordinary silence he has kept all along. He is evidently discontented—he has not a hair's-breadth of space on which to found a complaint of not having what he ought to have, but manifestly frets over his secondary position, and I firmly believe expected that, somehow or other, it would be less secondary than it is. I see the necessity of being constantly on the watch over him and over myself. This is irksome, and I only hope it may get no worse than it is. As yet we have not had a word of difference.

I have been most highly pleased with all I have seen,

since I entered the Punjab. An immense deal of work has been done: every man has worked like a horse—worked with a will—and the results are already apparent. I have traversed the greater part of the Manjha; the most perfect order and civility have been shown. At Lahore, the Panch, or native Corporation, illuminated the city for me—*at their own hand*, and not by suggestion.

I went through the city thus at night by their invitation. They met me at the gate, stuck garlands all about me, even on my horse's ears (much to my Arab's indignation), and I then went through the city. Immense crowds were present, there was not so much as a mischievous boy out of his place, and perfect silence prevailed, except when they saw me, when salaams resounded wherever I passed. I am not stupid enough to suppose that this is really attachment to our rule, but it shows their *submission*,—that they are cowed and thoroughly in hand. Only eleven years ago, the English, guests of Runjeet Singh, and protected by his guards, were pelted through the streets of Lahore: is it not marvellous that such a change should be effected, on such a people, in such a time?

As I told you before, I have never added to my escort: everywhere, at Umritsir, in the Manjha, across the Ravee, in the jungles, I have never had more than two sowars, and have never for a moment wished for another, or had reason to wish. There are so many things to write about, I should tire you and exhaust myself; so I will only say I am right well pleased with my handiwork so far, and with those who are now handling it for me.

We had a terrible week of work and festivity at Lahore, but I have not felt it at all. My horse and I came rolling over a blind pit in the jungle the other day (do you remember the boy on the hill on the Windsor road, when my father came over?—"My eyes, what a hoist!"), and I have never felt it either. My mouth is not quite whole, but I consider myself better than I have been since June '46, and up to labour again. Accordingly I have told the President in Council that instead of going to sea and back again merely, I shall go by sea to Bombay—thence to Singapore, and so up the east coast to Calcutta, where,

after a short stay, I shall go back to Simla, and shall arrive there, I hope, as soon as I should do if I returned by the Indus. This will be a fine round—will, I think, do good publicly—and relieves me of the vexation I felt at appearing to be obliged to strike work even for a time.

The Koh-i-noor story was never audibly grumbled over. Having succumbed to Ellenborough's motion claiming the whole Lahore property for the Queen, they could not have rebuked me for specially destining a *part* for her. I saw it when at Lahore, and was in no respect disappointed. It is a superb gem. The grant of batta has not made the Court popular a bit. If any has credit, it is Ellenborough, as he intended. All the Court gets is murmuring that the batta was not for twelve months instead of six!

All my letters from the President of late have been exceedingly civil and obliging. I am very cautious, without being stiff, and write as fully as before. I hope we shall scratch on together to the end of his time, or mine, without a breeze. As for the Court, I receive, and shall continue to receive, their despatches; and having received, shall—"whistle o'er the lave o't." It is satisfactory to see that the Czar has changed his mind this time about the Khyber. We have had a little fight there with a village in the Eusufzye country, at the foot of the hills to north of Peshawar. Col. Bradshaw, of 60th Rifles, commanded a force who have punished them severely. We lost 4 men killed, and Captain Bingham wounded. These little dusts we must expect with tribes who *never* paid their revenue, except to arms, even to the Sikhs.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE INDUS,
January 21*st*, 1850.

MY last letter was despatched—a snap-shot—when we were in the midst of the jungles. It is a question whether it will ever reach you, and was made short accordingly.

It mentioned chiefly our having arrived at Mooltan on the 29th December, where I met the Nawab of Bhawulpore, and exchanged with him trays and tenderness. The

visit to Mooltan was interesting, as you may well conceive. My camp was pitched alongside the Eedgah where poor Agnew and Anderson were murdered, and the gibbet on which retribution was inflicted on their murderers still stood before the gate. The marks of the bombardment were still ruinously evident, and the fort stood a crumbling mass. The inner line of fortifications may be made serviceable again; the fortress as it stood when we attacked it, never can exist again. It was like a story-book, seeing the Sikki gate, and the Ram Teerut, and the Blue Mosque, and all the places one had read of from day to day with intense interest, and it was difficult to realise the hard matter of fact to oneself.

The day after I left Mooltan, from a spot about twenty miles down the river, I made a dash over to Dhera Ghazee Khan on the other side of the Indus. Tents were sent midway across the Sind Saugor Doab. We set off—Fane and I—by moonlight, at four in the morning, on elephants, —went twelve miles, and then got our horses. I travelled that day more than sixty miles, and rode fifty of them—inspected a regiment, received all sorts of people, crossed four streams of the Indus, and did not reach the tents till it was pitch dark, at 8 o'clock at night. Next morning we again mounted by moonlight, and got in at 9 o'clock, after twenty-five miles, to breakfast. I was not the least fagged or overdone, and was vastly pleased to find that after this I might consider myself really better.

I enjoyed the trip beyond anything. There we were, alone in that wild country, with half a dozen horsemen —most of them grim Pathans—skying along, at one time over fine cultivated land, and for some time in the actual desert, but without a vestige of a road anywhere, and free from all the cumbersome parade that kettles a Governor-General's tail wherever he goes. The last three hours were nearly pitch dark: there was just enough chance of tigers in the jungle, of quicksands in the river-bed, of capsizings in the Indus boats, and of broken knees and broken heads everywhere to make it racy; and when we went to bed, the only guard we had was a Jemadar's party of the Sikh regiment which belonged to the Maharajah, half of which

went over to the Dewan (Moolraj) at the siege of Mooltan! Of course I felt safe, as they had been true to us, notwithstanding bad example and temptation; but it added to the jolly feeling which the whole *fly* gave to me. I have not enjoyed anything so much for many a long day.

Since that time we have been steaming continuously down the river. With the exception of a few spots here and there, such as Sukkur in Upper and Hyderabad in Lower Scinde, nothing can be more uninteresting. The navigation of the Punjab rivers is miserable. Twice we were stationary for 48 hours each time, and the banks are covered only with jungle and sand. The Indus is a noble stream, but its scenery very tame—occasionally coming near the Hala range, which separates us from Afghanistan, &c., but generally flowing in a full, turbid stream of 500 to 800 yards wide—deep on one side, and full of sandy, shifting shallows everywhere else—through a continuous plain, dotted with infrequent spots of cultivation. Nobody should go to the Indus in expectation of seeing anything worth seeing except itself. At Sukkur I had a meeting with Ali Morad, the only remaining Ameer of Scinde, whose name is historical, and who is as great a rogue as I have the honour to know. He gave me a superb sword, which I shall purchase from the Toshakhana [Treasury],[1] and hope some day to show you.

At Hyderabad there was a Durbar for the kindred of the Ameers still left—the Sirdars and the hill chiefs. About 130 of them came, and the scene was extremely picturesque. When I broke up the Durbar they asked to be allowed to accompany me to the river, and followed me, most of them mounted on camels handsomely equipped, and with a crowd of followers. The rich dresses and arms of these men, and their wild Eastern caparison, thus making their salaam to one on the banks of the Indus, made one rub one's eyes to test whether it was not all a dream. It was a curious sight, and a pretty.

This morning we reached the sea, and are now wriggling our way through the tidal creeks in the numerous channels

[1] All presents to officials were deposited in the Toshakhana, where they were for sale.

of the Indus, towards Kurrachee, where I hope to be to-morrow, and to embark next day for Bombay, where I shall end this letter.

Lord Hardinge speaks truly when he says much remains to be told of the Sutlej campaign, and when told it will be, for the most part, to his honour. Sir Harry Smith probably writes as big as he talks, and believe me *his* part of it won't look so pretty as he paints it.

The old Duke never writes to me now; whether I am out of favour, or he has nothing to say, I do not know. I write to him occasionally, but not very often, for his part in the C.-in-C. affair, from May 1848 to March 1849, was not in my eyes like himself. He has sent me plans for bridging the Sutlej, &c., by Walker. You might as well commence a flying bridge from the planet Neptune to Uranus—but don't say so.

Sir John Hobhouse is very civil now, and is supporting my views against those of the Court—as I learn privately. In consequence, probably, they will hate me as much as he does. Think of my having a letter from old Lord Panmure, in which he congratulates me, and hopes to live till he can shake me by the hand yet. I fear that is impossible, but it is a sign of kindness, and I met it cordially.

ON BOARD H.C.S. "FEROZE,"
February 7th, 1850.

WE passed nearly a week at Bombay very pleasantly—as far as I was concerned, laboriously; for addresses, and levees, and native receptions, when all performed severally, with a ten-mile drive, are tiring enough. However, the people in all appearance were well pleased; and I hope the visit of the first Governor-General who ever was at Bombay was not altogether unprofitable, either for the public good or in gaining personal good-will.

The island and the scenery round are beautiful: the Government House and all about it so much more comfortable and enjoyable than my vast catacomb at Calcutta, that I am filled with envy—and Lord and Lady [Falkland]

were kind and amiable to us and to our whole party beyond anything. He seems to be popular there, and Lady F. also, though more reserved than they have been accustomed to.

'The Bombay Times,' from what I saw, will send home a flourishing account to you by this mail, and I only hope it will not make me talk the drivelling nonsense some of the other papers do.

On Saturday morning, 2nd, we sailed at daylight, and steamed down the Malabar coast for four days. The scenery all along this seaboard is very beautiful, and we had weather and water to a wish. This morning we looked in at Colombo, but as my Lord [Torrington, the Governor] was away, and nobody else seemed to be awake, we did not land, and are now approaching Galle. Here we shall coal, and then go on to Singapore.

I am surprised that Fox Maule's introduction to the Cabinet should have been unexpected by you. I think he is a better man than some already in it, and better than Sheil, whom I see they propose to put into it.

ON BOARD "FEROZE,"
March 4th, 1850.

SINCE I wrote to you from Ceylon we have pursued our way rapidly, pleasantly, and I believe profitably. With the exception of the two days after we left Galle, when a swell set down out of the Bay of Bengal, and exercised disturbing influences on the diaphragm of your humble servant and others, we have had a sea as smooth as the Serpentine, and wind enough only to fan us. A run of six days took us across the Bay of Bengal to Sumatra, and in three more days we anchored at Singapore. Here I remained three days, and then, in a night, to Malacca, where I spent two days. Forty-eight hours carried me to Penang, where I remained two days. In three days and a half we reached Moulmein river, and spent two days on the river and at the settlement. We left Moulmein yesterday morning, and are now on our way to Calcutta, which we hope to reach on 6th or 7th.

On 2nd January I left Mooltan, in sight of the Soliman mountains bounding India on the west; on 2nd March I reached Moulmein, and saw from it the mountains of Burmah, which bound the Indian Empire on the east! It is a wide span, and I question whether any *one* Viceroy, since kings were, has ever swayed his power between such far removed limits, or has been called by his duty to so gigantic a journey of inspection. "Be not puffed up," is an exhortation which the Private Secretary of a G.-G. should put inside the lid of the box which he daily sends up.

From what I have said you may judge that in all the elements of earth, air, and water, we have found great pleasure during this part of the tour. Singapore, Penang, and Moulmein are all very beautiful, each in a distinct character of scenery, and all different from India proper. At every place I have been presented with addresses from various bodies, couched in terms gratifying to me, and showing a good opinion of me, and a goodwill towards me, which the personal demeanour of the community encouraged me to believe were sincere. They smiled pleasantly on me, and even more pleasantly at parting than when we met: they cheered me, and went out of their way to show me respect and do me honour. It *may* be all hollow—I can't tell; but as these men have nothing to gain from me personally, I prefer not to think them humbugs, and to believe that they really conceive one has done some service, and that they really like one. Peradventure, I am a coxcomb for so thinking. If I am, it is a comfort that *very* few know what I think except yourself. They know that I thank them for their kindness, and that I *look* as if I thought they meant it: few besides yourself know much of my thoughts beyond my looks. Among others, I received one address at Singapore from the Chinese merchants, and I made them read it to me in Chinese! It was very comical; so was an assembly of all the Chinese boys and girls of the better classes, whom their mammas sent to visit my lady, all in a body. They came in full dress, and it was one of the most amusing, as well as the most interesting, assemblages I ever beheld. In the crowd, at my landing, there were members of seventeen

different nations!! It is a wonderful place—thirty-five years ago a piratical fishing village—now an immense rendezvous for all nations, with nearly 60,000 permanent inhabitants.

Short as my visit to the Straits Settlement has been, I feel certain it has done good to both parties, governors and governed; and I hope greater good will come of it.

CALCUTTA, *March 16th*, 1850.

TOUCHING the many floating reports of me and mine, I can only say once again that you are always informed of anything you would wish or ought to know. If the newspapers at any time say more or differently, discredit them.

You say they complain at the India House of my having ordered officers from Bengal, and put them over the heads of the older standers in the Punjab. I plead not guilty. I brought nobody from Bengal but Mansel, who was an up-country civilian—(moreover, he came when the Board was formed), and three junior Bengallis, of whom your son was one. If they mean to say that I refuse to be bound in the Punjab *strictly* by their withering seniority system, they are quite right. The work in the Punjab is of vital importance. I must have for it the best men I can get, and I will take them in such cases without reference to seniority. Even this I have not done often. I pay *due* regard to seniority, and give it effect, where there is no good reason for departing from it: where there *is* good reason for departing from it, I will do so, and will not brook interference.

On my arrival here I was greeted by the news of more mutiny in the Punjab. The whole of the 66th Regiment, the garrison of the fort of Govindghur, the most important place in all India perhaps, mutinied almost in a body, and even the guard attempted to close the gates against other troops, who fortunately were near. The C.-in-C. has acted promptly and well, and has disbanded them off his own bat. He had no power to do so, but I should have done the same in his place, and I shall support him in it fully. I hope this strong measure will put down everything of the sort; but whether or not, the Government orders on pay of October

25th are just and necessary, and I shall insist on them at all hazards. He admits this himself, and acts, so far as I know, firmly and cordially upon the instructions he has.

The Afreedee business has not been a very good one. We have burned their villages, but we lost an officer, and nearly 100 killed and wounded. The C.-in-C., by accompanying the small party, gave undue importance to the affair, and as only small results have been accomplished the Afghans and others will represent it as a failure. His own staff (army) are in great perplexity at his warlike propensities, and I hear confidentially were infinitely relieved at getting him away from the frontier without his having proposed to invade Cabul. The English papers copy his orders, so I need not send them to you. One, on the trial of the 32nd mutineers, is a specimen of the mixed rodomontade and Billingsgate which he uses, and which I cannot think either effective or becoming.

My Lady will start on Tuesday. I shall be anxious till she has well completed a long and fatiguing journey. For myself, I must remain here till the beginning of April. They have accumulated an immense mass of important business, which must, if possible, be disposed of before I go.

A despatch of mine, proposing to lessen the royalties of the Delhi sovereign on the next vacancy, has kicked up a tremendous row at home. I did not think I was throwing such a bomb among them. The Board of Control has been staunch in supporting me, and has got itself into conflict with the Court. I am sorry for it, because though I think the course I advised expedient, I did not deem it indispensable—certainly not worth quarrelling about. I am now trying to soothe, by finding a way to concede; and I hope to get them into good-humour again.

Sir William and Lady Gomm have both left a very favourable impression here. He said, while at Calcutta, that if he once went home he would not come out again. What Sir Charles means to do I cannot tell. He has, I hear, taken a house at Simla—but he says nothing to me, and the silence is so marked that I ask no questions.

The Nepaul mission is here, and goes home on 8th April. Jung Bahadur is a very intelligent man, and will be a great lion among you.

March 23rd.

These rascals in the hills will plague us yet. Sir Charles seems to have had enough of them. He writes me now objecting to any more operations against them, and saying I ought to make peace, and *pay them* an annual subsidy to keep the peace! All very well, but we must show them we are masters first, which naturally they do not now believe.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
April 1st, 1850.

MY Lady's journey has been, so far as I have heard, a tiresome and fatiguing one. A bran-new carriage, built to be perfect, has turned out detestable; and the arrangements in ponies, &c., by the new Company which conveyed her are very bad. However, she had been gaining strength every day since she started when I last heard from her, and I daresay after Benares she will get on very well. The road from thence is beautiful, and the horses practised. She goes to Mussoorie, and thence travels through the hills to Simla. This will make the last part of her journey cool and easy.

"Up in the morning's no for me"; but, nevertheless, I turn out now in the most exemplary manner at gunfire, and ride for an hour or so before the sun gets hot, and either walk or drive in the evening. The weather is growing very hot, but I continue in perfect health, and feel none of the exhaustion yet which prostrated me in Bengal before. Everything about me is sound save only a small point in my nose which won't get well. This vexes me a little, but still it is so trifling compared with what it has been that no importance need be attached to it.

They have gathered a vast amount of important business to wait for me here, which I am gradually getting through. I daily awake more and more to the consciousness that the place of the G.-G. is here with the Council, if any measures

of internal improvement are to be prosecuted. Political considerations must carry me to the north just now, but I see all the disadvantages of it to the older provinces, and I doubt I could not satisfy my conscience if I did not return here before the hot weather of 1851.

I expect to hear they have been pitching into me in the House of Commons about Delhi, and the succession of Indian princes. "Deil ma care." Somebody else will do it instead of me, that's all. I have given way on some points in deference to the Court, and in accordance with Hobhouse's wish. He has supported me staunchly, but evidently (with Lord J.) wishes himself out of it.

The regiments have been quiet since the 66th affair, and indeed we had no specific reason for suspecting any given regiments. I have had some disagreeable jobs here; turning the Chief —— here out of his office for gross neglect, and one old civil servant, who sat in Council with my father, out of the service altogether for grossly dishonourable conduct in money matters. There have been some bad cases of this sort lately, and the Court should mind their eye and visit such things sternly, for 1853 is coming. The Court have been too much inclined sometimes to shield delinquents.

Mountain writes to me that Sir C. Napier has taken a house at Simla, though "he did not come to India to keep himself cool," and that he talks now of going home in October next. I will add something when the mail closes.

April 8th.

The weather has grown awfully hot during the last week: what with the amount of work, the hurry which is worse than the work, and a bad cold which I caught at a ball I gave the people, like a fool, and where they danced in a temperature something under boiling water till past 3 o'clock in the morning, I have rather gone back, but not materially, I think. I was to have started to-day, but it was impossible, and I go on 15th. If not sublimated on the road or resolved into a volatile oil, I shall be at Simla in the first days of May.

The C.-in-C. is to be at Simla. He gives out now he will possibly go in October. I hear he was very unwell at Lahore. In reply to my remarks on his letting off the commanding officer of the ——th with a reprimand, he says he quite agrees with every word I say, but that he is one of the best officers we have. If an officer who grossly disobeys important and peremptory orders (whereby his regiment is permitted if not led to mutiny) is "one of the best" he has, the lot must be a queer one!! He should have been broken, as more blamable than his sepoys, and so he would have been; but he did not disobey *my* orders—he disobeyed the C.-in-C.'s, and I could not get my finger in upon him. The other day he reported an officer so totally unfit for command that he could not trust him with a regiment, and he therefore asked me to create a 2nd Lieut.-Colonelcy in some regiment, that he might put him out of the way in that! I said no, I can't create a 2nd Lieut.-Col., even for a good officer, and I certainly won't for a bad one. If this officer is what you represent, I suspend him from employment, and recommend the Court to force him to retire. I did so. But it was the duty of the C.-in-C. to maintain his army by suggesting this course to me, and not to cover the man, and throw on me the odium of refusing. These are instances of inequality in his justice, and his official conduct, which make me gravely doubt whether his chief principle of action is not impulse.

DAK BUNGALOW, KYRASOLE,
April 16th, 1850.

AGAIN I am in the jungles—though this time they were Bengallee, not Scindee. On the 13th I went to Barrackpore, and on the 15th set out for the hills. An immense deal of business has been despatched—I don't mean by myself only, but in consequence of my being at headquarters. Besides what you knock off yourself, everybody's wheels are set agoing in a manner wonderful to behold, and which only shows how completely, from the con-

struction of this Government, the G.-G. is by others made to be the key, chain, and mainspring of the machine. We have passed many laws. Several very large pieces of legislation, which from the opposition and dislike to them have acquired the name of the *Black Acts*, have been kept for me. The one having a sub-nickname —the Hindu Black Act—I have passed, and it is one of moment. By the Hindu law, every man ceasing to be a Hindu ceases to have any right of inheritance to property of any kind. In consequence of this, every convert—Christian converts among others—were subjected to penalty by severe civil loss on change of their religious belief. I hold that in India the eternal principles on which British law is founded should prevail as elsewhere; and that while we leave to the Hindu there to be *mainly* governed by his own law, we cannot permit in India, any more than elsewhere, that a man should be exposed to penalty or to civil injury by reason of his religious belief. Therefore we have enacted that no Hindu shall lose his inheritance rights if he quits his religion.

All Hindus have the remedy in their own hands, for they have power to will their property as they please. The bigoted ones raise an outcry, and so, I daresay, will some of the old school in England—disciples of the school which declared, when a bishop was appointed to India, that it was the death-warrant of British power. We do preserve to Hindus their religion and their laws in the mass. We never pledged ourselves to maintain both *intact;* and after having, twenty years ago, interfered directly to prohibit suttee, I have not been disposed to yield to clamour (such as it was), or to abstain from interdicting what was an unjust penalty on Hindus who receive the Gospel, while the interdiction is no hardship on Hindus themselves. I wish that the Government should abstain from proselytising, because I believe they would impede at present, not promote, its advance; but abstaining from proselytising and permitting the continuance of grave infliction of injuries on those who become proselytes are two very different things. So the law has passed, and it was a good day's work when done. The other

Black Acts, by which Europeans, who all over India are now subject only to criminal courts in Calcutta, are hereafter to be subjected to the courts in the provinces, have not been passed. I quite think the present mischievous exemption should be abolished; but I think a better criminal law should first be provided than the present—which is, in fact, the Mahometan law modified to our regulations. A code has been prepared for ten years, and has never been passed. The labour of passing it will be immense; but I have told the Council I can't assent to the Acts without the code. They have agreed, and are to go at it. My law colleague, Bethune, whom you perhaps recollect, hates the code, and if he can help it, it never will pass. But I have high and learned authority on my side that it is fit to pass, and pass it shall somehow. Unluckily, I am obliged to go; but I told them before I went that if I remained they should sit every day in council till either it was passed or some other code for it, and some of my colleagues seemed determined to do it. All this was in perfect good-humour, and I think the rest of them will beat Bethune for me. I believe his objections are in good faith, but he overrates the difficulty; and where so many great lawyers say the code is good, I am not prepared to reject it because he pronounces it bad. So you will see the code will pass somehow, and that will be a great work.

I have started also a large experiment on electric telegraphs for India (for success in Western is not conclusive as to the success of this great agent in these electrical climes) and Post Office reform, and other lesser affairs. It has been tremendous work; but a deal has been done, and I am well pleased on the whole.

My council has been changed since I was here last, and I was not sure how the new team would drive. Nothing can be better. They are most willing to aid, and show every symptom of personal goodwill that I could wish. This is very agreeable—especially as I shall have them for the rest of my time.

I have been obliged to give the C.-in-C. a punch in the head at last. He sent me a second Memorandum on

the occupation of the Punjab more offensive than the first. I have written a quiet minute, to be formed into a letter, to him, and have sent the papers home remarking more fully on the tone and character of his papers. I have, however, referred only to misrepresentations and injustices, and have avowedly passed by what was offensive in expression or tone, leaving that to cure itself before the court. At last he has issued an order which compels me to speak. You know that my great object for six months has been to equalise and assimilate the sepoys' pay in all British provinces, and to withdraw the war allowances in the Punjab. I have done so in the full knowledge of the risk, which mutiny in more than one corps has shown not to be visionary. Sir Charles Napier fancied he found a discrepancy between two orders—one in 1845 and one in 1849—regarding the mode of calculating the compensation to be paid to sepoys when their fixed ration exceeds a certain price in the market—one of the many liberal rules of this service. He immediately issues an order that the troops in the Punjab should have their compensation calculated according to the rule of '45, and *then* writes to the President in Council to say he is sure this rule of '49 is a mistake, and that the Government will support him in what he has done! This took place while I was at sea. The President in Council tells him he is quite wrong—there is no mistake at all: the rule is just and right and politic, and was formally issued in 1847 in a G.O. which is in H.E. office, and was repeated in 1849, but adds he will issue no order till the G.-G. returns. When I came back the thing is done. It is very ticklish to reverse any order about pay at any time in India,—it is *impossible* for me to do so now when the feeling is feverish, and when the order has been given by C.-in-C. and the sepoys therefore see him on their side. Thus all I have done in six months is reversed in two minutes!! Now, is not this too bad? I could not reverse,—I could only tell him my mind. I have done so civilly but unmistakably. I have told him the P. in C. was perfectly right—there was no mistake: the rule was just, and it was clear. If it had not been clear

the proper course for H.E. was to have addressed the Government and pointed out what he thought an error, and then awaited their reply; and not hastily to issue an order for which there was no demand even, which he had no power to issue, and which the Government could not prudently reverse. I have told him that consideration of these papers makes it necessary for me to say, for H.E.'s future guidance, that I will not permit the C.-in-C., under any circumstances, to issue orders affecting the pay of the army in India, and so to exercise an authority which does not belong to him, and which has been reserved, and most properly reserved, for the Supreme Government alone. He will be furious, I daresay, but I have him on the hip. He everywhere declares publicly that he goes to England in October: no one knows whether he will or not.

You ask what could set the G.-G. rolling with his charger in the jungle. Answer very simple,—natural causes. All the country between Lahore and Mooltan is jungle,—no road—not even a track except what we made ourselves. There was a great hole—a jow bush [shrubby tamarisk] grew in it, and filled it all up to the edges, so that it looked like solid. My horse at all events thought it so, and put his foot on the edge; his leg went down some two feet, and he and I bit the dust promiscuously.

The account you have given of the Duke of Wellington is very good, on the whole. I doubt his living six months if he retired from official occupation, but still his friends must wish it. No man at eighty-one can be otherwise than inferior to what he was in his vigour, and when a man's "has been" is so marvellously great, the change is felt the more. I saw an old lady the other day at Calcutta, who recollected him well there after Assaye, and always spoke of him as Colonel Wellesley. She remembers, too, seeing Warren Hastings brought home wounded from his duel with Francis, and yet she is as active and young in mind as anything I ever saw.

Bethune has commenced a great work here by the successful commencement of female education among the children of respectable Hindus. He began only twelve

months ago, and has succeeded not only in getting up a good school at Calcutta, but half a dozen more round about. I took it up on the part of the Government, and all the Council except Sir John Littler (who thought that a smattering of English would lead them to immoral habits!—wonderful conclusion, even if the teaching was a smattering of English, which it is not!) concurred in placing these schools under the Government, like the boys' schools. I believe this is the beginning of a great revolution in Indian habits. The degradation of their women has been adhered to by Hindus and Mahometans more tenaciously than any other custom, and the change will do more towards civilising the body of society than anything else could effect.

April 18th.

I am not surprised to see that the G.O. of H.E. here are creating some stir at home, and still more his constant public references to expected service in the field. It is very mischievous. I have done my best to counteract it on all occasions by proclaiming that Government desires and believes in peace, and men with brains are thereby satisfied, but boys and adventurers are fevered by the warrior, and my composing draught is not taken. I have said so much about him that you will be tired of the topic.

I am glad to see that old Hugo has been well received. The coupling of "Lord G. *and* Major Edwardes," and the probable presence of the latter at all the festivities to the Chief, will be a bitter pill to the old gentleman. There was great jealousy—Edwardes was formerly his A.D.C., and the whole Gough set hate Edwardes, and run him down. I see he has been talking or writing nonsense already. I hope he won't lose his head, for he is a very pleasant fellow, and a clever. They have been having a coroner's inquest on me again at Calcutta—superfluous. I had a bloody nose—not nearly so bad as last year,—and it went off. They would have brought it in *felo de se*, I daresay, only they heard next day I was off dak.

P.S.—I ticked off No. 38 yesterday! Getting serious.

MUHASSOO, *May 16th*, 1850.

I AM rather in the dolefuls this post, having a sick house, from myself to the collie on the rug, for it is bitter cold. My wife, partly from vexation, I believe, at my relapse, partly from attacks peculiar to these hills, has been very unwell, and is very weak, but recovering,—the A.D.C. has got ague, and the collie has cut its leg on a bottle, hunting for stones, and limps about with the wounded limb in a child's stocking, sticking it into everybody's face for pity. So we are, you see, a melancholy group. I am, however, thankful to recollect how much better I am than I was this time last year, and I think we shall do very well.

Sir Charles has had dysentery, and is as blue as his own coat, which has *some white* in it. He is very sore about my pulling him up, as I told you I had done. Some say he has resigned on that ground. If he ventures to put that on paper I will crucify him; and at all events I will take care that the real facts are known at home. I have heard many strange things of him since I came here. To show you how necessary it was for me to curb him by orders, he said to one of his officers, *who told me*, after a review at Peshawar, "Look at that force: if I were not tied hand and foot by the G.-G., by God! I would be in the Khyber to-morrow, and in a fortnight I would be at Cabul,"—a safe man to command an army, and to go out of your way to give civil power to!! Before me he is nervous, restrained, cowed: I have no restraint, for I feel none; and we are "as civil as be d—d." His Adjutant-General [Lt.-Col., afterwards F.-M. Sir P. Grant, G.C.B.], who alone has any influence with him, has resigned; the Judge-Advocate-General was going to do the same because H.E. made as if he would throw the Articles of War at him for a court-martial failing! By the way, he has issued such an order on this same. The Court quoted Act 9th, George IV. He tells them that courts-martial have nothing to do "with ancient statutes of ancient kings"!!! I will send it to you if I can get it. Apart from the merits of the case, the style and language of the order are, I think, very improper. He is much down. He is conscious, they say, that the Kohat affair was a

failure, and his conduct in the field is described by all as most unexpected—excited to frenzy—just like Meean Meer review. In short, he has lost greatly here, and everybody now says positively goes in October. Let him go when he will, he has been no aid to me, but a stumbling-block. He goes into European barracks, urges the men to make complaints, and abuses the *Government* to them violently—general officers have told me this.

You tell me the directors thought the C.-in-C. might have inveigled me into taking up an oar in his boat. On what grounds they placed that very inconsequential conclusion I know not. At all events, I am much indebted to them for thinking me a blockhead. Our estimate of each other is mutual. I despise both the understanding of the Court and its political conduct as a body, whatever the members may be individually; for I need not tell you, who have lived sixty years in the world, that the conduct of a gentleman in his own room, and the same gentleman as member of a body, are widely different. The mystery I can neither unravel nor comprehend, but the Court of Directors are no exception to the general rule. In truth, it is difficult, as a man matures, to find contempt enough for those who conspicuously deserve it. Look at the dinners to Lord Gough in March '50. Listen to what the first men in England are saying. Recall what they said *and did* in March '49 and March '46, and compare the loathsome records. Faugh!—it is enough to knock down anything not fresh from training in the brimstone of the father of lies. As for expressing difference of opinion with the court respectfully, I have expressed no difference at all—I have given way to them.

The Koh-i-noor sailed from Bombay in H.M.S. *Medea* on 6th April. I could not tell you at the time, for strict secrecy was observed, but I brought it from Lahore myself. I undertook the charge of it in a funk, and never was so happy in all my life as when I got it into the Treasury at Bombay. It was sewn and double sewn into a belt secured round my waist, one end through the belt fastened to a chain round my neck. It never left me day or night, except when I went to D. Ghazee Khan, when I left it with

Capt. Ramsay (who now has joint charge of it) locked in a treasure-chest, and with strict orders that he was to sit upon the chest till I came back! My stars! what a relief it was to get rid of it. It was detained at Bombay for two months for want of the ship, and I hope, please God, will now arrive safe in July. You had better say nothing about it, however, in your spheres till you hear others announce it. I have reported it officially to the court, and to her sacred Majesty by this mail.

SIMLA, *May 25th*, 1850.

[THE body of this letter consists of a lengthy explanation by Lord Dalhousie of his inability to advance the interests of George Couper, partly on account of the rules of the service, and partly on account of rules laid down by himself for his own guidance. He concludes by saying, "All I wish is to put you in possession of the facts, that you both see the pros and cons of his proposal, and also that you may be satisfied that I have done, and do, all that I can for him, and that 'all' is very little." The preceding passages are omitted, being of little general interest. They show plainly that Lord Dalhousie would not favour the son of his greatest friend, unless it could be done without prejudice to the public service, or the interests of other civil servants of longer standing.—ED.]

The establishment is rather in better repair than on 16th. The aide-de-camp has got well, and so has the collie. I am thankful to say I am much better. My wife alone lags behind. She has had a severe attack, for which these mountains are notorious, and it is small comfort to her to say that every other person is ill in the same way. In about a fortnight I hope to get away from this and into the interior. As far as I am concerned, it is a measure merely of precaution, for except the *local* in the nose, I am perfectly well.

Many people are ill, and the C.-in-C. looks wretchedly so. His Excellency has allowed a month to pass without answering my rebuke, as he said he would. He has found

out now that the very order he quoted was cancelled three years before, and that consequently he is altogether in the wrong box. However, I shall send home the papers with my observations in case he is running cunning. Since I wrote to you the Judge-Advocate-General has been with me regarding the court-martial I mentioned. I have refused to interfere while the case is not officially before the Government, and have strongly advised him, if possible, to avoid a crisis and collision. But I doubt I may be drawn into it yet, for it appears H.E. has garbled the *Advocate-General's* letter on the case sent from Calcutta, and I expect that functionary to remonstrate next. I find he is very angry with me for not publishing his despatch about Kohat and the Afreedees. I never did him or anybody a greater favour than by *not* publishing it. So I fancy you will think in England; and the impression here of his field qualities as exhibited there is more unfavourable than I care to write.

In the meantime the Afreedees have knocked under, and promised to be good boys, which will last probably for a time; and every month of quiet we gain strengthens our general position so much as to render the chance of small outbreaks unimportant in comparison. Everywhere else there is entire tranquillity.

My interest in home politics is now concentrated on one fact—who may be President of the Board of Control.

I have sincere confidence in Capt. Shepherd's [chairman of court] frankness and honest dealing. I have never had a tart word with any of his predecessors, and I have no doubt we shall pull very well together.

P.S.—26th. The Commander-in-Chief came to me yesterday and told me he had sent in his resignation, *and* an answer to my rebuke. I have not yet received the latter, and as the post goes to-day he has gained a mail on me, if he has founded his resignation on my letter, for his complaint will go without my statement! This is tricky, but tricks don't pay. He is going, and joy go with him.

SIMLA, *June 9th*, 1850.

YOU may put me up at Tattersall's when you please, with full warranty—sound wind and limb, and without blemish! I have now nothing whatever the matter with me, inside or out. I have not been in so good health since I took office in 1843. Thank God for it, and let it last. My Lady also is mending very rapidly. She is still weak, but strong enough for a ball without feeling it. In a few days we go to Kunawur. It is a province near the snow, where the rains do not come, and where the climate is described as better than anything since Eden: we shall see. I am vexed at going, for it looks sick, and is inconvenient; but I did not think it right to disregard the urgent advice of the medical people, so we go. The post will reach me in forty hours, though the journey is fourteen days, so that I am not out of reach. My C.-in-C., as I told you on 26th ult. hastily, has resigned, professedly because of the punch in the head which he forced me to give him. He does not resign on account of anything in the mode of doing what was done, but on the ground that he does not "feel safe" unless he has the power he claims, and unauthorisedly assumed—viz., that of raising or altering the regular pay of the army whenever he judges it expedient or necessary to do so! If this is to be, a G.-G. and council are quite superfluous—there will be a power more powerful than either, and the E.I. Company might economise to that extent in the charges of civil administration. His letter is violent and unbecoming beyond even him. I would give my ears to deal with it as I would in a review; but I have not yielded to that temptation, and have replied in the measured tone of an official paper, and very quietly as I believe, and I wait without the slightest anxiety the verdict of the authorities at home. My only fear is that he will use the engine by which he has chiefly wound himself up to the undeserved elevation he held—namely, the Press; there he can misrepresent, and I am dependent for answer, and defence, on those at home. I know the secret history of this; and if I chose to use private information, and private letters, I could tear him limb from limb. This of course I shall not do, and I leave him unreluctantly any advantage

he can derive from such a source. He has long sought a grievance. He feels (so his familiars admit) that he has lessened his reputation — that his command has been a failure. Besides, *I* am quite well again—and wild as the dreams might have been, he had his dreams as connected with my *shoes*. Mortified vanity and disappointed ambition have made him miserable, but he wanted a grievance to go out upon, and he thinks he has got it. I think he is very much mistaken, and my confidence in the goodness of my own cause is reinforced by the conviction which recent mails have brought me, that his favour at home has been on the wane for some months. Personally I don't *let* him quarrel with me, but when he is with me you would think he was tarred and feathered, so uneasy and fidgety is he. In his place I suppose we shall have Gomm. No one can say how he will turn out—he can't be worse than the present man in administration, and in the field Sir Charles' reputation in India is very different from what it was in February 1849.

Everything continues quiet. The Afreedees have again begged pardon, and I have sent them my conditions, which they will no doubt accept.

It has been unprecedentedly hot at Simla this year—82° in the house, the usual range being below 70°.

Your account of the old Duke is very good. I have a very warm feeling towards the old man, notwithstanding some of his acts and words.

Everything that has come to me from England of late has been pleasant. Hobhouse very civil, even kind—the court very much pleased at my giving way to their imbecility about the King of Delhi,—and last mail I had a most gracious communication from the Queen with the portrait of the young princes. That is the sort of thing that keeps a man's heart up, and makes him work with a will.

I told James Ramsay [cousin, afterwards M.-Gen.], who has gone home with the Koh-i-noor, to call on you; he will tell you all about us.

CAMP TERANDA IN KUNAWUR,
June 22nd, 1850.

BEFORE I left Simla I sent my minute to the C.-in-C. and home by that mail. I have heard since that he is very wroth indeed, and is proposing a reply. I expected this, and am prepared for a letter offensive and insolent in the extreme. I shall avoid controversy as far as it can properly be avoided, and, be assured, I shall not allow any language to provoke me into loss of temper. As a private gentleman I would not answer for myself—as a public officer I can answer for myself confidently. But all this is very disagreeable.

We are now in Kunawur, at the top of a high hill, but still at the foot of the snowy range over us. Few Europeans comparatively have ever been here, and the difficulty of getting along a G.-G. is not small—though if they would only let G.-G. go on his own ten toes, he could get along easily enough. I have sent on the bodyguard, however, 25 sepoys! and have kept a powerful rearguard of a havildar, and six men, to keep my dignity from dropping behind!! The hills are, however, tremendous, and the paths unimaginable—some traversable only on foot, or in a sort of hammock slung on one pole. My Lady stood eight hours of this sort of work yesterday, but it is very fatiguing for her, and she is devoured with every creeping thing as is. We are now pitched in a fine grove of deodars, the Sutlej some 3000 feet below us but roaring audibly even there, and a splendid mountain-range round us. I am perfectly well in every way, and find I can walk a little yet.

CHINI IN KUNAWAR,
June 30th, 1850.

YOUR ministry really is too wretched for anything, and yet I don't know where to change. I shall wish their permanency all the more if they stand by me in this difference with Sir C. Napier. I heard of his writing to one of his army staff, "The Laird of Cockpen shall have his answer," and from other sources I have heard that my minute has made him

very furious, as was to be expected. Yesterday I was told that he had sent the said answer home on 26th inst., but he has not yet transmitted it to me. I cannot conceive what it can contain except abuse, and I have no doubt that commodity will be abundant. His staff give out that he is sure to be asked to stay another year, but I hardly think they can do that, unless they mean to throw me over altogether.

We arrived here yesterday, after a fortnight's travel. The track, for it hardly could be called a path, was desperate, and for women terrific. It is simply the native track, neither engineered nor formed. Flights of stairs formed of loose stones are the chief ascents, and sometimes stairs of trunks of trees. In rounding the corners of the precipices I have seen the track not 3 feet wide, and the Sutlej 3000 feet or so sheer below you! My Lady was carried in a thing they call a dandy, like a hammock slung on a single pole. It is carried on two men's shoulders, and long rope-traces are attached by which they pull up the ascents where the zigzags are long enough to allow it, and lower you down the steep descents on the other side. Near to this place you cross a face of rock several hundred yards long, and as many high, by continuous flights of these steps, and rude wooden platforms supported on pegs of wood driven into the clefts of the cliffs. The descent is direct to the river, I should say nearly 5000 feet below! It was very grand but *really* funky. We passed from thence into the valley situated between the ranges of the snowy mountains, but filled with luxuriant vineyards of the finest grapes, with orchards of apricots, and with pears, peaches, walnuts, and chestnuts. The Raldung, one of the eternal snows, rises to 23,000 feet in height opposite to us,—the avalanches are daily audible, roaring down its sides, and yet the valley is covered with rich corn crops, and adorned with forests of deodars high up, and green hardwood trees below. It is a strange mixture of beautiful contradictions, and on first sight appears charming. I shall be able to tell you more about it next month. The mail will be only 46 hours from Simla, and I can get there in four days, so that I am ready if wanted. On the road I saw the deodars in glory. I measured a good many in one grove in which we were

encamped,—several were between 18 and 21 feet in girth, and one veteran measured 36 feet round.

Everything in India continues quiet except the C.-in-C. He lately ordered an officer (who was sentenced by court-martial to be reprimanded) to copy out the articles of war besides. I hear the officer refused; if so, he was wrong—but surely the punishment was an unbecoming and an injudicious one.

The Afreedees have disappointed me. Their chiefs signed all the submissions and conditions, but the lower rascals repudiated,—they have committed no act of violence, but only because we were timely warned. I have ordered that they shall be rigidly excluded from the two valleys of Kohat and Peshawar, whereby I expect to starve them into humility. If not, they must be proceeded against next autumn, I hope with better management than the last time.

This day half of my time in India is over, and with that consolatory reflection I shall stop for the present.

July 6th.

As you say, my notions [1] (which are, let me say, the notions of *all* here entitled to give and best enabled to form an opinion) regarding Delhi do not correspond with the act of Lord Wellesley. But the world is fifty years older since his time—so is the Timour Dynasty, so are the feelings of the Mahometans—and the world has changed a good deal, while it was growing older in those fifty years. Is it not possible that the Delhi question may have changed a little also? Let them show that my *reasons* are bad, and I will admit an error; but when they say only that Lord Wellesley did not think so, my argument is as good as theirs in replying, If Lord W. had been G.-G. now, he would have advised as I did—the only difference is, that he would probably have *done* it first and advised it afterwards. So would I if occasion required; but I reserve such insubordination for great occasions, and don't think it worth while in such concerns as this, whose only importance is derived from the loudness with which the geese cackled, who thought their capitol in danger in Leadenhall Street.

[1] See p. 191.

Your account of the children in Edinburgh is very pleasing. I am as happy about them as one can be separated from them.

The last news from France is not nice. I can't anticipate a quarrel if both wish to avoid it, but small matters[1] make quarrels between great nations when either one or other is inclined for it. As you truly say, the Government are to blame, as well as Lord Palmerston, but still he is the original mischief-maker. From my last letters this affair is really likely to make a Ministerial crash, and I am anxious for the next mail.

The valley has been very agreeable. We have had occasional light showers during the week, but the air is dry, mild, and clear.

CAMP CHINI, *July 22nd*, 1850.

THE Duke—worthy man—has his "maggots," like lesser people. He has never said anything to me about the G.-G. being always at Calcutta, though I know he has a strong opinion as to its being retained as the seat of government. However, a G.-G. is sometimes required also away from Calcutta, and all of the authorities approve of my absence now. As a general proposition, the Duke is quite right—the G.-G.'s proper place is at the Presidency.

I have not found any bluntness in Capt. Shepherd's letters. On the contrary, he has shown much consideration. As for his being outspoken—that is all right, and is infinitely preferable to his predecessor's course, who, on all the great events of last year, wrote to me privately in the most fulsome terms, and yet passed a public letter over which I foam every time I think of it.

As to the rhododendrons, there are no special ones at Simla; but I wrote immediately to Dr Hooker, who had found great beauties in East Himalaya, and asked him to send seeds to his father at Kew, to be forwarded to Bowles at Osborne—as you mentioned Osborne; and I told him I had so done.

You may well say I have made Sir C. Napier my mortal

[1] *I.e.*, the Don Pacifico incident.

enemy. He is "neither to haud nor to bind," and publicly abuses me, I hear, on every occasion. His conduct is every day more intemperate, and his papers to the Government more so. On my return to the hills, I requested that any correspondence of his with the civil authorities in the Punjab might be conducted, as usual, through the Secretary to Government, except in *emergency*, when, of course, he should consult the public interest, and write direct, if expedient. He wrote to say that, as he was not capable of judging what the G.-G. considered to constitute an emergency, he should decline to address the civil officers direct, under any circumstances!! Really it was what one would whip a petted child for! However, I could not let it stand, or on an emergency he would have pleaded my orders. I merely said in reply that emergency was a very common word—whose meaning did not depend on the G.-G.'s interpretation, but which had a well-ascertained meaning of its own; and I added that I felt confident that if an emergency should occur, Sir C. Napier would recognise it, and would communicate with local officers direct, as his duty would in such case require. But how can I, or any other man, carry on the duties of the Government against such a spirit as that?

My last letters from home quite satisfy me of support. The court and the Government are both very wroth with him for his minute on the Punjab, and unless some great change should take place they must be driven wild almost with his subsequent acts and words. The prospect, therefore, is satisfactory to me.

The climate here continues to be all we expected—English in its temperature and variations. We are both perfectly well.

In India everything is going on quietly. The Afreedees are bottled up in their hills, and there they are.

CHINI, *August 4th*, 1850.

I HAVE nothing to tell you, so that my say will be but empty talk. In truth, however, the saying that no news

is good news is specially true in India. For, with so many millions of human souls under one,—all ready-ripe for mischief (I suppose), like human souls elsewhere—with so many kingdoms, and people, and tongues to answer for, it might well be expected that something would go wrong somewhere every day of the week. To be able, therefore, to say fortnightly "we are all quiet here" is right good news, and to be told gratefully. The Afreedee vagabonds are beginning to sound us again, but I have directed the officers to give them the cold shoulder for the present. We have bestowed their stipend on a tribe which holds another pass, and thus have secured an access to Kohat. If this tribe also should be faithless, we have a pass of our own, though a circuitous one, so that risk there is none. Still, we cannot let the recusant tribe permanently exclude us from the *direct* pass, since our credit would thereby suffer, and our security would consequently be proportionably diminished; and unless they lick the dust now, we must take the pass by force of arms. Yet I cannot say a word about it at present, or make any preparation. I know well that if I were to broach the subject to Sir C. Napier it would produce only fresh abuse of the local Government, protests against the measure, and obstruction to its prompt and successful execution. Since his own very poor performance against the hill tribes last winter, his cue has been to magnify their numbers and power, and to exaggerate the difficulties of subduing them, and to frighten the Government, if he can, from having anything to say to them except in subsidising them. Any intimation of my intention to proceed against them would bring these motives into play with renewed violence, and would produce opposition to everything I proposed. If he should remain here, of course I shall make him do what I bid him, when the proper time comes; but for the present I say nothing, in the hopes of hearing of a successor to him before long. The childish peevishness which he now exhibits from time to time in his public letters to me would be laughable, if it were not tiresome by forcing me to record an answer to each petulant outbreak; for every single grievance, as he regards each order he gets, will be carefully bottled up

to be produced in England, and an answer must be corked up also to meet it. I make my replies as civil as be ——, and I suppose he perceives he does not get the best of it, as he has never attempted a rejoinder to any one letter, or to the minute on his resignation. I hope some friend of his in Parliament will call for the papers; for his case is so bad, and I am so well satisfied with my side of it, that I should wish the verdict on it to be given by no less numerous a jury than the Parliament and British public. I should have liked to send you a copy of the papers, but I could not do so without impropriety.

The Gooroo Bhai Maharaj Singh has been reported as lodged safely in gaol at Singapore. He, and Colonel Richpaul Singh — a very able, active, and unscrupulous scoundrel — were the only two men of mark who escaped, or did not surrender to Sir Walter Gilbert. The Gooroo was taken in December last, and Richpaul alone was at large. On my way up here, one of my A.D.C.'s—young Bowie, who was a prisoner to the Sikhs—swore he saw him one evening on the road, mounted and armed to the teeth, near Allyghur; and I obtained authentic information that he was hanging about the Doab, of which he was a native. I ordered him to be apprehended. Steps were taken for doing so, and he was taken, but already dead—strangled either by his own hand or by others.

Thus, within eighteen months after the close of the war, *every single man* who was reckoned dangerous to the State has been disposed of—not one is at large; for even Narain Singh,—a second-rate villain,—who escaped the other day, has again been recaptured. Nevertheless, according to Sir Charles Napier, there is a "weak Government in the Punjab." Thank God for it, too, they have had splendid rains across the Sutlej since I last wrote. As John Lawrence said, it literally "rained gold," and he might have added that public tranquillity was in the shower. Thus our prospects promise well, and I humbly trust they may be realised.

The rains, we find, reach this valley, but only in the shape of English April showers—falling gently and at intervals. A field in front of this house, just under my house, was

reaped of a fine crop of spring wheat last Tuesday week; it was irrigated next day, sown on the Thursday, ploughed on the Friday (for the sowing precedes the ploughing in Kunawur husbandry), and to-day, nine days afterwards, there is a fine braird of buckwheat, which will be reaped in October. The whole valley is yellow with ripe apricots, and the grapes below near the river are just ready. Both my Lady and myself are perfectly well.

August 11th.

Since I last wrote I have received your letter of 24th June, which I am the more grateful for that a great deal of it was written when you were suffering from illness—a fact evident from the writing, as well as from your own statement.

The same circumstances moderate the wrath with which I have seen you return to the old story, "Why do other people's business? it is exhausting, besides it is unbusiness-like." You really are not justified in repeating this reproach, when I have denied the existence of any foundation for it so often. I deny it once more. I have not done other people's business at any time—I will take on me to say no G.-G. ever reduced the detail business to so small a bundle as I have done; but I repeat, as I have often before said, that a G.-G. is unlike any other Minister under heaven—he is the beginning, middle, and end of all. *Everything* is his business, and everything that is in progress must be begun by him, and is invalid until it is concluded by him. The reason of my having had heavier pressure is that from the 1st January when I left Mooltan, till 7th March when I reached Calcutta, arrears of necessity had accrued. Besides, the council reserved much in expectation of my coming. But though reserved, it was *my* business still, and I did not do an ounce weight of any other person's work while I was there. So whatever chattering people in England may tell you they hear from other blethering people in India, pray do me the justice to believe *me*, and don't do me the injustice of casting at me so unfounded a reproach—for so it is—again.

The mail brought me the despatch of Secret Committee

(which was approved by Lord John and the Duke) applauding what I have done and said relative to the C.-in-C., and promising full support to me and my authority. I am not sure whether I shall take the trouble of sending it to his Excellency—unless he gives me any more sauce. A friend of mine has come out from Simla; he tells me the impression of those about him is that he is often crazy. He has lately issued a G.O. on the same subject as Col. —— of whom I wrote to you. Out of about 30 regiments which marched into the Punjab, Col. —— and *13 others* disobeyed totally the order to explain to the troops that their war allowances were to be withdrawn! He issues a G.O., in which he says he shall take no notice of the conduct of the 13, but praises and thanks the "stern soldiers" (as he terms them) who read the order!! To praise, thank, and rank as "stern soldiers" men who merely obeyed an order when it was most specially enjoined upon them, and to take no notice of men who utterly disobeyed it, does not appear to me to breathe the spirit of military discipline, or to be the way to uphold it. He has not even reported the names of these officers to me! I have called for them, however, and shall send them to the court. In my judgment, every man of them should be removed from his command.

The position of the Queen's Government fidgets me a little. I see no way to a better, and as far as I am concerned, a change in the midst of this fracas with the C.-in-C., when the *extants* have sided fully with me, holds out no prospect of advantage. I look, therefore, for the next mail with some little anxiety.

The last week shows everything quiet in India. We have reports from all quarters of beautiful rains—an infinite satisfaction at all times in this country.

Gholab Singh is sending some beautiful Cashmeeree products to the Exhibition—being at the same time presents to the Queen.

CAMP NEAR CHINI, *August 24th*, 1850.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S very sad death has shocked me and grieved me greatly. He had many faults, which made

him do things for which I have blamed him, and blame him still. But he was a tower in Israel—and so, if ever the Philistines come, we shall keenly feel. He will be a most grievous loss, indeed, in the highest places. A counsellor so capable and so devoted has rarely been at the command of any sovereign, and I know no possible substitute.

We continue quiet here since I wrote last week. I have since then received a letter from Sir C. Napier on the Punjab irregular corps, so offensive—so insulting both to my office and to myself personally—that I should really be justified in proceeding to extremities with him. I need not say that I shall not do so. I shall inform him that the tone of his memorandum is so objectionable, and so incompatible with what is due to the office I hold, that I shall submit his conduct and his correspondence formally to the Court of Directors, and to H.M.'s Government, with a request that such orders may be issued thereupon as the circumstances of the case require. I have no doubt that he will either have been recalled, or will have had his resignation accepted before this letter can reach them; but I cannot carry my forbearance so far as swallow this, without any symptom of recalcitration on my part. It costs my Ramsay blood a deal of prudence, let me tell you, to receive without violent and practical retort the gross insolence of Sir C. Napier. I do so like a martyr—checked and comforted by the hope that the court and the Government will act up to their pledge, and afford me an unflinching support. If they do not do so—— But I will not calculate upon this, for I do not believe the possibility of their falling short of what they have promised. All this makes my position at present very irksome. But for this thorn in the flesh my attitude would be easy enough.

We have been in camp for a few days amid splendid scenery and charming climate, but awful paths. Last night we were at 14,000 feet elevation.

CHINI, *September 1st*, 1850.

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of 16th July. The several sad or foul [attack on the Queen by Pate] events in England

on which it touches have been mentioned by me heretofore, and they are too sad to recur to. You add that you hear these mishaps lie at my door, as I have sent the Koh-i-noor which always brings misfortune to its possessor. Whoever was the exquisite person from whom you heard this (nobody could be so stupid except Joseph Hume), he was rather lame both on his history and tradition. Without going back to the first emperors who held it, I would observe that Nadir Shah who took it was usually reckoned well to do in the world throughout his life; and that Runjeet Singh who also took it, and became, from the son of a petty zemindar, the most powerful native prince in India, and lived and died the power most formidable to England, and her best friend, has usually been thought to have prospered tolerably. As for tradition, when Shah Shoojah, *from whom it was taken*, was afterwards asked, by Runjeet's desire, "what was the value of the Koh-i-noor?" he replied, "Its value is *Good Fortune;* for whoever possesses it has been superior to all his enemies." Perhaps your friend would favour you with his authority, after this, for his opposite statement. I sent the Queen a narrative of this conversation with Shah Shoojah, taken from the mouth of the messenger.

It appears from my letters from home that Sir C. Napier had not then sent any resignation to the Horse Guards. Here in India he said he *had* sent it. He is most probably playing double. By the next mail they would receive from me his memorandum announcing his resignation, and as it was accompanied purposely by no letter to the court, they may and certainly ought to recall him, in which case he will be caught in his own springe.

It is evident that they wish to support me; but they are all so strangely afraid of that family, that I never feel quite sure of them till the thing is done.

We concluded our march in eight days. It was interesting and amusing, but severe work, and detestable paths. We accomplished the object of looking into Tartary—my wife is certainly the first European lady who has ever seen it, certainly on this side.

CHINI, *September 16th*, 1850.

THE mail of 7th August has been due for some days, but has not yet arrived, and I am therefore still in doubt what will become of C.-in-C. He has been much more tame of late. In reply to the court letter, in which they blew him up, as I told you, he has answered that he quite concurs with the court! and that he has always endeavoured to act and write just as they describe that he ought to do!! He having been quiet, and the Afreedee also, I really have nothing to tell you.

The newspapers complain of the total want of news—a satisfactory grievance; and so they abuse one another and everybody else. Even 'The Friend of India,' which you get, has taken to lies and misrepresentations, which are not worthy of him, and so we jog on.

The time is at hand when we must leave this charming valley, and I groan over it. Business has gone on so regularly and smoothly—the quiet has been so enjoyable, and it is so pleasant to be able to ride out in a shooting-jacket, or walk out without any jacket at all, that I dislike the return to a frock-coat and civilisation. I have had neither ache nor pain, to speak of, since we left Simla, and my wife has gained greatly both in health and strength. Thus it is no wonder that I like the place, and shall desiderate it when we go.

The vineyards are now in full bearing, and the vintage in full flow. The rites of Bacchus are by no means extinct even among the Kunawurees, and they carry about their god; toss him up in the air, like the chairing of a city member at Norwich; blow their conchs, and beat their drums, and conclude the service by getting excessively drunk in the most classical manner.

There are 18 different kinds of grapes in the valley; and one vineyard has supplied us with grapes both purple and green, as large as any I ever saw in a hothouse, and very juicy, though they gather them too soon; and having no skill in the management, neither thinning nor pruning them, they produce fruit less fine than it ought to be. Those that they do not sell they make into wine, or make them

into raisins, which with dried apricots, walnuts, and the seeds of the pine, form a great part of their food in winter.

They are an honest, simple, and most good-humoured race, very dirty, and, with rare exceptions, very ugly—but excellent people. I only wish they were entirely our own subjects—that they might be rescued from the scandalous fleecing with which their own countrymen shear them.

September 18th.

The mail of 7th August came in this morning, brimful of good news for me. The Secret Committee and Court of Directors convey to me unqualified approval of everything I have done, and all I have said, and intimate that a successor to Sir C. Napier will be sent immedately. Sir John Hobhouse sends me also a memo. by the Duke, condemning all Sir Charles's acts, and upholding me as having done what my duty required me to do, and announcing that he shall recommend the Queen to accept his resignation.

MUHASSOO, *October 7th*, 1850.

PRAY take a favourable opportunity of saying to H.R.H. how grateful we both are for her goodness and real kindness in thinking of our children during her short stay in Edinburgh; and I am rejoiced to hear you give so good an account of their demeanour. From every quarter we hear, thank God, the best tidings of them always. At the same time, the letters of both show insensibly to themselves such steady improvement, are so natural and so right-hearted, that they make a fool of me and a sponge of my eyes by almost every mail.

Sir Charles will get no support from the Duke this time. Lord Fitzroy sent him a simple acknowledgment of his resignation, and an intimation that the Duke would advise H.M. to accept it—a terseness of style which made his Excellency very wroth. He is at present very tame in his official communications with me.

The Afreedees don't like being starved, and have again come on their marrow-bones. I have no faith whatever in their pledges, but the experience they have obtained of our being able to blockade them into actual starvation may keep them down hereafter. There is little profit in warring with people who possess nothing, inhabit almost inaccessible glens, where they retire before you, and live in great measure in caves! Any honourable expedient is better than such war, and I shall therefore try them again with multiplied guarantees, such as their sons for hostages, &c. Hoping for success, I by no means count upon it.

Gomm, I suppose, it will be by what everybody says, though nothing was settled. He is a gentleman at all events, and so far we shall be gainers by the change. We left Chini on the 23rd September, and have marched every day, except Sundays, coming in here, however, yesterday. It is very severe work for women, and quite enough for men.

I was sorry to hear Capt. Shepherd had been ailing, and he himself writes in grief about another son falling sick. Poor fellow, he has had hard chastisement. He has obtained for me the appointment of Major Kennedy, Sir C. Napier's military secretary, to be the Government Railway Engineer here, on £2500 a-year. That ought to be a scuttleful of hot coals on H.E.'s head. Not that I asked for the appointment on that account, but solely because I believe Kennedy to be excellently qualified for the office. Thinking so, I should ask for him again, if it were to do over again; although the Bengal engineers, I expect, will revile me savagely, and Sir C. pursue me not a little less.

SIMLA, *October 23rd*, 1850.

YOUR letter of August 31st reached me on 16th inst. By all the catalogue of reels, smoking-parties, and Athole brose, I am led to assume that you are much better, and that you have felt the infallible remedy of a visit to the right side of the Border.

We arrived at Simla on the 8th, and have remained here ever since. My C.-in-C. is behaving like an old goose. To

the last, the staff gave out that his resignation would not be accepted, and H.E. was much disconcerted when he received the announcement that a successor would be appointed. Even now he is under the delusion that he is only to give up the command when he pleases, whereas they write to me that Gomm will be here on 6th November. On the day I came in he sent down a memorandum to the A.D.C. in waiting, to ask "if the G.-G. had any commands for him, and if so, when he should wait upon his lordship to receive them." H.E. having given out before that he would not enter my house himself, and having been told by his Adjutant-General [Col. Mountain] that he had better not try that, since on seeing any such public slight, the G.-G. would certainly *order* him down, his Excellency changed his tactics, and sent the note above mentioned. Of course, I replied that I had no commands for H.E., but should be happy to receive him on any occasion on which he might wish to see me. He has never come, as I expected; but I have kept myself on the civil side of the book, and have avoided all appearance of the littleness which he has exhibited in making a private matter of public affairs, and all symptom of the soreness with which the course of those affairs has afflicted him.

Last mail I think I told you the Afreedees had come in—the men themselves this time, not merely the Mulliks. I don't trust them a bit—but anything is better than fighting such tribes. Accordingly, as they came, turban in hand and with dust on their heads, I have agreed to admit them to terms, with additional conditions and guarantees. We shall see in time whether they will be sensible—for the present I shall put nothing in their power.

There has been a plundering party down from the hills near Dhera Ghazee Khan, who carried off some hundred cattle. The direct line of Ishmael are settled in those hills, and these little appropriations we must expect. They can hardly be regarded as exceptions to the general tranquillity.

The sudden cessation of the rains in September has produced great sickness, especially among the natives, which helps to keep everybody quiet.

CAMP NEAR HOOSHEEARPORE,
November 5th, 1850.

YOUR letter of September 21st met me as we entered camp on the 2nd inst. The camp was pitched on the spot that was occupied by Runjeet's tent when, in 1831, he first met the Governor-General near the fort of Roopur. The reflection gave great opportunity for the indulgence of touching sentiments; but the day was very hot, the place very dusty, and both called for indulgence more material—so I had a glass of beer! and read your letter with much satisfaction.

I have a copy of the Duke's memo. on Sir C. Napier's correspondence with me. His condemnation of his Excellency's course is uncompromising, and he declares that I was perfectly right, and that in the discharge of my duty I could not have done otherwise than I did. He has also written to me himself, and he will now stick to it, if ever the matter is brought forward in Parliament, as I trust it will be.

Sir C. Napier continued his cut of me to the last. I never chanced to meet him out anywhere, and on the morning when I left Simla for my camp (when it is usual for everybody to attend the G.-G. out of the station), he sent the Adjutant-General to me to excuse his absence on account of *indisposition*, having met my Lady in a shop the evening before, well and merry. I was surprised to see him so cocktail; but he felt he could not face me, and he did not attempt it. I hear he is very much broken, mind and body. He is up to his ears in controversies about many things, and he is now in controversies with his own officers here, whose authority he quotes now to back him, though he acted directly against their advice. He is in such a whirl of excitement and passion that he must be worn out.

All over India the sickness is dreadful—in consequence, it is supposed, of the sudden cessation of the rains. Regiments can muster only a few hundred men, and were it not that everybody else is sick also, we might be a little anxious. As the cold weather advances the epidemic will disappear.

Shepherd is most kind in his letters to me, and does his

duty to the Co. most faithfully and judiciously as it seems. I should be very well content that he should remain another year in the chair. He will be followed, however, by Hogg, who is an intimate acquaintance of mine. So far, I have been lucky.

Kennedy, whose nomination as railway engineer I mentioned to you, has had some awkward warnings, and is obliged by 'The Sun' to resign. He is a very grievous loss to the Government, for he would have effected an infinity of good for us by his energy and experience, and we groan over the loss accordingly. There has been so little stirring, that I inflict less on you than usual by this mail.

CAMP UMRITSUR, *November 24th*, 1850.

YOU ask if all the correspondence with the C.-in-C. goes home. It does go regularly, if they will only see it, which I doubt. Sir Charles, I hear privately, is preparing a reply to my minute, now nearly six months old, which he means to send to me when he gives up the command. His retaining it till then indicates that it is likely to be something super-extra insolent, in which case his withholding it from me till he is out of my power shows more than his usual discretion, if not much courage! He is now on his march to Ferozepore, where, I understand, he takes boat for Kurrachee — but he has not communicated with me at all.

Since last mail I have passed through the Jullunder Doab, our acquisition in 1846. It is a garden—was always more peaceful than the other side of the Beas, and is now quite tranquil. I then crossed into the Manjha, and went with a flying camp over all the upper part, visiting the point where I propose a great canal of irrigation, to which I hope and believe the court will assent. The country is very beautiful,—already fertile, and at present the Sikhs, whose peculiar tract it is, are quite submissive.

This city is flourishing. Since I was here the trade has increased one-third, and is still swelling. The abolition of the Customs line, which in these countries is an invariable

source of cruelty and oppression, has been productive of infinite good: the people are coming out of Gholab's territory to settle among us, and the revenue on salt will, I think, more than equal all that we sacrificed in customs.

We have constant threats of disturbance on the border, and although it has not yet occurred, it must from time to time be expected.

The sickness is still frightful—many dead, many more disabled, and almost all temporarily laid up. Yesterday we had a heavy fall of rain, from which we hope great benefit.

CAMP, LAHORE, *December 1st*, 1850.

THE sickness which has laid everybody low has given no "benefit of clergy" in its operations. The Padre has gone off sick among the rest, and we have no service in consequence, so I begin a letter to you.

A heavy fall of rain came while we were at Umritsur—priceless to the country. It was greatly needed for cultivation, and has already had some good effect in allaying the sickness prevalent. Everybody was in high good-humour accordingly—in the city as well as out of it. They illuminated again, as they did last year, both the city and the Holy Shrine, and tank,—one of the most brilliant and beautiful sights I have ever witnessed anywhere.

They invited me to visit the very shrine itself—the centre of Sikhery—the Holy of Holies of the Gooroo Nanuk. I would not go last year, for there is a taking off of shoes. I might have walked in with my boots if I had liked; but of course I was not inclined to commit an act of such bad taste and bad policy, and I did not think proper to *take off* my shoes before them as other Europeans do, and so I did not go at all. This year they suggested a salvo, and sent me down a pair of grand blue velvet boots, without soles! (for leather is the uncleanliness). These I put on, and we visited the shrine. It is most superb—entirely composed of marble beautifully inlaid both inside and out, while the upper portion of the outer superstructure is of copper,

richly gilt. The interior is gorgeous—everything that gold and marble can do is done. Besides canopies of cloth-of-gold, an arch hung with strings of pearls spreads over the Grunth—the Sikh Bible. Day and night the Grunth is read and service chanted—a priest waving the chowrie (or white yak's tail) over the book all the time.

Five years ago an European hardly dared stand in the streets of Umritsur. That day, *at their own request*, an English G.-G. stood on their very holiest ground, surrounded by crowds of Grunthees—the very Akalees (desperate, murderous fanatics) salaaming to the ground before him—and his only guard a Sikh durbar company. Yet Sir Charles Napier thinks the administration of the Punjab "a weak government." Susan was with me, and received salaams as numerous as I did.

The chowdries, or Mayor and Aldermen of Lahore, met me some miles from the city, and begged and prayed me to visit the town and see all they had done since last year: this I am going to do.

Yesterday I selected two sets of armour and arms for the Queen. Little Duleep, hearing of it, begged to be allowed to send a set of his own, in small, for the Prince of Wales, which I have ventured to include. They are exceedingly pretty, and, I think, will please—at all events, they ought to do so.

December 7th.

I have been very busy all the week with barracks and cantonments, and every sort of small worry. I shall be here for six days more, in which time a good deal of work will have been got through. The sickness is very slowly abating, and all parades even are necessarily stopped.

We have had four dinner-parties of 50 each on four consecutive days, besides two balls already, and another on Monday. I growl at this part of my duties horribly.

Sir W. Gomm wrote to me from Aden on 15th November, so he is C.-in-C. by this time. The other man is at Ferozepore. Joy go with him on the rest of his passage!

Since I wrote to you there has been a little spirit on the border. The Wuzeerees collected in heavy numbers. They

came down from the hills on a village, but were beaten off ignominiously by the few levies stationed there. In fifteen minutes from the first shot a body of horse reinforced the levies, when the Wuzeerees cut away and have not since been heard of. All this is good—but then we are a weak Government.

To-morrow I have a durbar for the sirdars here. All these pomps are grievous wasters of time. However, it will be the last I shall ever see. At times I do not feel quite sure whether to be glad or sorry in that conviction, for I like these Sikhs,—they are fine manly fellows.

CAMP, WUZEERABAD, *December 23rd.* 1850

I AM driven hard just now by new barracks, a sore leg, the Maharajah, and a toothache,—from which complication of perplexities it may be reasonably expected that my letter will be short and shabby. The Maharajah and the barracks will be got rid of this week,—if the toothache does not accompany them I shall eject the offender, and the leg, I hope, will not lag behind. I hurt it somehow, and it has inflamed and gathered, and quite lays me up. The papers will probably report that I had an alarming fall, and broke my thigh bone. This is not so. I had a header with my horse in the jungle, as I had last year, but I did not hurt myself a bit, and it had nothing to do with my leg.

Sir Wm. Gomm has arrived, and writes as kindly and friendly as possible in reply to a letter which I had waiting for him there. Sir Charles has gone, his last act becoming him better than any other in his career. It is an order about debt in this army! and though not without blemishes is really good. He has sent in his reply to my minute. It is exceedingly feeble—alternately whining and bullying—and is already answered by the minute it answers. However, I must reply, which I shall be able to do easily, and at no great length. The violence, insolence, and arrogance of it transcends everything, and he has so far forgotten himself as to refer to, and quote from, my *private letters*—a most dishonourable breach of confidence. Except for the dis-

honour of the thing to himself, I am glad he has quoted them, for they corroborate every syllable of my public despatch. But the labour and worry of all this come heavy when I have plenty on hand otherwise. Before I leave this subject there are two questions to be answered. You ask me why I did not send the chairman, &c., Sir Charles's minute when Hobhouse got it. The minute came just before the mail was going,—I had only time to have one copy made, and packed it off to Hobhouse in my private letter, taking for granted that he would, as a matter of course, send it to the chairman. This he did not do, oddly enough, and hence the apparent omission. I was sorry for the *contretemps*, but explained it all to Shepherd more than six months ago, and, I believe, to his satisfaction. The other is whether Grant spoke out to C.-in-C. about his order. Adjutant-General, General [Sir W. Gilbert], and Brigadier [Hearsey] all were as wrong as the C.-in-C. was, and all as ignorant! and they never inquired!!! Sir C. N. very ungenerously takes advantage of this, and quotes these other officers! I have refused to take any notice of this. My affair is with the C.-in-C. I won't be fobbed off with subordinate officers and what they said. He is responsible, and with *him* I deal; nor will I follow the example he sets of sticking up his subalterns to bear the reproof.

The Prince's speeches (since the Exposition one, which was rather mystic) have been extremely good—the one about Peel is just, manly, and plainly *from his heart*. That's what Mr Bull likes,—sincerity, even if one is wrong, is the thing for him. H.R.H.'s address at York, then, must have been doubly welcome and effective.

CAMP WUZEERABAD, *Jany. 6th*, 1851.

WE are still halted at this station, weather-bound. The ordinary Xmas rains have come down this year punctually and in great abundance. The bridge is in the middle of the Chenab, not over it; the heavy tents, yet undried, cannot be carried; and camels, while the roads are slippery, cannot be risked, for their straddling hind-legs slip asunder, and the

poor brutes split up like a pen. Fortunately, the storm held off till Gholab had come and gone. Everything was most successful, and the pomp was really fine. On the day I returned his visit, I passed with a train of 22 caparisoned elephants down a street of about 7000 troops, including three beautiful European regiments; the plain covered with all sorts of wild figures—the Maharajah's crimson tents beyond, and the background filled by a magnificent circle of the snowy range, glittering in the evening sun. It was really a fine scene, made up jointly of some of the showiest works both of God and man, and set off by the roar of guns, colours flying, and bands playing. You may imagine the pageant good.

Our visits were mutually satisfactory, and infernally civil, —the presents on both sides really rich, and the protestations of eternal friendship—undying fidelity on his part, benevolent and uncoveting protection on ours—were most edifying. He pressed me again and again to visit him in Cashmere, and to stay *all* summer. "It is yours; why should you leave it? Cashmere is your house, the boats are on the lake—they are yours; the horses are on the land—they are yours; the climate is good—it is yours; everything is yours—why leave it?" This, of course, is orientalism; but a visit he really desires, and I am well inclined to pay it, on my way back from Peshawar.

I have not had time to answer Sir C. Napier's last paper. I have learnt privately from the Adjt.-General that Sir C. Napier sent it to him, with strict injunctions "not to forward it till the last moment"! Gallant!! Sir William Gomm writes in the most friendly tone possible. They describe him in Calcutta as very infirm, which surprises me. He comes up the country dak, and joins his camp at Agra.

The sickness here still is very severe. The 1st European Regiment at Lahore buried 49 men last month, and Mountain tells me that the Queen's army in Bengal, from April '49 to October '50, lost nearly 1900 men. This is grievous, and worse far than general actions. The causes are sending regiments out (necessarily), as they did in '49, in the hot weather, bad cover in this new province, and

a sickly season. But the loss is awful — its money value alone about £200,000.

I have given Pat Grant a letter to you, and he will reach England with this mail. He was Adjutant-General of this army from '45 till now [resigned May 1850], and is Lord Gough's son-in-law. He is a first-rate soldier, and a very good fellow, and a friend of mine. If he comes, and is willing, take him to Sir James [Kempt]. I am sure he would like him, though he won't give him quite the same view of Sir Harry Smith's position at Ferozeshuhur as was current in '46, I recollect.

It is getting so dark in the tabernacle, though only two o'clock, that I can't see to write, and as I have nothing to say, there will be nothing lost.

CAMP FUTTEHJUNG, *Feby. 1st*, 1851.

YOU ask the cause of the altered tone of 'The Friend.' I can't tell you, unless it be displeasure that I did not remain at Calcutta. When the G.-G. remains at Calcutta, the up-country journals abuse him for wallowing listless and inactive in "The Ditch." When he goes to the North-West Provinces, the Calcutta papers abuse him for *amusing* himself, wandering about the country, and enjoying cool leisure in "his mountain retreat." Hit high, hit low—stay up, or go down—there is no pleasing them.

You remark that the Duke's minute will do more than anything to cow Napier. But I don't think he knows of it. The Duke did not send it to him, and as it was sent to me by Hobhouse, I did not consider myself entitled to mention it to Sir Charles, or to show it to more than a few confidential officers. I have answered by this mail his second memo. It was a tiresome and odious task. His was a confused mass of reiterated assertions, and of pettifogging objections, which compelled me to go over the whole of my former minute at four times its former length. He does not succeed in a single point, and lays himself open in a thousand others. The language is offensive and insolent beyond anything he has done before, and far beyond

what you could conceive. So much so, that I would not have submitted to it from the *C.-in-C.* He well knew that: wherefore, though the memo. was dated July, it was not sent to me till December, and did not reach me till *after* he had ceased to be under my orders. I have noticed this fact, and have added that, this being so, having replied to the *substance* of his Excy.'s memo., I shall brush aside the language and style of it without any further notice. He is playing my game with both his hands for me. To-day I got a report of a speech at Kurrachee, which I stick in for you. By the "colonels and captains" I suppose he means the Lawrences. By the "boy politicals," who have been the cause of his resignation, he can only mean me, for he has not complained, or come in contact with any other *immature* political. At thirty-eight I am rather soothed by being called a boy—"I likes to be despised" in that fashion. But all this writing is very laborious, and gross waste of precious time. Whatever he or his friends may print, I shall take no notice of it. I will defend my acts to those I serve *now:* I will defend myself in my place in Parliament, if anybody has a mind to tread upon my toes there, *hereafter.* I have invited the court to cause all the papers to be laid before Parliament, so that the public may judge—and there I leave it.

By the way, among other novelties, Sir C. has quoted page on page of my *private letters* in this State paper. It is the act of a blackguard to begin with; and the act of a fool in this case, for they ludicrously contradict all that he calls them to prove! Though I forego great advantages of silence, I have refused to quote a line of his; but to show that I have nothing to conceal, I have sent copies of them all to the Secret Committee. I hope I have now done with him. To have a vexatious C.-in-C. is bad enough; but when he is superseded, to have his half-pay ghost walk, and haunt you, is too bad for anything.

I am delighted you saw John Lefevre [Sir J. Shaw L., Clerk of Parlts.]: I love the old boy with all my heart, and owe much to him. He is one of the best of human beings, and there are not many abler, though diffident to a fault.

You are in error in thinking that subsidising the Afreedees

of the Kohat Pass was an idea of Sir C. Napier. We did it from the first—the durbar did it before us—Runjeet Singh before the durbar—and the Afghan monarchs before him. We paid them, as others did, while they kept faith. Sir C. wanted to offer pay when they were in a hostile attitude, and to double the amount. That I refused to do: I have no confidence even in the better system which now prevails. We must come to cuffs, I fancy, at last.

As you ask me the question, I will answer that if I am to *have* a future course in England, it is well for me to be where I am. But I am conscious, even now, that I am getting worn,—rest might remove that feeling, but I never shall be strong enough even physically for such a burden; and at present I see *my* goal in sight in '53 or, peradventure, '54, which commences the new charter, and I unfeignedly rejoice in the prospect.

No popery! say I—my forefather "pit his hand till't" in 1320—and it is precisely the same spirit, the same inroad which is again attempted to-day, and needs the same bold front and the same plain speaking. The Puseyites make Roman Catholics of us all? not a bit of it.

The hill and the tableland on this side the Jhelum is the most singular country I almost ever saw, cut up by dry ravines and streams, and intersected by passes most perplexingly. If the Singhjee had only kept up his heart after Goojerat, and plucked up courage to stand in that country, he would have puzzled us properly.

I have ordered a metalled road from Lahore to Peshawar, which I flatter myself will be a fine work, including boat-bridges over all the rivers; the bill, about £150,000, which, I think, is not much. I hope the court will think so too. At present there is hardly a bridle-path.

CAMP NIKKEE, *February 18th*, 1851.

WE are quite agreed as to the Afreedee policy. You say you are sure I would prefer licking them. I can lick them up hill and down dale and out of their country any day of the week. That is not the difficulty. The difficulty is to

hold the district, or rather the pass, after you have got it. Nothing but fortified posts with tanks (for water can't be got) will hold it, and that measure is costly. It will come to that probably at last.

You ask me my title: "Sir, I have none to tell, sir." Any G.-G. not a Peer or Privy Councillor is "his Honour," while the C.-in-C. sitting below him, or the Admiral even if he comes, flourishes "his Excellency before him." The Queen always addresses me as "Excellency," but nothing official has ever been done; it should be altered next charter.

What you say of the Duke distresses me. If he once begins to go I don't think he will be long about it. poor old man.

It does not seem to me that the prospects for Germany which you describe, and which Stockmar confirms, are to be deprecated. That the army should maintain power against frenzy or lawlessness is much to be desired: that it should be willing for ever to maintain its government in a despotism, which the Government has not yet learnt the wisdom of relinquishing, is not to be desired at all, and I should have no sympathy with the potentate who meets his downfall in making the attempt hereafter.

At Kalabagh I had the border chiefs and fighting cocks (fine rough fellows) in durbar. They were well treated and patted on the back, and sent off pleased. The frontier arrangements will be satisfactory to me when completed, and a nearer view of the frontier and closer conversation with the officers make my mind pretty easy about it. Kohat and its pass is the serious perplexity. I have been obliged to give up the plan of visiting Cashmere. There were too many difficulties and probable delays. It is a great mortification to me, but it could not be helped.

Everything is quiet all over India. These rains, though highly unpleasant to us, ought to produce a splendid spring crop. Everything is moving everywhere in *this* province; good luck to it!

CAMP BORHAN, *3rd May* 1851.

WE have regained what by a figurative expression one calls the high-road to Peshawar: for road there is none—a vague sort of track wandering among the ravines and through the jungle being all there is to show for it. We are again close on the mountains, and at present near the entrance to Hazarah and two marches from Attok. Everything has continued quiet, the Kohat pass included. What you may see about a cavalry regiment having marched through without firearms, by sufferance of the people, is stuff. The cavalry regiment marched through the pass which its inhabitants are bound to keep open, and with all the arms a cavalry regiment ever has. Since then another cavalry regiment has marched through and reached Bunnoo. People talk as if Kohat were isolated when this one pass is closed. This is a mistake. There are three others: one at Koshalgurh close to Attok, one at Bunnoo, and one at Kalabagh, up which a regiment marched the other day with five lacs of treasure.

The only incident has been the case of an officer, who, riding incautiously some miles from Peshawar with a woman, was attacked by four Khyberees. They stole the horses, hacked him, but did not hurt the woman. It was his own fault; but the whole valley is a band of thieves, and they must be *sorted* [reduced to order]. I intend to disarm the whole while I am there, and every mother's son of them that comes down out of the hills after that, *armed*, shall be sent to work on the roads in the provinces. If they won't take that hint, we will give them a touch of Avitabile again, barring the impaling and skinning alive.

If you care to look in the overland 'Bombay Times' of February 17th, you will see that we are not idle in the Punjab, and that, for once in a way, the newspapers give us a little credit for it. Since that paper was dated, I have launched a scheme for regular steam navigation on the Indus and the Punjab rivers. Another scheme of mine has been ventilated, and I hope may be taken up. In all these plains west of the Jumna nothing is more striking than the absence of trees of all kinds. What between Sikhs,

Mahrattas, and Mussulmans, whose battlefield this tract has been, wood is pretty nearly exterminated. The result is plain. Every beam I put into a barrack from Mooltan upwards comes from the Jummoo hills, and is at Gholab Singh's discretion to give if he pleases, but to withhold if he dares. The same is the case with everybody, for the Punjab does not produce a stick. I want to remedy this. I propose to do it through the agency of the village societies —each being required to plant a certain area of trees, the revenue being remitted, and rewards and encouragement given. I believe the people will enter into it, and if they do the result will be admirable. I shall never live to see the result, but another generation will, and if not as undutiful and ungrateful as heirs sometimes are, it will have reason to bless the memory of its predecessors. The remoteness of the result, however laudable it may be acknowledged to be, will of course be the great obstacle; but it must be encountered if the thing is ever to be done. In this, emphatically *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, I think we shall succeed. The Government itself may do a good deal. Wherever a canal is dug, a road made, or a Government building constructed, I have ordered trees to be planted, and made the officers of each of these works responsible for them. Even this will effect something. I have been long incubating upon the resolution to try this, and I daresay I have bored you sufficiently with this chipping of the shell.

My little friend Duleep has taken us all aback lately by declaring his resolution to become a Christian. The pundits, he says, tell him humbug—he has had the Bible read to him, and he believes the sahib's religion. The household, of course, are in a grand state. Politically we could desire nothing better, for it destroys his possible influence for ever. But I should have been glad if it had been deferred, since at present it may be represented to have been brought about by tampering with the mind of a child. This is not the case,—it is his own free act, and apparently his firm resolution. He *will* be a Christian, he says; "and he *will* take tea with Tommy Scott," which his caste has

hitherto prevented! This last cause is a comical point in his profession of faith! I have thought it right to report the thing to the court for their orders. But, as you may suppose, I have intimated that if the lapse of time shall show that this is not a fantasy of the boy, that he knows the effects of what he is doing and still persists in his desire to be instructed in Christian truths, I can be no party to discouraging, still less to opposing it. He is a remarkable boy in many ways.

An elephant trumpeting outside the tent just now reminds me of a sad thing which happened this morning. A coolie went up to an elephant and took away some sugar-cane which it was eating. The beast seized him round the neck with his trunk, put the man's head under his forefoot, and leaning on it, crushed it like an egg-shell. The animal was quite quiet; but even a dog will not part with his bone—why should the Behemoth of the land? It is well these monsters do not know their strength, or fear to use it. This same huge creature that immolated a human victim would probably scream in terror if a rabbit ran across its path.

CAMP ATTOK, 22*nd March* 1851.

SINCE I last wrote to you I have received your long and agreeable letters of 23rd January and 4th February. The sickness you then heard of from me has quite disappeared. I found the troops at Peshawar almost entirely restored, and I hope this year we shall have no such calamity. The tendency to sickness in a new country is easy of explanation. The quarters for troops are necessarily insufficient; the sites for stations are generally experimental,—sometimes they are abandoned, but always they must be without shelter, without drainage, and without those arrangements which exist in an older station, and which are necessary for health. I have laboured hard for Peshawar during this week, and I think with good prospect of success. The enormous quantity of fruit—peaches, grapes, melons, apples, pears, pomegranates—which exists there will always create

fever and sickness; but I do not expect more ill-health, when the station is completed, than can be accounted for by these natural circumstances, of fruit so dirt cheap that every man can cram himself for almost nothing. Pind Dadun Khan will have a medical officer of some kind stationed there immediately.

Of Sir Charles I will say no more. "Gummidge," as they call him, is most obliging, and I feel as Lord Anglesey must feel in the intervals of his tie.

I wish you could give a better account of our good friend, Sir James. His being all on one side is not good. But Time's scythe will cut on, and it does not always cut evenly.

Lord Hardinge's great ambition is the command of the army—and, in truth, I don't know anybody now left that would do it better.

Sir Charles's order about debt is substantially true, but exaggerated in expression and tone. If he had published it a year before, which he might have done just as well as when he did, it would have done more good.

We are just leaving this noble valley. At the farthest corner of our territory, it is, I think, on the whole, the finest thing I have seen in India. The crops are splendid: they are mingled with fine plains of turf which I have nowhere else seen. Trees, too, hardly to be found in the Punjab, are abundant here. For ages it has been turbulent and lawless, and the wonder is that, surrounded by mountains inhabited by wild independent tribes, whose only trade is plunder, and whose only virtue is successful violence, the plain should be as little insecure as it is. During the last week I think I have done a good deal to mend it—set them about organising better police arrangements, forbade carrying arms, and hanged three chaps *sharp*. The last item may sound savage, but it is in reality the reverse. They wanted something of that sort, and it will save many lives in the end.

We have now turned our backs on the border, and this morning marched into Attok just in time to find the bridge-of-boats carried away. The Indus is running in tremendous volume, and we shall be detained, I fear, for a day or two.

It is a fine scene: the sun bright—the air clear and caller—great mountains on every side—the river rushing between them like a cataract—and the old fort dominating over the black rocks of the river-bed. An old iron gun lies in the road outside my tent, dropped by Dost Mahomed in his flight from Attok. No one has taken the trouble even of rolling it out of the way, and it lies there a monument of the Dost's folly and failure.

My Lady has been very well again, and I am all right.

CAMP RHOTAS, *April 4th*, 1851.

WE were detained two days at Attok by the breaking up of the bridge; and as if our perils by water were to be endless, we have lately heard that the flying bridge on the Jhelum has not only ceased to fly, but has even given up the lower accomplishment of swimming, and has gone to the bottom! The heat has come on, and though as yet we are by way of not being in the plains, the thermometer in my tent to-day nearly touched 99°, and in the smaller ones it stood at 103°. However, my Lady is very well, and gallantly resolves to stick to the camp. She rides the march again, and as the sun is early powerful now, we are obliged to start by dawn. This, of course, is fatiguing and thinning, but she is very well—eke am I. My proboscis improves with the warm weather; and for the first time, I found at Peshawar the lower button of my uniform—made in 1843—inconveniently stringent!

The Border tribes have been alarmed by the defensive measures which we have been taking in laying out a line of posts: they suppose them to be aggressive, and have been on the alert accordingly. Several times they have been down on Bunnoo, but they rush away the moment the troops appear. Everywhere else we are very quiet. The only thing that stirs us at present is the intelligence just received of Sir Harry Smith's Kaffir row. I have sent orders to-day for supporting him from India, if necessary, and this happily we are now well able to do. But I hope he will be able to hold his own. He has too much talk

about him. As Canning called Sir John Malcolm, he is a regular "Bahadur Jah." However, he shall have the best support I can give him, if he should need it.

Sir W. Gomm continues all politeness. I wish he may not be taking the benevolent line. He pardoned a ruffian the other day for very gross insubordination. Lord Gough did so till the thing got so bad that he was obliged to declare he would shoot the next man guilty of insubordination to his superior officer. He did so; and a fine young fellow was shot for shying his forage-cap at a corporal! The articles of war legalised the act, and circumstances at that time required it. I hope Gummidge will not pursue the same course of injudicious leniency. If he does, as sure as he lives the same result will follow.

April 5th.

I have just received the mail of February 24th, and am astounded by the news of the Government crash. By next mail I shall hear who is State coachman. Of course, he must have the disposal of my berth. I do not think it likely that I shall be displaced; but it is always possible.

CAMP DEENANUGGUR, *April 18th*, 1851.

AT this point I break up the camp, and therefore despatch hence the mail, though it is earlier than usual. The main camp returns by the way we came. I go with a flying one to Kangra, and so through a hill district to Simla. Ill luck has dodged us. I told you that at Jhelum the flying bridge had sunk. Just before we got to the Chenab the bridge broke away altogether, and we had to ferry or swim over everything. The same process had to be repeated over the Ravee.

We have passed through a splendid country, the season perfect, the crops unheard of, and wheat not saleable at three shillings the quarter! The peace which goes hand in hand with plenty of course prevails. The people can't pay up their revenue, because grain is so abundant that they can't convert it into money! All this promises unbroken

tranquillity. Neither Shepherd nor Hobhouse in their letters have started any objection to my going to Cashmere. However, it was long since given up, not because of the insecurity but the difficulty.

Touching the G.O. about debt, the court are very earnest the "calumnies" should be disproved.[1] Unhappily, there is more truth in the order than is altogether convenient, though much exaggeration, and everything that is bad in taste and style. Moreover, Gummidge's first act as C.-in-C. was to father this ill-favoured foundling which his predecessor left behind him, so that the thing is not quite so easy to deal with as they think.

CAMP, *May 3rd*, 1851.

MY letters from Hobhouse and from the India House, as well as the letter of the Secret Committee, are quite conclusive as to Sir C. Napier's second minute and my reply. But I can see that unless he forces them the papers will not be produced, which I regret and regard as hardly fair to me. All the world knows Sir C. N. left India because of me. They might at least let me justify myself to the public, who at present are uncertain which of us was to blame. Nobody wants them to take the trouble of defending me, but they might let me defend myself. As for his "paying me off"—pooh!

This morning we crossed the Beas. There is no bridge and no boats; we were floated across on a "charpoy" or bedstead laid across two inflated buffalo-skins, and guided by fellows mounted on the same primitive implement. It was a strange scene.

Everything is quiet except these petty border forays, the unsatisfactory feature in which is that the tribes never will stand to let you get a fair slap at them. They bolt the moment a force appears, if it be but a company.

[1] In his farewell order to the Army of India, Sir Charles Napier condemned in the strongest terms the practice of extravagance and running into debt which he considered was too prevalent, especially among the younger officers, and gave instances (without names) from letters of commanding officers.

SIMLA, *May 16th*, 1851.

I HAVE to thank you for yours of April 1st, received at some distance beyond Simla, in 34 days from London.

I am disappointed by the line taken by so many of my former colleagues on the papal question. My disappointment is not that they disapprove of the actual bill proposed and the actual course taken, but that they evidently think nothing should have been done, and that the Pope had acted within the bounds of his jurisdictions as established by the liberal policy of late years. I was an actor (humbly) in that policy, and I deny that assertion. Papal bishops are necessary, they say, for Church discipline—*à la bonne heure*, I don't object to them; on the contrary, I would rather have them than popish priests without them. But territorial bishops, territorially designated a hierarchy in such form, and so promulgated as to place a Church, which is *tolerated* only, on a level with our own Church that is *established*, I would not submit to. If it be said the authority is only in name, I say I won't have even a nominal authority. I disagree with Mr William Shakespeare; I think there is a great deal in a name, and consider that in this, as in many other cases, it goes half-way to constitute a reality.

I will have a little sketch of Bunnoo made for you and will send it. The last season has shown, I think, that they will never attempt anything beyond a half-hour's scurry into the plains at the foot of their hills, to which they bolt the moment a redcoat shows himself.

All my letters regarding Sir Charles Napier say that he is resolved to print. I pray he may. He is done very brown, and if he wishes the world to see how he has caused himself to be basted, I am all readiness.

The feeling for which you say he gets credit in not forwarding his last memo., lest the relations between the Government and the head of the Army should have been injuriously affected, is not a genuine feeling, but a hypocritical pretence. His official conduct on other matters had rendered the relations between civil and military authority as bad as they could be, short of risk to himself. It was the risk to himself which deterred him from sending in that

paper while he was under my orders. Therein he showed more than his usual prudence. If he had sent it in, I should have required him to withdraw and apologise for it. I should have tried patiently every method, private and public, of leading him to that course. If he had refused finally, I would have suspended him from his command, or placed him under arrest, as sure as my name is Dalhousie.

Hogg is in error on this occasion. Even if my former minute *had* answered every point, it is not wise to despise an antagonist, or by abstaining from separate reply to a separate document, to give an unscrupulous opponent a pretence for asserting that your silence proceeded from inability to confute a statement, when in truth it arose from contempt of its substance. But there were many points in his second memo. which were new, such as the private letters, and prolonged comments on the substance of my first minute. These it behoved me to notice. I might safely have relied (as I stated in my second minute) on the contents of the first, but I was not wrong in adding to it a second.

I have seen Sir W. Gomm. He is hale, active, brisk, and has no infirmity about him. He is as good a man, probably, as ever he was — quick in apprehension, but slow in decision, I learn, and glad to be aided and guided. His official disposition is excellent, and his personal goodwill towards myself undoubted. I have been most particular in consulting and informing him on every point, and I cannot foresee the slightest probability of a difference.

We arrived here on 12th. My Lady tired and thin but very well. We made only one halt from Attok to this place, and then only because the cattle knocked up. We made 52 marches (18 of them in the hills) in 50 days, the marches averaging 10 miles, and crossed six large rivers—four of the six unbridged—and one of them without boats even, which we crossed in inflated buffalo-skins! So the G.-G. does not always, as the newspapers say, make "a progress in great state," but sometimes in good hard marching.

I am myself perfectly well, suffering only a little from my leg, which has either got tic in it (pray heaven not gout)

or has been hurt in my involuntary expedition down the "khud," when I jammed it as I fell between two stones. But it is very slight.

MUHASSOO, *June 8th*, 1851.

WHETHER I shall need defence in the Lords and Commons remains to be seen. An officer here read to me the other day an extract of a letter from Sir Charles to him, in which he says, as the conclusion of a great deal more, that he had resolved now to hang up his sword and to devote the rest of his life to Lord Dalhousie.

His assertion to Wetherall that I had obstructed all his plans for the improvement of soldiers' barracks and their comforts is simply false, and grossly so. I will take care that there is a paper on the table of the India House, meeting prospectively any charge to that effect.

The Duke's minute will be called for, you may rely upon it. The substance of the conversation which you mention Sir Charles had with Abbas Pacha has been much before me. I am deeply interested in it for the sake of India. We have an immeasurable stake in Egypt. Every English Government within my memory has played its game infamously there. We have once again the whole cards in our hands. If we throw them away now, we shall have cause to rue it some day. I hope, therefore, Sir Charles went to the Foreign Office. His view may strengthen the representations of those who have laid the question before Lord P.

The court have sanctioned all I proposed regarding Duleep's instruction in the Christian faith. Effect has been given to it at once; and I have enjoined in peremptory terms that, while there was nothing which required to be concealed, there shall be no publicity, no flourish, no newspaper paragraphs or articles in the 'Missionary Record,' but that everything shall go on as quietly as if it had been a matter of course. You will approve, I am sure.

You ask whether the elephant was destroyed after he killed the coolie. No; for two reasons—firstly, because

the brute was not vicious, and was no more likely to do it again than any other one; and secondly, because I heard afterwards that I had made him out worse than he was. He did not crush the man's head with his foot. He only did what he supposed was pushing him away from his sugar-cane—that is, he put his trunk round his neck and chucked him on one side. But unfortunately that, by the finger and thumb, squeezes rather hard, and accordingly he crushed all the jaw and lower skull without meaning it, and the man was dead.

Alluding to my Lady's riding, you ask *what* does she ride? Why, a 'oss to be sure. What should she ride? And what is more, she rides all my Arabs one after another, though they never had a lady on their backs in their lives. One little Arab she has made rideable for me, which I never would ride before, he was so hot and bothersome. It is astonishing what a lady's hand does. So I don't advise you to ask *her* what she rides.

In giving our best respects to H.R.H., will you say I will do my very best to get such rhododendron seeds as she would like. The large crimson flower is the only one on these hills. I have given directions about the collecting of seeds, but the right time has not yet come.

SIMLA, *June 23rd*, 1851.

SINCE the arrival of the last mail we have all been engrossed with the description of the Exhibition. I rejoice unfeignedly in the perfect success of its opening, and in the apparent certainty even of its finance. It would be difficult —impossible, I think—to imagine anything finer than the sight and the sentiment at the moment when the "Hallelujah Chorus" rolled over such a scene. The result must have made the Queen very proud and very happy, and well may she be.

We had an unhappy example lately of the English soldier's evil spirit—drink. A man of the 10th Regiment, of which a company is in the fort of Govindghur, got drunk in the city of Umritsur, and, being stopped at the gateway,

snatched up a sabre and cut down Colonel Jewan Singh, the commandant of the Sikh regiment there. He was a fine, gallant fellow, faithful to us through good report and through evil report, and thus of infinite value to us in the Sikh sacred city. The dying man's last words were, "not to hurt the soldier; he had only accomplished the will of God." The men of the Sikh regiment, though devoted to Jewan, never harmed the assassin; and though the whole city of Umritsur was weeping and wailing, perfect quiet has prevailed, to their honour. The C.-in-C. has aided me zealously in expediting justice, and if the ruffian's death-warrant comes up to me, he shall die. But this is drink—drink—only drink. We are labouring here to modify this great evil. Already the morning dram, formerly universal, has been stopped, and the rum greatly reduced in strength by watering it, and we are now labouring to introduce porter and beer—cheapened by the whole saving effected by the Government on rum—into the canteens everywhere. It will be a good job done if it can be carried through. Upon the whole, however, considering their temptations and excitements, the European troops in India are wonderfully well behaved.

SIMLA, *June 25th*, 1851.

BEING a conscientious man, and alive to your responsibilities, you will doubtless be oppressed with a sense of the gravity of your position when I tell you that I want you to get me a *cook*.

When I came to India there was a St Domingo Frenchman whom Lord Auckland put on the establishment. He drank himself to death, but fortunately not till I was leaving Calcutta. While in the Mofussil I have done without a successor, as the native cooks I had were, at all events, better than anybody else's, and in camp they will cook you a dinner for five or for fifty as no European cook could do it, and with or without five minutes' notice. But now that I am about to return to the Presidency, and to a large European society, I fancy a *chef* is a necessary evil, and I am begging your aid in the suicidal act of getting one.

The salary was 175 rupees a-month—*i.e.*, 21,000 Rs., or (at par) £210 a-year. I must give what you may find to be necessary after stating his position. He will have board and lodging, of course—tents found when in camp, and carriage for his own baggage. There are ten native men cooks under him—no women cooks here. I generally give two large dinners a-week, one of fifty, one of thirty people, with frequent balls, at which there are large suppers. In camp, if I should go into it again, of course the duty is less. There is a household A.D.C. who manages the whole establishment, and a treasurer of the household, by whom all payments are made.

Now, my dear Couper, I know this is a bothersome duty, and I am loath to ask you. But I do not know how else to get at one; and perhaps "the symposium of all nations" at your elbow may make your task easier.

MUHASSOO, *July 13th*, 1851.

WHAT you say, and Watson, of Main [his factor] is very true. His authority has already been restricted almost entirely to Dalhousie. To put him out of all work and pension him would break the old man's heart. He would, like a "cadger's powny," lie down and die at the dyke-side. His wife nursed me when I came into the world, and Main nursed my father and my brother out of it devotedly. I would not for twice the loss he causes me say what would go far to kill him, as long as my means are such as not to render it inevitable. So we must just bear with the poor old doctor.

Hobhouse tells me Sir C. Napier has applied for a copy of my last minute. It has been refused on the ground that it is in the Secret Department, but that he can get it moved for in Parliament if he likes. I think it hardly fair to me that it should be entombed in the Secret Department, inaccessible even to the court, my masters, and I hope it will be disinterred.

I see all sorts of sketches and pictures announced of the contents of the Exhibition. If you can get me anything

representing *well* the Koh-i-noor in its cage, coloured, I shall be much obliged.

I hope before I leave India to have effected something for the reformation of the army. The court refuse to believe in the inferiority of the Bengal army in discipline and order; nevertheless it is true. The Government cannot provide all the remedy. In some things it may, but the supervision of boys when they join, the maintenance of order in a corps, the discouragement of extravagance and vice, are things which each commanding officer in his own corps alone can effect. But commanding officers are inefficient; brigadiers are no better; divisional officers are worse than either, because they are older and more done; and at the top of all they send commanders-in-chief seventy years old. How can things go on right under such a system? I do my best. I have lately recorded, in very plain terms, my opinion on the manner in which the high commands of the army are filled; and I have told the C.-in.-C. that whereas the practice has heretofore been to pass over no officer for brigade or division unless he is scandalously or notoriously deficient in character or capacity, I will confirm no recommendation of his Excellency for such commands unless he can tell me that the officer is *undeniably competent* for the efficient and active discharge of his duties. The court will be frightened, I daresay. I am sick of the court, and care little how soon we part company. Nothing has happened here. Everything is quiet just now. They do not even thieve at Peshawar.

I have just heard that the Lieut.-Governor has followed my example and has fallen down a khud last night. His horse reared, and having a crippled leg he fell, and rolled sixty or seventy feet down the bank. He is bruised and cut, but I hope not seriously hurt. How delighted the newspapers will be. "Oh, this comes of G.-G.'s and L.-G.'s going into the hills. If they stayed in the plains, they would not have fallen down a precipice, each of them."

SIMLA, *July 30th*, 1851.

THE man who killed Jewan Singh at Umritsur has been sentenced to death. The Judge-Advocate-General took a crotchet, and wanted to let him off; however, Sir W. Gomm took his own view, and notwithstanding the opinion of his law advisers and the recommendation of the court, determined to enforce the sentence. Sentence of death finally issues from me, so he referred to me. I entirely concurred in his view, and dissented from the J.-A.-G., and although I laboured to fortify his Excellency's judgment and decision it was not necessary. He took his own line, and adhered to it with great firmness and a fixity of purpose which I had not expected from him. It is always a horrid duty to perform, but in this case I felt no tremor either of hand or heart when signing away that miserable man's life.

Everything has been quiet except a little trifling cattle-lifting. I have frightened the Nizam this time effectually. There is good hope that he will keep his word this time, and that he will shell out his £800,000 before Christmas, with security for good behaviour in the future. I shall be very glad to get rid of the necessity for taking territory. It is disagreeable to be "poinding" your neighbour's "kail yairdie."

The wretch at Lucknow, who sent his crown to the Exhibition, would have done his people and us a good service if he had sent his head in it, and he never would have missed it. That is a cherry which will drop into our mouths some day. It has long been ripening; but in these days annexation is so unfashionable, and the Charter Committee is so near, that I don't think the court would approve of my shaking the tree to help it down!

SIMLA, *August 11th*, 1851.

I AM surprised Mr Melvill should tell you my sojourn at Chini last year had excited a good deal of observation in the court. Neither the court nor any member of it ever made any observation to me upon it publicly or privately,

but seemed to regard it as a matter of course. Chini is not in Tartary, as is vulgarly supposed; it is in *Bissehir*, a "protected hill state," and which is tributary to us. It is certainly not in the Company's territory proper, but the protected hill states are regarded as practically so. This very station of Simla, which has for twenty-five years been the headquarters of Government, is in the midst of the territories of the Rajah of Puttiala, and, as far as the eye can see to the horizon on every side, the territory is the same as that of Bissehir. The station of Simla itself is indeed British ground purchased from Puttiala; but the fact of the mere patch being British would hardly be considered as making a residence on that one spot innocent, and on another spot 100 miles farther on objectionable. Even all Simla is not within that British patch — nay, the Government House in which I lived in 1849 was on foreign ground! I therefore cannot see that, excepting from pedantry, and on a view quite different from the ordinary one, my being in Chini was violently being out of B. territories any more than if I was in my cottage at Muhassoo. That is ten miles off, and on foreign territory. Would they think it objectionable if I lived at the cottage instead of in Simla? However, if they objected, why could they not say so? I would have been on consecrated ground within sixty hours.

I don't think Sir Wm. Gomm has it in him to push on anything. But he has a smart and able young Adj.-General [Colonel Tucker], who, like his predecessor Pat. Grant, is a good friend of mine, and between us and the little man I hope we shall get something done. He is frightened out of soul and body by the newspapers, which is an impediment.

By the way, you need be under no anxiety as to my being distressed by attacks in the English papers. I don't profess to be indifferent to attack, and, what's more, I don't believe anybody who pretends to be so. But I believe I care as little about attack as most people, and certainly am in no respect perturbed by such assaults as

the one in 'The Times' to which you allude. I shall take no notice of them.

The Press here has been frantic at me because I said in a despatch which has been published that "I did not concern myself to correct the many errors of the Press regarding the acts of the Government." They construe it to mean that I do not concern myself what the Press says or thinks. I did not say so. What I did say was, that I did not concern myself to correct their many errors—simply because it would be impracticable.

I daresay the colonels will carry the day against the frock-coat, but they must not use the argument that it is not fitted for a tropical climate. No *coat*, perhaps, is fitted for a tropical climate; but if any, it should be one that covers the groin and belly. The native cavalry, who clothe themselves, all wear just such a frock-coat of padded stuff in cold and rain.

I rejoice in the progress of the Exhibition. It would have been a bonny spot of work, though, if the balloon had put its claws into it. It will not be optional with the Duke to give or withhold his minute if Sir C. Napier moves. There are those I wot of who would have it out of him, even if he had swallowed it. As it is, this paper is on record, and can be forced out.

I had a letter from little Duleep, greatly pleased at being allowed to be brought up as a Christian. He behaves with great propriety and judgment in the matter. The poor boy is dying to go to England, while the court rather discourages it.

SIMLA, *August 18th*, 1851.

YOU ask whether our Border tribes will weary of the constant drubbings they receive in detail, or whether they will go on foraying for ever. Posts are multiplying round them, or rather along their front — modes of moral coercion, as by means of the salt-mines, &c., are gradually becoming known to us. Some day we shall carry fire

and sword into the borders of some tribe more impudent than usual,—these and other causes will gradually lead to their quiescence; but we shall have no right or reason to complain if many years shall first elapse.

I envy you your visit to Arran. I passed very pleasantly part of a summer in the little old inn at Brodick, and look back upon it pleasantly. Douglas had not then made his great buildings there. You have never said anything of the little Belgian Princess Charlotte. I remember a portrait of her which the Duchess had, and which seemed to me to promise that she would be loveliness itself.

The Koh-i-noor is badly *cut:* it is rose- not brilliant-cut, and of course won't sparkle like the latter. But it should not have been shown in a huge space. In the Toshakhana at Lahore Dr Login used to show it on a table covered with a black velvet cloth, the diamond alone appearing through a hole in the cloth, and relieved by the dark colour all round.

I cannot answer your question of who the correspondent of 'The Times' is here. I only saw the passage to which you refer just now, and certainly you may well say he is hostile to me.

The points on which this writer condescends it is easy to refute. I have appointed no young officer of my staff to a command in the Nizam's army. I appointed Major Mayne, Commandant of the G.-G.'s Bodyguard, to the Cavalry Brigade at Hyderabad; but he is not one of my staff, and was not appointed to the Bodyguard by me. Mayne is an officer of fourteen years' standing, and one of the most distinguished men in the Bengal army. He commanded the cavalry at the defence of Jellalabad, and is conspicuous in the whole history of the "illustrious garrison." He was immediately afterwards appointed to the command of a cavalry regiment, and subsequently was promoted to the command of the Bodyguard. He is confessedly one of the best cavalry officers in the army (altho' an infantry captain), and therefore peculiarly fitted to command the finest body of irregular cavalry in India, to which I appointed him. That his appointment was disagreeable to the officers in the Nizam's army I have no doubt, but

it is not in any degree unusual. The commands in the Nizam's army are *ordered* to be given to the best men. Of four vacancies in brigades there, I gave two to old and good local officers; the third to Colonel Mackenzie (another distinguished Cabul officer belonging to the Madras army); the fourth I gave to Mayne. On the last vacancy in the cavalry brigades precisely the same thing was done. Lord Hardinge gave it to Beatson, who, like Mayne, was not in the Nizam's army, who was a major like Mayne—an infantry major and a Bengal infantry major like Mayne—and who did justice to the selection, as Mayne will do. The best proof of the impregnability of the selection is this. You see the newspapers are not disposed to criticise me favourably. I take six Calcutta, four up-country, two Madras, and three Bombay papers—fifteen in all; but not one of them said a single word against the appointment of this officer—nor, so far as I know, was there ever a word said against it, till this by the correspondent of 'The Times.'

Then he says I am accused of favouritism to my countrymen and dependants. He does not add that the accusation has been rebutted and rebuked even by those who assail me otherwise. I need not say that I deny the charge utterly. Of course I am not the coward to refuse an office to a countryman because I am accused of giving them to nobody else; but I certainly do not give appointments with the most remote reference to whether the recipients are Scotsmen or not. Nor do I give them to connections. I have plenty of kinsmen in India, but I have not advanced one relative of mine since I was G.-G. They all had offices before. My wife's brother [present M. of Tweeddale] is now drawing the same pay as his contemporaries, and compelled to do double the work of nine-tenths of them. The only promotion I have ever given was to a son of Sir John Sinclair, my Lady's cousin. He was my A.D.C., and I gave him a battery in the Nizam's service. I subsequently found that in so doing I had unconsciously superseded the just claims of a senior officer. I immediately *turned my cousin Mr Sinclair out again, and gave the battery to the old officer instead.* Is this nepotism or favouritism?

I adhere to my declaration that I would give offices to

the best men I could find, and I declare, on my honour, I have done so. This calumny which 'The Times' correspondent conveys to the public at home is my reward! I will give you another specimen of the return I meet. I gave a cavalry appointment to a man utterly without friends, connections, or interest, merely because I was assured he was a really good officer. Within two months afterwards he published anonymously a violent attack on me in the newspapers, *à propos* of the discussion by Sir C. Napier, slandering me grossly, and abusing me like a pickpocket. I know the man—all the army knows him—and many know that I know him; yet I have left him in his office. Still I am the man who gives offices only to his favourites and friends!!

Next, I am *said* to be fond of show and parade, "silver howdahs and so forth," at the expense of the Company. A more malignant lie was never voided. From the hour I landed I have husbanded the Company's money as I never did my own at the poorest. Though the Government houses at Calcutta and Barrackpore are furnished as no servant of the Company at the Presidency would endure his own, and though urged, I may say, by the whole community to render them fitting the residences of the head of the Government, I have refused to this moment to do so. I do not believe that in nearly four years I have expended 20,000 Rs. on all the appurtenances of furniture, &c., which are allowed me. I have ordered no plate, no ornaments, no china—nay, in camp last year, the service was actually made up with blue delft soup-plates of which I was myself ashamed. But then there is the silver howdah! It was ordered in prospect of meeting with Gholab Singh. Not a third-rate sirdar who comes out to meet you on the road but comes on his elephant with a silver howdah.

The howdah of the G.-G. was one of *wood painted like a street cab*, so that the very mahout was ashamed to sit in front of it. Accordingly one was ordered at Calcutta, and on this extravagance, amounting to £1500 sterling, I am pilloried to the English public as fond of parade—silver howdahs *and so forth*—at the expense of the Company.

When, as representative of a sovereign, I go to meet a

sovereign in his state, it is my duty to go in a manner fitting the character I represent. It would be as indecorous to neglect such state as it would be to go into a gentleman's drawing-room without my coat and my stockings about my heels. But because I do my bare duty I am slandered as fond of parade at the Company's expense. Such are the rewards of public servants. But then to heighten the antithesis, while indulging parade at the Company's expense, I am *said* not to offer the hospitality which is expected of a G.-G. This, again, is the return for entertaining as much (I will venture to say) as any man who ever was head of a Government in East or West. Last month I told you I cared as little as most people for newspaper attacks. Well, I confess I do care for this. To be fond of show, to be careless of the Company's money, to be stingy of my own, are meannesses so odious to me that I own it cuts me to be held up to England as guilty of them all. It frets me to know that all England will believe me to be guilty, and will hold me to be justly unpopular in consequence; nor does my consciousness of the injustice of the charge in this case comfort me, because the truth never can be known. I can't feel indifferent under a charge of meanness, even though false.

A poor young fellow was dancing here in my house last Wednesday; he was buried to-day, Monday! If nothing else goes fast in this country, disease and death speed.

SIMLA, *September 8th*, 1851.

MOOLRAJ is dead, and burnt by Ganges—so that his worst fears were not realised, and one of his best hopes fulfilled.

The court have grumbled at my raising the salaries in the Punjab, though every man there does double work on a pay never more, generally less, than they get elsewhere! The court are generally very liberal, but often most unreasonable—as on this occasion.

Far from complaining (as you once said you heard they did) at my promoting not for seniority, but for capacity and service, they specially enjoin upon me to do so.

SIMLA, *September 20th*, 1851.

I HAVE to thank you very cordially for what you say in your letter of 4th August; but for what you, together with Fox Maule, have done in reference to precautions against Sir C. Napier's publication during the recess, I have no solicitude now on the subject. By the same mail I had two letters from Lord Hardinge, one about some brevet promotions, and one about Sir C. Napier and myself. It is meant, I believe, to be very civil, and I have civilly answered it.

It rejoices me to learn that the Queen is so staunch respecting these late Ecclesiastical (Titles Bill) affairs. I was astonished to see as protesting (a very different thing nowadays from being *Protestants*), not only Lord Aberdeen, but Canning, Lincoln, Lyttelton, and St Germains,—all former colleagues. I was surprised, too, not to see the name of Buccleuch on either side. I daresay there was some valid reason for it, but under existing circumstances it is a pity that his proxy did not appear among the majority.

Nothing has occurred here or in India since I last wrote, except an earthquake, which set the beams unpleasantly rattling the other day over our heads. We have such festivities here as never were: balls here, balls there, balls to the Society, balls by the Society, amateur plays, concerts, fancy fairs, investitures of the Bath, &c., &c. I quite sigh for the quiet of Calcutta.

SIMLA, *October 8th*, 1851.

THE months have flown so rapidly and smoothly this summer that I seem hardly to have reported my arrival here from camp before I find myself in the midst of preparations for recommencing my march. We have had a terrible fortnight of festivities—balls without number, fancy fairs, plays, concerts, investitures—and every blank day, almost, filled up with a large dinner-party. You may judge what this "Hill Station" has grown to when I tell you that 460 invitations were issued for the last ball at Government House, and most of them came too.

The climate is now superb. The sickness, which has been very great at Lahore, is abating. That at Peshawar has been greatly less—thanks, I flatter myself, to my visit there last winter. By next year it will be better still. By that time, also, I expect to have steam arrangements so completed as to be able to bring all the recruits at once to Mooltan, and to Kalabagh, for the regiments in the Punjab, instead of travelling 1500 miles, of which 1000 from Allahabad must be marched in the first months of their arrival in a tropical climate. My monthly communication on the Indus is already opened.

The C.-in-C. sets out on his march early in November. The Headquarter's staff are getting daily more and more discontented, I see.

A matter is in agitation here which may have a great effect on my movements, and which must kick up a row somehow. Lord Ellenborough has sent out to the officers of this army the draft of a memorial regarding the Lahore property, which they claim as prize. It does not merely memorialise the Queen asking for pecuniary reward for their services, which would be admissible, if it be not laudable; but it is an elaborate attack on my policy, and on my acts as G.-G. It is not even addressed to their superiors, but to the Queen over their masters' heads. It describes my act in allotting the Lahore property to the Co. as a violation of the Queen's prerogative, and my mention of the Koh-i-noor as derogatory to H M.'s dignity. It solicits a reconsideration of the question by H.M., and asks that they should be allowed to appear in support of H.M.'s rights "against the Indian Government"!!! If there is one military principle more fully established than another, it is that soldiers can never be permitted to express an opinion on the acts of their superiors, either favourable or otherwise. But here is the army under my command not merely canvassing but censuring my political acts; arraigning the G.-G. as violating the prerogative of the Queen, and acting in a manner derogatory to her dignity—asking for a revisal of my act, which H.M. long since approved, and proposing to appear as supporters of her rights against the Government under which they served, and are serving!

Did you ever meet with such an incident in military annals, except in the form of a round-robin? The strangest part of the thing is to come. I have seen the correspondence, no matter how. Lord Ellenborough in it declares that the whole is drawn up in communication *with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Truro*, who himself suggested the prayer of the petition!!! I have addressed Lord B. [Broughton] very fully. I have written quietly, temperately, and without anything that could offend, as in 1849. I have pointed out the nature of this transaction—the extraordinary feature in it—viz., that their G.-G. is the object of a concerted attack between a bitter opponent of their Government and the Chancellor of their Government, for acts which their Government long ago confirmed, and still approves! I have reminded them of the anomalous position which I occupy with their Government, dependent wholly upon it, and debarred in honour from having recourse for defence to my own personal and political friends. I have said that I look to Lord John Russell and himself for support; and have added that if such a petition as this shall be entertained, I must of course consider it as an indirect but very unmistakeable direction to retire. I have written also to the chairman, but have omitted all reference to the Chancellor's part in the business. The memorial has not yet been forwarded to me. If it comes I must forward it on, and "somebody must be whopped"—either I or the Prætorian Guards, for such they are rapidly becoming.

SIMLA, *October 21st*, 1851.

A THOUSAND thanks for your speedy and successful execution of your mission. Mr Halford promises to be everything that I could desire out here; and although, from his assumption of the sonorous title of "*chef de cuisine* to the most noble the Governor-General of India," I doubt his anticipations may be disappointed when he sees the ugly, dirty, black faces of his Portuguese and Mugg [natives of Chittagong] subalterns, still, I hope we shall get on very well.

Here we are enjoying a superb autumn, soon to be changed into a scorching summer in camp, whither I go on the 25th.

The Momunds have again been bumptious near Peshawar, and I have desired the C.-in-C. to take immediate measures against them. If we can get at them, and wallop them well —burning and slaying a bit—it will quiet the frontier for a long time. The line of frontier defence there has been laid down, and will now be carried into execution. We have just lost an excellent officer for this and every other sort of service in Col. Bradshaw of the 60th, who died the other day of heart complaint. I hear privately that all the people about the C.-in-C. are very eager for war in the event of Gholab Singh's death. This being so, I shall take care to tie him up hand and foot, when I go, as I did his predecessor. Gholab has diabetes, and I fear, if the medical reports are correct, that he will not last many months. I had provided fully for the Nizam, if he had been troublesome, but he is paying up quietly. The Arabs are the only people there who could do anything. Caution and preparation would be necessary, but the result would be certain.

The Burmese authorities are becoming very oppressive and offensive, and I rather fear that trouble may come from them. In short, there is always a screw getting loose in some quarter or other.

The "muckle black deil" has undoubtedly broken loose, and got into the Bengal Presidency. Not only are the generals of the army mutinous, as I told you in my last letter, but my Council have now set up for themselves! Two members of the Council have recorded minutes denying my authority over them, and asserting that the President in Council has co-ordinate authority with the G.-G. in all things, when he is absent; and that in respect of the business allotted to the P. in C., he has authority exclusive of that of the G.-G.!!! I need not tell you that a co-ordinate authority—a supreme authority in two different persons—is an impossibility, and that, if it were possible, it would be most mischievous. What, then, would a Council *independent* of the G.-G. be? I expect a grand row. If the court did right, and what was due to the Government and

to me, they would turn these men out of Council. I don't wish it, for I am indifferent as to their presence or influence, provided the court properly affirms my views. So I think you will believe with me that Mahoun is at large.

SIMLA, *November 4th*, 1851.

I AM sorry for the additional trouble you have had about Mr Halford. I object to no part of the agreement, except a provision that he should have carriage whenever he was required to move about Calcutta, or *wished* to do so. This was equivalent to keeping a carriage for him, which I thought was a cut too high even for the "*chef de cuisine* of the most noble the Governor-General of India," so I scored that out before I signed it. Perquisites can't be prevented, and if he calculates them at £50 he is very reasonable. I suspect they are more likely to be £500.

We went down to Pinjore, into camp, on the 25th, and I there received the Maharajah of Puttiala and the Cis-Sutlej chiefs. It was a fine thing. When the chiefs came out to meet me, as I approached camp, there were not less than 160 or 170 howdah elephants in the field. They rolled about like an animal sea. The scene at the foot of the mountains was very grand, and the numerous native encampments, with wild troops and wilder music, and an immense crowd of people, constituted the most entirely oriental spectacle I have yet witnessed. The C.-in-C. and Lady Gomm came down, and the whole was very successful. After this was over, I returned to Simla by the new road, which I commenced one year ago, and which, when it shall be finished, will not be surpassed, I flatter myself, by any mountain road in the world. About 40 miles are now finished between Simla and the plains—12 feet wide; and though the rise is to 7000 feet, there is no gradient above 3 feet in the hundred, and most of the distance is practically level. My project is to extend it to the Chinese frontier, about 140 miles farther on, *with the same gradients*. I hope to see it well advanced, though I shall not see it finished, and I shall feel a right to be a

little proud of it. Moreover, the most of it has been done by free labour, which the native tributary states are bound to contribute, and its cost in actual outlay has thus been inconsiderable.

To-day I resume the march, cross the mountains to Mussoorie, and rejoin the camp about the 20th in the plains.

You bid me be a "good boy," and be content to stand on the defensive about Sir C. Napier. I always *have* done so. I have never asked or wished any *publication* of the papers, unless he published. All I asked or wished was that the papers should be communicated to the Court of Directors, my masters, and *not concealed in the Secret Committee of three*, as was the case when I wrote. I only now know by your last letter that they have been made known to the court. His daughter has told Courtenay [Private Sec. to Lord D.] that he is writing.

CAMP NEAR MUSSOORIE,
November 18th, 1851.

SINCE I wrote to you last from Muhassoo we have been marching steadily on. This road across the hills is little travelled, and wanders about, up and down and round, in a very unmeaning manner. The mountain and forest scenery is very fine. Jumnotri and Gungotri—two sacred mountains of the snowy range, and respectively the sources of the Jumna and the Ganges—are beside us. On the other side the Dera Dhoon—a valley enclosed in the lower hills—looks within a stone's-throw almost, but will take four days' marching before we reach it. The cold is increasing. On two of the passes which we have crossed the snow lay heavy; and one night our camp was pitched in six inches of it, at about 11,000 feet of altitude. With all this my Lady has mended very much. She has had no more ague, and with the daily change, the regularity, and quiet, she is picking up again fast.

I have been all right, except that I was nearly eaten yesterday by my own pony. He is a little entire beast,

as every one of this country is, and usually quite good-natured. I had been feeding him with bread after the march, and was standing in front of him: the little, ungrateful brute, when I was looking another way, made a rush at me, and seized me by the heart—literally by the heart. He gave me an awful crunch; and, as it was a queerish place, I did not much like the feeling of it. He has bruised and torn my breast a good deal, and to-day I am stiff and sore; but I rode the march, and no harm is done. By the end of this week I hope to have joined the great camp, where I will close this letter.

Dost Mahomed seems really to be dying. It will make no difference to us, except that by dissensions among themselves they will have less leisure to tease us.

I have received orders to pound Meer Ali Morad, the last Ameer of Scinde, and Sir C. Napier's friend. He is a great villain, and played the worst part in that very bad business. I shall therefore flay him with a lively pleasure. He won't fight.

I have sent the squadron to Rangoon. Everybody seems to think there will be no fight there. I am not so sure, but at all events I hope so. The Momunds, of whom I wrote, have been driven out of the plains, and their lands have been seized. I doubt we shall have to follow them into the hills yet, in which case there will be broken heads.

Lately I got scent of a hill near Bunnoo, which, though only some 2500 feet high, is said to be comparatively cool. I have ordered further inquiries to be made, and hope by next hot weather to have it available for short leaves in favour of those who, like Jem, are grilling across the Indus.

The subscription you ask about in the Bengal army is some new joint-stock company sort of fund for buying out seniors. It is a private affair, and I know nothing of it, except that it seems to be approved. There have, however, been many such which have broken down, and it remains to be seen whether this has any better foundation.

I am sorry to hear of the continued temperature of exalted apartments at full zero. As she grows older she will probably go into camp in winter! My tent, 100 by 40 and about 30 high, would be just about the thing.

CAMP ROORKEE, *November 25th*, 1851.

We reached the plains on the morning of 22nd, and there met a heavy storm, which prevented our proceeding that day. A forty miles' ride next day and a twenty the day after that brought us into camp here. My object is to see the great works of the Ganges Canal, the Engineering College, &c., which are here.

CAMP MORADABAD, *December 8th*, 1851.

To write "stans pede in imo" always sounded to me a phrase indicative of so uncomfortable a position that the composition which issued out of it could not be worth much. I can appreciate it more fully now, for ever since the last mail I have been writing, not exactly on one foot, but with one leg cocked up in the air in an angular and uneasy fashion. Hence you must not expect much from me this time. The reason of this angularity arose in this wise. My unfortunate right leg is like the caricature of Sir James Graham, "Drat the boy, he's always in some mess!" The tic was gone, and the bump was going, when one evening, in the hill camp, going to my tent in the dark, I tumbled over the tent-pegs and broke my shin. I growled a good deal, swore a little, rubbed my shin, and having soothed it and found no broken skin, I thought it all right, and rode and walked as usual. However, some internal bruise on the lately doctored surfaces was made, and it went the way of all broken shins, and has laid me up under a series of caustics, red precipitates, nitric acids, and all the other implements for human *firing*. It is getting better, but I lie like St Andrew, half crucified, with my head down and *one* leg in the air.

Your letter of October 23rd came most seasonably to me in these untoward circumstances. I am very glad that you see nothing too strong in my letter to the court. Well, I assure you that it is by far the sorest and strongest letter I have in four years addressed to them on any subject. You are right, and do kindly in telling me what you hear. I in

reply write exactly what I think and feel. If I flare up you will not think that I flare up at you for so telling me, or that in writing publicly I write as I do to you. You have now seen my strongest letter, and you have seen the provocation —you can, therefore, in future appreciate the opinion of those who think me over-sensitive. The fact is, these despatches are penned for the most part by head clerks, and signed by many without being read, and by all *as members of a body*. The penmen—d—d fellows who do the mechanical work, which others sign—fancy themselves the hidden springs by which this Empire is in reality moved, and they write in a tone which no Secretary of State would address to the Lt.-Governor of the bulls and bisons in the Falkland Islands. The directors, who have not an atom of real power, cling to its shadow, and don't dislike the arrogant tone of fault-finding when they read it; and, as I said before, they sign one after another as a body what any one singly would not write to his neighbour but his nose should incontinently be pulled therefor. You ask what answer they gave me. None!

Nothing has happened since I wrote, but we have a lot of jobs on hand, and we shall hardly settle them all without a row somewhere.

A sad event has been reported in the murder of Mr Carne. He madly went into the wildest part of Hazarah, where gaugers, you may be sure, are to the full as odious as in more civilised lands, and was set upon and murdered. He is a very great loss personally—while these acts of violence create an impression of insecurity which is mischievous, though not justified by facts.

The squadron has gone to Rangoon. There has not been time for any report thence.

Touching Duleep Singh and his Christianity, I do not know what under-currents there may be, but officially the court have done and said everything I could wish. He is going on very well. The Queen has never taken the least notice of his homage to the Prince of Wales, though she has taken the homage itself. I am going to ask Hobhouse to remind her.

CAMP FUTTEHGHUR,
December 26th, 1851.

I MUST not forget to do justice to the court by telling you that the last mail has brought me a letter about Hyderabad. They regret to have given pain to the G.-G. "All they meant was to disapprove of the measure." This is not very gracious after all. I have "begged respectfully to acknowledge what they have said."

Affairs at Rangoon don't look well. My letter has gone to the King—the Governor being bumptious. If, as I hope, the King is reasonable and knows his own interest, the Governor will probably find himself shorter by the head. If not, I have ordered a blockade, and if that does not procure his removal, which I have demanded, I fear we must come to blows. All that man can do to avert this, however, shall be done.

The Momunds have gone off for the time. The wild tribes in Hazarah are disturbed in consequence of this murder, and trouble may come thence. However, I hope the company's *ikbal* [luck] will get us clear of this.

To-morrow we are to dine with little Duleep Singh, who is becoming more and more European every day, and was very anxious that I should do so.

I am very glad you have seen the last two minutes between Sir C. N. and me, and glad that you are pleased. I assumed, in civility, all his Excellency's lies to be errors or misapprehensions, leaving to readers to determine whether it was irony or not.

Young Peel has appeared since my day. His joining Lord John is queer. As for its significancy, I do not think it indicates anything.

The Ex-Governor-General of Java is in camp with me at present. He is a gentlemanlike, agreeable man, who has been travelling through the country observing and inquiring closely.

CAMP, 10*th January* 1852.

YOU ask me whether "this new arrangement about the N.-W. Provinces will increase my emoluments," and add that it is said I draw large field allowances at Simla. I know of no new arrangements about the N.-W. Provinces. I have made none, advised none, contemplated none; nor has anybody else that I know of. The Indian newspapers have been storming at a supposed opinion of mine, which never entered my brain, and 'The Times' has been stupidly taken in. I never proposed, or dreamt of proposing, the removal of the seat of Government from Calcutta. If it were removed it would give me no additional emoluments. I receive no field allowances at Simla, nor any extra allowances of any kind whatever. You may tell Sir James Kempt, with my compliments, that my dinners when away from Calcutta are *not* paid for by the Company, and that when away I do not receive one farthing extra, directly or indirectly. Some of the officers receive extra allowances when up the country. All the clerks and public servants receive them, but the Governor-General receives nothing whatever extra, directly or indirectly, in cash or in kind. All European supplies are of course more expensive up country, but the Governor-General receives nothing to meet them. He gets tents or a house to cover him, and the Company's camels and elephants to carry his baggage, but beyond that, I repeat, nothing whatever. Nay, though an allowance is made once a-year for the *fête* on the Queen's birthday I have never drawn one rupee when up the country. I paid for the parties out of my own pocket, and left the allowance for the Deputy Government at Calcutta. Disabuse Sir James's mind of this error. To undeceive the public generally is impossible. I remember believing the same thing once myself.

The court and the Board of Control are both alike indignant at the proposed memorial for prize. There will be a grand row if it goes home. Whether it has gone or not I have not been able to discover.

Lord Truro, in a letter to Lord J. Russell (very wroth with me of course), says Lord Ellenboro's allegations as

to his acts are unjustifiable. Of course I am satisfied! but I must add that Lord Truro admits enough in his letter to justify what Lord E. did say, in my judgment almost to the letter!! Hobhouse says truly enough that my Lord E. could hardly have hit upon a more ingenious device to make me quarrel with them, and them quarrel among themselves.

Matters are more settled at Peshawar, and in Hazarah they appear to be all quiet again. We have heard nothing more of Rangoon. I am anxious on that score.

SECOND BURMESE WAR.

When little more than two years had passed (from the conclusion of the second Sikh War) the Government of India again was suddenly engaged in hostilities with Burmah.

Certain British traders in the port of Rangoon had been subjected to gross outrage by the officers of the King of Ava, in direct violation of the Treaty of Yandaboo.

Holding to the wisdom of Lord Wellesley's maxim, that an insult offered to the British flag at the mouth of the Ganges should be resented as promptly and as fully as an insult offered at the mouth of the Thames, I should, under any circumstances, have regarded it as sound policy to exact reparation for wrong done to British subjects from any native state. But our relations with the Burmese court, and the policy it had long pursued towards us, imposed upon the Government of India, at the time to which I refer, the absolute necessity of exacting from it reparation for the systematic violation of treaty of which British traders had now made formal complaint.

Of all the Eastern nations with which the Government of India has had to do, the Burmese were the most arrogant and overbearing.

During the years since the treaty with them had been concluded, they had treated it with disregard, and had been allowed to disregard it with impunity. They had been permitted to worry away our envoys by petty annoyances from their court, and their insolence had even been tolerated when at last they vexed our commercial agent at Rangoon into silent departure from their port. Inflated by such indirect concessions as these, the Burmans had assumed again the tone they used before the war of 1825. On more than one occasion they had threatened recommencement of hostilities against us, and always at the most untoward time.

However contemptible the Burman race may seem to critics in Europe, they have ever been regarded in the East as formidable in the extreme. Only five-and-twenty years before, the news of their march towards Chittagong had raised a panic in the bazaars of Calcutta itself;

and even in the late war a rumour of their supposed approach spread consternation in the British districts of Assam and Arracan.

If deliberate and gross wrong should be tamely borne from such a people as this, without vindication of our rights or exaction of reparation for the wrong, whether the motive of our inaction were desire of peace or contempt for the Burman power, it was felt that the policy would be full of danger; for the Government of India could never, consistently with its own safety, permit itself to stand for a single day in an attitude of inferiority towards a native power, and least of all towards the Court of Ava.

Every effort was made to obtain reparation by friendly means. The reparation required was no more than compensation for the actual loss incurred. But every effort was vain. Our demands were evaded; our officers were insulted. The warnings which we gave were treated with disregard, and the period of grace which we allowed was employed by the Burmese in strengthening their fortifications and in making every preparation for resistance.

Thereupon the Government of India despatched a powerful expedition to Pegu, and within a few weeks the whole of the coast of Burmah, with all its defences, was in our possession.

Even then the Government of India abstained from further operations for several months, in the hope that, profiting by experience, the King of Ava would yet accede to our just demands.

But our forbearance was fruitless. Accordingly, in the end of 1852 the British troops took possession of the kingdom of Pegu, and the territory was retained, in order that the Government of India might hold from the Burman state both adequate compensation for past injury and the best security against future danger.—*Final Minute of the Marquess of Dalhousie.*

CAMP, *23rd January* 1852.

AFTER I last wrote to you a reply was received from the King of Ava. It was more friendly than I had hoped for. He removed the Governor of Rangoon, and promised all redress. However, the Commodore [Lambert] and the new Governor have not hit it off. The Burmese continued their insolence and hostile tone, and finally the Commodore left Rangoon and established the blockade. This would have been all right; but before he went he thought proper, in disobedience of his orders, to make reprisals. He seized a ship belonging to the King which lay in the river. The Burmese manned the stockades and fired upon him. He anchored; sent the *Fox's* broadside into the stockade, where were 3000 men, who disappeared to a man, and then destroyed their war boats and spiked and sank their guns.

So all that fat is in the fire. I am just on the point of setting off from Benares for a day-and-night journey to Calcutta, instead of a pleasant trip in the yacht down the river. I still think matters will be accommodated for a time. At any rate, we are strengthening the frontiers, and there will be no war till October. Here you will see an illustration of what I have told you, that in India one is always sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, and no one knows how close or where a spark may be concealed. The troops are closing round Ali Morad; the Momunds are dispersed. Another young officer, Lieutenant Bulnois of Engineers, has lost his life by madly riding to the hills unarmed and alone, when he was shot from behind a stone—of course. If you ask why are orders not issued against this, I answer they are. But if a man disobeys and comes back safe, nobody hears of it; if he is killed, you can't bring his corpse to a court-martial.

Here is the Prize Memorial [*see* Appendix B]; you can judge whether I have over-coloured it.

CALCUTTA, *1st February* 1852.

HERE I am at anchor again. On Monday forenoon I left Benares, and reached Calcutta on Thursday night—420 miles. We halted only two hours in the twenty-four. This would be poor work on the rails, but is considered a good stretch here. Matters in relation to Ava remain in much the same state as heretofore since the last row. The troops at Moulmein and in Arracan have been reinforced. In Assam they consider themselves strong enough. Rumours came that the Burmese at Martaban had threatened to burn Moulmein, which is just on the other side of the river, on the night of the 23rd. The threat, no doubt, was an empty one; but as 400 men of the Royal Irish and some artillery would arrive there at that time, I only hope the Burmese will try it. We wait now for the reply to the letter from this Government, which was in answer to the Governor of Rangoon. My own opinion is that the chances are in favour of an ad-

justment of these differences; but it is impossible to rely upon it, however reasonable the expectation may be in itself. Two despatches from the Secret Committee have arrived successively, rubbing the noses of my honourable colleagues in the dirt most roughly for their minutes regarding the powers of the G.-G. Poor old Littler is so broken and frail that I could not have been savage with him, even if I had wished to be so. The others I did not choose to attach so much consequence to as to let them suppose anything they had done, or could do, would disturb me. So in Council we were all as gentle as doves the other day, if we were not as wise as serpents. I have no doubt they hate me bitterly, which don't matter.

Ali Morad has given in, like a sensible man. The force moved was quite extravagant, I thought, but it was a Bombay affair — their Government asked for it; for their C.-in-C., Sir J. Grey, talked of fanatic Belooches, and said precaution was wise. Perhaps it was. At any rate, the thing is ended. The troops may go back again. The Hon. John is richer, and Meer Ali Morad poorer, by some 12 lacs a-year. I intend to propose permitting the other Ameers, poor devils, to go back to their own land — only as pensioners, of course. Deposal, plunder, ruin, and suffering are enough in all conscience without needlessly adding exile to their fate. However, this is for yourself.

I have carried my point, too, at Delhi. The young Prince — on condition of being hereafter recognised as successor — has agreed to all I wanted, including possession of the great fortified palace in the city of Delhi, which might be very mischievous in their hands, and will be splendidly convenient for an arsenal in ours. No doubt it is rather utilitarian to turn the famous hall— "Oh, if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this!"—into a storeroom for port-fires and perambulators. But this is the nineteenth century, you see, and Elysiums are a little out of date, while port-fires are still in common use! Seriously, all the historical structures will be carefully preserved: the outer enclosure will be valuable for its

security. I wanted to take his crown as well as his palace, and got leave; but the Court of D. were in hysterics about it for some six months, and I waived my own wishes and opinions in the matter rather than distress them, poor old ladies.

Mr Shepherd is wrong when he told you the court had called for my opinion on changes in India in letters which I have not answered. He himself privately said they would be glad to hear anything I had to say. And so they shall; but there is plenty of time yet, and other matters press more at present.

The news from France are much more orderly than should have been expected. The most pacific intelligence, however, from the whole circle of the world is the tidings of Lord Palmerston's resignation. Granville's rise has been wonderfully rapid: when I left England, Master of the Buckhounds, now Foreign Secretary. Nevertheless, I look upon Palmerston's retirement as one of the three warnings of the Whig Government, and not the first of them.

I entirely agree with you as to our harbourage of malignants from every other country on earth. It is all very well that England should be an asylum for exiles, but I don't think that asylum should be permitted to become an Alsatia.

They have elected me Governor of the Bank of Scotland, in room of my good old friend Lord Melville. The compliment pleases me. I like to be recollected at home among my own folk.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *February 21st*, 1852.

MANY thanks for your letter of January 6th. The same mail brought me other letters which speak of changes even more certainly than you do. Among the rest I greatly fear I shall lose Lord Broughton. I know he is not held highly; but with the exception of one tiff in 1849 about Lord Gough, we have got on admirably. He has been a fast friend to me, and, so far as I know, has always supported

my views and fought my battle. I shall therefore regret him.

Since I last wrote to you, a letter from the King of Ava has arrived. It may be meant as an olive branch, or it may be a hum. It has been answered—the facts recited: his Majesty informed that we will stand this sort of thing no longer; that his plenipotentiary having refused the very moderate terms of this Government, his Majesty must take the consequences; that preparations have been in progress, and will not be stayed for an hour, and that I shall proceed to exact reparation for ourselves if full concession of our demands is not forthcoming at Rangoon on or before the 1st April (by which time I expect the fleet and the troops will be there), including an apology for the insults offered, and 10 lacs of rupees for expenses. They are apparently uneasy; but the arrogance of the nation is such that, like the Sikhs, they probably will hurry their Government into war. If they do they will lose the maritime kingdom of Pegu, or perhaps the whole, "white elephants" included.

Ali Morad's business is officially concluded, and there is no turmoil elsewhere.

I have been obliged to take the government of Bengal into my own hands again. As the kingdom of the Punjab has been added since I last administered Bengal, the aggregate business is now very onerous. The addition of the war, of course, adds to the burden. Very minute and methodical division of time alone can master it. If sick for a day, arrears accumulate at once. Division of labour with the Council there can be none. Three of the secretaries, including my good friend Sir H. Elliot, are all going away sick, and new men coming in. So that is a hankled skein just now.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 6th*, 1852.

THE English mail of 24th January, now 42 days out, has not arrived, and I am left in ignorance as to the changes which may have been made in the details of the Government at home. As it is very clear to me that Lord Brough-

ton has no intention of retaining office this session, the question of his successor is a matter of no little moment to me.

Our preparations for Burmah are going on rapidly and successfully. The brigade from Bengal will be ready to start on the 25th, and the whole force will be at the rendezvous in the Rangoon river by the end of March. If the Admiral (Austen) should come from Penang, as he proposes, we shall send up the river a squadron of 18 men of war, large and small, of which 15 are steamers. There will be a 74, a 42, and an 18 ship—the Indian steamers mount 20 8-inch guns besides smaller armament,—and there are two of H.M.'s steamers besides.

Considering that we have had to communicate with Governments more than 1000 miles distant, with *foot-runners* as the only mail, I think that to order, collect, and bring this force to its destination at Rangoon within forty-eight days is not bad work for the East.

General Godwin has arrived to take the command. He is living with me. He is strong, vigorous, and active in body and mind. He commanded a brigade during the last war, knows the people and the country thoroughly, and appears to me to have very sound views as to the proper mode of dealing with them politically as well as militarily. Every thing, I think, promises well for a successful issue to our task, whether it shall be merely an expedition or shall end in an extended war. The Press here is for once unanimous in favour of the Government and in approval of war. The English Press, or some portions of it, will of course take the opposite line.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 20th*, 1852.

I CAN make at present but a shabby return for your letters, for my troubles are heavy upon me. To begin nearest home, my poor wife, after having recovered health greatly during the last few years, and after being so well and so strong on the march as to be able to do as much as anybody in camp, and to have good ground for believing that she would stand the climate well, has been struck down by Bengal

at once, and is peremptorily ordered to leave the country. From the failure of the steamers, my anxiety is increased by the doubt of her being able to get away; but if no more failures happen, she will leave this on the 8th April. She is my only friend, and my only companion in this country, and God knows how dismal it will become. My cousin, James Ramsay, too, has been seriously ill indeed, and he must go to the Cape or the hills, so that I shall stand alone. It comes the more heavily at a time that I am harassed by a war which mortifies and perplexes me—which, I see, has already frightened the Leadenhall people—which can lead neither to glory nor profit, and which will be condemned simply because it is disliked, without consideration of its inevitable necessity, and of its being forced upon me in spite of every effort to resist or avoid it. For that reason public opinion here reviled me (unjustly) as supine, spiritless, forgetful of the honour and the interest of the nation. For the same act, public opinion at home is already preparing to revile me as quarrelsome, annexatious, possessed with a spirit of aggression, and swayed by the lust of territorial acquisition. The papers would show the contrary; but Indian papers are rarely shown, and never till too late.

You all magnify the affair of the frontier on the North-West. 'The Times' misrepresents and exaggerates everything. It is a mere border skirmishing, which I have told them from the first must be expected for years to come.

Your observation founded on Mr Carne's murder, that it shows the lives of officers in distant stations in the Punjab to be unsafe, is a mistaken one. Mr Carne was in no station,—he was not even in British territories. He chose to go beyond our border, among hill tribes, notorious as robbers, who would cut any man's throat for the sake of the buttons in his shirt-neck. He went where he was told by our officers not to go—where our officers had never attempted to go, and where he *promised* not to go. He was warned by the natives not to go, and yet he went without escort, and *conciliated* the robbers by giving up his arms. A *suicide* such as this among wild independent tribes really does not show life to be unsafe among the Punjab stations. No man has lost his life or come to harm yet in the Punjab

except by the same recklessness which characterised Mr Carne's act, and those instances have been but three: Healy, the apothecary, in Kohat, and two officers near Peshawar.

Everything has gone on steadily with the Rangoon force, except that we have been disappointed with one regiment which was expected to volunteer but which did not. The Bengal regiments, with a few exceptions, are for *land* service only, and can't be required by the terms of their enlistment to go to sea. Still, General Godwin will have 2500 Europeans, besides a thousand sailor-men, if he wants them, and 2500 natives, in addition to artillery. With this he will capture Rangoon and Martaban, and will hold them if he chooses. Whether the Burmese will give in after their thrashing remains to be seen. I pray God they may. As an enemy they are in no respect formidable; but a war against them, their country, and their climate, will be a costly and serious job.

Fox Maule's nomination to the Board of Control is naturally agreeable to me. Lord Broughton has behaved so well for some time past that I should have been well content to keep him; for in the Lords, where my chief assailant, Lord Ellenboro', is, I shall be altogether undefended, unless poor Lord Panmure gets his dismissal.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *4th April* 1852.

YOU quote the Duke's opinion of Sir H. T. Smith, expressed after reading the despatch of Aliwal, and you ask me what I say to it. Of myself I can, of course, know nothing: all I can tell you is the military opinion here. Now that opinion, though sometimes jealous of Queen's officers, never fails to appreciate and do justice to a real good soldier. Sir H. Fane, Cureton, Arnold, and many more are instances of it. But here Sir H. Smith is treated with ridicule, or worse. His entire suppression of the facts of the affair of *Buddiwal* just before Aliwal, where he was shamefully surprised—lost all his baggage, many of his sick and followers, and was saved from utter rout only by the

cavalry under Cureton, who personally extricated him—is regarded with great contempt, and that circumstance perhaps leads to his getting less personal credit for managing Aliwal than he does at home, and possibly less than he deserves. In short, while all admit him to be a gallant, dashing soldier, he has no military reputation in India. There, his apotheosis in England created unmitigated disgust.

Shepherd ought not to have feared my having written to the Board of Control about N.-W. Province arrangements without their knowing it. I have ever dealt openly with both, and on such a subject would never have advised *partially*. The ignorance of Indian facts which he ought to know, still singularly characterises the correspondent of 'The Times' from Bombay. Its article recently on the alleged aggressive and ambitious policy of the Indian Government is most false and unjust.

A Burmese war *now* would be far more conclusive than the last, and would not cost one-fifteenth of the 15 millions it cost before. But that is too much. The Bombay Government have done all the Outram business themselves. I know nothing of the facts, except that they turned him out for giving them cheek. I hope it will make a row—the more rows the better; I shall be quiet in the smoke.

My plans are again overthrown. Lady Dalhousie has again had so severe an attack since I last wrote, and is so weak, that it is doubted whether she is equal to the Red Sea and the transit through Egypt in the month of May. Long as the passage is, I would send her by the Cape; but I can't, for the bad season is at hand, and every tolerable ship has left the port. She is therefore obliged to go to the hills in Ceylon, which are the most accessible—give something of a sea voyage and have a fine climate.

The squadrons will rendezvous off Rangoon, I hope, tomorrow. The beasts intend to fight.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *April 28th*, 1852.

I WAS very thankful for your letter of 6th March, which reached me from London in thirty-three days and eleven

hours. The objection to Lord Derby's Government is not that they are new and unknown men. There is a great deal of red-tape cant in assuming that a man can't be fit for Secretary of State unless he has crept up through all the lower offices. The objection, to my mind, is that they *are* known, and known to be not fit. Lord Malmesbury has been long before the House of Lords—who in all that assembly believes him fit for such an awful charge as Foreign Minister at this moment? Still more, Sir John Pakington —Lord Lonsdale's appointment, which is a bad practical joke, and some of the others are little better. However, I wish them fair-play and good luck. I have had a very civil letter from Mr Herries [Pres. of B. of C., succeeding Fox Maule]. He has begun by approving of all I have done and all I propose to do in Burmese matters; and both Government and court seem to be a little less terrified than they were just before.

Sir Charles Napier's talk about withdrawing 30,000 troops from India is nonsense. India is as vital a point as Sheerness. Moreover, there are not 30,000 Queen's troops in all India. I don't think I am prejudiced, and I think his letter, with some good suggestions, is, as a whole, a very poor production. The sole question between rifle and musket is the expense. In every other respect the rifle *must* be superior. Its range is fourfold—if in line-firing it is no better than the musket, it is at all events as good,—it will carry a bayonet as well as the musket does, is lighter, and more reliable for the man. Whether that is worth the difference between 20s. and 240s. is to be decided. But if not to the whole army, why not give them to the flank companies of each corps? In this service very many regiments have one rifle company, and I think it is a good plan, if the ammunition is not different. I would make the ammunition the same. You and I shall be the same, I suppose, if we live long enough; but old men's objections really are not to be attended to. I once heard the Duke deliberately state at Walmer that he set no value on the overland mail to India, and that for his part he did not believe it went at all *materially* faster now than in his day!—the time being now twenty-six days, and in his time from four to five months always!!

Your brief remark on the Burmese business is a very just one, and comprehends the whole case. Shepherd and others after him say you are dealing with a barbarian: be magnanimous, disregard his insults. You truly say, what will the barbarian think of your disregard of his insults? Why, simply that it is fear of his power, and submission to it. Besides, this is not a question of insult merely, but of injury. This present case is merely the last straw that has broken the camel's back. Our treaty has been violated, our rights refused, our subjects plundered, our traders imprisoned, threatened, beaten; and when redress was sought then came the insult, and not insult only, but refusal of all redress. The simple question is whether, before all Asia, England will submit to Ava, desert its subjects, and be driven out of the Irrawaddy; or whether, protecting its subjects, it will enforce its treaty rights by arms, and if no less alternative will do, take possession of the Irrawaddy itself. God knows I lament the alternative, but I did not create it. I have laboured to avert it, and as it has been forced upon us, I say that if we shrink from it our power in India will be shaken by our short-sighted and cowardly policy worse than ever it has been shaken by our enemies.

April 24th. Despatches just come from Rangoon entirely satisfactory. Martaban captured on 5th, Rangoon after three days assaulted, and carried on 14th, Burmese gone; 100 pieces of artillery captured. The ships and troops worked beautifully together. All behaved perfectly, Europeans and natives, and the best possible spirit prevails. 3 officers killed, 14 wounded; 15 men killed, 120 wounded. Several officers died of the *sun* upon the field. That is our worst foe here. This is a great success, and though all loss is lamentable, I think the victory has not been dearly purchased. The Admiral took command over Lambert—not by my wish. One of the officers killed was a young fellow named Doran of H.M. 18th. He behaved nobly, and died gloriously. He led the assault, and was leaping up the steps of the Pagoda cheering on the men when he fell: six balls struck him. Sad to say, he married only eight days before he was ordered on service. These are sickening sequences of each gazette.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *May 2nd*, 1852.

D'ISRAELI'S work in the Commons reads as a failure. I think the position of the present Government appealing to their opponents for forbearance, and at the same time refusing to say what they intend, is not tenable.

You ask how all these political changes will affect me. Hitherto no change of Government at home has ever affected a G.-G. actually in India. Still, I held myself ready for whatever might come. But Mr Herries addressed me very cordially, assumed my remaining as a matter of course, and approved of all I had done. By this mail I have no letter from him, but a long one from Lord Derby, the purport of which is to ask me to prolong my stay for a year. Shepherd writes in strong terms to the same effect, and leads me to expect a despatch from the court unanimously pressing the request upon me. I shall reply to Lord Derby requesting a few days to consider my reply. I shall not give it till I see the despatch. If its request is by way of a favour to me, I will reject it; if, as I suppose, it is put on the ground of the public advantage, I may accede. But my wife's illness makes a considerable difference in my consideration of the question. If I do remain, I will not consent to the precise limitation of one year; because I should, in case of prolongation, enter on large measures which I avoid now, and which may not be entirely completed when the said year expires. If I retire then, my successor gains all the merit of what I have done. Of course, I have not the smallest intention of retaining this office indefinitely, but I will not retain it after the usual time, unless with the understanding that I shall be allowed to complete what I undertake on the renewed lease.

The wounded at Rangoon are doing well. The general health is good, and I pray God may continue so. I propose to hold Rangoon till they submit; and if that does not occur in November, the army shall be under the walls of Ava in February.

The Governor of Rangoon sent in a paper to General Godwin, after his retreat, to say we had beaten one army, no doubt, but that there were two more still. Nevertheless,

to prevent effusion of blood, he was willing to *allow* things to return to what they were before hostilities. These are the people whose insolence, it is said, we should pass without notice. General Godwin gave back the letter with a polite intimation to the effect that if he caught his Excellency he would hang him. Provided he does not do it (which I have warned him against), the answer was in the proper style for these people.

General Godwin's gallantry in the field was most conspicuous—too much so for a general—and his exposure of himself to the sun equally reckless. As he is safe through it, it is all very well, for it inspirits the men. It is troublesome work fighting east and west at the same time, 2500 miles apart. However, Sir C. Campbell has given the Mohmunds a good licking this time, and they have broken up. You may understand how poor a foe these people are in the plains, when I tell you that Sir C. with 250 irregular cavalry and 2 horse-artillery guns routed 6000 foot and 100 horse, who came down the other day, and drove them back pell-mell into the hills.

P.S.—In case you should hear echo'd in England the statement current here that the Queen's 51st did not behave well, I add that I think it unfounded. The men had never been under fire before, and there was a momentary panic in advancing to escalade the White House. Mr Lambert will tell you that it was only momentary.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BARRACKPORE,
21st May 1852.

FROM Rangoon I have had no mails since I wrote to you. Nine regiments have already volunteered, each in a body, for service in Burmah. It is a fact worthy to be noted that the two first regiments which volunteered on this occasion were *Sikh local* corps—composed chiefly of Sikhs, whose countrymen only three years ago were fighting out a national struggle with the British power, almost on the very scene from whence these men now volunteer to move more than

2000 miles by sea and land, in the service of the British Government, and for its defence! It is a curious trait in the Asiatic. As they say themselves, "They fight for their bellies"; and they serve him most faithfully who fills it most regularly and most fully.

The tribes at Peshawar are very troublesome in giving refuge to vagabonds who fly our country, and from the hills infest as plunderers the districts they have fled. A force in now going to destroy some of these villages, and I hope they may be able to do it efficiently. Generally I spend now the Sunday to Wednesday out here—the other three days in Calcutta—a party at each place each week. These are irritably formal. It is a "palace dinner"; and whether it be sacred Majesty that is host or his Honour the Governor of Heligoland, formality can't be got rid of in such places. In short, my life is the concentrated essence of dulness socially at present.

In Sinde, Meer Ali Morad of Khyrpoor was accused of having forged a clause in a treaty whereby he had wrongfully obtained possession of lands which of right belonged to the British Government. A full and fair investigation was made. The Ameer had every opportunity afforded to him of defending himself, but his guilt was proved beyond a doubt. The lands were taken from him, and his power and influence were reduced to insignificance.—*Final Minute of the Marquess of Dalhousie.*

BARRACKPORE, *May 30th*, 1852.

THE proceedings of Lord Derby's Government, and of some of its members, have been calculated reasonably to weaken public confidence in them. He himself, with vast and undoubted ability, has made at least one mistake. His Whig former colleagues will tell you that his mistakes are never unconscious, and that his chivalry does not include in it candour or honesty. I have never consented to believe this. In the meantime, I have mighty little knowledge of his Government in relation to its Indian views. There have been, I think, either five or six mails since Lord Derby came in, and I have heard from his President *twice*. I sincerely regret Shepherd's departure. I have never had

more entire satisfaction in my communications with any public man than in those with him, which have extended now over two years and more. I have not only a high respect for him as a public officer, but I have acquired a warm esteem for him personally. I hope those feelings will survive long our official connection.

The affairs of the Company will undergo little change. Though Lord Hardinge will never stand up for a second before the shadow of Lord Ellenborough's walking-stick, and though Lord E. will do his worst, he will produce nothing, I think, in the Lords, and if he does, it will not pass the Commons. The Indian Empire bores the Commons; they know his personal animosity, and they will get rid of him and India together, and go to dinner. Lord Broughton licked him well—nevertheless he gave him a fair opening, against which I had cautioned him, which I avoided here, and which Lord E. did not fail to seize. I carefully kept the charges, and the punishment of Ali Morad, on the sole ground of his Highness' recent fraud and forgery on the Government of India. The court at home, and Lord B., made an additional ground of punishment out of his now proved fraud against old Meer Roostum in 1843, when Lord E. took Scinde. This addition was wholly unnecessary. I excluded it from my proclamation as not only needless but impolitic, for the introduction of it would have brought on me the obligation of fighting the question of 1843 (with which I had nothing to do, and which I did not require; for Ali Morad's act, proved in 1850, was quite enough to justify the punishment he received in 1852), and, moreover, it gave Ellenborough or any other antagonist an opportunity to say, you convict this man of one thing, but in reality you punish him for another thing. Many of his statements in the other speeches about the Madras army—my having done this, and not having done that—heart of official confidence, &c., are libellous, but luckily harmless. They are ridiculed here, and seem to produce no effect at home. No further intelligence of any great moment from Ava. The troops are getting well covered in supplies, and everything most abundant. There is a good deal of small

sickness, but nothing serious. The people flock to Rangoon. They have themselves turned the Burmans out of the old city of Pegu, and have treated us as allies. A column of 500 men was sent to look up the Governor of Rangoon, who was said to have a remnant of 3000 or 4000 men some twenty-five miles off. The men had a long march, found him in a strong position, but went slap at him. Before they got within a mile of him he went off with his gold umbrella, and his whole levy pell-mell after him, without firing a shot. The King is said to have died, and the kingdom to be in confusion. I have taken measures to obtain authentic information, which is very difficult, but as yet I know no more than I have told you. We can hear of no troops, no fortifications anywhere. But the beasts don't give in; and this sort of passive resistance is perhaps as embarrassing for my part of the business as anything could be, for *I can't get a result.* They give and take no terms. To make our own terms, take Pegu (for to take Rangoon alone is absurd), is what I desire to avoid; and yet to go away is to be practically expelled from Ava.

In the meantime the other frontier is very troublesome, and Sir Colin Campbell more troublesome than the frontier. We were great friends—he was, till a year ago, most remarkable for getting on cordially with civil officers,—and all was satisfactory. Whether Sir C. Napier's intimacy produced the effect or not I can't tell, but for the last year he has been wholly changed. Personally brave as a lion, he has become timid and temporising, and has lowered the spirit of his force thereby most objectionably. Always making difficulties, always going out and doing little—our foes got cocky, and our friends got cocktail. A year ago I surrendered my own judgment to his and the C.-in-C.'s about an attack, and I have ever since regretted it. Accordingly, of late, they have got so outrageous that Col. Mackeson addressed to him a requisition for troops. He refused them. On what grounds, think you? *On no military grounds* whatever, but on the avowed ground that whatever the civil officer, the representative of the Government, might think, he, the *military Brigadier, was not himself convinced of the justice* of the movement, and therefore

he would not move!! Once more we revert to the simple proposition, "There can't be two masters." I have therefore given my mind yesterday to Sir C. C., through his chief. I have told him that I have with difficulty abstained from forthwith removing him from his command, and that unless he eats his words I will do so now. Strange to say, the quiescent and acquiescent little C.-in-C. backs him up. I have dealt firmly but very civilly and gently with the body —who, I believe, would as soon swallow a red-hot poker as resist the Government; but the principle of unity of authority, assailed with such perverse pertinacity by all C.-in-C's., must and *shall* be maintained. All this worry and bother on an axiom both in civil and military administration familiar to every tyro in politics, and to every subaltern at the head of a detachment, is very provoking. I have heard this morning that they have had an action with about 7000 men at the mouth of the Swat valley, and have beaten them, with heavy loss on their side, and eight or nine men killed on ours. The Nizam has stopped payment again, and that throws me again into a large political operation there. All this is perplexing. I am lonely and out of spirits, and on the top of all comes the court's despatch asking me to stay here. It is very honourable in its terms, and solicits me "earnestly" to remain, fixing no limit to my further stay. My disinclination to remain is now much stronger than it was six months ago. The considerations of family are more urgent, for my wife's health is already broken again. I am disheartened publicly by this *contretemps* in Burmah, and can look, if I remain, only for some fresh disappointment elsewhere. I am worn and wearied, and though well enough now, I have always before me how emphatically true it is in this country that one knows not what a day may bring forth. I have turned over the upper edge of the world now, and have no future to trust to; wherefore, I should perforce keep myself within those bounds. I am sick of public affairs, and especially of public men on all sides, and really am inclined to regard the career of a modern English statesman as an ungentlemanlike occupation, and therefore I have no temptation to engage in it again. All this leads me to *not*

to consent to stay, by which I shall gain absolutely nothing and shall sacrifice much. On the other hand, the court urges me on public grounds—the Prime Minister does the same. I do not know, and cannot guess, what may be inscribed on the other side of the page of Indian history, which I have not yet turned, and which will include the next two years and their events. These considerations raise the question of whether my duty does not require me to stay where *prima facie* my presence promises to be valuable, so long as there is no imperative personal obligation to the contrary overbalancing it. I must answer in three days, and I suppose I shall reply that I will stay. But I must couple with it a condition that if imperative personal considerations should arise to call me away, I must not be considered vacillating if I ask to be relieved after this war is over. Till then nothing will stir me, unless sickness should convince me of my own inefficiency.

P.S.—June 2nd. The storm of Bassein has been a very dashing affair. There were but 800 troops and some marines and seamen. They went 60 miles up the Bassein river, *having no soundings before*, anchored at 4 o'clock P.M., landed the troops, and at half-past 6 had taken both town and fort, and scattered a garrison of 6000 men. This is good work between sunrise and sunset. This secures Lower Arracan, and gives us the whole seaboard of Burmah. The story about the 18th and flint muskets is stuff. I don't believe there is now a single sepoy regiment in line that has not had percussion muskets long ago.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 13*th June* 1852.

IF the lady in question has any such gracious intentions on my return, as your friend S. [Stockmar] surmises, I am very proud but very sorry, for I shall only be forced to give great offence. No power on earth shall induce me to take any office on my return. I object upon principle to committing suicide! and the principle seems to me to be the same whether you commit the act offhand or by inches.

Politics are in a sad hash, and discontent me with everybody. I suppose they are honest, yet nobody *seems* to grow straightforward. My children write in delight, poor things, at the thought of seeing their mother, believing with all the happy tendencies of the teens that the illness will be nothing and the joy unalloyed. There will be great disappointment inflicted by the next mail.

It has relieved me much to find that the Burmese business has been more justly viewed than I expected in England, though the lies they tell are inconceivable. The article in 'The Times' about the 18th muskets and all the rest of it is false. That about General Godwin almost as much so. General Godwin, when he first came down here, founding on his recollections of '24, was adverse to the thought of keeping the force at Rangoon during the monsoon. He would have preferred beginning in November and finishing at once, but he did not object to the expedition now; his objections were to remaining during the rains. I did not overrule his objections, assured him the health of the troops would be a paramount consideration with the Government, but that we believed they could stay with safety under the altered circumstances of the time. The facts were gradually brought before him—he inquired for himself, and the result was that before he went away he was satisfied of the practicability of remaining, and was half inclined for an advance to Prome, which I opposed, and which (I am a little vain in knowing it) he has since wholly abandoned. Far from opposing me, he is most devoted to my wishes, while independent in his opinions. They say he is old—so he is in years, but a man of fifty (as compared with men's efficiency in this country) very active in body and mind, and gallant as steel.

You say the papers tell you I am going to alter the constitution of the Bengal army,—"desirable, but kittle" [ticklish]. A malison on the papers, which for ever lie, and which you people in England will stupidly (beg pardon) believe. I am going to change no constitution of the army. Nor can I conceive what the report means—unless it be the proposal that all the Bengal regiments should *hereafter* enlist men for general service, and not seven regiments only.

The Madras and Bombay armies have long so enlisted; there is no difficulty in getting recruits for the seven general service corps in Bengal, and there would be no difficulty in enlisting *all* men for general service. It should unquestionably be commenced with *new* recruits when the war is over. But no one ever thought of altering the constitution of the army as it stands. Men are actually volunteering by whole corps now—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—in the Punjab irregular force, 3000 miles nearly from Burmah,—showing the feasibility of rendering this whole army a general service one—*of course only by time.* Sir Colin Campbell has returned to Peshawar, having done his work very incompletely. I am greatly dissatisfied with his conduct. Sir W. Gomm has been obliged to unmake a number of Queen's generals, whom he dubbed Lieut.-Generals because the Company's Major-Generals were promoted to Lieut.-Generals. Godwin was among them. It looks very odd. Is it not odd, too, that they should have made so many G.C.B.'s, and not made the C.-in-C. in India, who has been a K.C.B. since 1815?

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *June 27th*, 1852.

THERE is nothing more at present to report to you from Burmah. H.M.S. *Sphynx* arrived on the 15th, bringing news to the 10th. They have had a little humbugging expedition to Pegu, which they had much better have let alone, since they did no real good, and broke the back of a second out of the very few river steamers I have, and on which so much depends in the future. The health of the troops was excellent. But there is no symptom of submission, and I now give up all hope of it, except, perhaps, at a distant time, when our expenses will have risen to such a sum that the reimbursement we must demand will either be refused or can be met only by cession of territory—odious to them and undesired by us. Daily I am more mortified and disheartened by the political necessity which I see before me. It will now be submitted to the court, and must be decided by them; for it would

neither be constitutional nor respectful that I should keep silence, and act on my own responsibility, when there is no paramount necessity for so doing, thus imposing upon the court the obligation of either confirming my unauthorised act, which may be unpalatable to them, or of disallowing it, which would be, of course, conclusive of me, and cruel to the people whom my act would have gravely affected. Conquest, I have officially said, is a calamity; but in this case the avoidance of it would be a calamity greater still. If the court choose to elect the alternative of immediate convenience at the price of certain future recurrence of the present evil in a worse form, they may do so. But if they do so, and check their own inevitable progress for a while, I should still say of British Empire in the East, as Galileo of the earth, "Still it moves." In the meantime I have issued orders for the preparation of an army to be put in the field in November of 12,000 men—6000 from Bengal and 6000 from Madras—added to the present force.

Sir Henry Pottinger has behaved very ill to me—sulking from the first, from I know not what cause. He delayed the embarkation of the Madras force for a week, and then threw the blame of the delay on me, and asked the Government of India to express satisfaction with this explanation of the delay! This was very easily disproved. He rejoins by an angry minute—standing alone on his record—and forces me into a more full reply. I think I have polished him off this time. At all events, I have told him that if he has any more to say he must address himself to the Court of Directors. This was not the course of Sir Thomas Munro. Why the Bengal army should be excluded from all share in a war with a State of which the political relations are directed from Bengal, and which is surrounded on three sides by British provinces all governed by Bengal, and should be so excluded in order to give the whole share to Madras, which has no connection whatever with Burmah except furnishing two native regiments to the said province, and which could not provide one-half of the force required except by getting its troops relieved by troops from Bombay and Bengal, does not appear clear to me, or, I should think, to anybody out of Madras itself. In the meantime I have

to write folios to meet such unreasonable expectations and still more unreasonable complaints. Upon my soul, it is too bad! There is not a more peaceable man alive, or one more disposed to give all credit to those who aid him, or act under him, than I; and yet I seem to be perpetually fighting some one of them, and always hitherto declared to be entirely right in the matter, and so I shall be in this case. Sir Colin Campbell has closed his expedition, done some good, but missed a golden opportunity for doing a great deal more; and finally resigned, nominally from ill-health, really in a huff. There is another controversy, raised by Sir W. Gomm, on a point already decided against him and his predecessor at least 500,000,000,000 times. And because of his indecision, troops were brought from other parts of the frontier, rumours were spread by the disaffected that they had been destroyed, and the whole N.-W. frontier is uneasy. Gomm is growing very unsatisfactory. Referring everything to Government, he rarely gives an opinion on matters where he is bound to do so, and where he does, compelling the Government to negative his proposals by suggesting measures contrary to every rule of the service; and then, I doubt not, when he is refused, representing to Lord Fitzroy the manner in which the C.-in-C. is thwarted in military duties by the Government. For instance, to fill the vacancy made by Sir Colin he proposed: 1st, that it should be filled by a Queen's officer; 2nd, that officer should be Col. M——; 3rd, if not, that Sir H. Wheler should be selected. Now, 1st, he knew very well that the court had laid down that there should be three Queen's officers holding brigades, after the next vacancy, and no more: Col. M—— would have made the fourth; and secondly, Col. M—— is now *in England*, consequently not eligible. Col. M——, moreover, proceeded to England when his regiment was ordered *to the frontier*, in a pet because Sir C. C. did not resign and let him be Brigadier, which he could not by the court's regulations! Thirdly, Col. Wheler has just completed his five years' tour—besides having an additional year given to him—consequently he too is ineligible. This is the sort of aid I get! and these are the proposals for rejecting which I am no doubt held up

to the Horse Guards as a civilian interfering unduly with the direction of military affairs. During the last C.-in-C.'s time, and this one, my hardest tasks have been to defend this army from the infliction of injustice upon it by its Commander-in-Chief. It really is provoking, and when little documents—half ginger-beer-bottle remonstrances and half whimpering expiations—come up from H. E. in consequence, I always feel inclined to reply as Dandie Dinmont to the captured gipsy, who complained that his grasp had torn the collar of his coat—"Tore your coat! damn ye, sir, I'll brak your neck!" At the same time, let me add that all this is only teasing and wrong—not obstructive and insubordinate like Sir Charles.

Bad luck dogs me in this country. There were only two people with whom I was personally very intimate, so that their loss would have been felt; and just as I lost my wife I lost one of them, Sir Henry Elliot, the Secretary, who has been with me since 1848. Now I have lost the other. Mr Halliday, who served with me as Secretary to the Government of Bengal, and whom I made Home Secretary in the Government of India, goes home without a day's delay. After being 27 years in India without ever leaving it, a tower of strength in appearance and never ill, he has all at once been prostrated though without any positive illness, and is obliged literally to fly for his life. He is one of the very ablest men in India—full of information, and greedy to gain it where he is going, and eager to make the most of his limited stay. I will give him a letter to you, and you will greatly oblige me if you would help him to gain any of his sight-seeing objects.

The *Sphynx* brought up your young Prince Ernest of Leiningen, and I need hardly say that I have been really happy to show him every attention in my power. He is perfectly well apparently in health, and most good-humoured, unaffected, and obliging. He lives here, and has been with me to Barrackpore. I have done my best to put at his command everything to help him to pass his time in this dull place, and he will have, by reason of his serene Highness-ship, to submit to some additional dinners, which no doubt he hates, and to a ball, which he will probably be

more tolerant of. The Admiral, when he is here, and Captain Shadwell, with whom he now is, both spoke very highly of him, and he is very popular with his shipmates —a good sign. He certainly is made to rough it in the service, for he has not even got a servant with him of any sort.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 10*th July* 1852.

I SHALL be very glad if the two Committees on India go on as mildly as Melville reported to you. It will have a bad effect if they seem to huddle up their work, and I believe, if they examine deliberately, they will find little to alter of moment. The Government of Bengal, however, is an exception to this observation, and I earnestly hope they will effect a change there. I have constantly urged it for several years.

You mention having seen the Duke stepping along in a bleak east wind with duck trousers on. Perhaps you are not aware that there is not a little humbug in that affectation of hardiness by his Grace. He wears the white trousers, but there is always more than one pair of flannel drawers under them, whereby he is just as warmly clad as his neighbours. Of late he has completely cut me. Indeed, he never was the same to me after he behaved so ill to me in 1847, when old Arbuthnot intrigued me out of Deal Castle for Lady Clanwilliam. It was a very unnecessary intrigue, for if the Duke had but said the word on my first appointment to India, I should have resigned at once. My annoyance was not so much at losing Deal Castle as at having been betrayed into an appearance of desiring to retain it when there was a desire I should resign it. However, having used me ill, he has since liked me ill—as was natural. It was obvious from his letters. However, I continued to show him the respect of writing to him; but for two years he has not answered my letters, and as I don't choose to take that from him any more than from anybody else, I have long ceased writing.

With regard to Lord Ellenboro's circular, it was stopped because, as Sir J. Thackwell said to Mountain, *circumstances rendered it desirable that it should be kept in abeyance*—that is to say, I fancy they found they were going to put their foot in it.

Mr Herries has given you an erroneous impression, or rather he entertained one, when he said the right way to recover the over-issued Scinde prize-money from Sir C. Napier was not by stopping his pay. That expression would imply that the proceeding was unusual, and that it could have been avoided. I assure you it was neither. These are the facts.

In 1850 it was found that, in consequence of not taking into account a large share of the prize granted by the Queen to the Ameers, the Prize Committee had issued a large sum of money to the army which was not available. Of this Sir C. Napier's share was £2000. It was, of course, necessary to recover the over-issue. This was done by a G.O. stopping it off the monthly pay of all concerned, in very small instalments extending over a long time. This is the constant and invariable course in every such recovery. It did not apply to Sir C. Napier only, but to every officer and soldier in Scinde. The Government bore the loss incurred in the over-issue to the soldiers, but it recovered from *every* officer as well as from Sir C. Napier. This was in April '50. In May '50 Sir C. Napier came to me at Simla. He was very angry, and protested, not against the mode of stoppage, but against being made to repay at all. Being just on the eve of a break with him, I desired to conciliate, and I acceded to his desire to be allowed to appeal to the court. And in the meantime *I suspended the G.O. and the stoppages.* For this the President in Council was very angry with me, and the home authorities blew me up. They rejected his appeal, and directed me to recover. Even then I did not reissue the G.O. and stop his pay. I wrote to him officially, though he then would not speak to me, and had resigned. I informed him that the court had decided against him, but that if it were inconvenient to him to be put under stoppages (which

must be heavier now, because the time to realise in was shorter), I should be quite satisfied if he would consent to pay the money before he left India. He flatly refused, said the Government had no legal and no moral right to take back the money from him, and that he would *not* pay. Of course I was then obliged to stop his pay. This is the story; it was the most unworthy thing Sir C. Napier did in India.

Like Mr Herries, I do not believe the last war in Burmah cost 15 millions. I believe that sum, or anything like it, can only be made up by taking the *whole* pay of the troops during the war, and not the extra pay and extra expenses only, as I described the practice in the calculation of the charges of my camp. The regular pay must have been disbursed if there had been no war, and the extra cost ought alone to be charged. That extra cost, by an official return before me, was £150,000 a-month at the most costly time. It was not so costly *all* the time, but take that as the average. The war lasted from May 1824 to May 1826—twenty-four months. This gives under *four* millions instead of 15. Our expenditure at this moment is about £26,000 to £30,000 a-month of *war* charges.

By last steamer I sent home the proposals as to future policy, which the home Government reserved to itself to decide. Hogg [chairman of court] seemed to think I should be affronted at not having it left to me. I am quite ready to take any responsibility to act without orders, or even against them, if circumstances either change since the orders were issued, or I am led to judge it necessary for the public safety that I should so act; but I have no objection to have responsibility removed, and no desire to be independent in great things. I hate being thwarted in local matters by their subordinates at home, which is sometimes the case. Whether they will agree to my policy or not I don't know. Meantime the preparations are going on. I think I told you that I meant to go to Rangoon to save correspondence, &c. I can settle in five days what otherwise will take five months. I daresay the court would hum and haw,

so I said nothing about it till I was just going; and I shall be back, please God, and report my return before they have had time to hum. There is great public advantage in my going, so I shall go. I must needs say to you there is some public spirit in it too; for in the monsoon it blows like the very devil in the bay, with a great sea, and I shall be horribly sick. With regard to the Duke's minute about the Burmese war, I can find no minute; but there is a despatch from Ellenboro' in 1829 on that subject, to which Mr Herries lately drew my attention, with a note from the Duke. I infer, therefore, that the despatch embodies the minute. It advises operating by the Aeng Pass from Arracan, which everybody else deprecates. The Duke is a great man—a very great man; but after all we must not carry hero-worship too far, or assume as infallible opinions given on a country he never saw, whose circumstances are wholly changed since he wrote, and on which he wrote twenty-three years ago—twenty-three years which comprise of progress and change sixty years of any other epoch.

We will fight our own fights in our own way. If we are beaten, disgrace us. But if we are to have the responsibility, let us have the power. Don't subject the minds of men, fit to think and act in their generation, to the shadow of another mind however vast.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *August 7th*, 1852.

YESTERDAY afternoon I returned from Rangoon. We had a long passage, with a heavy head-sea down and regular monsoon weather coming back, blowing hard, with a great sea. I was not sick, but suffered from a bad ulcerated sore throat all the time. I could not speak without pain, or eat without agony; and as during my five days' stay I was compelled to *speak* all day, and to be present at a large party at *dinner* every evening, you may conceive what it was. However, it was gratifying to find the health of the troops excellent — only 10½ per cent in hospital, which is not much more than the average of

European sick in cantonments, and very moderate for men on service. The climate is cool, not more than 78; very damp, and apparently preferable to Bengal in every respect. The quantity of fruit is the main cause of dysentery. The men get 100 pine-apples for a shilling; and as they "like them heavy"—that is, unripe,—and eat three or four pine-apples, where you and I should eat half as many slices, it is no wonder they suffer. The conduct of the force has been admirable to the people, and the confidence the people repose in them is the best testimony to their good conduct. Three months ago every soul had fled; now there are 60,000 people collected, and all housed, with bazaars and shops, as if war had never been.

The little flotilla has been up to Prome. They managed gallantly, and captured fifty-six pieces of artillery from 4- up to 40-pounders. They nearly captured Bundoola. They did capture his war-boat, and have sent me his gilt *chatta* [umbrella]. As an enemy they are now contemptible. But still I cannot act: I am tied up hand and foot by orders from home. I have no right to complain; but this is not wise policy with a G.-G. of India in whom they affect to confide. The outcry for advance is great. *I will not advance one yard from Rangoon* till I am satisfied that the home Government will not make me retire; because such an advance must commit the wretched Peguers, who actually implore our rule, to acts which will expose them to frightful cruelty if we leave them. To such a risk I will not expose them, equally on grounds of statesmanship and of humanity. Meantime preparations are going on. Four more brigades are ordered. I shall probably not send more than two, but bring the others to the coast to be ready; and I have made up my mind not to advance beyond what we wish to occupy—that is, all to the southward of Prome.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 15*th August* 1852.

IN reading over your two last letters I find one or two things which I have not answered. In one of them you

remark on the "uncomfortable feeling" apparent in the Bengal army, and you doubt my being able readily to find troops for Burmah. I am aware of no incident which should create the impression of an uncomfortable feeling in the army except the conduct of the 38th Regiment.[1] That conduct was grossly misrepresented by the Press, and very unjustly vituperated. The regiment was not a general service regiment. In 1799 it volunteered for Mysore, and as a reward was designated Bengal Volunteers; but it was not liable on that account to serve across the seas. The Government, misled into a blunder by the representations of the commanding officer, offered the corps to volunteer. The said commanding officer and his major were at feud. Just at that moment the Lieut.-Col. was posted to another corps, but on hearing of the probable volunteering, reposted to the 38th again by C.-in-C. The bad feeling between the Lieut.-Col. and the Major, exasperated by these supersessions and counter-supersessions, found its way to the men, and they declined to volunteer. This was a poor spirit, but it was not disloyalty, or mutiny, or insubordination, or any of the hard names it has been called. The men had a right to decline, and they acted perfectly within their military rights in declining. Some violent conduct of the commanding officer led to acts of insubordination, for which the guilty men were dismissed. These proceedings, at the worst, prove a bad feeling only in the 38th. I myself believe, with most others, that there was no real bad feeling, and that the fault rested wholly with the officers. But most certainly it does not prove bad feeling in the *army*, for what was the result? As soon as the refusal of the 38th was known regiments began to volunteer *as entire regiments*, which they never did before. Without any solicitation, and exclusive of the Punjab regiments, complete corps have volunteered for Burmah to the extent of upwards of 20,000 men. Besides these, I have eight general service corps. So that you see I have no difficulty about troops: the real embarrassment is in selecting those that shall be allowed to go.

[1] See Walpole's Hist. of England, vol. vi. p. 285, ed. 1890; also, Life of Marquis of Dalhousie, vol. i. p. 425.

In the meantime, as the season for work approaches, the Government has decided on its plans. The Government at home have ordered me to wait for instructions as to policy: they have given me none. But I can't wait for them as to *measures*. It is certain that if they go so far as to allow this Government to retain the province of Pegu, which it has advised, as the only adequate measure for the punishment of the Burmese, for the reimbursement of expenses, and for ensuring future peace by crippling Burman power, they will not allow us to retain more than that province. I have long entertained the opinion that, if this is to be so, the march of our army to Ava is wholly unnecessary, and therefore inadvisable. From the total absence of land carriage there, and the inability of our united flotilla to carry the whole army, the cost of such a march in carriage and supplies would be enormous. Loss of life there would be, if not from the enemy, still from exposure and disease. And if the march be successfully executed, General Godwin intimated that his force must pass the hot weather of 1853 at Ava, protracting the conclusion of the war for as long a period as the last one occupied. Thus there would be great expenditure of treasure, of life, and of time, all for nothing. I say, all for nothing, because it is my firm conviction that a march to Ava would not procure submission from the King. The court would retire (as it declared in 1826 it would) into the high lands beyond Umerapoora, and defy us by its inaccessibility. But whether the King submitted, or whether he did not, we should retire from the upper province, which we have decided not to retain. Now it is well known that every retirement (no matter what the motive) by us is regarded by the Burmese as a victory to them. It matters not whether we beat all their armies, take all their defences, and enter their capital: if we relinquish this, *we* are held to be the beaten party in the end. Well then, as this is so, why incur vast cost, and loss in every way, to effect an advance the whole advantage of which will be afterwards neutralised by our retirement? If the Government of India have resolved that the punishment inflicted on the Burmese shall be the loss of Pegu, with its £250,000 or £300,000 of

annual revenue, why not confine our operations to the conquest and occupation only of that which we mean to retain. The flotilla may carry all our troops successively to Prome. There they are in fifteen days, at most, at their ultimate destination on the frontier—with a fine climate, a friendly population, and the whole cold weather before them to make themselves snug. The Burmese during that period will be hunted out of Pegu, and the war may be at an end, and annexation of the province proclaimed by the end of November 1852 instead of being protracted, as in the other case, to January or February 1854. The people of Pegu literally implore our rule, and our whole care will be to defend the frontier, which, unless the universal opinion of all be wrong, will not be a difficult task. Such was my plan of future operations proposed some time ago to the home Government. It was suggested, of course, subject to any military objections which the General might state, and which he might convince me were insurmountable. It was chiefly to discuss this with him that I went to Rangoon. I gave him two days in which I requested him to consider maturely the views I have now stated to you. At the end of that time he could adduce no military objections. Accordingly, on my return I got my colleagues to clench it, and so it stands. This change induced the General to diminish his call for reinforcements by nearly one-half.

You ask me why I don't alter the Cavalry system. I can't do it off my own bat, or I would do it to-morrow. I was, however, just about appointing a commission for the purpose when this war came on. I will do it presently.

You ask if the Burmese are more formidable in this war than the last. The General in his first despatch said they fired better, and were bolder. I don't think this has been shown since. Think of four small steamers with 70 men taking 56 pieces of artillery, and scattering (for a time at least) from 5000 to 7000 men, in a stockade armed with 28 heavy guns commanding the channel.

I thought the Duke's speech on Militia in 'The Times' showed age heavily. There are two missionaries in the Punjab, and they are well supported. They are, I think, American Presbyterians, of whom there are many ministers

labouring in India. I found three the other day at Rangoon. They told me they had in Pegu 10,000 converts, and certainly I met a congregation of them going to church one evening.

Commodore Lambert writes that the barge of Fox and the pinnace up the river were attacked by three war boats full of dacoits to the number of 100.

The youngsters in command waited quietly till they came up—gave them two rounds of grape from their 12-prs. in the bows, and then boarded. The few who got away were despatched by the villagers on the shore to which they swam. That's clean work.

I enclose to you the general order I issued on leaving Rangoon. I send it because the tribute it pays is not overcoloured, and I think it will gratify your pride in the old red jacket to see it doing itself such honour here.

I am as gratified as you expect, and as I ought to be, by the handsome mention made of the force, and of myself, in the Queen's speech.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *26th August* 1852.

GENERAL GODWIN was quite right not to wait for his guns, but he would have been the better of his tents. Nevertheless, as they could not be got out readily, he was right to push on. He lost life, but he saved a great deal more than he lost. The tone of your Press is much more reasonable and sensible about Burmah by this mail. The question you ask, "What will you do with the Peguites if you abandon their country?" is precisely the question that cannot be answered but in one way. And I think I see official pen-tops gently turning round to the point from which that answer sets.

The Nizam is not so desperate as you suppose him. He has paid us 45 out of 65 lacs. Some arrangement must be made about territory for the pay of his contingent, but his lands will not pass to us at present. I don't want them!

The steamer brought me, I rejoice to say, very good news

from Lady D. up to 17th August. The weather was abominable, but she had gained in every way. She could not go home from Ceylon without coming here except at inconvenience. She will be here during the cold weather, and that only if she is well. If not, I shall ship her off at once. It will be, as you say, a dreary time. And, as you truly say too, £6000 a-year is not much to show at the end of it. It is not much, and what is more, it will not be enough unless by living in quiet. I shall then not have the same future to rely upon as I had when I was twenty-five, and I must risk nothing. That is one chief reason why I have said my public life will cease with my return. If a man is to be in public life as an actor, he must live upon the scene. I can't afford to live upon the scene, and I will not do what I can't afford when I have no future in which to redeem the expenses into which my rank must lead me. I say *must* lead me; because a peer of high rank, putting forward pretensions to take a part in public life, cannot live in London at the same cost, or in the same sort at all, as other men of less significancy though every whit as good men as he. Moreover, you have hit another reason. I should never act with other men. It is not (I hope and believe) that I arrogantly insist on my own opinion, but I can't take the same views as other fellows seem to do—in fact, I suppose I am crotchety. So what between being poor and impracticable, I consider it best to regard the curtain as dropped on my career when I step from the ghaut upon the Hooghly. Heaven knows I shall leave the footlights for ever without a sigh, if only I bring the piece I am now playing to an end with success. At present I am especially well pleased. The Financial Secretary has just been with me to tell me that the complete accounts for the year up to 30th April 1851 have just been made out. The result is that, upon an income (apart from loans, &c.) of £28,000,000 sterling, instead of having a large deficiency, as was estimated, we have a clear surplus of upwards of £500,000—50 lacs—half a million sterling! What do you think of that? In the meantime I put the finger of perplexity into the mouth of astonishment, and wonder where the devil the surplus has come from. However,

there it is—*Bismillah*. All the sources of income here are uncertain. For instance, the same chest of opium which last year was selling at 950 Rs., this year is selling at 1200. Thus, of late, the Government has been gaining on each monthly sale of the same quantity as before, £70,000 as compared with last year. Whether it will last is another story.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *September 18th*, 1852.

YOUR letter of August 6th has found me in much better humour with the world than one sometimes is. Things are going well just at present, I am thankful to say. Up to the 25th August I have very cheering accounts of my Lady. She is improving much and steadily,—walks good distances, which she has never done or been able to do this many a long day. She will come back restored, I hope, and lose no ground while she is here, sailing in January.

There was a great dome on this house, which was taken down last year to prevent it tumbling down. They now propose to put up the new one: as it will take three months, and the house will not be habitable while the work is going on, she will be saved from the fatigue of any parties except what she may choose to give at Barrackpore. I am going to give another ball to the soldier and sailor laddies, who will sail about that time for Burmah. That is the fourth since March, and will shut up the house for the present handsomely.

The reinforcements from Madras have arrived at Rangoon. By the 7th October, three days less than I promised, I now calculate I shall have all the troops there,—14,000 men, of whom 5000 men are Europeans, besides all the sailors and marines, of whom there are many, as the Admiral has returned. There will be *on* the river thirteen steamers, some large ones for which they say they have water, which I doubt. However, "nothing venture nothing have": the worst that can happen is that the large ones will be put in the pound there till May next—so I have approved their recommendation.

Yesterday General Godwin was to start on the flotilla,

with 2200 men for Prome—the same number to follow. Bundoola is near Prome, with 5000 or 7000 men. The stoppage of the rivers, thereby intercepting supplies (which is my measure), has been most effectual. Rice, usually half a rupee a basket, is already selling for five rupees,—Captain of *Phlegethon* reports, as a fact, that Bundoola's men are already so straitened that they are living on "ponies and plantain stalks"!! The man fully believes what he reports; but, allowing for exaggeration by his informants, they are evidently hard up. All the grain which we have stopped off them we have got; with that and the command of the river we are in clover.

For 100 miles above Prome the country is deserted. Above that the people of the town by the river have their boats ready for a start, and the King is reported to be equally ready to flit. Does not all this confirm my arguments against advancing, by showing you beforehand that you will not obtain the submission you seek by the advance? You will see the halt blamed "because"—it will be said—"our not going to Ava before, in 1826, encouraged them to believe in our weakness, and this halt will repeat the blunder." I answer that it was not the halt before reaching Ava which made them boast over us: it was, as I have proved by official documents, *our relinquishment of the ground we occupied* which encouraged them to boast. And if this time we *do* go to Ava but still retire to Prome, the boast will be renewed. If they don't leave us in quiet possession of Pegu, it will be easier to go to Ava hereafter than it is now. But if we do go we must stay there: there can be no back-step in Indian drill. All this, you see, is going smoothly. I have no orders yet from home.

On the opposite frontier also, though of course not quiet, we are mending. The tribes whom we pounded are one by one coming in to make submission with the offer of paying revenue, which they have never yet done to any power, Mogul, Afghan, or Sikh. The policy of slaying and burning (which I need not say was odious to us, as to any of our critics) was not reverted to till all others had failed. It was blamed as certain to exasperate, not to subdue. We thought otherwise, guided by experience, and we were right.

The tribes may break out again; but the temporary submission even is evidence that the punishment has been felt, and is effectual for a time. The repetition of it as long as it is needed will ensure permanent submission in the end. The Ranizaie people, whom Sir Colin Campbell thrashed in May, and destroyed their whole valley, stoup and roup, have just come in with their turbans in their hands. They pray forgiveness, leave to rebuild their villages, and cultivate their valley. For this, they offer allegiance, revenue, and will submit to our putting a fort in their valley—all unheard-of things till now. I have caused them to be told that the British Government desires no extension of territory, and wants none of their allegiance or revenue; but it *will* have their obedience, and that they shall neither commit outrages themselves nor allow others to do so from their valley. If they attend to this, they shall cultivate in peace,—if not, they shall be exterminated or expelled; for it is not easy to catch and exterminate them. We have succeeded in sowing dissensions among these hill-folk by allowing each tribe to make terms for itself, inducing, of course, suspicion from all the rest, and destroying union. We shall have more fighting there this season, but I think less than before, and every year less and less. See how quiet Bunnoo has been, and by the same precautions only. Elsewhere everything is quiet. The season has been excellent, and the revenue promises well. Since the 30th April opium has given us a quarter of a million sterling of extra revenue.

The Queen of the South, the first of the line of mail screw-steamers round the Cape, arrived on 2nd and sailed on 15th. This is the opening of a new era in steam navigation for India, and I attach much importance to this beginning. I went on board of her. She is a very noble ship, 274 feet long with 42 feet beam, and a clear run on her upper deck, there being no paddle-boxes. The accommodation was excellent. You see they are talking of another line to make the voyage to Calcutta in thirty-two days with ships of 6000 tons. If anything were improbable nowadays, this would be so. I don't think she could navigate the Hooghly,—with tide and current it is an awful river in such seasons as this.

By this mail I have sent home a proposal to the court regarding the Queen's army in this country, to which I earnestly hope they will assent, and which I equally hope will have no cold water thrown upon it at the Horse Guards. In this Presidency of Bengal alone there are present upwards of 550 Queen's officers. A few of these are on personal staff appointments exclusively belonging to the Queen's army; but excepting these there is not, as a general rule, one single officer of the Queen's army employed on the *general* staff, or in any one of the very numerous appointments—civil, military, and scientific—which exist in India. This exclusion is caused by the positive prohibition of the Court of Directors. The prohibitory orders were issued many years ago. They were then quite just. There were then comparatively few detached appointments, and to these the Company's army had undoubtedly the best claim. The object of the court at that time was to ensure that the appointments should be equally and fairly distributed among the officers of the different regiments. There were few appointments to be divided among many, and it was quite fair that what there were should be reserved for their own officers, the Royal army having its own staff in India also. Things are now wholly changed. The vast extension of our territory; the multiplication of contingent forces paid by native princes but officered by British officers; the improved administration, and public works calling for surveyors, revenue surveyors, canal officers, road officers, executive engineers,—all have created such a number of offices which it is impossible for the Government to fill, that I am embarrassed in the last degree to find incumbents for them, consistently with the restrictions laid down by the court. Yet notwithstanding this pressure, the court will not allow the Government to employ one of the 550 Queen's officers in the Presidency! That such a continued prohibition is injurious to the interests of the Company, I have already shown. It is obvious, without showing, that this compulsory inactivity must be injurious to the Royal officers individually, and consequently to the Queen's service. In this country, except in war, the great body of officers have little or nothing to do. The Queen's troops are never de-

tached; they have few guards, and hardly any outdoor duty: the climate prevents their performing such duties. Even the drill is greatly reduced. From the 15th April to 15th October the Government prohibits drill as dangerous to the men—especially in the cruel and preposterous dress which we obstinately and stupidly insist on their wearing in this climate, as on Salisbury Plain. Thus with little duty from 15th October to 15th April, and none at all from 15th April to 15th October, what are the young men to do? Study? get up the native languages? brush up Sandhurst fortification? practise surveying? cultivate taste for mechanics, or anything for which they have a natural turn? To what purpose should they do any of these things? It can profit them nothing. Let them be highly advanced in native languages, and professional acquirements and scientific skill, still they can hope for no employment for their talents. The road to profit, to distinction, to improvements, even to occupation, is closed against them. If they applied for it—nay, if the Government hitherto applied to the court for them—the answer was, "No, you are a Queen's officer," and the door was slammed in their faces, and the Governor-General's too. What resource is there for these young men? Notwithstanding the discouragement, many do, to their honour, work both at the native language and other things. But you can't in nature expect this from many. There are about thirty-two officers present with every regiment. This mass does as it might be expected to do. When May comes, those who have any money, and can get leave, go to the hills, where they are more idle than before; those who can't, stay in cantonments, and devote themselves to billiards and brandy-panee. Who shall blame them? Not I, while they have no encouragement held out to them to do better. It is that encouragement I want to be permitted to give, equally for the benefit of the Queen's service, of the officers themselves, and of the Company. I have on several occasions forced the court to give me one or two. But that is not enough; I want a system. I want the court to say, with the Horse Guards' assent, "Employ Queen's officers," three, four, six, or whatever number they may please to fix per regiment, and of whatever rank

they may specify. I wish no encroachments on the Company's officers' fair priority of claim. Let the irregular commands (which are all of natives) and the civil offices remain, as a general rule, with the Company's army, but let me have from the Queen's, some. Let them make for me surveys, roads, canals, and long shots with trigonometrical angles; let them build me bridges, barracks, and cucherries; let them give me a lift with the railways; let them help me to work the electric telegraph. In all these branches they can do us good service, benefit themselves, and reflect credit on the army from which they are taken.

Now is not all that good sense? Yes, of course it is; well, then, start off to Lord Fitzroy, or send Sir James to him, and tell him not to make any shell-jacket and pipe-clay objections, but to help me to my men at once. And be sure of this, if I succeed I shall be the best friend to the royal army in India that they have seen this many a day.

Mr Halford is desirous of returning to Europe. He goes in March, and I think has some expectations of a seat in Lord Derby's Cabinet. The "cabinet" pudding department will at all events be well administered for them.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *October 2nd*, 1852.

THE description you give of Mr L. is not very creditable. He must mend his ways here if he means to serve under me. I have been coming down on some of the civilians here sharp of late. They need it, some of them; and I am resolved to weed them—nor will I remain here unless the court confirm my orders. I need not add that I only execute existing orders—not proceed arbitrarily. The troops are now moving on Prome, and the first division is probably there by this time. General Godwin has not been showing well lately. He has exhibited very broadly the petty jealousy of the navy, which I more than half suspected when I was there, and which the public has long asserted. He so far forgot himself as to put into an official despatch to the G.-G. in C. this peevish remark—ill-tempered, as well as in his case peculiarly unjust and

ungrateful—"I would rather have charge of an army of 50,000 men in the field than of one of 5000 dependent on naval co-operation." Those who remember Martaban, Rangoon, and Bassein will find it difficult to defend such a sentence. I have written rather decidedly to him upon this and other letters regarding the boats, which I mentioned to you; and if he don't mind he will have to eat stick. He is a very good man—wonderful for seventy; but he *is* seventy, and like the men of that period, he is *laudator temporis acti* in the extreme. The war of 1824-25-26 was a perfect war, and nothing that was not done then can be done now—everything that was done then must be done over again now. The people—the river—the very geography can't be as the surveying officers report it, because "I know Prome well," and it was not so in 1825. His candour leads him in time to acquiesce, as he did about Rangoon; but it is troublesome in the meantime.

In the recognition which you have heard made of my being *de jure* G.-G., you will see the result of my insisting on my having submitted to me, and on doing, my own business myself when I first arrived: and you will understand the criticism which represented me as doing everybody's work. That criticism, if it had been correct, would have been a damnatory one, and you were more than half inclined to adopt it. You now see that I have not been doing other people's work; and that I only would not leave them, or permit them to do the work that is mine. So far am I from having more work sent to me than is necessary, I have greatly curtailed it, though even thus it is too much for any man. I reckon that (besides an enormous mass of formal detail which does not come up) not less than 20,000 to 25,000 papers are submitted for the orders of the G.-G. in the course of each year. Yet by systematising; by causing an analysis or *précis* of each paper to be made by the officers; by making *them* dispose of each paper on its progress, not troubling me with it *till it is ripe for my orders* (unless my orders should be indispensable during its progress); and by causing all unimportant papers to be submitted, not in bulk but on a register, on which my orders are inserted in a column left for the purpose,—by all these

rules, I say, which are directed to make the secretaries lighten my labour, while they do not command my judgment or exercise my functions, I do make every man do his own duty; and the aggregate work, which I have mentioned above, thus condensed, does not fill more than eight despatch-boxes each week. Even thus, I repeat, the labour is incessant, and my performance of it unsatisfactory to myself.

Last mail brought the acknowledgment of my minute on Pegu. They postpone official reply till next mail. But Mr Herries's private letter clearly shows me that the assent will be complete, and Hogg says cordial. Sacred Majesty also honoured me with a missive—civil as Sir James's simile. I have it all before me now, and I shall proclaim by-and-by; but "first catch your hare."

The last return of casualties is said to have included Prince Ernest's jacket! He was employed in the boats on the Irrawaddy, and got a bullet lodged in his jacket without wounding him. *Such is the report, and I only give it* as such.

Lambert's red pendant delights me. He stands alone in the honour. The General and the Admiral won't like it much; but it is quite right, and I rejoice in it. Your remark that the C.-in-C. would be more easily managed if he were at Government headquarters is very just—and so the C.-in-C. ought to be, and I hope will be. His absence has now been recognised for twenty-five years, and on the faith of that Sir W. Gomm bought a property at Simla. It would be hard to change the system except upon a vacancy. When that occurs the change should be made.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *October 20th*, 1852.

YOUR Torquay holiday must have been very charming, if it were only for its rarity. I know nothing pleasanter than a dawdle—a short dawdle on the seashore that way, and shall enjoy one luxuriously when I get a chance. The whole correspondence with Sir H. Pottinger was not before the court, and they very properly gave no opinion till they saw the whole, paying me a passing compliment.

I flatter myself I "chawed him up" at last. Even the Madras papers, which are rabid against Bengal and me, give up his case.

I am fully backed about Campbell and Sir Wm. Gomm; and they give me all my own way about Pegu, even going further than I wish to go. Their backing therein is full and cordial. They highly approve of my going to Rangoon. My only doubt was whether they might approve of my leaving Calcutta at all just then.

I have no direct intelligence from Burmah. The flotilla has been heard of at Henzadeh, 60 miles from Prome; and the Admiral was lying off that place in advance of the army. Troops up to end of September very healthy, both in the flotilla and at Rangoon—still only 6½ per cent sick. They have had a sad sweep of cholera at Umballa in the 75th and 9th Lancers.

October 23rd.

Fire Queen has brought us news of the fall of Prome: the fighting *nil*, but the step important. The poor old Admiral is gone. I prophesied he would never leave his command alive. The river was no place for a man of his age, infirmities, and rank; but everybody must admire the pluck which led him into it. This is a wonderful piece of good fortune for our friend the Commodore. Most men's luck only clears the way before them; his clears every obstacle away before and behind him! It makes him Commander-in-Chief, with large allowances; antedates his chief command to Rangoon, as far as honours are concerned, and enables him to post his pet commanders and to make his son commander in his room! He well deserves it all, and everybody will rejoice in it.

The first volunteer corps embarked the other day, 11,000 strong, in capital spirits and hurrahing, as they shoved off, like bricks. They deserve great credit, for they have been beset by vagabonds from other corps trying to bully them out of going. The Singhs have just arrived also, after 1200 miles' march. They will go directly. This week I hope to have the gudewife back again.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *November 6th*, 1852.

THE Duke's death came upon me more heavily than I could have believed. Although he did, under the intrigues of old Gosh [The Rt. Hon. Charles Arbuthnot], oust me out of Deal Castle, and then grew cool for shame of what he had done—for I know he said afterwards that he wished Deal Castle had been at the bottom of the sea—I loved the old man, and retained real gratitude and pride in my mind for the confidence and friendship he long showed, and which I am certain he would have cordially continued to me *in public* to the end. I had proof of it in the secret history of Napier's case. I have heaped every honour on his memory which this Empire and its armies could offer, and shall lament him till I follow him.

From all I can learn from officers coming from the Cape, I do not believe they will ever do any good, and had better take up a frontier at once.

Lady D. will sail for England in January, preferring the beautiful accommodation, cleanliness, and absence of bustle on board one of Green's ships to the steamers, though they save time. We go to Barrackpore next week. It is still very hot, though gradually cooling down.

There are no news of moment from Prome. The son of Bundoola, who commanded their army, and who, on being defeated, was disgraced and confined, got away and has surrendered to us. He describes them as wholly disorganised, and the King to be, he supposes, "cock-fighting, as usual." This beats Nero's fiddling while Rome burnt. The Government at home have embarrassed me by orders which, if obeyed, would force me to conquer Ava—a territory of 800 miles in length. I demur, and don't mean to obey, unless they repeat peremptory orders. Don't suppose this is insubordination. I only delay and remonstrate against an act which is calculated to be most detrimental to the public interests. It is my duty to do this as much as it is to obey.

That is their way. They tie me up when I ought to be free to act, and force me on when justice and their interests bid me stop. I believe this to be a part of the hero-worship

to which you allude in Herries's character. He tells me that it was the Duke's opinion on which they acted. I don't say you won't have to do it, but don't do it till you can't possibly help it. A rumour prevails, which I fear is too true, that four artillerymen were taken by the Burmese on the 26th while out, as is supposed, on a plundering expedition. If they take them off to Ava it may be embarrassing. It is very provoking already.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *November 20th*, 1852.

WITH reference to Sir Wm. Gomm and your remarks on him, I must do him the justice to say that he has never *opposed* me. He submits the moment I show a tooth or growl never so gently; but he tries it on when he ought not to do so. Sir Colin Campbell has been his evil influence in the matter in which he got into dispute with the Government.

Your doubt whether I would advance *over Pegu* in the absence of authority to do so will have been solved before now. I had issued orders at the time I wrote, and Prome was taken five days after you wrote. But things go dismally slow; and it is provoking that when (as far as the Government is concerned) things have been done sharp, and well, and effectually, and when all opposition has disappeared in consequence, the war should be rendered ridiculous by that very absence of opposition, and by the tardiness of the General in dealing with what there is left of it. I believe three companies of the 18th, and two guns, would have kicked the whole force from near Prome to the devil. As it is, 2300 men are lying idle within eight miles of the enemy till the General brings his force up to 5000 men to attack them withal! The gabble in 'The Times' about the flotilla going with a force to Ava is stuff. Our whole flotilla could not carry 1000 men to Ava. No man in his senses, at all events no sane Government, would attack an empire with 1000 men 500 miles from its support and supplies on the coast, and 1500 miles from its effective base of operations. Still, the thing should have been done six weeks ago. My proclamation of annexation is all loaded

and primed, but I can't get a light from the General to fire it off with as yet!

I think Lord Fitzroy would have been the more popular C.-in-C. I think Lord Hardinge was the best selection you had. I think he will improve the army more than the other or anybody else would.

I don't believe Sir C. Napier will publish, notwithstanding what he told Sir H. Smith. Meeanee was not a bit better than Chillianwalla, *except* in the result, and that is the only part of a policy or a campaign that our enlightened country looks to.

My astonishment was extreme on receiving by last mail a letter from Lord Derby offering to me, by command of the Queen, the office of Lord Warden, in succession to the Duke. He says he submitted my name at Balmoral on the first occasion of seeing her Majesty after the Duke's death, and that "her Majesty not only cordially approved of the advice, but intimated to me that the appointment had already occurred to herself as the one most fitting to be made, and which she thought I should probably recommend." *Intrinsically*, I should not have desired the place, because I have too many houses already; there is no salary, and the income from droits will probably not keep up the garden and grounds. But such an office, so conferred on an absent servant, and in such succession, is a public honour and a private gratification, for which I feel great gratitude and pride. It was very handsome of Lord Derby, and most gracious in his Sovereign.

In this high-minded country, and the letters of the correspondents of the Press, they can only account for it by supposing that they want me away, and gild my recall by the Wardenship! in order that the Governor-Generalship may be at Lord Derby's command, who is to give it to the Duke of Newcastle!! on condition that the latter does not oppose Lord D. for the Chancellorship at Oxford!!!

The Momunds are quiet. There is a vagabond in Hazarah bumptious, but it will be nothing serious. Elsewhere all quiet, season good, revenue good, and Chinese liking opium better than ever. From Prome I have no news—not even a despatch from the General!

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BARRACKPORE,
December 4th, 1852.

THE steamer, which is nearly a week after her time, has not arrived, and we are without letters, though the express from Bombay has brought us the overland newspapers. There does not seem to be much of news, except that France is in travail of an Emperor, which has long been obvious. When she goes to be churched she may certainly say with emphasis, "all men are liars." I greatly regret the mischievous violence of our Press. Were it not for that, I do not think the event would signify a snuff for us.

At last General Godwin has brought forth something, but it is "a very little one." Pegu is taken for the second time, and garrisoned. The Burmese were several thousand strong. They had intrenched themselves closely, and the troops had to work in heavy jungle. The work was tougher than usual, and well done. We lost 5 men killed, 3 officers 31 men wounded. He has for three weeks had more than 3000 men at Prome, but has not moved. Additional troops have gone, and he is now going himself, so that I hope we shall hear of that frontier being cleared before very long. I have ordered the Commissioners down, and shall issue the proclamation as soon as possible. Whether incongruous or not, its promulgation cannot wait for the General any longer. Everybody, I find, down there is disgusted not only with his tardiness, but that he will hear no one, see no one, trust no one, believe no one,—believe nothing except what he thinks himself, founded on what it was in 1825. Hitherto the weak point in our campaigns has been the want of *intelligence*. I noted this to him at the beginning of the war, and gave him *carte blanche* on the Government for obtaining intelligence. Subsequently, hearing from others and from himself that he would authorise no expense for that purpose, I told him I did not consider his saving money for the Government in that way any merit, and reiterated the assurance of a cheerful *carte blanche* being given to him. Yet I learn indirectly from his Q.M.-General department not only that he will not allow them to *spend* anything, but he will not allow

them to *do* anything. He says he does not believe a word the people say, and will sanction nothing. Yet he pronounces that there are 18,000 men at Ethaymew, when everybody else says 5000 or 7000, and delays for two months on his own sole estimate—wholly unsupported and unauthorised—of their numbers. It is said that it is only a bad workman who complains of his tools, but I really think I may complain of mine without bringing myself under that inference.

In the Peshawar valley they are still quiet. In Hazarah the row I told you of is over. The tributary of the extreme valley on our frontier next the snowy mountains—Khagan—refused to come when summoned. His valley is in some places, I believe, of the passes not 20 feet wide; it pays £250 a-year! and thus is as difficult and as insignificant as can well be. Yet our supremacy must be maintained as fully and loftily there as anywhere else; the fiery cross, lighted by one instance of successful resistance, would speed through all these mountain tribes and bring the whole upon our heads. Such is the peculiarity of our possession in India, and especially on the frontier—and here it is that folk in England so misunderstand. Why notice the insolence or disobedience of a trumpery hill chief or a savage, say they, as in Burmah for instance? The answer is not because of the importance of such chief, or the weight of the offence in itself, but because of the consequences of disregarding it; because of the effects upon 10,000 others of giving impunity to the insolence or the disobedience of this one. Mackeson called up a regiment to the foot of the hills, and moved boldly on Khagan with the common levies of Hazarah and some troops of Gholab Singh (who is bound by treaty to give them in the hills), and though the snow was falling daily, dashed into the valley. He drove the rebel into the snow, when, finding it uncomfortable, he surrendered. So that is over, and well done.

Sir H. Pottinger has eaten his leek, and fired the 83 guns for the poor Duke, after the dirty 19 he gave him.

December 7th.

I note your remarks about the Cinque Ports. While I value the very high compliment that the offer implies, I wish it had not been done. I need not say to you that Lord Derby coupled the offer with no condition, or hint, or hope. To have done so would have been unworthy of him and insulting to me. But half the world will believe that it was a virtual bribe. It will be a dead expense to me, which I can ill afford; it is a residence which I do not want, and will carry duties which may interfere with me elsewhere; finally, many will object to my plurality of offices, though unpaid.

Already Burghersh writes to Courtenay that he hears Sir James Graham has announced his intention of attacking the appointment, on the ground that I have another appointment in Scotland [Lord Clerk Register]. It is very natural that Sir James, who gave me that appointment, and who tried his very best to deprive me of it as soon as he had given it, should try now to deprive me of the other; but I don't comprehend the *policy* of his move. All these considerations were in my mind as soon as I had read the offer, but I ask you to read Lord Derby's letter [*see* Appendix C], and see whether I *could* refuse such an offer, so made, without making an unhandsome return to him, and rejecting the conspicuous favour of the Sovereign on small personal considerations. Therefore it was that I accepted it, though I should afterwards resign it.

A sad accident is reported in the newspapers, by which young Lisboa—a son of the M. de Lisboa formerly Brazilian Minister in London—was badly wounded by Prince Ernest. The particulars I don't know, or anything but what I see in the papers. They had been out shooting, and by some accident he was shot in the head. He did well at first, but since Prince Ernest sailed, I regret to say, he died. He was a handsome, fine boy—a middy in our service. He steered my boat at Rangoon, and took all our fancies. He was, moreover, Prince Ernest's closest friend. I am heartily sorry for both.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *December 12th*, 1852.

MR THOMAS BRUCE may be a very sensible man, but he certainly did not show it when he talked any such stuff to you as to couple my name with the Chancellorship of Oxford. Why, I did not even take honours there—nothing but a good pass; and even if I were eligible, or could accept the chair as a Presbyterian Peer, I have no more claim to it than to the Archbishop of Canterbury's old wig.

If it be true that the Duke of Wellington's body is to have the escort only of a field-marshal, it will be infamous —most infamous. I will not believe it.

With reference to your remarks on the inclination of 'The Times' to disparage Godwin and uplift the blue-jackets, my successive letters will have shown you the truth. Their strictures were unjust up to September, quite just since; while his peevishness and petty jealousy of, and ungrateful injustice to, the navy, to whom he owes everything, have lowered him fathoms in my estimation. They have a good caricature in our 'Punch' this month, which illustrates correctly the state of public opinion here. A sailor of the *Fox* tucks up his shirt and knocks down a John Burman, while General Godwin, in full fig and buckling on his sword, looks on, and says, "Oh dear! this is quite irregular, very irregular." Young Lambert, whom you saw, called on me the other day. He says General Godwin told him before he went to England that he would be in plenty of time if he were back in January, as the army certainly would not move from Rangoon before then! I shoved him off on 20th September. The Commodore landed him at Prome on 9th October; he had then a larger force than Sir Archibald Campbell fought his last action with, 40 miles from Ava, and by the 15th October I am satisfied he ought to have driven the present Burmese force out of Pegu. If events prove me wrong, I will confess it. We have already had two months more of war than we ought to have had.

I have no intention of being idle or not working for the public, be assured, if I live to return and am able to work. But draw the distinction between working for the public and slaving in office. The latter only I object to.

December 23rd.

A mail from Rangoon informs us that the Burmese had again come down against Pegu in force. Godwin had gone out to relieve the garrison, and we hear privately that he had done so, and beaten off the Burmese with considerable loss to them and little to us. Still nothing is done at Prome.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *4th January* 1853.

THE old year survived long enough to hear the royal salute which heralded the promulgation of the annexation of Pegu. It was proclaimed at Rangoon on the 20th, and here on the 30th. I have letters from Rangoon of the 28th. The proclamation has already taken effect by giving confidence to the people. They have already come in, and have offered, if we will supply them with arms, to attack the two chief robbers who have been devastating the country since May last. Some days ago I sent down 1000 stand of arms for that purpose, and I have no doubt that with our help they will hunt out the marauders effectually. The service for the relief of Pegu, though it produced little fighting, or loss by fire, was a very severe one. The force went off in great haste, with no cover and inadequate commissariat, and was out for eight days under a furious sun, and cold, damp nights. Cholera has accordingly got hold of the Fusiliers, and they have lost many men. I have caused these despatches to be published, because I think they will give people everywhere more just notions of the character of the country and the nature of the service than they have at present. At last we have got Godwin to act with both of the forces at his command. Altogether he has 16,000 men under his orders, besides sailors and marines. Of these, more than 12,000 are in Pegu proper, including five strong European battalions, besides European artillery in abundance. With this he ought to do anything. Accordingly, on the 25th December he set out for Prome, where he would arrive just *three months* after he took it before. The troops

have been very sickly there, losing four Europeans a-day of late—a loss which I truly believe inactivity has increased. He will then attack the enemy at Ethaymew.

In the meantime General Steele will proceed by Martaban to attack the force on the Sitang, which has been plaguing us at Pegu. I had collected at Martaban 100 elephants, 1000 bullock-carts, and 1000 pad bullocks. This carriage will enable that force to go where it likes, and I hope they will drive the Burmese out northwards. At Peshawar they are quiet. In Derajat Major Nicolson, and in Hazarah Col. Mackeson, have each thrashed one of the hill tribes. These single events will tend to the same end.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *January 15th*, 1853.

OUT here I can understand but dimly political moves. As far as I do understand them, I do not think that Lord Derby has improved his position. He has unequivocally abandoned Protection, and I therefore think Villiers' motion was a discreditable party exhibition. Lord Derby and his people have now done exactly what Peel and his did in 1846, so far as the Conservative party is concerned, but Lord D. has done it with a bad grace, while Peel volunteered it; he has done it on compulsion, Peel cordially; he has done it to retain power, while Peel in the doing of it was conscious that he sacrificed power. His attitude is feeble in itself, and when his leader in the Commons seeks to assert that they have all along shown no desire to disturb Free Trade, when they hunted its author out of office, and would if they could have defiled his grave, and when up to the very last election their tactics as a Government were, "let in a Whig or Radical rather than any follower of the author of the policy of Free Trade," the tergiversation loses all defence, and disgusts by its impudence as well as by its motives. Lord Derby has not said this in the Lords; but there his unaccountable refusal to propose his own Commons' resolution raises doubt of the sincerity of his acts.

The "harvest bug," as it is called in East Lothian, is

no recent immigrant. It has always been there—at least, for the last two generations to my knowledge. It never was such a grievance, that I know of, as Watson has represented.

You say, "I am persuaded that in dealing with the authorities in Leadenhall Street and in Cannon Row you will never show them that you consider you do them a great favour by remaining in India."

I do not know whether I am to read this as a precautionary warning, or whether I am to infer from it that some of the court think I am disposed to show them what you deprecate. I think I sent you my reply to their request. If so, you will have seen that I told them—what was the truth—that private considerations would have drawn me home, but that they were not paramount, and that I was willing to stay. Since then I am not aware of having said anything whatever to them which would have indicated that I wished them to understand I was doing them a favour in staying. But I am guilty of no self-sufficiency when I say to you that I am doing them a great favour by staying. I can serve them, after five years' apprenticeship, better than any stranger they could send, *and for its own* interest the court asks me to stay. What do I gain by staying? Reputation? I have already made all the reputation I ever shall make: by remaining I may very possibly lose it—a fate not unusual. Rank? Practically speaking, no higher rank is open to me: if it were open, I should be a fool to accept it—an idiot to seek it. Honours? What can they be? I am ribboned already. Scotsman as I am, I am not disposed to consider a blue garter a higher honour than a green ribbon. If I did aspire to it, I have no chance of getting it. I never thought I had. If I had thought I had a chance, it would be clear now that I had none, else they would have given one of the two vacant to me, instead of offering me the Cinque Ports, the acceptance of which renders the offer of the other even more unlikely than before. Money? Well, money I gain; but enough to compensate for what I sacrifice? No—emphatically no. For how much should I make? My wife goes home—the expense is and must be heavy; for,

whatever her wish may be, she must cost money, as I will not suffer her to live like a half-pay major's wife, or otherwise than as a G.-G.'s wife. At the outside, I shall make £9000 additional by a year's stay. And what do I sacrifice? Recollect that for nearly ten years I have been almost continuously in office, with no interval but one—filled up by sickness and severe pain—and in office of a most laborious and wearing character. Mental and physical powers must have occasional rest, else there is a risk they will some day snap. I feel that risk is over me. I have told you, and told you truly, that my general health has for two and a half years past been good,—that is, I have been exempt from fever, ague, cholera, dysentery, liver, or any of the grievous diseases to which so many are victims here. I thank God for it; but ever since I landed here—now five years ago—and still, I go through much suffering, and have ailments which have damaged, are damaging, and will damage me. When I first came, and till the end of '48, I suffered tic in quarters most distressing anywhere, and under any circumstances, but almost intolerable in such a climate as this, and in the presence of an absolute necessity for perpetual toil of mind and body. I do not believe that, during the last two years, I have been one single month (put it all together) free from cold, constant relaxation of the membrane, loss of voice, and a *malaise* most distressing. Every now and then severe ulceration takes place, as at Rangoon. The uvula is entirely destroyed, and who can say whether the throat itself may not be injured next. If the loss of voice were to become permanent, or chronic, what would become of the career in public life to which you so often urge me to lure myself? The tic, which left me in 1849, returned in 1851 to my leg, and there it is. I can't ever walk as other men walk; frequently I can't stand, but limp like a lameter. And I am rarely free from the pain of it for twenty-four hours together. This is my life. Next week my wife goes, and I shall lead the life I have described *utterly alone*. Will £9000 compensate for a life such as that, even if nothing worse come? And if in such discomfort and suffering, and at such risk, I remain here when my time is up, and when (as soon as the war is closed) I might depart with perfect

fairness to the court, do I not do them a favour in staying, as I have agreed to do?—though, God knows, I owe the court neither gratitude nor courtesy beyond what is a matter of conventional expression. Honoured I have been in India, and rewarded—highly, richly; but by my Sovereign, not by the East India Company. To them I owe nothing—not even civility. There is more warm and cordial praise in any one single despatch to my predecessor during '45-'46, when the public voice here will tell you he jeopardised their Empire, than in all their despatches to me put together; though I have already added four ancient sovereignties and about two millions sterling of fresh annual revenue to their territorial rent-roll. I ask nothing from them, and expect nothing; but I am not disposed to bear myself as though I was favoured in continuing to be their Governor-General. And though, to the best of my belief, I have never hinted that the obligation was theirs, I should very distinctly intimate to them, if it were called for, that I recognised no obligation on my part to them. In parting with this topic, let me add that these remarks are made to the confidence of an old friend alone. They have never been penned or uttered before to mortal—except to my wife, who is discreet silence on my public and private matters as Chubb's safe.

If Lord Raglan says the Duke considered the feeling in favour of increasing our national defences a panic, and pooh-poohed it, he states what is not a fact. I do not know what the Duke of Wellington may have said to Lord R., but he was not a man "halting between two opinions"; and I know that the Duke, during the last two years that I was Captain of Deal Castle, has walked me up and down the ramparts of Walmer for hours, occupied on one topic, and on one topic alone—the utterly defenceless state we were in, the labour he took to have it recognised, and the necessity for repairing the error. "So long as Louis Philippe lived," he was accustomed to say, "we were in no danger; but there was no security for the peace of Europe ten minutes after he was dead." He was then busy on his plan for defending the Downs by forts on the Goodwin built upon Bullock's cylinders—which being completed, he affirmed, "Not a French cat, by ——, could make its way in!"

I am unable to understand what Sir C. Napier can mean by saying that I did not communicate directly with him, but treated him with indignity by sending my communications through a young subordinate officer. I never upon any occasion officially communicated with Sir C. Napier except by the channel established ever since a G.-G. and a C.-in-C. existed—namely, by the hand of the Secretary to the Government of India, addressing the Adjutant-General, through which channel Sir C. addressed me also. And far from not communicating *directly* with him in demi-official correspondence (the only correspondence in which I could address him direct), I kept up (by Lord Ellenborough's advice) a very large correspondence with him, insomuch that the Secretary in the Military department complained that it often superseded official correspondence, and tried to persuade me to drop it. I continued it, however, till Sir C. quarrelled and resigned; after which he never addressed me demi-officially, nor I him, of course. If by "young subordinate officer" he means Tucker, the Adjutant-General, who is young and only a regimental captain, the grievance is doubly absurd; because, young or not, he is the prescribed channel, the Adjutant-General, and because Sir C. Napier himself selected him as adjutant-general, and recommended him for my approval!! The whole of this is like the rest of his statements—rotten and false. In the north-west some good work has been done. Colonel Mackeson has swept over the Black Mountain in Hazarah, 9000 feet high, at Christmas, and has driven the Hussenzyes who held it, and who last year murdered two of our officers, across the Indus, burning their villages and harrying their property. In Bunnoo, Major Nicholson has made a foray into the hills, and treated the Omerzye Wuzeerees in the same way. This is the first time we have gone fairly into the mountains since Kohat. The result has been triumphantly different, and I have no doubt the effect will be great.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *January 31st*, 1853.

MY dear wife sailed on the 23rd, very weak, and greatly fatigued by the hunting of people for farewell visits, &c., before she went away. I heard from her from the Sandheads—very poorly, I fear, but better, she said, than she had been. James Ramsay went down so far with her, and he could not give me a good account of her. The ship was crowded with passengers, including twenty-seven children. But the accommodation was excellent, and everything was as comfortable as it ever can be on a thing that floats. Heaven send her safe, and with more of health and strength.

I have so often mentioned the trouble I had at Lahore with Sir H. Lawrence, and the differences between the two brothers, that you will be glad to hear I have managed to get him moved away without doing anything ungracious. When the G.-G. agency in Rajpootana became vacant, he wrote voluntarily to ask that either he or his brother should be removed to it. When he wrote, I opine he had not the least intention that he should be the one to go. I closed at once, told him he might go, as the Government would not consent to appoint him, or any one who was not a trained civilian, to the *sole* charge of the Punjab, but added that he was at perfect liberty to stay if he pleased, in which case things would remain as they were. He was very much disgusted, as I expected, but he at once accepted, and he has left Lahore. The Board of Administration will now be abolished —the government of the Punjab will be confided to a Chief Commissioner (John Lawrence), aided by a judicial and financial commissioner under him. J. L. has really done the work since 1849, while his brother has got all the credit —a position which Mr John, a very ambitious man, has felt to be very galling.

The C.-in-C. is at Umballa, "uneasy about Burmah," Lady Gomm tells me! One would not have thought so.

A smart thing was done the other day at the Aeng Pass, of which you hear so much. The Burmese had stockaded strongly the summit of the pass. It was very high, very steep, and could only be approached, if at all, in Indian file. The seniors shied it, and reported it to Government

unassailable. They sent a young captain to reconnoitre with 120 Arracan local troops. He thought the closer he could look the better would be his reconnaissance. He managed to conceal himself and his men for a day in the jungle. In the next night he marched, turned the flank of the stockade, and before daybreak was at the gate. He led on his men, gave a hurroosh, burst into and over the stockade, where the garrison of several hundred men was all asleep, took the place, all the arms and ammunition, and drove them out of it without the loss of a man, and with only a slash across his own leg. This is well done, and he shall have the command of the first corps that I can give away.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *February 12th*, 1853.

I CANNOT see why the difficulty about corporal punishment should not be met in the Navy as well as in the Army. I think the power to flog on emergency indispensable—far better to flog than to shoot; and that will be the alternative with a mutinous and determined man. But I think, too, the uncontrolled power of flogging in the captain sole is liable to gross abuse. Then why commit it to him sole? In the Army you have a drumhead court-martial, which subjects the culprit to the instant judgment of many, instead of exposing him to the caprice of one. Why not have a drumhead court-martial on the quarter-deck also? If I had been at Govindghur when my escort reached it as the 66th N.I. were in mutiny in 1850, I would have done so—shot the first man convicted, and saved from disbandment a fine regiment, eight out of whose ten companies were proved wholly innocent. This is the value of the power to act promptly. The old Colonel with the escort hummed and hawed, hesitated about technicalities, and the 66th was lost. I think with you about Rifle Corps. There may have been ground for fearing it might interfere with the Militia. That risk is now removed. I think Volunteer Rifle Companies everywhere, and one (or more) Volunteer Artillery Cos. with six nine-pounders in each county, would be most wise. That would give you 500 defensive guns ready in forty-eight

hours. There is no more reason to fear they would become political bodies than the Yeomanry. Yet a Yeomanry mess and a Masons' lodge were places where, through all the Reform time, a political club was never formed.

Herries could not quote me in favour of keeping Bengal in the hands of the G.-G., for I wrote and sent to him one of the strongest papers I ever penned, urging the change as absolutely indispensable.

I did not join the Coy. against General Godwin, because during the summer it was unjust, and even after I saw ground for blame I said nothing, because I am slow to blame men in command having heavy responsibilities, and many ignorant and malignant critics. I blamed his resolution not to march till January, but it would have been unfair to go on blaming it after he had done what I bade him and marched in September. I blamed his going back to Rangoon, but I could not divine at that time that he would stay away three months, and tie up General Cheape's hands in the meantime. It is at all times difficult to interfere by orders with a General's movements in the field. You recollect what a row there was when I did it in 1849, though I did not do it then till I had been secretly implored by the highest officers on the Army staff to interpose, in order "to save the army." Yet difficult as it is, I did it in December with General Godwin, who, at last, then moved to Prome. Subsequent despatches show that General G. gave positive orders in October to General Cheape not to molest but to allow them to collect, saying they were already 18,000. General C. obeyed orders, till our people were actually subjected to the humiliation of being attacked in their position by these ragamuffins. At last, before General G. reached Prome, the Burmese force went off, and proved that the best part of three European corps had been kept inactive for weeks and weeks in the face of this rabble, not exceeding 5000 or 6000 men. Upon this result the Government has remarked briefly but with civil severity. It has been obliged to remark also severely on part of his proceedings before, and to rebuke the unjust and depreciatory character of his remarks on the Navy. But he has shown no symptom of resignation. On the contrary, some

time ago he wrote to me, "I am delighted with this service; it suits me, *and I see no boundary to it.*" A man who could so feel, and express it, was not likely to be very vigorous in bringing the war to a close. In short, up to the capture of Prome on 10th October, I generally approved his conduct; since then I have been much dissatisfied, though I have been reluctant to express it. People say what an unfortunate choice Lord D. made in General G. Lord D. did not choose him—it was the C.-in-C. Moreover, if I had to choose, and had previously seen General G., I should have chosen him myself. He had behaved with distinction in separate command in the first war. Nobody will deny that that was a recommendation, except in so far as it proved that he must be old. Old he was, but he did not feel age. In strength and activity of body, and sharpness of intellect, I know no officers on the Divisional or Brigade staff of this army to whom General G. seemed inferior. And these appearances were not delusive. No man stood harder work than General G. in this war; no man has disputed his capacity when fairly in the field—cool, rapid in his plans, and brave as steel. But he has the prejudices, and the obstinacy, and some of the infirmities of age; and these have made him slow to move, wrong-headed, and dilatory in undertaking operations where the qualities I have praised above would have been shown. If General G., instead of leaving Prome on the 14th October, had remained there, attacked the enemy, and settled that country-side, at the same time setting General Steele in motion against the Burmese force below upon the Sitang, I should have made no complaint. As it is, I believe we shall bring all to a close; but if we do, the success will be due to the hand of God rather than to the sword of man.

The other day we gave notice of converting about 5 millions of 5 per cent stock into 4 per cents! Pretty well for a Government in the middle of a war which was expected to bankrupt them! Besides this, we have 15 millions sterling of cash balances in the several treasuries, 11 millions being the ordinary reserve, 9 millions being sufficient. The estimate of this year shows (exclusive of the Burmese war, which will of course reduce it by perhaps

£600,000) a surplus of a million. When I came to India five years ago we had barely 9 millions of cash balances—a 5 per cent loan open—and a deficiency on the year of a million and a quarter sterling. For once a comparison is not odious.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 3rd*, 1853.

THE message you have been permitted to convey to me regarding the Wardenship is, I need hardly say, most precious to my feelings. My succession to the Duke, and the source from which my selection has immediately flowed, confer a value upon the honour, which infinitely enhances it in my eyes, great as the honour is in itself to any public man. The last steamer brought us an Admiral [Sir F. Pellew], but did not bring a much more important official—the cook. Poor Mr Ballard went out upon a donkey at Cairo, to compare the modern beef, I suppose, with the lean kine of former Pharaohs, and tumbling ignominiously off his jackass, he broke his arm, whereby the poor man was obliged to remain behind.

Matters, I think, are rapidly drawing to a close in Ava. The King's brother appears to have got completely the upper hand, and has already sent to treat for peace. I hope it will be successfully completed. General Steele, on the Martaban side, has advanced nearly to the northern frontier without opposition,—the people receiving him with music and applause, and the villagers along the road setting out jars of cool water for the soldiers as they passed. A disastrous attack on a plundering chief near Donabew by the sailors and 300 sepoys cost the life of Captain Loch, R.N., and several more. We have not full accounts yet; but it is already quite clear that although a gallant, it was a foolhardy attack by Captain Loch, in which men's lives were uselessly thrown away. However, he has thrown away his own—poor fellow—and blame may stop with that. It is said there were disputes between the naval and military officers. Of that I cannot speak with certainty as yet. All admit, however, that the sepoys behaved perfectly. The

Grenadier Co. of the 67th N.I. covered the retreat of the seamen and marines—a new incident. All did their duty well, but they were tasked beyond what was practicable. General Godwin has advanced to Meaday, some fifty or sixty miles above Prome, where probably the frontier will be. There is a revolution in the State of Bhawulpore,—an elder brother, who was set aside, rising against the younger brother who is on the throne. Of course the local officers call for armed interference directly, with the usual phrases. Whenever one hears of "upholding the prestige of our name" and "interposing as the paramount power," one may be sure some unwarrantable exercise of might, not right, is recommended. If this Government is to act on the principle of upholding by force every ruler that once reigns, it will become an engine of enormous oppression against the people of India. This man appears to have the whole Daoodpootra race (*i.e.*, the sons of David) in his favour, and I will not interfere, except with good offices. It is probable that he has cut his brother's throat by this time.

Duleep, after two years' patient probation, has written to ask my consent to his being baptised. The boy's sincerity is unquestionable—his knowledge the Archdeacon vouches for—and he is to be quietly baptised in his own house, and (at his own desire) by his own name. This is a remarkable historical incident, and if ever the finger of God wrote upon the wall, it did in the sight of this boy, and to the touching of his heart.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 12th*, 1853.

THE insurrection at Bhawulpore has ended. It was one of those curious episodes in history which the East alone produces. The young Nawab, named successor by his father, mounted the throne quite quietly; nobody objected, nobody whispered dislike, at least not so as to be heard. The elder brother continued in prison just as he had been kept there by his father. Finally, seven men one day force their way into the fort where he is, tell him they have freed him, and bid

him put himself at their head. He refuses, believing it to be a trap for his murder laid by his brother. The seven tell him if he does not head them they will cut him down then and there. Upon this he consents, sallies forth, and without firing a shot, in three weeks he has the whole country and army at his feet; and his brother, the late Nawab, in the same prison from which he was taken! He has behaved with great generosity, moderation, and prudence, and will be acknowledged by this Government immediately. There is every reason to believe that he will be a great improvement on the late Nawab—"the son of the slave-girl," as he always styles him.

A strange and interesting event has now to be recorded in the history of India, for it is well worthy of a place there—I mean the baptism of Maharajah Duleep Singh. He was baptised publicly but unostentatiously in his own house on the 8th, in the presence of his own servants and of the principal residents of Futtehghur. I have told you from time to time of the course of the boy's conversion. I am convinced that, if ever the shadow of the hand of God was made visible to mortal sight, in a human transaction of these later days, it has been visible here in the turning of this boy's heart from darkness to light. This is the first Indian prince of the many who have succumbed to our power, or have acknowledged it, that has adopted the faith of the stranger. Who shall say to what it may not lead? God prosper the seed and multiply it. I have never from the hour in which I signed the decree had one moment's hesitation or doubt as to the justice or necessity of my act in dethroning the boy. If I had had such a doubt, the sight of the blessed result for him, to which that act has led, would now have thoroughly consoled me for what I did then. As it is, my mind is doubly content as to what he lost; immeasurably content as to the gain he has found in his loss. I hope that before long the court will allow him to go to England. He is wild to be allowed to do so, —not that he wishes to be made a fool of, like the Rajah of Coorg, or Jung Bahadur, but because his fancy is to be European in all his tastes, and he is dying to see Europe and all its wonders. He told me he used to dream every

night that he was visiting the Duke of Wellington. That dream, unhappily, can never come true.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 25th*, 1853.

YOU ask me why I do not remove Godwin. It needs a very strong case to justify your removing an officer from a command, and thus destroying his professional reputation. I did not and could not anticipate his long delay from October to January, or I probably should have removed him; but when it has happened, a removal would not have recovered the lost time. Unless I could show that the removal was absolutely necessary to prevent a public injury, the universal voice, which is now clamouring against him, would forthwith veer round, and public sympathy would be on his side. Besides, he is a gallant old soldier after all, and I am reluctant to do him a harm. By this time you will have had violent attacks in Parliament on him, and equally or more violent assaults upon me. The people at home will not be able to take in the policy of neglecting a Treaty of Peace as useless, or of occupying Pegu and holding it as likely to be a successful course; and I have no doubt I shall be declared to have been stupid, imbecile, to have lowered the dignity and sacrificed the honour of England. Very good. To compare great things with present small ones, worse things than all this were said of Torres Vedras. If I get the treaty, an effective reply will thereby be given to those who say that nothing can be done without an advance to Ava; an effective confirmation will be given to my opinion that our proceedings below *would* reduce the Burmese to their knees; and money, men, and time that would have been largely expended in a march to Ava will have been saved. If I do *not* get the treaty, I still feel confident that we ought not to have made the advance until every expedient for avoiding it had been exhausted, whatever the senseless outcry of the people might be. Every Burman soldier has been driven out of Pegu. The robber chiefs alone remain, and troops had been sent against them when the mail came away.

From Lincoln's answer to Stockmar, that he had "not thought on the subject" of coming to India, I am persuaded he *would* come, which I have never thought till now.

You ask about my return. I would reply positively if I could. All I can say is that if I stay out an additional year —that is, till February '54—I should probably not like to leave till the charter expires in April, because if the changes for which I hope are made, I should like to ensure that the best men are put in office to work those changes.

April 3rd.

We have received another mail from Ava. General Cheape has had a very tough business with a robber chief—the same who so mauled poor Loch. He had retired into the depths of the jungle—jungle of which Europeans, and even those who have been in the backwoods of America, can form no notion—and there stockaded himself strongly. His measures were very able, and his people fought well, as they do behind walls. They had the guns Loch lost, and punished us severely—2 officers and 15 men killed, 10 officers and 80 or 90 men wounded; but they took the place, and he fled with a few followers, hotly pursued. Two other chiefs have been driven out, and thus considerable progress made towards the reduction of the turbulent since I last wrote. The Commissioners have gone to Prome to meet the Ava Commissioners, who are still confidently expected. I doubt I shall not hear the result in time for this mail.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *April 21st*, 1853.

I AM quite aware that the annexation and occupation of Pegu without a treaty of peace is an anomalous policy in European eyes. I knew it would produce ridicule and outcry. But my duty is to do what is best for those I serve. My policy was an evil, but it was a less evil than the alternative. To stop at Prome, taking Pegu, and without a treaty, was better than going on to Ava, taking it, and still without a treaty,—nay, it was better than taking Ava even with a treaty. The latter course would give a wholly unprofitable

possession, and a wide and difficult occupation; the former would give a possession which we did not desire, but remunerative, and a manageable occupation. Supposing there was no formal close of the war, and that we were exposed to attacks in Pegu—in my opinion they would not be lasting: if they were, we could always go to Ava at last, all the better that we were settled in Pegu, and with the satisfaction of knowing that we had striven against it to the last. The war was an evil—any conquest was an evil; the occupation and halt in Pegu was an evil, but it was a less evil than going on to Ava, and therefore I adopted it. I shall be ridiculed and condemned, but I am right. In the meantime I still hope that we shall get a treaty.

Everything in the Punjab is going on excellently well. Of course, time is essential to the completion of such great work, but the progress is quite satisfactory. My present point is to get the court to sanction a suspension-bridge over the Indus at Attok. The smallest span is 603 feet, so that it will be a great work. I have a young fellow, Lieut. Crommelin, at work on it, who devoted himself to that subject while sick in England, and I am sure it will succeed. The military value of such a bridge on a river, which sometimes no boats can bridge or cross, would be incalculable; and the actual and moral effect of it, both for peace and war, immeasurable. Very large railway projects for all India are in hand, and have been referred to me—a very onerous reference. The electric telegraph for all India is on its way out. Uniform postage for all India is sanctioned, and will shortly be put in force. Let nobody say we are doing nothing.

P.S.—Mail just come; envoys declared anxiety for peace, readiness to cede Pegu, but cut down the boundaries. Our Commissioners resisted, and they have referred to the King for orders. This is tiresome work. But to treat at all is a great step gained, and delays are their national policy. Our people still expect to get the treaty.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *April 30th*, 1853.

OFFICIAL letters have now come in the shape of a correspondence with Lambert, from which it appears that General Godwin intimated to Captain Phayre, the Commissioner of Pegu, that *he should decline to sign the treaty* if Commodore Lambert signed before him—that is to say, that though the Government had appointed him a Commissioner to sign, he should refuse to do so on a question of personal precedence, and would risk for that punctilio the loss of a treaty of peace between the nations. Supposing he was right on the question of precedence, nothing would justify his proposed act on that ground. Being wholly wrong, his case is desperate. I await the explanation previously called for. On the whole, my expectation is that we shall get a treaty. I repeat again that these Burmans are inscrutably false. But it is resolving itself into a question of "Belly," and on that is my reliance.

May 3rd.

Another mail has come in, bringing news from Prome up to 19th. The envoy was still there awaiting the King's and our replies. Whether they will sign or not is still undecided, and the suspense is most harassing—not the less so when sitting in a room where the glass is at 88°, though every window has been closed since 7 A.M. Cholera still rife. It fell two days ago on a small steamer on the river with a European crew, and before she could get up to Calcutta—eighty miles only—six or seven were already dead out of thirty-five of crew.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *May 22nd*, 1853.

THE inveteracy of Austria against us is very unfortunate, and is absurd in the extreme to which they carry it; but I repeat that I think they have just cause to complain of us since 1848, and that we on our part are just as absurd in the extent to which we carry our asylum principle for ruffians, who use us as a shield and cloak, and would stab us behind both the next moment if they had the opportunity.

In like manner I think Lord Clarendon's toleration of, much more his defence of, the insolent and most unconstitutional and dangerous officiousness of the parties who took upon themselves to represent the sentiments of England to the French Emperor, was very censurable. That the peaceful sentiments they expressed were truly those of the English people, and good, makes no difference. The fault lay not in the sentiment of the address, but in the unwarrantable assumption by the addressers of a right to express them to a foreign sovereign.

I reply to your question whether the E.I. Co. has done its duty to India by saying that, while the attacks upon it are grossly exaggerated and falsified, there have been great shortcomings. How far those sins of omission may be palliated by the circumstances which have hampered its power of action and thwarted its good disposition, Heaven and each man's judgment must separately pronounce.

Lord Glenelg's views of the education of the natives of India are those of a Christian and a Statesman. Those of Lord Broughton, which I saw with pain, are the sentiments of a political quack, combined with the policy of a Jesuit. Heaven forbid we should govern India on such principles and with such anticipations.

Hitherto the Supreme Government has had nothing to do with Baroda or Col. Outram. In his last letter Sir C. Wood [Pres. of B. of C.] intimates an intention of putting Baroda under me; and he pleads for employment by *me* of Col. Outram. I said I could not employ Col. O. in India without excluding some one else; and it seems to me hard that one of my officers, as good as he, should lose his reward because Col. O. chooses to quarrel with his own Government and with his bread and butter. Since then I have read a compilation from the Baroda Blue-Book. I think the Government of Bombay shows very badly. And if I get Baroda, the first thing I shall do (as at present advised) will be to put Col. Outram back there. That the Guicowar, and all Guzerat, and all Western Indians believe in Khutput—that is to say, that they believe the Government of Bombay can be and daily is bribed—is undoubted. That the Bombay Government have confirmed that impres-

sion by their conduct about Baroda is clear. That Col. Outram was wholly right at Baroda, except in using disrespectful language, is admitted, and that he is the most conspicuous and most successful enemy of Khutput is notorious. It seems to me, therefore, that the heaviest blow I could strike at Khutput would be to replace its most formidable enemy at its headquarters. If it be considered a slap to the Bombay Government, I can't help it. My concern is the reputation of the British name, not the feelings of the Bombay Government. Moreover, they have no right to regard it as a slap. For they only accused Col. O. of disrespect; they turned him out for it; he will have been severely and sufficiently punished by nearly two years' exclusion from office, and the Ct. of D. has itself expressed a wish for his re-employment somewhere. If I take Baroda and put him there, I shall send for him here, in order to explain, and get his explanation, and to give him to understand that we shall get on very well, provided he obeys orders and keeps a civil tongue in his head.

The chaplain is a woful stick—a real dumb dog. Our bishop here has the unfortunate feeling that it disgraces the Establishment to convict and punish unworthy clergy. I say the disgrace is in the ill conduct of the clergy, not in their dismissal. I have within the last year dismissed three, or at least asked the court to do so. The bishop complains of them, hands them up to me, but hesitates when I say they shall go, and pleads for them. Luckily, as chaplains, they are at my mercy; so I am my own bishop as well as some other things, and carry on my own ecclesiastical discipline according to what I think right.

One man told me he never would attend sick soldiers in hospital who were suffering from the effect of delirium tremens or of other dissipations, because he considered these diseases the results of their vices and not visitations from the Almighty! That is to say, that in proportion as men are sinners and need the warnings and comforts of religion, the minister of religion is studiously to withhold them from him. I suspended him instantly, and have asked the court to dismiss him. He is already in jail for debt.

Yet the bishop wanted to punish this man only by sending him to Moultan, because it "was a small station." The bishop thinks that because there are only a few souls in a station, any spiritual shepherd can herd them. I have learnt that "where two or three are gathered together, He will be in the midst of them," and I objected to this discipline by numerals, and refused to do anything but turn the man out. I may be unjust to the bishop in what I now say, but I am sure I am just and right towards the Church and the community in what I have *done*.

The negotiations with Ava were broken off, and no treaty has been made. The Burmese have practised their usual falsehood, and will suffer for it. I told you the envoy objected to Meaday as the frontier, but declared he would sign according to the proclamation. I gave up Meaday and fifty miles of territory; but they drew back from their former declarations, and said they had no authority to make any cession of territory but only the expenses of the war.

I had anticipated this contingency, and in accordance with his instructions the Commissioner declared the frontier to be again fixed at Meaday, and desired them to quit camp within twenty-four hours, which they did.

Everybody expects them back again. I can't tell. But if they do, they must now cede Meaday. I have done everything that could be expected of mortal man, and I will conciliate no more. So Meaday is the frontier. "Dieu me l'a donné et le diable ne me l'ôtera pas."

June 3rd.

We have no further news from Burmah.

We have made a good treaty with the Nizam—a good settlement of a great political difficulty, but which will not interest you.

I have heard from Lady D. at St Helena, and from the doctor. She had been very ill indeed on the passage, falling, after a heavy gale of wind, into a state of complete prostration and almost entire insensibility, which continued for nearly three weeks. I have been exceedingly

THE MARCHIONESS OF DALHOUSIE

(From a Painting by G. Richmond)

alarmed about her; and though she was greatly better when she wrote from St Helena, I look with deep anxiety for the next mail in hopes of hearing of her arrival in England. I conceived it would be madness in again risking the sea, and yet such is her pluck that she tells me the only thing that kept her up was the hope of getting back to me in November. I fervently hope she will never attempt it.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *June 19th*, 1853.

I WAS so exhausted the other day by the writing of letters which I could not defer, that I was wholly unable to pen more than a few lines to you. I do not regret it; for I am more rational now, and can restrain myself from what would then have been too strong for my control when communing with so old and close a friend as you. I do not know whether I submit in deed and in truth. I try to do so, and try to pray to be able to do so. But I feel all the severity of the scourge, and feel, too, that the circumstances which attend the chastisement have added scorpions to the lash. The severance of two souls bound together "till death shall them part" is the bitterest drop in the cup of mortality. But to be called upon to drink it suddenly when comforting my loneliness by anticipations of the joy of mother and children reunited, to see her who had battled with and conquered so many perils sink under no distemper, but from the very sea that all thought was to be her restoration—to hear of her children looking upon her face again, but dead—to hear of her return to her home, but only to the grave,—surely, surely, God will pardon me if for a time I feel it almost too hard to bear.

It is done. I pray God I may say in truth, Let it be so—if one may dare to adopt the words, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." I shall not again revert to this miserable topic, but my whole future is shivered by it. I say so because my home has been the main object in all my pictures of the future—and that is marred. I am young

enough to have a long prospect before me, according to the ordinary span allotted to us in the world, but I am too old to begin that world over again. My daughters, I am sure, will be a joy and a blessing to me; but in a few years they will each find the mate of their pilgrimage, and thenceforward I am alone. I shall hold my heritage with no one to share it, and shall know that when I too am gone it will pass to a stranger. Be it so. By God's help I will face all this for the rest of my time. But I had hoped and looked for other things and better. Meantime I have forced myself to resume at once all ordinary duties and occupations. No man here or elsewhere shall see a difference. I *could* not go to the Council on the 17th, only three days after I got my letter; but I will be at the next, and nothing whatever has been delayed. I say this because some of the letters I have received from England urge me to return to business, and remind me that I promised not to quit the command for some time, as though I had neither the courage of a man nor the honour of a gentleman. I know they do not mean that inference to be drawn, but none other is deducible. Whatever my feelings, I hope I know that my duty is before them. Whatever my wishes and desires, I shall certainly not indulge them by a breach of my word. I have long since said I would stay till 1854, and I will keep my promise, but no consideration on earth shall induce me to remain after '54.

Prince Ernest made an unjustifiable statement when he said the sepoys always run away. They run away sometimes—so also do H.M.'s infantry and cavalry. If they had run away always, not a man under Captain Loch would have returned alive to Donabew.

The war in Burmah is closed, and peace will be proclaimed on Monday. The King evades a treaty—in truth, he dare not sign a treaty ceding Pegu, for it would probably cost him his throne. But though they won't formally confess it by treaty, they feel they are beaten, and officially avow it. The King writes to ask for peace. He announces that he has ordered "his governors not to allow anybody to attack Meaday and Tounghoo, where the British have

put garrisons," and he has given up all the prisoners, and has asked that the river should again be opened for trade.

These requests comprise all the treaty. They afford no *security* for peace, but they afford just as much security as a treaty. Our only real security is our military power, and I will take care that that is maintained. Of course I have accepted this, and so the war is over. I do not myself think they will play us false at present. At any rate, as I do not mean to move a man till November, I don't care what they do. After that I shall still keep four brigades, each with a European corps and thirty field-guns, for a year. If all goes well during that time, my successor may safely reduce to three brigades. Godwin will be brought away. He has behaved very ill, however, in writing to the Secret Committee with reference to rewards, &c. I have begged them to look at our praise only and to forget the rest.

Everything is quiet in India. Since January two millions sterling have been paid into the open 4 per cent loan, with which, of course, I shall pay off 5 per cent, thus saving £100,000 a-year.

I have gone on as usual, but oh! it is hard, heartless, and objectless toil now.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *July 23rd*, 1853.

I DID not touch upon the confidential part of your letter of 6th June by last mail, and I do so now only lest you should think I neglect it. For the sentiments which were expressed regarding me when you were speaking of the Warden's office I am duly grateful, and no man's vanity would be proof to their effect as a mere momentary *sensation*. But as a motive, as an influence of future action on my part, they pass by me like the wind. As for the case of taking the Duke of Newcastle's office if he should come here, or any other office as soon as I return, all the principalities and powers here and below would not avail either to persuade or to compel me to do so. You may believe me or not as you choose, but I repeat again that the whole bent

of my inclinations, the whole weight and force of my will, hereafter will turn me strongly and permanently averse from political office. I do nothing so foolish as to register vows, but when I make up my mind it takes a good deal to change it, and so it will here. I have held in this my present office, power—not the name but effectual—power, patronage, and position, practically above what I can ever hold again. I have won honours, rank, and reputation. Ambition has nothing more to offer me that I want, for in these days the bait of wealth is not in its gift. On the other hand, I am worn by labour; I am sick of public life; I have earned the right to be henceforth obscure, and obscure I wish to be, though never idle.

Therefore, if you wish to be my friend and to prove a true prophet, you will throw cold water on any expectation of my wishing for, and jumping at, what is called a career. I have run, or nearly run, here the career I was cut out for; the other would be a breakdown, setting my wishes out of the question.

I have heard from Rangoon up to 9th inst. All perfectly quiet at Ava and on the frontier. We shall have trouble yet in the district of Tharawaddi, which is in the possession, I may say, of dacoits such as Myat-toon. This, however, is an internal affair; but I prepare you for it, because it will immediately be declared to be a renewal of war in England.

The India Bill is a wretched thing: no wonder Lord John wished to have nothing to do with it. For the home part of it, either it has done far too much or not half enough. For the Indian part, in the chief change they make, they are to pay twice as much for doing half the quantity of good which I showed them the way to. It has been sad bungling work from 1852 till now.

There is no doubt that Lambert was the *immediate* cause of the war by seizing the King's ship, in direct disobedience of his orders from me. I accepted the responsibility of his act, but disapproved and censured it. He replied officially that he had written home, and he was sure Palmerston would have approved! However, I gently told him that while acting for this Government he must obey its orders,

and we have never ceased to be good friends. Those despatches are suppressed in the Blue-Book.

But, while I say this, I do not at all mean that but for his act the war would not have been. On the contrary, I believe everything would have been just as it has been. Lambert's service during the war has been admirable.

It is easy to be wise after the fact. If I had had the gift of prophecy I would not have employed Lambert to negotiate. But being only mortal, hearing of Lambert from everybody just what you say of him, recognising the benefit of having negotiator and commander in one, if possible, and having to act through an officer of high rank *not* under my authority, I can't reproach myself with a fault in employing him though war did follow.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *August 18th*, 1853.

LORD HARDINGE has a more extended idea of his own hospitality here than anybody else. The dinner at Lahore to 150 people is true. It was after the campaign. The ice he talks of as a marvel is made every morning in the cold weather as regularly as you churn your butter.

I hope they will give Madras to Thackwell. He is a fine old soldier, and deserves it, and would do it well. He did not make much of his action at Sadoolapore; but Lord Gough worried him all day with contradictory notes, which he read instead of putting them in his pocket as he should have done.

I have given the best military command in my gift to a Madras officer, Major Hill, who defended Pegu, and I have given the best medical appointment in my gift to the assistant-surgeon who has been most useful in the field-hospital—so the force can't complain of me. I am daily disgusted by the unsoldierly spirit which shows itself among them. Beginning with the two general officers, everybody is eager to get away,—relief, leave, sick certificates, anything will do, so that they may but get away from an unpleasant station and back to the provinces. In short, I am sick of them and sick of my life.

Colonel Outram has pulled up in Egypt on Foreign Office duty connected with the present state of affairs. He can hardly have expected me to keep offices of importance vacant here while he is knight-erranting with the Turks.

In India we are all quiet and everything going prosperously enough. The King of Oude seems disposed to be bumptious. I wish he would be. To swallow him before I go would give me satisfaction. The old King of Delhi is dying. If it had not been for the effete folly of the court, I would have ended with him the dynasty of Timour.

Yesterday I penned a minute which will effect a saving of £100,000 a-year on army cattle alone, and leave the army amply provided with the means of movement also. In the Punjab alone I could, *at one hour's* notice, move 12,000 infantry, 4000 cavalry, and 30 guns perfectly equipped, with stores, hospitals, ammunition, and private baggage, and three times as many within six days, so that you see I am not cabbaging. Yet the court order me to refer this home before I do it. This is the senseless way in which they hamper the local government, which is of necessity far more competent to such questions of detail than it can be. In this case the delay of reference will cost the court just £25,000.

The mail is closing; I have nothing to add unless it be an official entry in the diary just received regarding the poor old sick King of Delhi, to the effect that the hakims [physicians] propose a confection composed of pearl, coral, and ruby should be administered, as being good for raising the spirits. Could you believe that, half way through the nineteenth century?

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *September 3rd*, 1853.

IT is very agreeable to know that you have been satisfied by the reasoning of the minutes regarding Burmah. Here they have exercised great influence on public opinion. In England they have not done so. It would be singular if they had; for it is quite evident from what is said and written, either that they have never been read or that they have been ignored. The newspapers I can't help. Sir

W. Scott's plan, I believe, would be the best—not to read them. What the future may cover I cannot tell. But for the past, and up to the present time, every syllable of what I have said in those minutes has come true.

General Godwin started to join his division a week ago. No notice whatever has been taken of him by the military or any other body, which is almost a pity. He made a speech at Rangoon, where they gave him a dinner, in which he said he had been much abused for inactivity, but he begged to say he had obeyed his orders. He obeyed orders in not going to Prome in May, or to Ava in October; but he did not obey orders in the mischievous inactivity from October to January. In like manner he has made here to Mr Courtenay, who told me, and of course to other people, the most glaring misstatements regarding what he did and did not do. All are capable of disproof from his own despatches! but he goes on.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *September 11th*, 1853.

OUR papers are full of rumours which I suppose will be decanted, no doubt, into all of yours, of invasions and attacks and disasters to come in Pegu. It is all of a piece. Ever since 1848 I have noted with deep disgust the spirit of croaking, which is the characteristic of this army and this whole society. Everywhere and at all times disaster is apprehended. Always the British Government is looked upon as the probable loser, whatever the enemy and whatever our own power. It is deeply, deeply, ten thousand fathoms deeply disgusting to me.

How we ever came to win India if this was always so, or when the change occurred if it was not always so, and whence it arose, I cannot tell. In the meantime it is infinitely mischievous.

As before, I affirm that the Burmans are perfectly quiet; and that while there is internal lawlessness in Pegu, it is confined to one bank of the Irrawaddy from Meaday a good way downwards. I shall go to work ruthlessly there as soon as the season permits, and I do not doubt of the result.

My noble horse Maharajah is sick now. He will die, I suppose, so it matters little whether I can ride or not. There are plenty more of them—too many, I doubt; but I always rode him and am too weak to cross the other spluttering Arabs. Poor Maharajah was born to carry a G.-G. only, as was his fate. He knew as well as I did when we were in state and when we were in mufti, and regulated his action accordingly. He was indeed a beautiful animal, and a perfect.

What think you of a civil servant of this Presidency writing to the private secretary asking for an increase of pay, and enclosing a cheque drawn in his name for 3000 Rs.? I had him up. He saw nothing wrong in it, did not consider it a bribe at all—*only a fee!* Not recognising so fine a distinction, I have publicly suspended him; and not having further power, have called upon the court to dismiss him with ignominy from the service. These are unfortunate occurrences at this time, but I won't stand any hushing up. Indeed, I don't suppose they wish it at home, and nobody wishes it here. He is a most impudent vagabond, and has written to ask for his travelling expenses when summoned to the inquiry into his infamy.

Colonel Outram has arrived: he is highly satisfied with my wish to restore him to Baroda, and says he never thought he had a chance of Hyderabad.

The King of Delhi's confection of rubies and coral seems to have been sovereign, for he has recovered again, though eighty.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *24th September* 1853.

SIR ROBERT GARDINER'S [Gov. of Gibraltar] etiquette is grander than anybody's since the Governor of Barataria. People have different ways. Lord Falkland at Bombay always makes my Lady go first. I got into a sad scrape in consequence. In India the G.-G. always goes first wherever he is, when proper form is observed. When Lord F. came to me at Bombay I thought this was going too far with a Governor in his own Presidency, and, in reply to his

THE MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE ON MAHARAJAH ENTERING CAMP AT CAWNPORE 1852

(From a Drawing by C. J. Atkinson)

question, I told him I thought he should go first in his own house. I found to my dismay that in thus crowning him I had discrowned her. Lord Hastings, I believe, always led Lady Hastings to dinner when he was here.

Sir Stafford Northcote began in the Board of Trade as Gladstone's private secretary. He was a clever fellow, much in Gladstone's own style, and very laborious. He rose before I left England, and thus he's come into the positions you mention, but not at all, I should think, by being a follower of Trevelyan.

A most grievous loss has just been sustained by the assassination of Colonel Mackeson at Peshawar. He was stabbed by a religious fanatic in the midst of his office establishment, under the plea of presenting a petition, and died after thirty hours' great suffering. His loss is as nearly irreparable as any human loss can be in a state. His position was a most important one, and he was pre-eminently fitted to fill it. How to replace him I know not. The loss of a brave and able man's life in the very height and vigour of his age is always sad; but to lose him thus, stuck like a hog by a foul ruffian, is too grievous. This event has distressed me deeply.

This unhappy business at Peshawar has put an end to my visit to Pegu for the present. I do not anticipate anything, but there is an excited state of feeling at Peshawar, and it would not do to be out of the way at such a time. I am sorry for it on many accounts.

Troubles multiply too; for in the last night I have received an express announcing the death of Mr Thomason, the Lieut.-Governor of N.-W.P. He was a first-rate man, invaluable to India and to me. Within a fortnight I have thus lost my right hand and half of my left at a time when I can least afford to be maimed. For Thomason himself it is a great gain. I wish I was where he is. But for us who are left it is a heavy loss. However, as the Duke's wind-up ran, "it can't be helped."

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *October 8th*, 1853.

THE Naval Review at Spithead must have been a noble spectacle. It made one's heart swell even in 'The Illustrated London News.' I think old Sir Byam Martin was more to be envied that day than any man now in life.

As for Captain Crispin's criticism, though I can't say (if you will excuse a badly translated pun), "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," still, competent judge as he is, he expected too much work of his last, surely. No such line was ever formed before in the world, and it is pardonable if they were a little slow on a first trial. As for our having lost relative superiority over the French by the introduction of steam, how do you know that? Has Captain Crispin ever seen the French attempt to form a similar line? And how does he know that, supposing we were bad, we were not as much better in a steam line as we formerly were in a sailing line of battle.

I believe our sailors are as good as ever they were, and that being so, I can't be persuaded that good sailors of a wholly maritime nation will not always be superior to the sailors of a nation which is only amphibious.

When it was expected before that Sir C. Napier was about to publish his work in the recess, Sir J. Hogg volunteered to assure me that if he did so the Court of Directors would immediately print and publish the minutes, including the D. of W.'s, which they have. I shall write to Mr Ellice and claim this as a right. The court owes me this. For although they were delighted with the whole thing, they simply accepted Sir C. Napier's resignation, "fully approved" my conduct, but never made one word of remark, or uttered one syllable of condemnation of his proceedings regarding his resignation or the act which led to it.

If they should have done so, but should have published the papers as a blue-book, then I would ask you to take the trouble of printing them in a pamphlet in readable form, and advertise it, so that at least both sides may be heard. I don't wish a word written or said by anybody. I only wish the public to judge for themselves.

We have had no more news from Burmah since I last

wrote; but the statements of officers from there, who have been questioned, entirely confirm the correctness of what I have told you.

In the meantime I have been unable to go to Pegu. Colonel Mackeson's death has created a most disgraceful panic at Peshawar (the Brigadier actually proposing to send away women!), though everything has been absolutely quiet; and whatever my own contempt for the alarm may be, it would have a bad effect to go away from the capital while it lasted. And now the very people and Press who abused me for my absence for frontier purposes, from 1849 to 1851, are already calling out on this first alarm, "Where is the Governor-General?" "Why is the G.-G. not on the frontier?" "We want a master-mind, and the G.-G. must come *dâk* at once," with much more twaddle to the same effect.

I have recorded strong opinions on this exhibition of terror by public officers, but it will never do to have such panics occurring periodically whenever an incident startling in its nature occurs. I propose, therefore, to place another brigade permanently across the Indus. It costs money in extra allowance to native troops, and the valley is less healthy than elsewhere, but that can't be helped.

What with the white feather at Peshawar, and what with the white feather in Pegu, I am furious at present, and long for an opportunity of civilly insulting somebody.

October 17th.

You will see that what you kindly propose to do about Sir Chas. Napier's book is exactly what I suggested in a previous page of this letter. It is sad to see an old man thus making provision for the propagation of posthumous malignity.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *October 24th*, 1853.

LADY COUPER'S taste in admiring the hills most through rain is most judicious. It ensures her being rarely disappointed in any future visits to Scotland.

Without laying myself open to any injurious inferences, I confess I am much of the lady's mind who thinks twenty minutes enough for any sermon. In twenty minutes a man may say as much as most men *can* say that is worth hearing on any subject; and it is my firm belief that, taking the community through, ten sermons of twenty minutes would effect more good than 10,000 sermons of an hour's duration. I think your church makes a great blunder on this head, and mine a still greater.

I was sorry to hear of poor Lord Saltoun's death. There has been heavy breakage among the Thistle heads lately. I see it is said Maule has one. If so, I don't believe there is another family in Britain whose two topmost branches are so adorned. It will be expensive for his friends, however, as they must enlarge their doorways for him in consequence.

No, we know nothing more of the insurrection in China than you do. If I were in England I should take the deepest interest in it. At present my interest is limited to the degree in which it will affect our opium revenue. The new sect prohibits the use of opium under the Seventh Commandment, and I hope the prohibition will be no better observed than the Seventh Commandment is in other respects. At present prices keep up wonderfully notwithstanding the interference with trade by the rebellion. I have already thanked you for your care of me about Sir C. Napier's pamphlet. I wrote to Sir C. Wood and Mr Ellice [chairman of court] and Hogg on it by last mail.

I observe that in 'The Times' the work is advertised about 22nd of September, but not afterwards. I do not know whether this indicates withdrawal on Sir Charles's death. On the one hand I should be glad the minutes on both sides should be published. On the other hand, I should be glad the thing were at rest, as it is an unpleasant feeling to be in any way fighting with a dead man.

'The Times' article is very guarded and wonderfully fair for it. All will honour him as a soldier—nobody more than I.

30th October.

Since I wrote we have news from Rangoon up to 23rd inst. A letter has come from the King, asking to be allowed to send a mission with the "usual royal gifts" to the Pagodas in Pegu. I have refused to even entertain the proposal till he has signed a treaty of cession. Until then such a parade would be understood as tacitly declaring that he held the country still as his own, and would yet one day recover it, while endless intrigues would be its first-fruit. The Italian priest who brought the letter confirms all we have heard before, that there are no preparations for war, and no means for it, and no intention of it.

The districts, too, are quieting down. We have caught one of these leaders of guerillas or robbers, or whatever they are; and I entertain little doubt but that in six months Tharawaddi will be as quiet as the rest of the province.

The panic at Peshawar and on that frontier has been composed: I have spoken my mind on the subject.

We have advertised 7 millions more of 5 per cents into 4 per cents. The day after the 4 per cent stock rose to 5 per cent premium! We have also opened a 3½ per cent loan, a thing unheard of since India was India. It will draw nothing just now, but it gives the people warning what they may come to.

The last opium sale was a little down. However, it gave 30 lakhs; and £10,000 a-day is not a bad income.

My poor horse Maharajah is dead. A brighter or better never came from "Araby the Blest." I have buried him among the flowers in the garden, poor fellow, and shall never see his like again.

That old man who has been forty years at the castle should not be discharged, I think.

Many thanks, too, about Napier's book. I have had very satisfactory assurances from Sir C. Wood and Ellice. I want nothing written on my behalf. Just print the minutes. Lord Broughton volunteered to send me the Duke's minute. Of course I can't give that; but the Board of Control should do so.

Poor old Godwin is dead. It is a sad story. Here is an

old soldier, escaping "battle, murder, and sudden death," and disease more fatal than all in Pegu, returning sound to India, and going up to a beautiful European climate at Simla, dead in a week after! He caught violent influenza, which produced an exhaustion from which he could not rally. It is pleasing to me now to recollect that I did my best to obtain an honour, and to avert blame on his behalf.

We are all quiet. The tide of opinion about Pegu, its quiet and the probability of war, is again at the flow.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *November 10th*, 1853

YOU say that I am wrong—that no man in India *can* expect that a G.-G. who is not a rich man should make gifts on the scale that people in England expect from royalty. I again assert positively that, whether they *can* or not, they *do*. I do not say that they expect gifts to be made; but when gifts are made, or subscriptions given, they must be made and given on that scale. I there leave an unpleasant discussion.

If this book of Sir C. Napier's is published and comes out to India, I think I shall take the law into my own hands on this side of the water, and publish the minutes myself, not including, of course, the Duke of Wellington's. This only in case they are not published in the India House. I do not intend to write anything more. I will neither fight a dead man nor fight over a dead man's grave.

The General at Peshawar goes home—his Brigadier likewise. These men are respectively of fifty and forty-eight years' service! These are the tools with which I am expected to work a frontier requiring, above all things, vigour of body as well as of mind. They are replaced—the General of fifty years by another of forty-seven years; the Brigadier of forty-eight by another of forty-six years, which last was for several years in the royal army before he entered the Company's!! yet these latter, they say at headquarters, are the best they have.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *November 25th*, 1853.

WHEN the mail had gone I had time to look at Sir C. Napier's book, and also at the letters which you sent me, and which I received also myself regarding my defence. The book comforted me. It contained nothing new in the shape of allegations—omitted much I had expected to see—and was so outrageous in its language as to be sufficient to spoil a far better case than he had. Nevertheless, to those who did not know the facts, his cunning and dishonest mode of stating them would seem to constitute a case. While, therefore, I would never have thought of replying to the *attacks*, a publication of the documents (of which he had printed all his own) seemed just to *me*. How was this to be done?

Sir Charles Wood, however willing he might be, could do nothing till Parliament met in February. Mr Ellice's quarterly court was over. His next court would not be till January. Even then his letter did not seem to me to be very precise, as he talked of "considering" what should be done. At best, their publications could not be delivered in India till March. But Sir C. Napier's book was already here; and the stock of one bookseller—fifty copies—was, I know, bought up on the first day.

It seemed very unwise to let this poison circulate and work unchecked for four months while I had the antidote here in my own hands. Accordingly, I resolved not to let this take place. So, while the chairman is "considering" what is best to be done, *I have done it.* I have selected all the main papers,—they have been for some time in the printer's hands,—and I hope to send you a copy by the outgoing mail on 5th prox. I have written a few lines of minute merely to account for their publication, and have declared that I purposely omit to add one word of narrative or comment to the official document.

This makes me, in India, independent of what they may do or leave undone in England. And as Sir C. Wood and Ellice both volunteered to tell me they would print everything, I have of course full warrant for what I have done.

It renders me also independent in England of what they do or leave undone in England; for, if they do not print there, I shall request you to reprint for me these selections from the Indian correspondence, and to give them publicity in England for me.

I beg you, however, by no means to do this until they have *refused* to publish anything in England, which they can hardly think of doing. For as yet the papers are not perfect, and they cannot be so till the *Duke's minute is added.* This was an important item in the question at all times. The publication of the book has rendered it doubly so, because in his book Sir Charles takes up a new ground, and contends that he acted in accordance with the Duke of Wellington's instructions. The Duke's minute smashes that plea as nothing else can.

What I would wish, then, is that the Court of Directors and the President of Board of Control should do only what they have volunteered to do—namely, to publish the official papers, including the Duke of W.'s minute, which should be pressed for urgently. My print will save them all the trouble of selection, and they need only to reprint it, *adding the Duke's minute.*

By the following steamer, if not by this, I will send you a lot of copies for my friends, if you will kindly cause them to be despatched.

In the meantime, pray say to my kind friend Sir James Kempt, that from what he has known of me, since the day I presented arms to him with a wooden gun when he landed at Halifax, he will not believe, I am sure, that my father's son would ever so treat an old soldier as Sir C. Napier has most falsely alleged I treated him; but that, nevertheless, I will send him a copy of the papers, if he will take the trouble of looking at them, as *proofs* of my denial.

There is one point which the papers do in fact answer, but which may require to be pointed out. You once told me you had heard it mentioned as one of his complaints. He says that the Government replied to him regarding the question of rations by a subordinate officer "under his command," and that the act was offensive. This is false in every particular.

1st. The Government did not write to him at all on the subject of rations.

2nd. It did not write by an officer under his command.

3rd. The act of the Government was not offensive, but in strict accordance with usual rule, practice, and courtesy.

For, 1st, the letter was not addressed to Sir C. Napier, but *to the Adjutant-General, by whom Sir C. N. had previously addressed the Government.*

2nd. The letter was not written by an officer "under his command," but by the officiating "Secretary to the Government of India in the Military Department," to whom the Adjutant-General had addressed his letter, and who is directly under the G.-G. and not under C.-in-C.

3rd. The act is not offensive, but the proper course—the *only* proper course—and the invariable course in the transaction of business here. The invariable rules of practice are that the Commander-in-Chief communicates with the G.-G. in Council by the Adjutant-General, addressing the Military Secretary to Government; and the G.-G. in C. communicates with the C.-in-C. by the Military Secretary to Government, addressing the Adjutant-General. When, therefore, Sir Charles Napier informed the Government that he had altered the sepoys' rations, he did so in a letter *from the Adjutant-General* to the Military Secretary; when the Government replied on that subject, it did so in a letter *from the Military Secretary* to the Adjutant-General, who had addressed him. You will perceive, as everybody must perceive, that the letter was in strict conformity with fixed rule, with ordinary practice, and with due courtesy. Sir Charles Napier had as little reason to complain of my causing the Military Secretary to reply to the Adjutant-General as I had reason to complain of Sir Charles having caused the Adjutant-General to address the Military Secretary.

I have seen it asked, Why did not the Government address

Sir C. Napier *itself* on the 13th April, as it did on the 15th March? The answer is very simple: because the 15th March was an exceptional case created by Sir C. Napier himself thus: he wrote a fine despatch to the G.-G. in C., after his expedition to Kohat; he wrote it in his own person, and signed it himself. Whereupon the G.-G. in C. replied in person, and also signed it himself. But this was an act of Sir C. Napier's own, and entirely out of the usual course. Because the Governor showed Sir C. N. an *unusual* courtesy on 15th March, that is no proof that the Government showed him less than usual on 13th April. Because the Governor-General himself answered Sir C. N. when Sir C. N. himself wrote, that does not make it discourteous — still less offensive — in the G.-G. to have directed the Military Secretary to write to the Adjutant-General, when Sir C. N. made the Adjutant-General write to the Military Secretary.

In short, when Sir C. N. wrote to the G.-G. himself, the G.-G. answered himself. When Sir C. N. made the Adjutant-General write a letter to the Military Secretary, the G.-G. made the Military Secretary address his reply to the Adjutant-General. In that sentence lies the whole case, though I have argued it at large, and common-sense will at once pronounce upon it.

There is only one other story which I shall notice. Sir Charles says that my hostility and jealousy were visible from the beginning; for in the very first interview he had with me, I said to him that I had been told from England that he would encroach upon my authority, and that I added, I would take d—d good care he should not do so. This is a fair sample of Sir C. Napier's system. There is just enough truth in this to prevent my being able to say it is wholly untrue from beginning to end; and yet it is absolutely untrue in its substance, and in the inference to which it was intended to give rise.

Everybody reading it is meant to believe, and many will believe, that I met Sir C. N. in a spirit of hostility, that I told him I knew he would try to encroach on my power, and that I coarsely asserted, with an oath, that I would prevent him. *The very reverse of all this is the fact.*

I had a perfect recollection of the conversation to which he referred. But I did not need to trust to my memory. For many years past, like my father before me, I have been in the habit of making notes as to public events and public men, and public affairs connected with myself; and on referring to my paper I found a very full note of the very conversation. Far from being hostile, I was friendly, confidential, frank, and (as his story would prove) familiar in excess. I told him that things could only go on fully as they ought to do by our pulling well together, and that I felt sure we should do so. Plenty people had told him, probably (I said), that I was all for politicals and would put down the military branch. I assured him that such was not the case; that I never wished to put a political near a general when the latter was thought capable (as I have since proved in regard to Pegu); and that he would never see a political near him unless he asked for him. On the other hand (I said), plenty people had told me he would try to usurp civil power, and would be troublesome. I told him I was perfectly certain he would do nothing of the kind; and I added, "laughing," You know that if you did, I should take very good care to prevent you. At the close of the note I said, "I do seriously believe he has no more idea of attempting to interfere with me in my civil functions than I have of taking direct command of the army."

This note is dated 5th August 1849. Its testimony is unimpeachable. The evidence could not be got up, for it is dated four years ago. It was not prepared in expectation of the hostility on his part, and which it is now called forth to meet; for the concluding words, which I have quoted above, and its whole tenor, show that I anticipated no hostility. I was a fool for believing as I did; but the belief itself and the whole conversation prove that, far from being hostile, I was most friendly both in language and feeling; and that, far from telling him I expected encroachments, I told him I was quite certain he would attempt *none*, and that I did sincerely believe he would attempt none. Whether I said "d—d good care" or not I don't know. I believe I did *not;* the whole note

does not use the epithet. I, unfortunately, have used the word too often to be able to say I did not use it then. I believe sincerely I did *not*. But at any rate, the question is not whether I was profane towards God, but whether I was hostile towards Sir C. Napier. The whole conversation shows I was not hostile. Nay, the very "double d" tends to show I was friendly, for I used it "laughing," and it bears the impress of familiarity, not of acerbity. In short, as one of the newspapers here has said about it (and the writer is no friend to me), if it was used, it was "the d—n jocular, not the d—n defiant": it was not the belly-go-fister of a pugilist, but the playful poke in the ribs of a friend.

There you have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And I think you will feel that what I said about Sir Charles's story I have made out, and that the malignant anecdote differs from the real incident it professes to relate just in the proportion in which a minimum of truth differs from essential falsehood.

I had time by the last mail to write a few lines to Sir C. Wood, Mr Ellice, and Hogg, to say I should probably print the papers here, and to ask that they should print them and the Duke's minute. I have reason to believe, from Colonel Outram, that measures had been taken at home to have the book replied to if necessary. I therefore asked Mr Ellice to let any proper person have access to such public papers as affected me and this Government. The person, I understand, is a Dr Ogilvie, who was in Simla, and who drew up Colonel Outram's sketch of services.

You ask what there was in my private letter, quoted in Parliament, about legislation for India. Why, really nothing. And I am amazed at the stir it made, and have not had my ideas of the Cabinet much exalted by a knowledge of the effect it was able to produce.

Argyll wrote to me about some man or other. He went on to speak of the India Bill, said he was all against delay, and added, "I wish you would give me your opinion." In my reply I urged very strongly that there should be no delay, that they should take power

from the Co. or leave it, but that at least they should decide on something—for (I said) a vicarious Government such as this is cannot properly or safely be left in a doubtful position; but if its authority should be left questionable, those who are under it should question also the necessity of obeying such authority.

It appears that the letter arrived very opportunely when they were hanging in the wind, and decided them to go on. This may be complimentary to me, but not to them.

I saw that Argyll and Sir J. Graham had stated that my letter was entirely spontaneous. I was vexed at this, because if it had been so, Sir C. Wood, my chief, might reasonably have taken exception to my communicating authoritatively with another member of the Cabinet. I therefore wrote to Sir C. Wood and told him that my letter was by no means spontaneous; that it was in reply to Argyll; that although I had for all these years been most guarded in my letters about India, I saw no harm in answering familiarly (so familiarly that they could not read it in Parliament as an official opinion) to a question put by my kinsman and his colleagues, but that if I had had any idea it would have been used I would not have given an answer.

By the last mail I had a reply both from Argyll and Sir C. Wood—the latter assuring me he never objected, but, on the contrary, was much obliged; and Argyll justifying his act (though very sorry) on the ground of the great effect the letter was calculated to produce, and had produced.

This is the story. There was nothing in the letter to prevent its being produced except that it was not authoritative, being addressed by me not to the Prime Minister or the Minister for India, but to a Scotch cousin, and familiar in its tone, inasmuch as I talked about "Company Bahadur," as they call it here, but which is not a very influential tone of expression.

I see from your letter that you have written to Pat. Grant about Sir C. Napier's book. This was rather a bad shot; for although Sir C. has dragged him in very

shabbily, it is quite true that Grant *did* mislead Sir C. N. as to the facts and as to the order. He did not mislead him intentionally, but undoubtedly he did mislead him. Grant afterwards admitted it to Sir C., and wished to bear the blame (so his friends here have told me), but Sir C. said he would bear it himself. How ill he has kept his word his books will show.

In my minutes I kept Grant's name and the name of everybody except that of the C.-in-C. himself out of the paper; but as Sir C. has printed Grant's memo. in his book I have also printed it here, because my omitting it would have done Grant no good, since it has been printed already, and the omission might have been called a garbling of the papers.

Sir C. says he does not print my first minute because the Board of Control refused him the second. A refusal of the second was no reason for not printing the first, even if the refusal had been given; but it was not given. The Board of Control refused to give that minute *alone*, but told him they were ready to produce the whole papers any day they were moved for in Parliament. That did not suit his book.

November 30th.

We have a Rangoon mail which brings intelligence from thence up to 22nd, and from the frontier up to 8th. Everything is perfectly quiet in Burmah, and General Cheape reports that they are now themselves surprised at ever having expected otherwise. All the 18th and part of the 80th have come up. After all the cry about mortality, the latter come away 750 strong. The medical men all say it is not climate that has killed those who have been lost, but inevitable exposure in war, and drink in peace.

Elsewhere they are quiet. Captain Phayre writes that there is a stupid plot in Rangoon which they are counterplotting, and which will end only in a certain number of idiots getting themselves hanged.

I think I shall certainly go down on the 6th, and in that case I may come in for the explosion of the conspiracy, which will be a novelty at least.

It is very grievous that the Turkish quarrel is still unsoldered. I shall go to Pegu nevertheless; and we have converted £700,000 more of 5 per cents nevertheless.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *December 7th*, 1853.

ON the day after to-morrow I propose to start for Pegu, and as it will be too late to write from Rangoon, I must anticipate the date. Col. Outram is too well known, and I flatter myself I am well *enough* known, to prevent the possibility of anybody venturing to surmise that Col. O. got an office from me because he was an antagonist of Sir C. Napier. All India will hail the act except the Governor of Bombay. In England, I perceive, the *heads* don't like my putting Outram back,—not for love of the Br.-General, but from apparent dislike to him. I am only doing what the *court* ought to have done, what the court knew it ought to have done, what the court would have done but that it was afraid. I don't care; I have done what is right. Col. Outram will serve under me—body and soul—and under any other man who will trust him as he deserves. Hogg is weak enough to say to me, "Col. Outram's proper place is at the head of an Irregular Cavalry Regiment, no higher"! and Lord Falkland actually has the effrontery to say that he really hopes Col. O. may be employed in some post suited to his abilities, "such as they are"!! I was really sorry that Lord F. should say this, for I like him.

You ask what was the result of the planting in the Punjab. It has been going on systematically. I will send you the report on the first two years of the Punjab Government. I think you will consider it a remarkable record. My plan for railways did not include Bengal only, but all India, and its fruits will one day be seen.

I have been delighted with the picture of the girls. Of course I can't judge of the present likeness, because the change from childhood to girlhood is so great. But they must be essentially like, because I can trace the children in the girls. This and Bowie's return has made me, I know, not quite whether happier or sadder. Sometimes talking

with him or Halliday and looking at the picture I get cheery; and sometimes I think the blank is more bottomless than ever.

Your allusions to the old castle on your visit—itself unchanged amidst so many changes—make me anticipate my own return, and its sensations.

I sometimes think that if it were not for the two children I should not care to hear I was permanently banished to-morrow—and "that's a change indeed." My mother used those words, I recollect, when my father (drawing to his last days, though we did not know it) replied to her mention of Dalhousie Castle: "Dalhousie Castle—where's Dalhousie Castle?" When he and I ceased to feel a spur in that name, little good was left in us. Don't think from this I am slacking here. It is not so. I toil on, but the hill grows steeper every day.

Gout in the heart is a desperate ailment for a man of the Duke of Newcastle's age. Poor fellow! his heart has had pangs enough, one would think, without those of gout being superadded.

I have never received the smallest hint as to who is likely to succeed me here. The people at Madras have got a notion that Elgin will come there. If so, he can only do it, I should think, to get one foot into a stirrup whence he may mount to a higher saddle.

I see 'The Times,' as I predicted, has taken up all the groans of the Press here about Pegu. Well, well, time will show, and I bide it. But it is a thankless work to serve the Public, as every man that ever served it, wherever he served it, has had occasion to say before me. Why should my withers be unwrung?

I do not revert to Sir C. Napier's book, as I wrote so fully to you on it by last mail. The line of dignified contempt won't do if I wish to hold my ground with the public out of doors, both in England and in India. Sir Henry Lawrence writes to me in a great fury about the book, and if he takes it in hand he will make an example of it. The task would be a labour of love.

Your mention of Sir James in your postscript has grieved me sincerely. Such attacks at his date, and enfeebled by

previous suffering, cannot long be withstood. I shall be anxious to receive your next report of him.

We are quiet. The Afreedees of the Kohat Pass have given in completely, so much so that they offer us to hold the crest with our own people. If this lasts, it will be an earlier proof than I expected of what I have often told you, that these people will worry us for a time, but that one by one they will put their necks under our foot.

H.C.S. "ZENOBIA," *December 9th.*

Off this morning now, going down the river, and hope to be at sea to-night. We have just met *Fire Queen* from Rangoon. December 3rd all quiet.

ON THE IRRAWADDY,
December 17th, 1853.

WE made a beautiful run across the bay. The weather was fine, the sea quiet, the ship good, the captain a gentleman. I went to Akyab to stir them up regarding the road which has been ordered through Arracan. Thence I went in to look at a possible harbour at the point where the new road from Prome across the Arracan mountains is to touch the sea. The visit was satisfactory, and proved that, if it were necessary, I could within a year ensure having news at Calcutta from Meaday in less than 48 hours. Farther on, near Cape Negrais, I landed to examine the Aguada reef, which is one of the great commercial stumbling-blocks of these seas, and one on which they have earnestly asked for a lighthouse. It is a malignant reef, without as much as a bunch of tangle upon it, and covered with innumerable crabs, who scuttled away into the clefts, apparently disconcerted at being surprised away from home by certainly the first morning visit that ever was made to them by a Governor-General.

On the fifth day we anchored at Rangoon, notwithstanding these deviations and stoppages. There I stayed two days, settled some pressing local questions, and now am

on my way to Meaday. We are travelling in a long accommodation-boat towed by a steamer, and have hitherto been wriggling about among the creeks which connect the sea with the main stream.

Rangoon has been greatly improved even since I saw it a year ago, and my expectations of its future greatness as a shipping and trading port have been confirmed by this visit. It is, and has long been, exceedingly healthy. So is at this time every station in the province. Here, again, I have already received confirmation of the opinions I have before expressed—that the Pegu stations will be as healthy as any one of those in the plains of India.

The Court of Ava is perfectly quiet, and the King has returned to his palace at Umerapoora, which he would certainly not do if war were upon his cards. The river is now safe. The dacoits in the interior are subsiding; rice in this province everywhere, even at Prome, is from ½ to ¾ rupee the basket. At Ava it is nearly 2 rupees the basket. Here, again, my assertions are corroborated by the course of events.

The conspiracy at Rangoon (which I think I mentioned) failed. It was treacherous and bloody in its design, but exploded prematurely, having been detected. The leaders have all been seized.

A sad murder has again been committed. Captain Latter, an officer who was conspicuous during the late war, and who was made Deputy-Commissioner, was found stabbed in his bed at Prome the other night. There were two sentries within twenty yards of him, and there was no outcry, and no property was removed. It is therefore believed that personal revenge was his destroyer, and that his servant must have been privy to it.

The fellows are all greatly pleased with the Queen's grant of a medal for Pegu. The Madras army has had few chances for medals, and they and all the young soldiers are delighted with the favour.

The climate here is, of course, much hotter than we left it at Calcutta. But it is hot only in the day, and very healthy. I am myself quite well, thank God. My feeble

ankle shackles me a little, otherwise I have no infirmity now. By the 18th I hope I shall be again at Calcutta.

RANGOON, *January 8th*, 1854.

YOUR letter of 5th November reached me at Prome. The place of its receipt made me feel more anxious than ever that Lord Hardinge should, in the end, make good all his fair professions as to promotions for the war. So much greater delay than usual has occurred in the notification of any good things, that officers are beginning to despair of getting anything at all. I had the satisfaction of announcing in a G.O. the grant of a medal. This was very acceptable to all the *soldiers*, and especially to the Madras army, who have had few opportunities since the great days of "Kurnul Wellesley Sahib" of winning honours of any kind. So far the most important part, and what I always considered the most dubious part, has been conceded; still, I should be glad to see the rest out, whatever it may be. It is satisfactory to see that both you and Lord Panmure, after full knowledge of Sir C. Napier's book, and of public sentiment upon it, have come to the conclusion of desiring that course, which I have advocated on my side of the water—namely, to take no notice of it, but to give the papers to the public. Our Calcutta Blue-Book (which has come out red), I hear from Courtenay, has had a great success in all parts of the country that have yet received it. The Duke's minute will be the clincher. Pat. Grant of course defends, and must defend, Sir C. Napier's abrogation of the order, because it was on his authority that Sir C. described it as a *new* order which it was impolitic to enforce. The blunder on Grant's part is unaccountable; but having made it, he must of course extenuate it as far as he can. I have not received the copy of the book with his notes. The whole Press here, with two or three exceptions, is unanimous against Sir Charles, and I am quite content with the effect the publication of the papers has produced. I am sincerely distressed at the amount of trouble you have had about

Walmer Castle. I hope to thank you on the battlements of the castle for it again hereafter, if I live, and if I *am* to keep it, which I still very much deprecate. The fact is, I made a great mistake in accepting it at all. But I could not resist the honour; and I really do not think anybody in the same circumstances would have had any more sense than I confess I had on the occasion. Your news of Sir James Kempt's revival has delighted me. In spite of all, I shall still hope to shake him by the hand. I hear from India that the Rajah of Nagpore is dead. I am not fully informed on the subject yet, but I think I shall swallow it. He has left no son, no heir, and made no adoption. And it would give us £400,000 a-year. I think this is too good a "plum" not to pick out of this "Christmas pie." Nearly 2½ millions of 5 per cents have been converted, by the last accounts.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *January 29th*, 1854.

THE cast of the Duke's head has reached me safe. If it be not inconsistent with a proper sense of Douro's kindness in wishing to gratify me by the presentation of it, I will venture to say that I wish I had not seen it. One views it with reverence, but still with pain and humiliation. It teaches by its dumb utterance a solemn lesson; but there is in it a lowering of the last recollections of the grand old man, which one regrets, and would have deprecated. It recalls too much the sneer of the "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay," &c. It is all very fine being dignified in not noticing the attacks of people, whose attacks are listened to and believed. But it is not prudent. The court have gone on this dignified policy, and they will be smashed in consequence, at least half a century before they otherwise would have been. Sir Wm. Napier, of course, can assert what you say. His publications in the past have clearly shown that there is no lie so gross but that he can assert it. It is impossible, however, for him to say that he did everything he could to see the papers, unless as a lie. For Sir C. Napier was distinctly told at the Board of Control

that *all* the papers would be given the moment they were moved for in Parliament. As to dignified silence let me add only one word. Nobody carried that principle farther than the Duke of Wellington, yet the Duke of W. himself in his own lifetime published his own despatches, and great as he was before, he did not attain to the fulness of his glory till he had thus met malignants and by official documents rebutted calumny. "Parvis componere magna," I think I was right to follow his example. You say to correct Sir W. Napier's untruths "we must have a controversy." No, not with my consent or with my knowledge—not one syllable. You will know by this time that I have officially declared silence. I have no means here of publicly contradicting the statements about Pegu. I can do it, and am doing it, by a despatch home, but I can't do it here. Another death which has afflicted me deeply has just been announced. By the Cape steamer we learn that my poor friend, Sir Henry Elliot, died there last month. He was one of the foremost men in India—my right hand for four years. I would have appointed him Lieut.-Governor after Thomason had he been present and well. He lived to be gratified by knowing that I had placed that statement on record, and now he too is gone. God help us. The chargé d'affaires at Teheran has chosen this most inappropriate time for suspending diplomatic intercourse with Persia on some insignificant squabble. Persia has jumped into the arms of the Czar, and hating Turkey more than she loves Islam, is ready to do her worst against the Porte.

The Russians are *said* to be moving on Khiva, but I cannot tell how this is. But for the bother of it, and interrupting the payment of debt, I don't care if they do come. They would get a precious thrashing, and it would wind up my time very well. We have advertised the last 7 millions of the 5 per cents for payment on 30th April. We are now within two days of the day noted for the payment of the previous batch; and of the 7,000,000 only 20,000 have as yet been noted for payment in cash. We have converted here certainly £19,000,000; and not £50,000 have been asked for in cash. I therefore regard the obliteration of the 5 per cents as certain.

3rd February.

Since I wrote, other despatches tell us that the Shah has thought better of it, and is not going to quarrel with the Turk. Moreover, he has knocked under to the chargé d'affaires, who has again hoisted his flag. It is impossible to say from day to day what the tactics of an eastern court like that may be, but for the present we are all right. The honours for Burmah have been received. They are scant enough as times go, but as full as I expected. They do not give satisfaction here. I have got a C.B.-ship for the Indian navy, which I have been labouring for through five years, and that is something gained. One of the Buccleuch lads and a brother of Lothian (another "Schomberg Kerr") have just arrived here. Their fathers were two dear friends of mine, and their coming has done more good for me than anything else. They are nice lads both of them, and it is so pleasant to get *young* talk about old places and old names that it cheers me up greatly.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *February 11th*, 1854.

IF Elgin did desire to be G.-G. he was foolish to decline Madras, especially when my time was so nearly over, unless indeed he had actual assurance that he would not in any case be the next G.-G. Sir C. Wood tells me that they have no plans made on the subject, and that he has no wishes. *My* plans remain as they were—with the understanding that my movements depend upon myself, and that I will give them always six months' notice. I look upon your late shakings and demonstrations in the Cabinet as not traceable to the principle of reform in England, or to the principle of the balance of power in Europe, but solely to the principle of Palmerston. Whatever was the actual motive, depend upon it, it could be fully spelled somehow by the letters P-a-l-m-e-r-s-t-o-n, and is included in them. I am glad, however, for the sake of better men than he, that it was all put to rights again, as Sir C. Wood tells me it was. I think they want, and should have, a reform, but

not by the extension of the suffrage; only by a readjustment of the places represented, so as to correct the present glaring and obnoxious unequality. I have just received from Kooloo a packet of the pink rhododendron seeds which the Duchess of Kent wished to have, and which I was unable to procure last year. I have long been trying to get some for myself, and have only now succeeded. I hope they will do well. We have had news from Rangoon to the 3rd February. The troops have driven Moung Goung Gyee out of Tharawaddi. They surprised him at last in the jungle—took his gong, his golden umbrella, and his wife; but he himself escaped, which is a pity, but almost invariable.

Our latest news from Cabul tell of Dost Mahomed still quarrelling with his brothers at Candahar; nor can anything be heard from this side of any Russian expedition going to Khiva—at least, nothing on which any reliance can be placed. Until very lately we have been suffering all over India from drought, which almost threatened famine. During the last week we have heard of rain in the Punjab, and all the way down the country. It is fervently to be hoped that they may have had it in the Deccan, and in Madras also. The drought will play the deuce with the revenue, even if it does not starve the people.

February 16th.

The diatribes of Sir Wm. Napier will never move me to notice anything he may write. I am glad you have got a steward who, like others of the class, can have a character as "perfectly sober," &c. As for his being "stupidly consequential," my dear fellow, what higher qualification could he have for that office? In reply to your doubt, I can only say that if there be war, and so long as there is war, I cannot leave my post at whatever cost. But I hope against such a thing.

Poor Mountain is gone. As the medical officer who was by his side has written to me, "He died as he lived, a Christian soldier." He was a fine fellow—bold as his sword—pure, high-minded, kindly, and devoted to his profession.

Sir W. Gomm says truly, "I feel that we have lost the Thomason of our army." Would that he had taken the warning he had received, but he remained the fatal "one year more" for the brevet. By this mail we had received orders to send an expedition to the Persian Gulf. The restoration of our relations with the Court of Teheran obviates the necessity for this at present, and I hope none will arise.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *February 26th*, 1854.

WE are living in great and real anxiety for the arrival of the next mail with the tidings, which it is expected to bring, of open war in Europe. The Secret Committee by the last mail directed the Government of Bombay to send an expedition to Kanak, if our relations with Persia should continue suspended. I do not approve by any means of these orders being sent direct to the subordinate Presidency, and of the Government of India being set aside in a case of peace or war. Publicly I have not animadverted on it; but privately I have pointed out to Sir Charles Wood the inexpediency and the risk of so unusual a proceeding. In the meantime everything continues to be harmonious in Persia. Whether it will remain so it is impossible to say. I do not see how a Russian war can possibly affect us anywhere, except upon the western frontier. Russia has two or three men-of-war, which, as their evil stars have ruled it, are now cruising in the China seas to watch what the Yankees are going to be about with Japan. These will very speedily be nibbled by the English and French ships on that station. Russia can hardly be so absurd as to send privateers out to these seas, because they could never get their prizes home; and if they were merely to *destroy* trading ships, they would be pirates.

The Yankees, I understand, have declared they will not allow letters of marque. So that there seems no possibility of trouble by sea. From this side we can get no information whatever of the alleged Russian expedition to Khiva. From Persia the intelligence on this head which we get is

vague and untrustworthy. The tales which the Press in Europe is telling of coalitions and compacts in Central Asia with Russia, and against us, are sheer fictions. Even supposing the Russians were at Khiva, the possibility of an attack by Russia is as remote as ever. By good luck there have been lately two men better able to give an authoritative opinion on that question than any other pair now alive,—Col. Outram and Major Abbott, the latter of whom has traversed the whole line from Lahore by Cabul, Khiva, and Orenburg to St Petersburg. I have got a paper from them which is to my mind most conclusive. They show that such a thing as a Russian invasion of India is physically almost, and morally altogether, impossible. Of course we do not shut our eyes and go to sleep over this assurance, but our security is unquestionable. After long discussion, the Government here have resolved to retain the territory of Nagpore as a lapsed state. [*See* Appendix E.] It is very valuable to us from its cotton capabilities, and has a revenue of £400,000, which will improve.

Poor Mountain was buried in an old cemetery in the Fort of Futtehghur—a soldier's grave. There he rests. His poor little widow is now on her way here, and will go home by the next steamer. There was great disappointment, as was fully expected, among the Pegu heroes at the small feast of honours with which they have been regaled. I have many letters, but I can do nothing for them in the matter.

I am still plagued with the swelled leg, which will not admit of my walking, but which neither lames me nor pains me, and admits of my riding every day, which I do. I am not so pudgy as I was, but decidedly assuming the mould of middle age, not preserving the slim elegance of youth, in perennial proportions like you.

I have just sent home a curious animal to England. It is the wild horse of Thibet, occasionally shot in the Himalayas,—very rarely caught, and I believe never yet seen alive in Europe. They have several specimens of the wild ass of Cutch, which they have confounded with the "Equus hemionus," ἡμι ὄνος—half horse, half ass, as I conjecture, which this is. The mistake is a very natural one, for it is

more like a donkey than a horse. As my Cockney master of the horse here said to one of the *aides*, "I can't think why they call that a 'oss, sir. Tain't a 'oss; it's a hass." So it is indeed in its general appearance, but not technically, nor in particulars, nor in its voice. I hope it will get safe home. I have patriotically presented it to the Edinburgh Zoological Society, instead of enrolling myself among the benefactors of the great London one.

March 31d.

Your mail of 24th January has come in, and I cannot let the reply mail go out without thanking you kindly for your continued (and, I am sorry to feel, laborious) interest regarding the Napier papers. The collection is very complete. Sir C. Wood tells me he is to lay it on the table of the House by command, and I am entirely content. It is not affectation when I assure you that I am wholly indifferent as to what Sir W. Napier or anybody else may write on the matter. Indeed, I might go further, and say I have long been indifferent on the subject, and have nourished no animosity against even Sir C. Napier himself. I send you proof of this in the annexed extract from Sir Edward Campbell, which I received a few days ago. Campbell is the son of Sir Guy Campbell, a kinsman of Sir Charles Napier, and his A.D.C. While we were good friends, Sir Charles one day, praising Campbell, told me, though he had nothing beyond his pay, he used regularly to send home money to his mother out of it. When Sir C. went off, and Campbell returned to his regiment, I liked him so well, and thought so well of him for helping his mother, that I offered him a vacancy on my staff. At the same time I told him he need not be afraid of ever hearing an ill word of Sir C. N. in my family. You will see what he now says. In the first sentence he refers to my having said, when I heard of Sir C.'s illness, that he had done his utmost to injure me (this was before his book), but that I was sorry for his suffering. I value this volunteered testimony, and send it to you because I think it will please you to see it. [*See* Appendix F.]

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 11th*, 1854.

As far as I am concerned, I would much rather see Louis Napoleon in England than the Orleans lot. I would far rather be seen to consort with the eagle than the cuckoo. I think better of the bird of prey that openly seizes than of the sneaking interloper that hustles its kin out of the family nest. Why should L. Napoleon not be in England? If the French choose to be tyrannised over what is that to us? Did we decline to receive Nicholas on that ground? Bah! I agree with you in thinking that normal gout would be a bad colleague for a G.-G. I don't see, however, why the Puseyites should glory if Lincoln comes here. The G.-G. has nothing to do with appointing bishop or chaplains, and I don't see how he could make his theological predilections felt in any way in the course of the service out here. Despatches have arrived from Teheran announcing that the Shah has formally intimated to our chargé d'affaires, and to the other foreign ministers, that Persia will observe a strict neutrality in any war between Russia and the Porte. If Persia abides by what she says, her conduct will have been upright and generous in this matter, for she has had just cause of complaint against Turkey. This is good news for us here, so far that it stifles idle rumours and allays alarm among the natives, who, in many instances, show extraordinary estimation of the power of the "Rooss." The western border never was so quiet. In the Derajat there has been less foray this year than ever was known. In the Peshawar valley there has been none at all. The Kohat Afreedees and the Boree Afreedees, who were lately punished, have made full submission. Chiefs of the hill who never saw a European in their lives, and who never would trust themselves with the Sikhs, have come down to visit John Lawrence during his march along the Indus. This is most promising. In Pegu they are all quiet.

We shall have a short revenue, I fear, from drought, but conversion of 5 per cents and Nagpore will help to make that up.

March 17th.

I have got wild goose (without *sage* stuffing in my opinion) from Sir C. Wood for printing any part of the Secret Committee despatches. Of course, technically, a permission was necessary. But practically there was no greater irregularity in publishing these extracts from Secret Committee despatches than in alluding in Parliament to what was said in Cabinet. The despatches related to no secret matters. Moreover, the principal one had three years ago been communicated to Sir C. N., and the Committee made no objection. However, of course I shall kiss the rod. Equally of course, you were quite right to omit them. But you are mistaken in supposing that the despatch from the court does all (and more) that the Secret Committee despatch does. The court's letter gives the opinion of the court. But the Secret Committee despatch is emphatically the opinion of H.M.'s Government, by whose officer it is always written to the Board of Control, and *sent for signature* to the Committee at the India House, without consulting them or allowing them to say a word on the subject. This was the reason for my printing them—and nobody here, not even secretaries, whose swaddling-clothes were of red tape, and who have been bound by it ever since, for a moment dreamt of an objection being made. However, I shall eat dirt submissively; and in the meantime I have gained my end.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 30th*, 1854.

SIR JOHN CHEAPE is just leaving Pegu. He is, as everybody commanding a division here must be, old. He was a good deal knocked up by his Donabew trip; and by way of a tonic after his fever, he walked out of the window of his house instead of out of the door, and fell to the ground. Walking out of even the ground-floor window in Pegu is awkward, for all the houses are built on posts. Accordingly the General went down upwards of sixteen feet, was within an ace of splitting himself on the sentry's bayonet, fell on the astonished sepoy's shoulder and broke his own. You

are annoyed that 'The Times' has not noticed the Napier papers laid before Parliament, but did you ever know a clap of thunder correct itself? Did you ever know the inky thunderer unsay what it had said? Correct a calumny? make amends for a wrong? or, in short, do anything fair, or just, or manly, such as an honest man or an honourable gentleman would do? I am sure you never did. That being so, I am not the least surprised at the silence of 'The Times.' On the contrary, I think it a triumph that it should be silent. And when in a controversy between me and the Napiers, I find Sir William complaining that 'The Times' has put a letter of his "in an obscure corner," I consider that my triumph has received the chariot of fire! Since my last letter an event has occurred which is of infinite public moment, and which almost deserves to be regarded as historical. In November last we began to lay the electric telegraph. Five days ago I received a message from Agra—800 miles distant—transmitted in 1 hour and 50 minutes! and I have a few minutes ago read the heads of intelligence of your mail of 24th February by way of Bombay. In a short time we shall complete the line to Bombay, and thus in a few months we shall have reduced the period of communication with England from thirty-five to twenty-six days. The results of this in peace or war outrun calculation. I answered their message from Agra by another, to the effect that they should all have double pay for the month in which they had completed the line to Agra. The rest all over India will work like elephants in hopes of the same tip. In the north-west there is perfect quiet. In Pegu there is, as far as Burmah is concerned, equal quiet. We have already so improved communications that our last letter from Umerapoora was only nineteen days old. There is perfect quiescence, and the King is actually withdrawing from the frontier his whole troops. Nay, the *entente cordiale* is becoming almost ludicrous. For at this very time at which the Press is telling everybody that the Burmese are coming down with 80,000 men to invade us, I am actually making a contract with the King himself to sell us all the wheat in Burmah—he monopolises the whole—for our commissariat in the province which we have

just conquered from him! Don't mention this, for I have not reported the bargain here till it shall have been completed. But is it not a comical fact! The district of Tharawaddi is still disturbed. It has not been so vigorously managed by the local officers as Bassein, and we shall probably have a good deal of trouble with it.

Lord F. Fitzclarence has given orders that the European soldiers of the Company's army at Bombay shall wear moustaches. I can't help it, but I hate to see an English soldier made to look like a Frenchman. No doubt in this climate reason is all in favour of it, but I hate it. It remains to be seen whether Sir Wm. Gomm will follow lead. Lord F. is too pipe-clay; but about soldiers' gardens, barracks, &c., he is doing great good, and will be most useful if he is only discreet. Of the last quality I do not feel assured. The other day he proposed to have every adjutant, and all the drill-staff from every regiment in the Bombay army, up at Army Headquarters simultaneously for instruction! The Bombay Government assented. This Government objected to the removal of this main part of the regimental staff from every corps over that immense tract all at the same time. And he is sending broad-based old majors to "equitation lessons" at Poona, and divers other cantrips, which lead me to fear he will overdo the thing.

April 3rd.

I have glanced through Sir W. Napier's [pamphlet]. I see it even in that glance shamefully false and shamelessly scurrilous. I do not fear the smallest effect from it, and shall probably never look into it again. I need hardly add that it does not raise in me the slightest inclination to depart from my former resolution not to notice it. I consider the Napiers henceforth up the spout.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *April 8th*, 1854.

OUTRAM's reception at Baroda has been triumphant. The silly Guicowar was persuaded by his Minister, a notorious scoundrel, to write a letter to me objecting to the nomina-

tion of Outram. I was of course very angry, refused to answer it, and desired the Bombay Government to return it to him. When I appointed Outram I demanded the dismissal of this Minister. The Guicowar was, therefore, frightened out of his wits at the thought of Outram's return. However, he received him very civilly—the populace, it is said, cheered Outram, and H.H. is again at his ease. In the meantime Lord Elphinstone had hinted to me that if I had not taken Outram for Baroda, he should have taken him for the joint-military and political command at Aden. The fitness of the post and the man for each other were so manifest, and the triumph of Outram of being elevated to such a post by the *Bombay* Government was so great, that I at once said he should have him after he had set matters right at Baroda, and returned there for a short time. Accordingly this will be done. Col. Outram does not seem altogether to fancy exchanging the service of the Supreme Government for that of the Bombay Government again, but I think it is an enormous triumph for him. *He* owes me a day in harvest, I think. In this number of 'The Calcutta Review' you will read, besides Sir H. Lawrence's Napier paper, a review of the six years of my government. The last I have not read fully, but from what I *have* read I perceive it is very laudatory. You may therefore believe as much or as little of it as you like. Neither have I read Lawrence's paper fully, but it seems to me poor. It is a transcript of the character of the man—with undoubted ability, plenty of energy, and a good deal of power, but scrambling, unconnected, and losing half its force from total want of method and arrangement.

The spirit flashing over the country in prospect of war is admirable, and the several incidents you mention make one's heart jump into one's mouth. Great interest and excitement are felt by all the Mussulman population in India, especially on the western frontier. They are greatly pleased at England taking the part of the "Sooltan of Room," as they call the Sultan. A man has arrived at Peshawar who, there is every reason to believe, is a feeler from Dost Mahomed. I am following it up, and a short time must show whether there is anything in it or not. I

hope and believe that there is. In the meantime you may as well say nothing about it.

Yesterday forenoon I received a message by telegraph, announcing that the great Ganges Canal [*see* Appendix G] had that morning been opened at Roorkee, nearly 1000 miles away! I sent back, "All honour to Colonel Cautley," which I hope they would get just about the time they were drinking his health after dinner—as the telegraph only goes as far as Meerut. These are great events: a canal opened which measures hundreds of miles, and the occurrence made known 1000 miles off, in a few hours, by machinery only ten days old in India!

I have carried lately a great point with the court. We had a system of clothing off-reckonings. It has been assailed in vain. I have floored it at last; and, after the 1st of January, old colonels are to be paid as gentlemen, not as tailors.

General Mildmay Fane has arrived since I wrote to you. He is hale, fresh, active, and good-humoured. Another arrival has been Maharajah Duleep Singh, on his way to England. He is living in the Government House at Barrackpore, and came to visit me. He is at an awkward age, and has a dark callow down all over his face, but his manners are apparently nice and gentlemanlike, and he now speaks English exceedingly well. He is attended by Dr Login, an excellent man for the office, whom I shall ask leave to introduce to you. You will find him agreeable, and you will be interested in seeing the lad for many reasons. I earnestly desire that this boy should make a good impression in England, and equally so that he should not be spoiled and made a fool of. If Login should at any time ask your advice on matters of society, I hope you will kindly help the boy for my sake. I look upon him as, in some sort, my son, and am really solicitous for his success and wellbeing. He is accompanied by a nephew, Shadzada Sheo Deo Singh, a son of Maharajah Shere Singh, an intelligent little boy with a foolish mother, who is too much inclined to puff up the child with notions that he is the rightful Maharajah now, since Duleep has become a Christian. Hence we thought it best to let him go with his uncle.

April 14th.

We have your mail of 8th March by electric telegraph; but the news, of course, are meagre as yet through this channel. I think I told you they had cut a great hole in my leg. There was a small conclave of doctors upon it the other morning, poking their abominable probes, and spoons, and forceps, and other instruments of torture into it. They thought favourably of it, and said it would go away, though slowly. It makes poor progress, and my movements are not much more rapid. My general health, however, is good. I say all this because you revile me when I do not say something on the subject.

Sir Wm. Gomm has arrived at Simla. Lady Gomm has played a most kind and tender part during the last six months by the deathbeds of poor Mountain and General Godwin. It has shaken and depressed her, and this deep sorrow with which she is threatened would try her sorely. He is as brisk and as lively as a cock canary.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *April 30th*, 1854.

SIR CHAS. NAPIER'S *name* is a good one for the fleet, and for the country, and I daresay for other countries; but I am sorry he has been chosen, for I do not believe he is fit. Several years ago I remember Lord John Hay telling me that Sir Charles Napier had said to him the day before that no man was fit to command a ship after fifty-five, and that he had given himself as an instance. "A man's nerves go," he said. You ask about Delane in the bodyguard, whether he is a "good man and true"; and you add that the hostility of 'The Times' to me "looks suspicious." I don't know whether he is "good man and true." To the best of my belief he is. He certainly ought to be, and equally certainly his position in the bodyguard *ought* not to be the cause of hostility in 'The Times.' I put Mr Delane into the bodyguard myself under the following circumstances. Lord Broughton recommended him to me in 1849. The Adjutant-General spoke highly of him to me. He twice commanded the Irregular Cavalry escort with my camp, and he seemed a good soldier, and a quiet gentle-

manlike young man. In 1852 the second in command of the bodyguard was vacant. I asked the Commandant to recommend to me somebody who was a gentleman and a real good soldier, and therefore fit for the bodyguard. He recommended Delane. Well, I did not like the idea of appointing him, for, I said to myself, everybody knows his brother is editor of 'The Times'; everybody knows that 'The Times' abuses me; everybody, therefore, will say that I have appointed this man to toady his brother and sweeten 'The Times.' However, after a time, I thought to myself again, "Hang it all, this is cowardly work. Here is a fine young fellow—a well-bred gentleman and a capital soldier, who will do credit to the guard, and you won't appoint him to it, because, although you know your motives to be pure, you are afraid that people will say they are dirty." Conscience counselled, "Do what is right by the lad and never mind." So I did, and appointed Delane. He is thus under great obligations to me. We are, as far as I know, the best of friends, and I don't believe he has any hand in the line taken by 'The Times.' The time for paying the loan expired yesterday. The telegraph blabbed the other day that consols were down to 88. That brought more demands for cash. The account stands thus: of the last £14,000,000, £11,100,000 are accounted for, £10,360,000 transferred to 4 per cents, £740,000 taken in cash, leaving £2,800,000 still unadjusted. These will come from the other parts of India. I calculate that by the close about 5 per cent will have been taken in cash. The result will be a reduction in annual charge of £320,000. We shall still have a surplus cash balance of at least 3 millions. What to do with that must depend a little upon the times. (*N.B.* —I don't mean the newspaper.) There is no Russian advance to Khiva, or near it. The Russians are on the east side of the Aral Sea, which they have been creeping along for years, and small posts and forts on the Aral are a very different thing from a great invasion of India. There are no alliances in Central India, or envoys at present. On the contrary, as I told you, the Dost is making up to us, and I hope something may come of it. Russian diplomacy is undoubtedly energetic.

The other day I received despatches from the Chargé d'Affaires at Teheran, in one of which he gave me an account of an interview that had just taken place between Prince Dolgorouki, the Russian Minister at Teheran, and the Persian Prime Minister. The Prince entered the Minister's house unannounced — sent for him from the presence of the Shah, where he was, and after a most furious interview, ended by striking the Persian Minister with the cane which he had in his hand! The Minister wrenched the cane from his hand, threw it to the other end of the room, and desired the Prince to quit the house, which he did, tearing down the shawl which covered the door as he went!! Yet it was made up afterwards.

The difficulty to which you allude about our colours and medals, displayed before the French, I should think a solid perplexity. There is nothing for it but to put their medals in their pockets and keep the colours in their cases.

Yesterday evening I closed my administration of the Government of Bengal, and the Lieut.-Governor was appointed. One is sorry always to do any act for the last time. But, apart from that momentary feeling, I am conscious that the transfer will be a great relief to me. It will be a great benefit, too, to the province, although on reviewing the two years during which I have administered it, I find no reason to be ashamed of myself.

In case you should not readily get at 'The Calcutta Review,' I send you a copy of the article on my administration. The trumpet accompaniment is much too loud throughout the piece, but the facts are correct, and indeed many of the greatest measures, being recent, are omitted.

My cousin, James Ramsay, has been very ill, and has been ordered off instantly. You will see him certainly. My doctor, Grant, is also very ill, and I suppose will have to go away. If so, there will not be a soul near me who came to India with me, or who was even known to me for a year after I landed here. All this is lonesome. And this is a sad, sad week which the year has brought round upon me, and yet all the new arrangements under the new Charter Act have to be started in it. Altogether, it is a hard fight, Couper, and if it were not sin to say it, I should wish with

all my heart that my fight was over and myself buried out of the way.

If you should see anything of the Maharajah, and of Dr Login, I hope you will discourage any idea you may detect of taking the lad to public meetings, especially Exeter Hall ones—there to be paraded as a Christianised prince. I have warned him against it, but I am a little afraid of the temptation when it comes close; and I wish to guard against it, for it would be very bad for the boy.

I presented Nisbet's Bible to him as a parting gift. It is a splendid work, apart from its written contents.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *May 14th*, 1854.

THE enclosed gazette[1] tells nothing, my dear Couper, but what you already know; but as it is a milestone in your son's journey, I have set it up for you to look at. M. Crepin arrived by last packet; and Bowie, who has taken charge of the household in place of Ramsay, says he is settling himself down, and not apparently disposed to give trouble at all. On the first evening after his arrival, Bowie, returning from his ride, heard a voice out of the darkness, near the sentry-box, hailing him "Capitaine, Capitaine," with signals of distress. It turned out to be the poor *chef*, captive to the sepoy sentry, who had vigilantly laid an embargo on what was to him a strange figure wandering up and down in what he thought a highly suspicious manner near the Government House.

You ask whether the possession of Constantinople gives a powerful prestige to its possessor in the eyes of Mussulmans in the East. As far as I know, the possession of the *place* does not. There is a great interest and sympathy for the Sultan of Room, as they call him, and Room itself is held in high esteem; but I do not think it would be so, except as the capital of the Commander of the Faithful, which the Sultan is still considered to be.

The Secret Correspondence with the Czar fortifies our

[1] Mr G. Couper to be Under-Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department.

Government in public policy and public character; but I think it weakens greatly, also, their defence of their inactivity, founded on the assurances the Czar gave of his non-aggressiveness.

With those letters of January 1853 before them, they ought not to have credited any disclaimers on his part in May or June.

Dost Mahomed is certainly making overtures to us, and I hope some good may come out of it.

We have news from Pegu to 8th inst. All quiet there, and all quiet in Ava. The troops are, everywhere in Pegu, remarkably healthy. In Rangoon sick depôt, which was established for all this side of the province, there are only ten patients. In the rest of India everything is perfectly quiet.

Col. Cautley, the author of our great Ganges Canal, goes home by this mail. I send you a G.O. which I have issued, and which he well deserves. We have made a most earnest appeal to the Government, and if they don't K.C.B. him civilly they deserve to be drowned in the canal he has made.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *May 28th*, 1854.

I CANNOT enter into your doubts as to the ultimate success of the war, by reason of its being entered on in defence of the Turk. The issue is, of course, in the mind of the Almighty; and it may please Him to punish us with defeat, though we think the justice of our cause entitles us to look confidently for a blessing of victory. But I cannot think, if we are defeated, that it will be because we sustain the Turk. We are not fighting to sustain the *religion* of the Prophet: we are fighting to thwart the *policy* of the Czar, which is destructive of peace and security in Europe. If in order to thwart that policy we uphold politically a power which holds a false religion, I cannot see that we can be considered to uphold false religion against true. And if we are for ever to govern our political acts by an obligation to put down every religion which is not the true one, it seems

to me that we cannot stop short of a crusading policy all over the world. As a mere matter of probability, and speaking humanly, I conceive it to be much more likely that the blessing of God will rest upon us, who strike for the peace and freedom of mankind, though the continuance of the Crescent would be the indirect consequence of our success, than that it will be accorded to the foul and false hypocrisy of the Muscovite, though the indirect consequence of his pretended zeal for the Cross might be a diminution of the horns of the Crescent.

The idea of the Duke being induced to write his minute by Lady Douro is very good. It so happens that I heard a part of its secret history first, through a very different person—Lady Westmoreland to wit. He had always a high opinion of her understanding, I know; and after the death of old Gosh I heard he used to get her to read his letters to, as he always used to do to Gosh. When Napier's resignation and the papers came he told Lady W. he wanted to read his minute to her, to see whether she thought he had expressed himself strongly enough to clear Lord Dalhousie completely and support him fully. Lady W. wrote this to her son, Frank Fane, who was with me at that time. I don't believe Lady Douro ever saw the minute. She never mentioned it, and she never used to see his papers.

I have been obliged by the court's orders to pitch into Major Jacob also, and to issue a G.O. forbidding all communications with the Press by name, or anonymously. Major Jacob deserved what he got; but the order is a stupid order, for it can *not* be enforced. I have been pitching into him, too, on my own hook. He thought proper in an official letter, while lauding his own merits in suppressing fights between tribes on the border, to complain of the mischievous policy pursued in the Punjab of encouraging such warfare. I have come down upon him for this, and will make him eat his words and much more dirt before I have done with him. It is a pity, for he is a fine fellow.

For once I agree with Lord Ellenborough, and deeply lament to see the tendency at home to criticise hastily and censoriously the apparent action or inaction of armies and

fleets. Statesmen are used to this, and can afford to disregard it and to bide their time. But generals like the Duke, who will disregard clamour, are rare; and both generals and admirals are likely to be alternately goaded into rashness, or cowed into over-caution, if they see Parliament, Press, and people all looking for a fault, and apparently eager to find it.

Nobody in Christendom uses his servants worse than John Bull—until they either are so thoroughly triumphant as to be above his opinion, or till he has so shamefully ill-used them that he rushes into most inconsistent praise to try and make amends. Lord Wellington and Lord Gough are illustrations of what I say. I think the proceedings in both Houses of Parliament, but especially in the House of Lords, on the declaration of war, lowering to the character of the House and damaging to the reputations of public men. I have been both disappointed and mortified. On the 20th we launched the long Parliament. [Legislative Council—*see* Appendix H.] They are at present considering their standing orders, and in time will be in full operation. It will do very well, I daresay.

In health I am better than I was—indeed very well, further than that I am weak. I am less stout considerably. I drive for an hour at day-dawn, and ride for another hour or so after sunset—work from 6 to 8½ A.M., and from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.—sleep, or rather toss about, from 10½ P.M. to 4½ A.M., and sweat through all the other hours not particularly accounted for. That's my life; and if there is any one whom you wish especially ill to, you cannot serve him out better than by wishing him the miserable dog's life I lead. I could not sustain it for another year. Whether I must remain for another year, and if so, what alleviations I am to seek, will be decided by the coming mail.

It gave me great pleasure to read of the just and proper compliment which has been paid by the Sovereign to Sir James Kempt. My lord's compliments are of considerably less value to him.

I have succeeded in making a treaty with the Khan of Kelat, the potentate whose territories contain the Bolan Pass and cover all the frontiers of Scinde. He binds him-

self to be ours for ever—to oppose all our enemies to the utmost—to give us possession of his passes if we need them, and in all respects to do what we bid him. He engages to repress plunder and protect trade. To aid him in doing so we pay him a subsidy of £5000 per annum, payable in arrear, *and payable only if he has fulfilled his bargain during the past year.*

The treaty is a good treaty. I wish I could get as good a one from the Dost.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *June 12th*, 1854.

THE time of my retirement being left in my own discretion, and my declared intention being to quit India in February 1855, I promised that I would give six months' notice when I wished to move. The time has now arrived when that notice must be given.

Against reason and hope, I have trusted and hoped that war might be averted, somehow or other, from us after all. That hope has gone by. We have entered on war—a great war—war which many expect will affect directly the Eastern Empire committed to my care,—which may affect it indirectly any day, and which is regarded with a good deal of excitement by the natives of this country. I feel that at such a time, and so placed, I cannot ask to be relieved. I cannot at this moment quit my post; and I am conscious that, if I were now to do so, I should ever after be miserable in the thought of it. Accordingly by this mail I am to inform the Minister that I cannot and do not ask to be relieved in February next, but that I will remain, if I live, for twelve months thereafter; by which time it is to be hoped the war will be over, or at all events that circumstances will then admit of arrangements being made for my relief, without detriment to the service or discredit to myself. I think I may say that if I live to the end of it this *must* be my last prolongation, for I do not think I can reckon on health longer.

Since I last wrote we have despatches from Teheran. The Russians are bullying Persia, and Persia of course is

very much frightened, but nothing has been *done* as yet by Russia, and Persia holds to her word.

During last week I have been making a constitution for Nagpore. The country throughout Nagpore is perfectly submissive, and everybody quite content to receive the change.

Lord John's obstinacy about his bill [Reform] is not the least redeemed in my eyes by the superfluous sentiment afterwards. What did he cry for?[1] The House of Commons showed they thought he was, what he always had been, an honourable, gallant little fellow—of course—who doubted it? Nobody doubted it; and he cried, in my opinion, not because he really thought anybody would suspect his honour, but because Pam. had been treading on his toes, and it hurt him, and so he cried.

I have again to complain of Sir C. Wood writing to Lord Elphinstone to know what troops he could spare if they were wanted for Turkey. He wrote to me on the same subject at the same time; but he ought, in such matters, to consult only the man responsible for *all*. I have not complained specifically; but I don't like it.

You ask me what I think of the adequacy of the Pegu honours. The answer must be according to the standard selected to measure them by. If they be measured by the honours granted in the Cabul, China, Sutlej, and Punjab campaigns they were very inadequate. But then the honours given there were scattered lavishly. If they be measured by honours granted for the campaign simultaneously carried on at the Cape, or by honours granted as they used to be, they were adequate. There was inequality in the distribution; but that always happens. Brigadier Elliot, H.M. 51st, who was second in C. at Rangoon, an old officer, who was in my father's division in Spain in 1813, got nothing. Colonel T—— did nothing but command his regiment in the attack on Pegu and got C.B. Major Hill, who defended Pegu—the best thing in the war—did not get it; and Latter, a very gallant fine fellow, who was in everything from the first till the troops went to Prome, did not

[1] Lord John Russell when announcing the withdrawal of the Reform Bill was overcome by emotion.

even get a poor brevet step. It would have killed him to hear this, if he had not been murdered already.

Next time the Duc de Nemours talks sneeringly of our "grand army of 25,000 men," tell him that it is small, no doubt, but that it has two advantages, which *all* armies have not: 1st, it never fails its Sovereign and princes; 2nd, its Sovereign and princes never fail it. I don't at all like your European fashion of beginning wars—viz., looking out for a good place whence "our retreat, at least, is secure." D—n it all, man, that was not the way in your time, after you once fairly got agoing, and we cock our bonnets more crousely than that even here. I wish the plan of campaign may include turning the Russians permanently out of Georgia. That would relieve Persia much, and proportionately strengthen us with her.

Be slow to judge naval and military preparations, slower still to condemn. I have seen something of that sort of thing, and know how often the censorious public grumbles that nothing is doing, merely because they do not know where and how it is going on. What strings of garters have fallen to Lord Aberdeen. He might make a bell-pull of the old ones.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *June 28th*, 1854.

YOU say our conversion cannot continue. But it *has* continued, and is all but concluded, only £900,000 being still outstanding. Of the whole 24 millions in India, £1,200,000 has been taken in cash, and I only wish it had been double. I reckon that by the end of three months we shall have reduced the annual interest of debt since April 1853 by £360,000 a-year. I will tell you hereafter if I am wrong. At all events this is certain, that after 30th July we shall have no 5 per cent debt,—nothing above 4 per cent.

Sir C. Wood's scold about publishing the extracts from Secret Committee letters did sit lightly. He has written me in a very disagreeable style by this last mail, quite unlike his usual courteous tone. He is so utterly in the wrong in his facts that I can afford not to seem angry, but

I *am* excessively so. It galls one to be rated by a man whom you feel to be so much inferior to you. The coquettings with Dost Mahomed have been going on. Ten days ago the flirtation seemed to be off; but yesterday I received news that a letter had been received from the son of the Dost, and that a letter from the Ameer himself was likely to follow. But I have no power to promise anything, and no discretion left to me. I cannot, therefore, expect to effect anything.

The old Wazir, his envoy, says, "The pivots of the world are Hope and Fear. The Ameer knows he has nothing *to fear* from you, and you will allow him to *hope* for nothing from you. Why should he make a treaty?" After which very sensible question I can only echo, "Why should he?" All along that border all is quiet—all along every other border all is quiet—all everywhere else, inside and outside, is quiet. Last week I received the official telegraph progress report. Since 1st November more than 2500 miles of line have been commenced, and completed, and are at work. Have you ever beaten that in the old country? I don't believe they have in the go-ahead new country. Yesterday the first locomotive travelled 40 miles and back on our line here. By the end of the year 120 miles will be opened.

I have been playing the Devil among the Tailors, or among the Brigadiers, which are synonymous terms. Three years ago I got the C.-in-C. and the court openly to disavow the strait seniority system. Since then several officers have been passed over. Others, however, have been recommended by the C.-in-C. not fit, but still who were not tangibly unfit, if he could bring himself to recommend them. Three of these have lately got sick leave *this* year, after having had it last year. This was too bad. The C.-in-C. complained, though it was his own blame; and I have bowled out every mother's son of them at the end of their sick leave, unless they shall resign previously. The system is still abominable, and I do hope that the Commission at home will knock out some principles by which we may benefit.

Col. Havelock was here lately, on his way from Bombay

to Simla. He tells me that Lord F. Fitzclarence certainly expects to succeed Sir W. Gomm. But as the next C.-in-C. is to join the Council and remain at Calcutta, I do not think he would stand the climate for six months. He is doing a great deal of good at Bombay, but I fear *overdoing* it. Here he would astonish them indeed. However, I hope my little God of War will occupy his Olympus for all my time.

13th.—The mail has come. Sir C. Wood is again so unjustly captious and carping as to tempt me to throw my Commission in his face, and my office to the devil.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *July 11th*, 1854.

GENERAL JOCHMUS[1] was here lately for a month. I had a great deal of talk with him about the Turkish army. He did not express the opinion you mention of Omar Pasha, but he expressed the utmost contempt for the whole Turkish army, pooh-poohed their recent successes on the Danube, and ridiculed the idea of their being able to stand for a day before the Russians when the latter were in earnest. If the news be true which the telegraph has given us, up to this day month from Trieste, that they have not yet taken Silistria, his opinion will be rather out-at-elbows —and maybe he will prove as little right about Omar Pasha as about his troops. The General is a pleasant fellow, but left all in this city firmly persuaded that he was a Russian spy! which, peradventure, he is.

Everything during the fortnight has been as profoundly tranquil as before. In Pegu all, including Tharawaddi, is quiet, and was so up to 30th June. We have letters from Ava to the 16th June. It was the King's Coronation day—a ceremony I never heard of in India before. Great preparations were being made, and as the King himself had promised "our correspondent" to give him a "good place," I hope we shall receive a full and particular account of it.

[1] Hanoverian: General Evans's Q.-M.-G. in Spain; afterwards had a command in the Turkish Army.

They still hold to their intention of despatching an Envoy to Calcutta after the Coronation, and it really looks as if they were in earnest. Simultaneously with these news from Ava, I received a letter from Peshawar intimating that the long palaver which had been going on seemed really about to produce something, and that the Dost would now certainly write and make overtures for a treaty. We shall see. All I will say is that both seem more likely to happen now than either has ever seemed before.

You say that I have cause for thankfulness that the blessing has rested on my administration. Most true; and I am deeply—devoutly thankful. It is my belief that the blessing has so rested for four reasons. 1st, Because I have never undertaken anything which in my soul I did not believe to be honestly right; 2nd, Because, when I had once resolved upon it, I fought with all my human might and main to accomplish it; 3rd, Because I always wished, and I believe I seldom failed, to ask God's blessing on the fight; and, 4th, Because I have *never* failed, publicly and privately, to give Him the glory when all was done. I know very well that I am no better than my neighbours—worse than many of them—and good for nothing at all in His pure sight; but He has said, "Ask and ye shall receive"; and having done so through my public life, in which, with no extraordinary abilities, I have gained as much reputation and honour as most men at 42, I feel implicit faith in that Refuge, and feel no wish to escape from India "lest something should go very wrong" and mar the fairness of the past. I don't want to stay in India, but I don't want to get away from any such fear as that. Things may go wrong for a time, but they would come right at last, as they have always done with me yet. I have never spent a sleepless night from public cares during the six years that I have governed this Empire. Thank God for that too!

Our young Parliament is going on smoothly and well. It has given me a great deal of trouble to bring it into the world, and its sittings break up one day in the week for me, which is a serious affair; but it is a vastly superior machine to the last, and will do a great deal of business.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *July 22nd*, 1854.

I HAVE still every reason to expect overtures from Dost Mahomed. They move slow, but as the old envoy observed when the quantity of talk was remarked upon—"Very true, but this is a great business, and it can't be done without a great deal of talk." You say Henry Scott told you I took no exercise, and thereupon you tell me that for a man "living so well as I do of course," to take no exercise, and thus to destroy his health and vitality is most "unreasonable" and "censurable." You have a great talent for pronouncing judgment, and especially for pronouncing sentence; but your judicial qualities would be improved if you would sometimes wait and hear both sides of the question before you pronounced at all. Permit me with bated breath to represent a little my side. Last autumn, I admit, I neglected exercise; but that is not the question at present: the question is whether I omitted any exercise that I *could* take at the period of which H. Scott spoke, and for which you censure. From my return from Pegu till April I took exercise regularly—riding every evening, when Scott was here in February, with him. When he returned in the end of March for four days I was again lame, and long continued so. I could not have walked to save my life. *As little* could *I ride*, for with a fungus on my shin, a huge open sore, the bone exposed, and the sinew affected, I could not bear the motion of the foot in the stirrup. I presume you will allow that a man does not like unnecessarily to explain to all the world—"I can't ride because I have got an ulcer on my leg, because the bone of my leg is bare, because the sinew is useless." And you will therefore comprehend why I do not make these facts public, and why the public thinks I neglect exercise when, in fact, I am incapable of it. But don't you think, my most candid friend, that you might have given me a chance to say this before you told me my conduct was unreasonable and censurable? and might not a doubt have occurred to you whether I *was* thus unreasonably and censurably destroying my health and vitality when you say Schom. Kerr told you "*I looked* well, and was not at all too fat"? We have received orders to send the 10th Hussars

to Turkey. The shipping, landing, reshipping, and relanding of 600 men and horses between points so distant as Bombay and the Golden Horn will be a serious job. In the meantime they are relieving 96th, 98th, 22nd, 25th this year, and as yet they have only notified two corps in relief of the four they withdraw. I don't like this at all, for we have no more infantry than we require, and it is unwise to weaken us, so distant. Up to 10th June the Shah of Persia remained firm, and Prince Dolgorouki had been recalled and replaced by somebody. But our Minister evidently does not count upon the Shah's stability of purpose at all. Our Legislative Council is getting on really very well. Most of them are as yet a little afraid of the sound of their own voices, but we get through a great deal of business, and I play the compound part of the Speaker and old Shaftesbury [Chairman of Committees, H. of L.] I flatter myself with much effect. This mail will carry home sad tidings to Sir James Melvill—the death of his eldest, I believe his only son, at Lahore. He was Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, and died after a few days' illness of a boil in his neck. He was not robust, but exceedingly regular and careful, and almost a vegetarian in diet. He imprudently took a cold bath, which gave a shock to his system and weakened vital powers, and he sank irrecoverably. I knew him and liked him well, and grieve for his untimely loss. He would have risen. We have had a mail from Rangoon, 25th July, and from Umerapoora, 7th July. All is perfectly quiet in both countries. I have received also a message from the King, sent through the Commissioner, that he means to send immediately an envoy to Calcutta with presents. I have little doubt he means to negotiate for Mengdoon—and he shall have it if he will give us an acquittance in full for the rest. I hope he may, to please the folk in England; but anyhow, his visit must do good. I have had also more news from Peshawar. For the present the Ameer has given the envoy from Persia the cold shoulder; and as his object in coming was to oppose a pet project of the Dost, he is likely to find H.H.'s shoulders continue of the same temperature. In the meantime another letter has come from another son of the Dost, commander on the

frontier, eager to receive the Commissioners' "orders," and very anxious to conduct the negotiations with his father. In all this there is nothing definite; but they all show which way the wind sets, and they all show it setting in the same direction.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *August 12th*, 1854.

I HAVE been freed, as you say, from a troublesome friend in the Government of Bengal, but in its stead I have got a new friend still more exigent and a still greater bore in the new Parliament of India. To-day I have been sitting in it for four hours transacting the business of the nation, really in the sweat of my brow. For, if present, I must preside, according to the Act; and as this makes me both President of the Council and Chairman of Committees, it gives really hard work. However, I feel that I am of use, that such Parliamentary experience as I have helps them, and that my presence and established authority advantageously guide and control them in the first steps of their legislative walk. It is working exceedingly well so far, and I make no doubt will go on with increasing efficiency.

Your new War Minister [D. of Newcastle] will do you no good. I don't mean the man, but the office. It is only the old thing with a new name. No such office will do any good unless it gives the man who holds it undivided and uncontrolled power over everything and everybody connected with the waging of the war which the nation has declared—the plan of military operations, of course, resting with the officer who commands in the field in communication with the War Minister. I will add by way of illustration, if you will not think it egotistical, that the War Minister for England should be just what I was for India in the war of 1852-53. That is the position he ought to occupy. Of course his doing so would be much more difficult in England than here. But no man who has a reputation, or who wants to make one, should accept the office on any other terms. The military news which the last mail brought us of the raising of the siege of Silistria, and the events of the Danube

were really fine. The "circumcised dogs" have outgone all expectation, and deserve the applause of all Christendom as richly as that of their own heathenesse. The Moslems here (the Moors, as they still call them in Southern India) are immensely pleased at our taking the part of the Sultan. The envoy from Persia was just about to be dismissed from Cabul, when we last heard, with "a flea in his ear," and a letter from the Ameer to us was expected to follow. A mail from Pegu to 5th August, and from Umerapoora to 13th July, arrived yesterday. The king sends to says that he has fixed on a lucky day in the end of this month for his envoy to leave the capital for Calcutta, so there seems no longer reason to doubt his despatch. The site for the new town which is to be built at the mouth of the Bassein river has been chosen. It is a very noble one, and will one day be a great commercial city, and its name is Dalhousie, at the request of the local authorities, not by my decree. That name is now to be found in the Arctic Ocean and on the Indian Sea, in the depths of Canada and on the heights of India, on the shores of the Atlantic and among the summits of Himalaya, so that its geographical habitat is tolerably wide and various.

We have received sanction from England for the annexation of Nagpore, and the organisation of that kingdom will now go on. Everything has been uninterruptedly quiet there. I have offered to return to England all the four regiments of Queen's Dragoons — a timely and, I think, not an insignificant contribution towards your war. I propose to be allowed to raise instead of them three regiments of Company's Dragoons—one for Southern, two for Northern India. These regiments are to be raised at once by transferring, with H.M. consent, 400 men for each of those regiments from the 2400 men composing the Royal regiments, which are each 600 strong. Each of the three regiments is to be officered by transferring to it the European officers of *two* native cavalry corps. The native officers and men of the corps to be disbanded, pension being given where earned, and gratuity where not. The effect of this will be to give to England at once four additional regiments of cavalry, each 300 strong. The

effect to India will be to leave it amply strong in European cavalry, and to save £300,000 and upwards a-year to our Treasury. I think this is a laudable project, and I hope they will back me at home. Sir C. Wood has said he would do so, and I have myself written to Lord Hardinge to try and smooth the way. There have been two cavalry regiments in Southern India for twenty-five years, in which only a few squadrons of each have once been employed. They cost £140,000 a-year. Thus it is an astonishing fact that in those years the Company has paid three and a half millions sterling for two regiments, of which only a few hundred men have once been called out for service in India, and then only for a few months, and for little more than a demonstration. So absurdly is the cost of military force adjusted here that, great as the cost stated above is, the Company pays the same in S. India for its *native* cavalry. In Madras a body of 600 native troopers, with officers, costs as much as a body of 600 European dragoons with their officers! ! All this I am hammering at, and hope to correct before I go. In the same manner, two regiments of sepoys cost as much as one of European infantry, though they are not equal to it in value. On the 15th the Railway started most successfully. It has already solved one important problem. Many doubted whether the natives would go on a railway, partly from timidity, partly from prejudice. The Bombay Railway cleared up the doubt as to the western population, but still people doubted as to the Bengallees. However, the railway has been crowded for these three days by Calcutta Baboos. It is engaged thousands deep, and they are in the greatest excitement about it, many going even on the tender rather than not go.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
August 26th, 1854.

FOR the person of my successor, I should think that Elgin's own claims, and his hold, through the Greys, on Sir C. Wood, would ensure his appointment. Newcastle's wishes and intentions, if he ever had any on the subject, must be

nullified by his holding the War Ministry, which he *could* not voluntarily quit so long as war lasted. As for Lord Panmure wishing it, I am quite incredulous. If he does, I advise him to change his mind; for, if his health be what it is represented to be, this office would kill him in three months. Both Sir C. Wood and the Chairman have received my application on behalf of Col. Cautley very favourably, and I have every hope he will be made a K.C.B. I wrote to the Duke of Newcastle very strongly, and I do not think they can refuse it. If they do refuse, I will raise a storm about their ears. For I will write straight to the Queen, as she permits me to do, and will lay before her what he has done for the glory of her crown and for the annals of her reign. And I know what the issue of that would be. It is fortunate Sir W. Gilbert and Sir C. Napier had not their own way, and were not allowed to abolish the studs and to trust to Australian horses. For, since the gold was found, the exportation of horses from thence to India has almost entirely ceased!

L——'s talk to you about the Koh-i-noor being a present from Dulecp to the Queen is arrant humbug. He knew as well as I did that it was nothing of the sort; and if I had been within a thousand miles of him he would not have dared to utter such a piece of trickery. Those "beautiful eyes," with which Duleep has taken captive the court, are his mother's eyes,—those with which she captivated and controlled the old Lion of the Punjab. The officer who had charge of her from Lahore to Benares told me this. He said that hers were splendid orbs.

We have news from Rangoon to 21st, and from Umerapoora to 5th August. Everything is quite quiet. The envoy is now on his way; but we cannot make out whether he has powers to negotiate or not. Anyhow, the mere mission must do good.

General Steele, who commands in Pegu, is staying with me. He has come up to replace his property, mysteriously lost with the ship *Lady Nugent*, having on board the wing of a regiment and many officers. She was a good ship—there was no gale—and heaven only knows the cause of her disappearance. One poor man in Pegu had his wife and six

children in her coming over to join him. This second loss, following so close after the hurricane on the Sitang, is calculated to frighten the sepoys very much.

They have sent down some excellent coal from Ava. If this can be found in large quantities, it will be a precious discovery indeed.

I forget whether I told you that our friend Jung Bahadur is arming Nepal. He has officially explained that the object of it is to exact reparation from the Chinese authorities in Thibet for injuries done to Nepalese subjects. This is probably true, for he is repairing the roads into Thibet, making snow-shoes, and has always had designs on the province he is about to attack. But it is to be noted that Nepal armed in the same manner on the last occasion on which it was thought we were going to war with Russia; and the feeling in Nepal is strong that Russia seriously menaces us, and that we are no match for her. So we keep one eye on our friend Jung. He will infallibly try to subvert that dynasty some day, and it is the toss-up of a rupee whether he will be Rajah or have his throat cut. His liberality, acquired in Europe, has largely and rapidly evaporated. The Legislative Council is going on steadily and well. But, as I before said, it encroaches very considerably on my time, and is fatiguing. By the Act I am obliged, when present, to take the chair. In Council this is only tiresome, but in Committee it is toilsome. The other day we had a revision of the Standing Orders, and some bills in Committee. We sat for four hours in the middle of a very hot day. I calculated that I must have put the question not less than five hundred times, and as nearly all of them were put on amendments, which involved the reading both of what was to be left out and what was to be put in instead of it, you will perceive that the duty was no sinecure.

Yesterday I went to see a little elephant in the first week of its life. It is rarely that one so young is seen. It was a hideous little monster, and wriggled its infant trunk about just like a huge leech. Even in its first eight days of life it was so strong that it took four men to *make* it walk up to where I was—the mother all the time

snorting and throwing straw over her, and showing every sign of a mother's anxiety for this tender babe. The same day they embarked for America, where the importer, I daresay, will make a capital speculation of his family. And as they continue to suck, I believe, for three years, the Yankees will still see an elephant nursery, though it was part of the speculation that the lady should be confined in the Land of Liberty.

I send you a General Order which I have lately issued in the case of a young officer who shot two Burmese in his camp. As usual, the C.-in-C. gave no opinion, but referred the case to the Government, and thus threw all the responsibility of this purely military case on me. I might have thrown it back; but as I knew it would then drop in silence, and as it appeared to me to call for notice, I acted. With the order I send an article from 'The Friend of India' which represents the sentiments of those who take Lt. ——'s view. On this article I have to observe that I was not laying down any general rules regarding the duty or the right of officers towards spies in war. I was not enunciating any code for hostilities. I was dealing with the particular case of Lt. ——, and wished to point out the proper course for officers *in similar positions*, in a country where such plundering bands will probably exist more or less for some time to come. My position was, that the slaughter of these men was wholly uncalled for. I did not say that a spy should never be shot in war. I only said that these spies (if they were so) should not have been shot when there was no war, and nothing to render such an act necessary. I did not say that no spy should *ever be* shot if he could be kept in safe custody. I only said that Mr ——'s allegation that he could not keep these men in safe custody except by shooting them was untenable. I did not say that shooting spies would never deter others, and should never be done. I only said that in this case it was useless to shoot these men—at all events, thus summarily — because his doing so could avert no present attack, and could or would avert no future attack from Moung Goung Ghee, because he cared no more for the

lives of these two wretches than for two pigs. For these reasons I condemned the act of Lt. —— as unnecessary, and therefore unwarranted; and I published the condemnation in order to prevent the same savage conduct by other young officers,—conduct calculated to irritate and alienate our new subjects, and in every way to do us harm.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *September 9th*, 1854.

YOU mention having seen a minute of mine about Bengal given to you by Beadon, and you ask what becomes of it and suchlike papers. Everything with a signature to it goes to England,—one copy to the Board of Control, one to the Court. It would be a very long story to explain to you all the business forms here and to show why the system, which you describe as having prevailed at the Ordnance, could not be always made applicable here. But I really think the business is conducted as rapidly and as little cumbrously as any business which must pass through many hands,—there are four Councillors, and some delay there must be. Formerly the orders on *every* paper originated with the G.-G. Under my plan it is only the orders on the *important* papers of each department which he originates. And although this seems to impose more labour on him than dividing the departments would do, still I believe it is the system which will give him least trouble in the end. I can't believe that Palmerston's conduct in the Home Office is anything worse than idleness and neglect. But these things are bad enough. As you observe, Sir Charles Napier certainly did not expect that his resignation would be accepted. What he expected was that he would be asked to remain; that thus I should be put in the wrong, should resign, and that he would have been my successor. That, I believe, was his real plan. Certainly he did not expect to cease to be C.-in-C., for it was openly so said by his people all over Simla in 1850. I think, however, you have been misinformed as to the scene which occurred when he received intimation that his resignation was accepted. Colonel Birch, then

Judge-Advocate-General, now Military Secretary to Government, was with him at the time. He once mentioned what occurred, and I questioned him about it again very lately. They were engaged on courts-martial. The English mail was brought in. Sir Charles asked Birch to excuse him while he opened his letters. Birch sat by while he did it. Sir Charles opened the one about his resignation. It was not from the Duke at all,—it was from Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and simply informed him that the Duke had received his letter and had advised the Queen to accept his resignation. Sir Charles's countenance fell as he read it. He said, "Well, that's short enough," and tossed it over to Col. Birch to read. Nothing more passed at that time. Nobody but Birch was present. Col. Tucker's story about the "viper Dalhousie," &c., may (no doubt must) be true, but it certainly did not occur when he received the letter, and must have been a separate and subsequent scene.

It is unfortunate that large measures of public improvement can rarely be effected without some personal injury or partial injustice. It is a pity that the officers of the Guards or anybody else should suffer by the report of the Military Commission. But great public benefit must result. I am all anxiety to see what measures the authorities will take, in consequence of that Report, for the improvement of *this* Army. I am afraid you give me more credit for heroism about the "operations" on me than I deserve. After all, nothing more formidable than a lancet has ever been used, though long and deep holes have been produced in me by that very repulsive little weapon. The truth is, I don't like pain at all, and I especially funk the knife. In short, although I don't disgrace myself, I fear that I have not sustained into maturity the character you give my youth. Even the Kelat treaty did not please Sir C. Wood. He said I had given him £5000 a-year, when he had only authorised me to give £5000 once as a gift! As if a chief would give up one treaty which was disagreeable to us though beneficial to him, and make himself the "enemy of our enemies,"—would agree to give us military possession of his country

when we demanded it, and would give us large commercial advantages, all for one trumpery £5000! I certainly believed Sir C. Wood had sanctioned the grant of £5000 *a-year*. At any rate, he may be thankful for what has been secured for him at that price. I am rejoiced at Duleep's success and favour at Court. Winterhalter may have arranged Duleep's drapery better than his valet, but has he preserved him *a Sikh* in outward form, with which drapery has a good deal to do? The doctor requires watching. What can be more absurd in fact or worse in taste than adopting the armorial bearings of the chivalry of Western Europe for a prince of an Eastern nation, among whom such things are unknown as a custom. General Anson has just arrived on his way to Madras, and is staying with me. He is very agreeable. Of the two, I would infinitely rather, *on military grounds*, see him here as C.-in-C. than Lord F. Fitzclarence if Gomm should go away. However, he has no thought of doing so before his natural end. Sir Wm. has just recommended to me a notorious drunkard as brigadier. I have refused to appoint him without reconsideration by his Excellency, and without his saying that the Colonel's "character and capacity" do not unfit him for high military command. If he can swallow that, there is nothing he may not take down.

A hitch has occurred in the mission from Ava. When the official letter announcing the mission arrived at Rangoon, it was found that not only the despatch of presents to the Governor-General was described in very arrogant language, but the return presents which the G.-G. was expected to send were alluded to in Burman terms which indicate the offering of an *inferior to a superior*. The Commissioner most properly refused to receive the letter, and returned it. I shall confirm this in a lofty letter; and unless ample reparation is offered I won't receive the mission. My present impression is that they are only trying it on, and that they will at once give in. We shall see. If not, not a soul of them shall come here. The conceit and insolence of that people are beyond all imagination. I am very anxious that this mission should

MAHARAJAH DULEEP SINGH.

(*From a Painting by G. Beechey, 1852.*)

come, but the smallest concession to the arrogance and pretensions they have endeavoured to exhibit would be fatal to all chance of harmony. The only plan is to nip it off in the bud.

On the other frontier the negotiations are in the same state. The Dost's sons are fighting who shall have the conduct of the negotiations, and in the meantime none are begun. The only piece of real news is that the writer says the envoy from Persia has got "a short answer" from the Dost.

One of the Momund villages near the frontier won't pay. A small force has gone out to pound them. I shall be able to tell you the result before the mail goes out.

The Resident at Lucknow has become suddenly ill. This is generally considered the first political appointment under the Government of India. The selection was of consequence. On the whole, adverting to the critical state of that court—to what may any day happen—and to his own personal claims, I have resolved to give it to Col. Outram. His appointment to Aden by Bombay, which I thought would delight him, has disgusted him. He will be right glad to get back under the Government of India. If his star for ten years has been obscured, it has come clear out now, and is in the ascendant towards its zenith.

18th.

The Momund villages I have mentioned were stormed and destroyed. Sikhs and Hindostanee sepoys formed the party, and vied with each other with great gallantry in carrying the heights. These men will always fight well when well led. They were right well led on this occasion, and I am sorry to say the two young officers most prominent were badly wounded.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
September 23rd, 1854.

I CAN'T say I like Sir C. Wood as well as they did at the India House, or as I did at first. He is fidgety and meddlesome. Under him it is not the Board of Control it was

meant to be, but a Board of Interference, which it was not meant to be. He is very much disposed to treat the Government of India as no Governor-General will submit to be treated. In short, I am every day more vexed by the war, which detains me here. He is complimentary and all that, but it does not reconcile me. I return you Mr Kaye's proof-sheet, and I will send some of Bellew's pamphlets; but, my good friend, I can't send you all the extracts of all the newspapers about the Napier controversy to bind for your book-shelf. I have no duplicates of them, and of course I am anxious to keep some record of public opinion upon the case for my own book-shelf. My own feeling and wish are to let the whole thing drop, as far as we are concerned.

The C.-in-C. has sent us a despatch from Lord Hardinge, in which he asks for the 25th and 98th, without relief this year, but to be relieved next year, and adds that the Government at home has addressed the Government of India on the subject. No such communication has been received. However, I have answered it by anticipation, and have strenuously opposed the withdrawal of any European infantry from India, as I should not like to seem reluctant to afford all practicable aid to the European war, or needlessly sensitive as to my charge here. I send you copy of the minute that you may judge of the reasons given. The Queen's Government may overrule them, but I honestly believe they can neither shake nor answer them. This dependence on England and the Government of the day for the main element of our strength, and the uncertainty as to how far we may reckon upon it, are serious evils. I hope to propose and obtain a remedy.

In my last letter I told you I had called on the C.-in-C. to reconsider a recommendation he had made of a notorious tippler as a brigadier. He does not deny the facts, though he thinks them "somewhat exaggerated"; but he persists in his recommendation of him as a man fit for the command of a brigade. His Excellency is just now chewing the cud of my proposal regarding the European cavalry. I don't know what will be the result of his rumination.

Since I last wrote to you an envoy has arrived from the

Khan of Kokan, a state next beyond Bokhara, towards the north-east of the Sea of Aral. He reports that the Russians have taken their frontier fort of Ak Musjid, where they have 1500 men and four guns—not 4000, and twenty guns as before said. He says he fears the advance of the Russians, and wishes to be friends with us and not with them. He asks, accordingly, for officers to drill his troops and to make cannon for him. His mission is important: first, as giving us the first thoroughly authentic report of the state of affairs in those parts; and secondly, as showing there is no friendly disposition to the Russians. But we can give him little help, for to send European officers into Tartary on such a mission would be madness. We must give him such help as we can, and a pleasant answer.

Dost Mahomed is still coquetting, but does nothing. Sir C. Wood has told the House of Commons that he expects to be able to announce the restoration of formal relations with Cabul, and this he has done in spite of my warning him that the Afghans were not to be relied upon, and begging him to "say nothing about it." The consequence will be that if we make no treaty we shall be considered to have boasted and failed; whereas if he had only held his tongue no notice could have been taken of an absent treaty, because we were no worse than we were before, and nobody in England would have known that we had even had a chance of being better.

Melville is on his way down the Indus to take the command in Scotland. I have written to Elphinstone at Bombay, advising him to put some A.D.C.'s into severe table-training, and even to have some extras to take relays of night duty! Think of my despatch having persuaded the Commander-in-Chief to reply that he had no objections to offer to the withdrawal of the Queen's Dragoons, or to any part of my proposal, as a military measure for India!! I never dreamt of this good fortune, counting with certainty on opposition upon such a subject from any C.-in-C. As it is, I think the people at home cannot now object. I think I must send you the minute, to see how your Royal-Army stomach will bear it.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *October 8th*, 1854.

YOU notice Sir C. Wood's speech on India. It is the man. I, I, I, is the whole motive and object, the beginning, and middle, and end of all. In that speech, and in the despatches he has laid before Parliament on Public Works and Education, he has shown the shabbiest injustice to the Government of India, and has aimed at nothing but personal claptrap. We are one and all disgusted here, as everybody who knows the circumstances must be. I say this to you, but to nobody else. I want no panegyric—I want only our due, which even the devil is admitted to have a right to. Joseph Hume's strictures may whistle down the wind.

On all hands I have heard confirmation of what you say, and believe that Lord Palmerston is going down in every way. Nevertheless, I believe he would be the most popular Prime Minister with the country that could be chosen just now. The people at home have answered about the Dost; but they want only a treaty of goodwill, for which *he* will hardly care. The Dost has sent back the Persian Envoy, dissatisfied that his brothers at Candahar are preferred to him; and observing that, "If the Shah does not know a horse from an ass, *he* can't help it."

I have recently urged the Government officially, in very earnest terms, not to lose sight of the necessity of placing some limit to the progress of Russia in Central Asia when they come to make terms of peace.

I don't understand the philosophy of Lord Hardinge's last conversation with you about me. It would seem as though I had given him offence. I don't know how I can have done so, unless it be by the Punjab minute laid before Parliament, in which I was compelled in self-defence to expose his hasty impolicy in weakening the European force here in 1847. He may rather thank me that I treated it so tenderly; as well as his policy of 1846, which was at my mercy in 1849, and was spared and shielded by me at that time. I quite agree with Major Oliphant in thinking that Elgin made a blunder in refusing Madras. He may be G.-G. in spite of that blunder; but had he not made it, he

would have been certain of the promotion. Sir C. Wood *professes* to be quite at a loss for a successor to me; and hints at nobody.

By the Rangoon mail just arrived I hear that the Burman Envoy has reached that place; but I will not send for him until the letter of which I spoke is recalled and replaced by another. They have so far knuckled under already, that the Woonghee has answered saying that *for the future* proper words would be employed. Captain Phayre properly rejoined that prospective respect would not do; and that a letter, properly worded, must be sent now, or the Mission would not be received. Everywhere else we are all pervaded with the spirit of the millennium.

My present health is all right again. My leg is somewhat less painful and less lame. But substantially it is in the same state as before.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *October 22nd*, 1854.

IT is very good for the Maharajah to have seen the Royal family under such an aspect as you describe at Osborne. But I am a little afraid that this exceeding distinction will not be for his future comfort. If he is to live and die in England, good and well, but if he is to return to India, he is not likely to be rendered more contented with his position there by being so highly treated in England; and, after breakfasting with queens and princesses, I doubt his much liking the necessity of leaving his shoes at the door of the Governor-General's room, when he is admitted to visit him, which he will certainly be again required to do. The "night-cappy" appearance of his turban is his strongest national feature. Do away with that and he has no longer any outward and visible sign of a Sikh about him.

The observations which you quote from Admiral Fanshawe regarding our sailors and gunnery were made to me, in exactly the same substance, by my brother-in-law, John Hay, a very smart young sailor now commanding the *Fury* in the Black Sea. That the French will be a more formidable antagonist, in their *best* ships, than they were in the last war, I do not doubt. That they will no longer be con-

spicuously inferior to us, both as a naval power generally and in single actions, I do not believe. Nevertheless, we should be just as careful, just as busy, and just as progressive as if we did believe it. I have rejoiced over the Prince's visit to Boulogne—heartily hope the Emperor may come to England, and the Empress too—and still more heartily hope that the Queen, Prince, and Prince of Wales may go to Paris next year. It would be among the wisest acts of a wise reign.

You say you are anxious I should not take notice of what may be said offensive to me from home, because the authorities there already think me "over-sensitive." There is much in a name, whatever Mr Shakespeare may have said to the contrary—wherefore the word "over-sensitive" may describe something very different. It is quite true that I have refused to allow the court to insult me as they were used to insult my predecessors. It is quite true that I have not allowed them to blame me when I was right, and to tell me that "they desire the G.-G. will forthwith" undo something which he had done, which he was perfectly right in doing, and which they were forced ultimately to confirm, simply because it *was* right. It is quite true that I have not allowed the *clerks* of the house, who word the despatches which the Directors sign (with that carelessness which makes the collective members of a Joint-Stock Company do what no individual gentleman among them would do), to address me as no well-bred gentleman would address his gamekeeper. All this is true. It is true also that when such things have been attempted, I have resented, resisted, and overcome them. It is true that thus I have refused to allow them at home to treat me as my predecessors often were treated—that is as though I were no more than a head clerk. *They* call this "over-sensitiveness." I call it a proper and politic maintenance of the authority of a mighty office, whose responsibilities are in danger of being increased, its character lowered, and its usefulness marred, by the undue assumption and vulgar expression of a disproportionate authority at home. And what is the consequence? It is this—that while I defy any member of the court to show that I have ever been otherwise than respect-

ful and perfectly subordinate to the court, they entertain a wholesome dread of me. And the result of all is (what I will freely say to *you*) that every one connected with Indian affairs, either in England or India, well knows, that I personally wield an authority and power for their own good such as *no* Governor-General—I say *no* Governor-General—even approached to since this Empire was formed. In this sense I shall continue over-sensitive to the end. From what I hear, I think the distrust of, and dissatisfaction with, Admiral Dundas must be well founded. I had a letter the other day from Sir James Graham—very low; but he is an arrant funker, and always was.

The abundance of your crop of croakers somewhat lightens the disgrace which I used to think peculiar to this Indian Army. I grieve to see them absolved from peculiarity by a similar spirit displaying itself elsewhere; and I regard it with indignant disgust from whatever quarter it may come. Where be the "gay and gallant Gordons" that you and I were used to know?

Since I last wrote, a second report on Punjab affairs has been received, bringing the narrative down to May 1853. I hope it will be printed in England; for although there is not so much novelty as in the first report, it is still very interesting. I have received also a separate report on the roads in the Punjab since 1849. The result is this: 3600 miles of road have been opened for traffic, and 880 more are now under construction. Besides this, 2700 miles of road have been surveyed, and 800 have been traced out. All this has been done in five years, and £480,000 have been expended upon the work. This is the report on *one* branch of the Department of Public Works in *one* province, recollect, —it surely serves to show that we are not so inert as is supposed.

October 28th.

We have been near having a bad row at Nagpore. The Rajah left a large accumulation of jewels, and armour, and all sorts of rich property. The Ranees, of course, want to get hold of all this, besides the pension we are to give them. As the value is estimated at something like a million sterling,

of course that could not be. Accordingly it was ordered to be sold for the future benefit of the family. These very foolish women set themselves to resist this order, and when the officers began to execute it, there was a beginning of tumult which would have become serious but for the prompt and vigorous action of our people. By those means it was put down. They have employed an agent to agitate their case, and he is publishing and disseminating every sort of lie regarding it. I would at any time rather have to do with twenty chiefs than one old woman. They are often very clever, and they know that they may safely presume on their age and sex,—a privilege of which they are not slow to avail themselves.

November 1st.

On the evening of the 30th I was startled by having a telegraphic message put into my hand, dated Bombay 30th, which said, "The Commander-in-Chief Lord F. Fitzclarence died this morning at 10 o'clock." There was something awesome in this abrupt announcement of sudden death at a great distance on the very day on which it occurred. It was as though the parted spirit had itself come to tell of its separation. We know no particulars, except that he had been only two days unwell and that there had been no alarm.

November 6th.

The Ameer's letter has reached my hands. It is very civil, very humble, asks forgiveness for the past, and solicits friendship for the future, in a tone which shows him evidently dubious of acquiescence on our part. It will be replied to immediately in a friendly tone, and he will be invited to conclude a treaty upon this basis. It remains to be seen whether he will go that length, or whether he will not want more than we are willing to give. I have good hope that he will, but I will not go so far as to express confidence.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *November 11th*, 1854.

WE have received the 'Electric Telegraph' mail of 9th October confirming Alma. I am only waiting for the Gazette to fire my guns. It makes a famous topic for the reply to Dost Mahomed. Charles Murray [the Hon. Sir C. M.] is a clever fellow and knows Eastern potentates, and, personally, I am very glad to have him at Teheran. I have received orders to accredit him from my Government also to the Shah.

If Elgin cannot properly bring his wife to India, he will be a fool if he comes without her, and a maniac if he runs the risk of bringing her after all. I am poor, like Elgin, and however he may like reputation and honour, I like them too. But seven years' heavy experience enables me to declare that emoluments, honours, and reputation are as a feather against what must be set in the other balance in India. If, as they say, he can get Ireland, he will be a happier man there than here.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *November 20th*, 1854.

LORD HARDINGE'S objection to the withdrawal of the Royal Dragoons from India is absurd upon the face of it, my dear Couper. You tell me he says India is the only place where dragoons are likely to see service. But my minute will already have told you that one-half of the dragoons in India have never seen a shot fired for the last quarter of a century. And, with respect to the other half, I make bold to say that there is much less chance now of their seeing service in India hereafter than of their seeing it in Europe. Besides, if they were to see service, of what use is it? The men of a corps return in very small proportions to England, what between death and volunteering. The officers may profit. But don't you think it a little too much that the E.I. Coy. should be called upon to pay £300,000 a-year for the sake of giving a few Royal Cavalry officers the chance of gaining some service?

I am glad to hear of Stockmar's return in renewed vigour

and spirits. Vigour and spirit are a good deal wanted at home just now. I remember Soliman Pasha, of whom you speak, in England with Ibrahim Pasha in 1845 or 1846, I think. He looked a thorough renegade. I believe what he says about the Egyptian troops not obeying cordially anybody who is not a Mussulman is quite correct. Our Indian sepoys will, and prefer the European commander. But the Afghans and Mussulmans of Central Asia, and the Persians, like Turks and Egyptians, would not.

I am no Sveaborg cum Cronstadt bombarder; but still I don't think Sir Charles Napier was, or is, the man to command a fleet in the Baltic, especially not a *combined* fleet. The sinking of the ships at Sebastopol seems to me a stupid sort of desperation. For they can't have effectually shut us out without wholly shutting themselves in, and that must be the certain destruction of the fleet if the place falls. If I had been the Admiral I would have kept the door open, and would have made a dash for it at the last. Some ships would probably have escaped, and, putting a bold face on it, might have kicked up the devil's delight over half the world before they had been caught. At the worst, they could only have been taken or sunk like gentlemen, instead of dying, as Swift said, "like a poisoned rat in a hole."

Last week I went to Barrackpore for a day. It was a miserable visit. I had not been there for nearly two years. I spent there the last days of my happiness, and the contrast was truly wretched. However, as it is a more pleasant residence for most people than this town, I mean to take my daughter there, and I wished to break myself into it. With her company I hope it may be different—without her, I would not go there again for half Bengal.

December 2nd.

The Burmese envoys landed on the 28th. They are a very queer and ugly lot, but not presumptuous, and good-humoured enough. I caused them to be treated with considerable distinction. And although everything about them must have been novel in its nature, and almost stupefying in its scale to their minds, yet, with the pride which characterises their own and the Chinese race, hardly a remark escaped

them. They have a very civil and friendly letter from the King, but they have no power to treat, and I believe that the King is altogether indisposed to make a treaty of any sort.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *December 9th*, 1854.

YOUR letter of 24th, for which many thanks, overtook me at the mouth of the river as I was going out for a few days to sea. I can't say the trip has done me good. I can't shake off the cold which has been hanging on me so long, or get rid of the rheumatism which seems to be getting chronic and most inauspiciously settling on my right hand. It has opened its second parallel on my middle finger; if it advances its third to my forefinger I may as well wipe my pen and surrender. The leg is much the same. I am riding again, but walk—no. Generally I am weak and shaky but noways ill.

The envoy from Cabul has returned there, highly pleased with my reply to the Ameer's letter, and promising that some one will certainly come to negotiate a treaty.

To-day I received in a letter from Herbert Edwardes a curious illustration of what I said lately, that Mahomedans here would rather be led by Europeans. When volunteers for Kokan were called for, plenty were ready to go, but they added, "Is any *Sahib* to go with us? We won't go alone."

We have news from Sebastopol to 2nd November, when the end seemed drawing near. How intensely interesting the secret history of the army in the East will be when it shall be made known many years hence. I flatter myself we shall show brighter through the mist of years than even now in the present. You ask, do I mean that I read all their motions and amendments in the Legislative Council? Yes, I do, every one of them, and what is more, I was four hours at it on Saturday last.

Orders have been received by the last mail to send the 10th Hussars to Turkey. Two days ago I received a telegraphic message from Bombay asking for instructions on the subject at 7.30 A.M. I communicated with my four

colleagues, one of whom lives four miles off, and sent an answer to Bombay by noon; and I had an answer from Bombay again by 4.30 P.M.! Bombay is 1600 miles distant. These messages, therefore, travelled nearly 5000 miles. The post takes ten days between the two places. Thus in less than one day the Government made communications which, before the telegraph was, would have occupied a whole *month*—what a political reinforcement is this! And thirteen months ago not a yard of that line was laid. Your reply to the Queen was strictly true. It is only on a point of honour that I remain in India. But on that same point of honour I will not leave it (alive) as long as anything is going wrong or anything threatening. I see they *are* going to take away my two Infantry corps, besides Cavalry, and be —— to them.

19th December.

The steamer arrived at last yesterday evening and brought my dear child safe to me, and Lord knows how welcome. I am, as you may suppose, flustered a good deal, as well as hurried by the mail. I will only now say, therefore, that I am deeply and gratefully happy. I will write more of her next time. At present *I can not*.

BARRACKPORE PARK,
January 7th, 1855.

A GOOD new year to you, my dear Couper, and to your house, and to all your belongings. In comparison with its forerunner this new year has shone upon me bright indeed. The companionship of my child has almost recreated me out of the existence I have endured for the last year and a half. She made out the long journey to Trieste, and the rough and hot voyage afterwards, without injury, and she has arrived here well. The week she came was a gay one, and her first ball was as remarkable a one as she will ever see, from the crowd of native sovereigns, and chiefs, and ambassadors, who, by an unusual concurrence of circumstances, were collected in Calcutta at that time. Afterwards we came here, and shall remain at this place until

the time approaches for going to the hills. There we shall stay till November.

I have finally made up my mind that I will offer no more service, and that nothing shall induce me to remain after this year except a positive command from the Crown, which I have no reason to expect, and which, on the contrary, I have every reasonable right to expect will not be given. In short, in plain prose, I am conscious that I need rest both in body and mind, and I must have it. You ask me to account for the change from the wiry constitution and unassailable health of my childhood to my questionable condition of late years, and you ask whether it is all India. It certainly is not all India. As a schoolboy I was as sound and as hardy as when I was a child. It was the hard-reading, sedentary life of college which first broke my health,—office from '43 to '46 broke me down, and I have never recovered since. I was in bad health when I came here, and though I consulted a committee of doctors before I came, my own feeling is that I ought not to have come.

We have met a demand for two Cavalry regiments for the Crimea. The 10th Hussars are now embarking at Bombay, 650 strong, and will be there in good time. They have very strangely selected as the second regiment the 14th Lt. Dragoons. This regiment is at Meerut. It has a march of about 1000 miles before it reaches the port of embarkation, and it cannot be at Bombay before the end of April. It will then have the very nasty voyage up the Red Sea, the march across Egypt, and a second voyage to the Black Sea, before it can be brought into the field. All this time they have the 12th Lancers at Bangalore, within 200 miles of the coast. I cannot explain, or understand, or divine their meaning.

Jung Bahadur in Nepal, who was restless, is drawing in his horns. He has given up his proposed march along our frontier, and limits his intentions to an attack on one position of Thibet.

The Burmese Mission has closed, and the envoys have returned. They produced a grand political earthquake at the last. During all the time they remained here they persisted that they had no powers to treat, and that they had no object whatever except the delivery of the Royal

letter and presents. A reply to the King's letter was accordingly prepared, and they asked for an interview that they might take leave. At this interview they unexpectedly produced a paper which they presented. Read and translated, it contained nothing less than a request that we would restore to the King of Ava the province of Pegu which we had taken from him. Though I had not had the smallest notion that such a request was to be produced, it was not difficult to answer it. I did not give the bombastic answer which you may see in the newspapers; but I simply told them that, so long as the sun which they saw should shine in the heavens, the province would never be restored to the King of Ava. They never expected that their request would be listened to, and only brought it forward in order to deliver their souls with their own King. A return mission to Umerapoora was promised, very much to their satisfaction, and their visit here must be attended with good effects.

BARRACKPORE, *January 22nd*, 1855.

THE action of the 5th November was indeed a most glorious exploit; and although I cannot agree with Sir James Kempt in placing Lord Raglan on the same pedestal as the Duke, still less on a higher one, I yet think that no army ever fought more nobly or more devotedly than that which he commanded at Inkerman. It *must* win in the end. We in India are now beginning to feel the effects of European war. The 10th Hussars have embarked from Bombay 650 strong. By the last mail—when a month had been lost—orders came leaving it to my discretion to send the 12th Dragoons or the 14th, the latter having already marched in obedience to precise orders previously received. I have now warned the 12th for service, and I hope to be able to embark them from Mangalore, on the Malabar coast, in which case they will have little more than 200 miles of march. I do not believe the 14th could have reached Bombay in time to embark during next season. In spite of our remonstrance which you read, we have received orders to send H.M. 25th and 98th to England. They will go immediately. This

drain will, of course, weaken us materially. Happily all is quiet and promises to remain so.

The Ameer has intimated that he will send his favourite son and heir to Peshawar to negotiate a treaty with us. This is a good sign of his feeling—whatever the treaty may ultimately be.

The Burmese envoys have admitted to Major Phayre that they had no authority from the King of Ava to make their preposterous demand for the restoration of Pegu; and they were in considerable alarm lest they should have got themselves into trouble by this unauthorised act, which brought down such a rebuff upon their heads. They told Major Phayre that they did not dare repeat the answer in its actual terms to the King. It was too peremptory, it seems, for the golden ears.

Jung Bahadur in Nepal is still going on with his preparations, but he is talking much less loudly, and is contracting the scale of his intended operations very much.

BARRACKPORE, *February 5th*, 1855.

THE mail of December 25th has come in, and for the first time for seven years, I think, has brought me no letter from you. Either it has missed the box or (what seems more likely) it has been set aside by the last cares for your old friend Sir James, whose death I have been very sincerely grieved to see announced in 'The Times.'

In your last letter only, you spoke of him as being so marvellously well, and as living on in so regularly irregular a fashion, that I had hoped I might have seen him again next year. It is not so to be. I am heartily sorry for it I had an unfeigned respect and a very sincere regard for him, and there is no one in the circle of old acquaintance and casual friendship whose departure would give me greater regret than I feel for Sir James Kempt.

I think I mentioned to you that the minute I sent you regarding European Infantry was disregarded, and that the 25th and 98th Regiments were ordered home by way of reply. They are embarking. From Sir C. Wood's last

letter I perceive symptoms that my proposals regarding Cavalry are going to share the same fate. I have placed my views upon record: I will slave no more, and the home authorities and their Indian revenue may go to the devil their own way.

I told you, I think, that the Ameer Dost Mahomed had deputed his heir to come to Peshawar to negotiate a treaty. The instructions are gone to the Chief Commissioner, who is to meet him. They are such slippery fellows that I do not feel sure of getting any treaty, not even a single one of amity. Still, the mere coming of the heir must and will do good. The old Ameer has been talking of proposing to meet me himself at the end of this year. I should have liked it very much at the end of last year, but it would be a great perplexity now. For it would be a very vast political *coup* to accomplish the meeting; while, on the other hand, it would be hardly possible for me to do so, consistently with getting away from Calcutta by this time next year, a point on which I am quite resolved. Beyond the Afghans the Persians are behaving well. They are standing fast by their neutrality, and we have information from the Minister that Russia was so afraid of the Shah taking part against her, that she has been glad to purchase a treaty of neutrality from him at the price of a very large sum of money which Persia has long owed to Russia, and which the latter has used as a great engine in her designs. This is secret for the present.

In Nepal, where Jung Bahadur has spent an immense deal of money on his preparations against Thibet, there is much discontent, caused by his exactions and oppressions. To conciliate the army he has just promoted *every* officer and non-commissioned officer in it one grade in rank. The expense of this alone will be great and the effect doubtful. There will be a row there some day, and I only hope that it will be put off until after my time.

Yesterday the Bengal railway was opened for 122 miles. I was present at the ceremonies in the station before the train started, but I was too unwell to accompany it to the place, 70 miles off, where they had fixed the scene of their festivities. It is the first time I have been unfit for any

duty expected of me, and I am mortified and somewhat dejected accordingly. Two days before, the electric telegraph was opened to the public from Calcutta to Bombay, to Madras, and to Attok on the Indus. Fifteen months ago not a yard of this was laid, or a signaller trained. Now we have 3050 miles opened. The communication between Calcutta and Madras direct by land, a month ago, took twelve days,—yesterday a communication was made, *round by Bombay*, in two hours. Again, I ask, are we such slow coaches out here?

In ten days we shall sail, and as I doubt my being fit to face the stir at Madras, we shall probably go round to the Malabar coast at once and reach Ootacamund in the first week of March. My health is failing, and I hope the sea trip and the hills may revive it.

H.C.S. "ZENOBIA," *February 28th*, 1855.

WE left Galle the day I wrote to you, and this morning we have anchored off Calicut. To-morrow morning we shall land, and in the evening begin our march towards the hills.

I am distressed to see the desponding tone which your letter shows to pervade the minds of many of the men who lead. You speak as if you thought the Almighty had struck our War authorities with blindness as a judgment upon the nation. I do not believe in anything of the sort. I believe you are suffering only from having selected men of no experience, and of no adequate capacity, to manage these great affairs for you. Who was the man in England to do it?—whether Palmerston was the man to do it or not, I cannot say; but anybody who knows him well, and is not interested, could have told you that Newcastle was not the man to do it, especially when he was vested with insufficient powers for the purpose. I am doubly vexed to see that Lord Raglan is blamed in all this, for faults on his part are less easy of remedy.

Before I left Calcutta I had the satisfaction of issuing a G.O. abolishing the Military Board. When I came to

India this Board was omnipotent and omnipresent. It managed everything and marred everything. It had under it the commissariat, the ordnance, the powder, the gun foundry, the Department of Public Works, the studs, and divers other things. One by one I have got these departments withdrawn, and now the Board itself, supposed to be immortal and invulnerable, is dead and buried. So may all Boards perish.

OOTACAMUND, *March 8th.*

We arrived here late last evening, after a very fatiguing and trying march.

OOTACAMUND, *March 17th*, 1855.

I DO not think that Sir H. Lawrence is busy on any work except a continuation of Col. Sutherland's work on the foreign states of India, taken from official sources. This Sir H. L. volunteered. Subsequently he sounded me as to its being made a joint work between him and Mr Kaye, of a more popular character. I told him that was not what the Government had contemplated, and it is understood that he is going on with it on the original plan. But he has at all times so little of plan, he is so devoid of method, and is such a harum-scarum worker, that I cannot venture to count on his ever completing it.

The article in 'The Times' [*see* Appendix I] took me most profoundly by surprise, when my eye fell on it by chance in a bundle of stray papers lent to me by the master attendant at Trincomalee. I know its exact value. While I feel some fair pride that a favourable testimony should at last have been wrung from so reluctant a witness, I know it has been elicited only by a desire to serve a temporary and party purpose. I know the praise to be as exaggerated now as the disparagement of the same journal has hitherto been unjust. I know the laudation of to-day does not in the least secure me from double denunciation to-morrow, and I know still more clearly that *it can lead to nothing*. It adds somewhat to the strength of the incident that Mr Delane

himself enclosed the article to Courtenay, declaring that it represented public opinion in England, and urging my return home.

You have repeated to me casual remarks of Baron Stockmar to the same effect. It is right you should know at once that I am wholly unfitted now by the failing state of my health for any such office as is pointed to in such remarks. I *hope* to be able to keep my pledge, and to discharge the duties of this office for the rest of the year. But for any new task—especially for any such labour as high office in England must involve at this time—I am utterly incapable. A man who cannot so much as stand on his feet for ten minutes together is not the material out of which to make a Minister of State to-day.

A home news journal has reached me from Bombay, and has told us of your ministerial blow up. The occurrence of such an event at this time is very unfortunate. The failure, however, of Lord Derby to form a Government, and the utter failure and downfall of Lord John, are goods after their kind. I have repeatedly said that Lord Palmerston was the only man who could command *prima facie* the confidence of the country. I am therefore glad to see him where he is. Whether he will retain the confidence of the country long is another story. Panmure's appointment has surprised me. I thought he had really abjured office, and I did not think such health as his has been would have allowed him to accept so severe an office as the War Ministry. If he has accepted it on no better a footing than the Duke of Newcastle, I doubt he will succeed no better. I wish him all success. This shuffle of the cards seems to me to go against the probability of Elgin turning up king. If the Duke of Newcastle would now accept the Governor-Generalship, it seems impossible that Lord Palmerston, after what has passed, can withhold the offer of it from him. The point will no doubt soon be decided. For by this mail I have written demi-officially to the President and to the Chairman, as well as to the Queen, representing the absolute necessity for my retirement, and requesting that a successor may relieve me on 1st February next.

OOTACAMUND, *March 25th*, 1855.

MY anticipations as to our failing revenue have been realised. The Government at Calcutta have been obliged to open a loan, and I am sorry to say they have opened it at 5 per cent after I thought I had wiped out 5 per cent debts for ever. However, they found they had no chance of getting money for less, and they were compelled to have recourse to that rate.

I have heard of Sirdar Gholam Hyder Khan's arrival at Peshawar. He and John Lawrence were to meet on the 19th March.

April 7th.

Sir C. Wood's last letter is most friendly and handsome, and would quite have mollified me even if I were more skilled in the mode of keeping up a grudge than I am.

I hope there is no chance of Sir Colin Campbell getting *high* command. He was always a very gallant fellow, most attentive to his men, active, hale, and well-spirited. I dare-say he will now make a good divisional officer; but I have known and heard much of him, and I do not believe him capable of *high* command.

The several anecdotes of mismanagement which you mention are very sickening. But, as Sam Weller says, "Is nobody to be whopped for this here?" Is the Duke of Newcastle to be turned out of Downing Street into St James's Park as a sufficient scapecoat for all? I always thought he made a great mistake in accepting office on the terms on which he took it. But he has been most scandalously vilified and much ill-used. Lord Aberdeen has also been grossly ill-used in his degree. I am rejoiced to see he retains the Thistle with the Garter. If he had given the one up for the other, I should have given him up for ever. There never was a more unjust and absurd practice than that which compels a man to resign his Thistle before he can win the Garter. An English noble wins the honour of the Civil Bath. He becomes more distinguished, gains his second honour, the Garter, and retains his first honour, the Bath.

A Scots noble is distinguished. He naturally receives the Thistle; he becomes more distinguished, he wins the Garter, but to hold it he is required to give up the Thistle! An Englishman wears his accumulated honours; a Scotsman is stripped of his first honours, and is allowed to keep only the last item as a balance! Was ever anything so unequal, so unjust, and so unreasonable? I hope Lord Aberdeen's case is intended to break down this practice, which is quite a modern one. If a man *asks* for the Garter, then of course he must submit to any bargain that may be driven with him. But when the Sovereign confers it on one she delighteth to honour "for services he has done her," can anything be more niggardly in appearance, or more unjust and ungracious in substance, than this higgling calculation of the *rate of exchange* between the first won or the last won of the hard-earned honours she bestows?

On the 1st of April a message was received at Ootacamund from Peshawar, dated 30th March. This is not less than 2300 miles, on nearly 200 of which there is as yet no telegraph, but the post travels at four miles an hour. The pace at which this telegraph message came was good. The news it brought were not less so. On that morning, it said, the treaty between the British Government and the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan of Cabul was signed at Peshawar! I have not the details, but it was added that the treaty was substantially the same with the draft articles sent by the Government which I drew myself. This is a good job done, I think.

KOTIRGHERY, *April 14th*, 1855.

ALL my letters by the last mail concur in stating that Palmerston had already lost caste, and disappointed; and as they chance to be from all sides of the House, I do not doubt that the general impression regarding him is correct. Your statement that Pam. would not hear of Elgin for his Government surprises me. I should have thought Elgin enough of a Whig for P., or at all events quite capable of being made conformable to the standard. In that case

Lincoln's chance of succession to the Musnud improves, and I would now back him freely.

I have taken another house at Coonoor, a small station midway between this and Ootacamund. It is 500 feet lower than this, much warmer, and, singularly enough, almost entirely exempt from the S.-W. monsoon. It is expensive having all these houses; but I have thought it right to secure for myself, even at some cost, every chance which variety of climate and change of place can give me for recovery. To be honest, I believe that the barracks of the 74th Highlanders and their parades influence me a good deal in the matter. I dearly love the sogers, and never cease to regret that I was not one myself. However, there is still a chance for me, for I see the King's Own Light Infantry are ordered out from the Tower Hamlets on permanent duty; and Lord Lynedoch was older than I am before he took up the red coat, was he not? To-morrow I am forty-three.

I doubt the Commander-in-Chief and I are going to have a dust. He has tried to force on the Government a monstrous job in defiance of all regulations and to the injury of the public service. I won't have it; and hence the probability of a row. The case is briefly as follows. You can understand what must be the importance of the Brigade command at Peshawar. In consideration of its importance *first-class* allowances were some time ago attached to it. The command lately became vacant. The C.-in-C. recommended Brigadier C—— of H.M. 22nd for it, on the ground of his peculiar fitness and "for the good of the public service." At the same time he requested that the first-class allowances might not be given to Brigadier C——, but to Brigadier J—— of H.M. 87th, at Jullunder, a quiet, third-rate command, on the ground that Brigadier J—— is the senior! The Government, of course, approved C.'s appointment, but declined to take away the pay from him. The C.-in-C. now writes up again. He reiterates all he had said of C.'s peculiar fitness, and then adds that if the Government won't give the first-class allowances to J——, he won't give the Peshawar Brigade to C——!! And this scandalous breach of rule and pre-

cedent (all assented to by himself)—this shameless disregard of the public interests, and sacrifice of the public service to private considerations, is attempted in these days of 1855! I have told the C.-in-C. that no Government could submit to such an alternative; that I will neither take the best allowances from the most important command, contrary to principle, rule, and practice; nor will I consent that any other than the best man, named *by himself*, shall have the Frontier Brigade. I have said, therefore, that I hope he will at once appoint Brigadier C——; but that if he does not do so, I shall exercise my plenary authority and shall appoint Brigadier C—— myself.

I know what you will think of this. Is it not enough to make one sick? I have written privately to Gummidge —very friendly and civil—expressing my hope that he will give way, but intimating that in any case I will not.

OOTACAMUND, *May 2nd*, 1855.

ONE can't help feeling a little malicious satisfaction when one hears of anything going wrong in the French camp, where everything, we have been told, was so perfect. A letter from Jack Hay [Lord John Hay, Adm. of Fleet], written from the trenches on 3rd March, shows that the job they have before them is a very formidable one. Though he got his post-rank the other day, and has no ship, he volunteered to remain in the trenches on half-pay. That is the sort of fellow for me.

Yesterday I had the satisfaction of ratifying by my name and seal the treaty with Cabul. John Lawrence writes to me that the Afghan Sirdars have gone back to Cabul highly delighted with the bargain they have made, although they strove stoutly and clamoured loudly for a great deal more. They were treated with great distinction. On the first day, according to Eastern custom, a gift of money—11,000 Rs. in this case—was sent. Every day afterwards they received 750 Rs.; and besides this, rich presents to Sirdar Gholam Hyder Khan, and about thirty chiefs. They gave him a review. When the European infantry passed, "Ha!" he

said, "those are the *jan-i-jung* (the soul of the battle)." He is right—so they all admit. No wonder I feel the withdrawal of any of them as parting with my own soul, or at least with a bit of it.

The Sirdar is enormously fat; though only thirty-eight, he rides with difficulty, and is bled every two months to keep him down! His life is not a good one.

General Outram, in pursuance of instructions with which he was furnished, has sent up a report on the condition of Oude. It seems impossible that the home authorities can any longer hesitate to overthrow this fortress of corruption and infamous misgovernment. I should not mind doing it as a parting *coup*. But I doubt the people at home having the pluck to sanction it, and I can't find a pretext for doing it without sanction. The King won't offend or quarrel with us, and will take any amount of kicking without being rebellious. I must, therefore, have authority from home—and, as I said before, I doubt their giving it.

KOTIRGHERY, *May 12th*, 1855.

A VERY heavy though very interesting and important paper has lately come, being General Outram's report on the present state of Oude. He has brought together a tremendous bill of indictment against the Government of that ill-fated land. I don't think it can be allowed to stand. And I count it internally a symptom of improving health in myself that the desire to upset that court before I go has revived within me. It would make a good wind-up; and if they will let me, I think I could engage to have the country at our feet—every fort dismantled, and every man disarmed in three months.

While I think of it, let me ask you to do a small commission for me. I must prepare to descend to my own level. To that end I shall want some cards. People can't say I am vain of my Brummagem Marquisate; for, though I have held it six years, I have not got so much as a seal or ring, or any such thing, with a marquess' coronet upon it. Would you kindly order a plate, and

send me fifty cards. I don't want the little dandified things people use, but a good, plain, respectable, middle-aged card, with MARQUESS OF D. upon it, the artist being required to observe your own orthodox spelling of that word.

Carving my own dinner and morning calls are the two heaviest evils which I see in my approaching abdication.

COONOOR, *May 17th.*

THERE has been a sort of row at home, it seems, about the tribute shawls, of which Cashmere pays every year three pairs to Government. Lord Hardinge, in 1848, took home the first year's tribute as a present to the Queen, and the court then promised that H.M. should have them every year. However, the court never intimated the promise to me, and forgot it themselves, for in 1853 they authorised me to commute the shawls for an annual money payment. All of a sudden, the other day, the Queen came down upon the court for her shawls, and the court are in a fix. Fortunately, I can help them a little out of the mess. When the shawls were commuted, I reserved the right to demand them again after a year's notice, so that the annual tribute can soon be resumed. Of those already paid, from 1848 to 1853, few were given away; and I would not allow the rest to be sold, as it is usual to do—surmising that as the Queen had got the first batch, she would not wish tribute shawls to become common in England by means of sale in India. So I have still got some twelve or fourteen pairs here in store, and I have asked if I should send them home.

Since I wrote to you, the Commissioner of Pegu has sent up a report on a foray by some Burmese across the border. Major Phayre, contrary to his custom, is excessively savage and warlike, and wants to demand all sorts of reparations, which would certainly not be conceded, and which would, in short, be War. Some of my colleagues are very warlike also. I mean to be lugged into no quarrel for this petty affair.

COONOOR, *May 27th*, 1855.

WE have been here ten days since I last wrote to you. My own feeling is that I have rather gone back than advanced during that time. The climate is warmer than that of the two other places—for people in health it is too warm, but it suits me perfectly. The beauty of the place is remarkable. Like Kotirghery, it is situated about eight or nine miles above the plain, but its setting is in bold fine mountains, rocky, and covered with forest, a river running in the bottom, and rugged glens branching off on all sides. The house I occupy is on a crest facing the boldest and finest of this scenery. It has been created within ten years by the man from whom I rent it, and is really a beautiful work of man's hands. We live in a little group of bungalows—one of which, the smallest, I have to myself—but within call of Susan's windows, and separated only by a few yards from her. The bungalows are covered with the loveliest clustering roses; and the whole place is a mass of roses, and myrtles, and flowers and fruits of every sort. Wherever you turn your eye, either far or near, it rests on objects of grandeur or of beauty. All this is very enjoyable, and has helped to lessen the tedium of inactivity to which I have been condemned since I came, for I have not been beyond the door since the day I arrived.

A few days ago there was a presentation of new colours to the 74th on their parade, a few miles from this place. The C.-in-C. and Mrs Anson were there. She was the presiding divinity on the occasion, and made, Susan tells me, a very good speech. The responding Colonel stuck his—could not get on—and was obliged to make "Slope arms" his peroration. The regiment is almost entirely Scotch, and it is a thousand pities that the Horse Guards will not give them, and all such regiments, a large proportion at least of Scotch officers.

There will be no collision between Gummidge and me on the Peshawar Brigade matter of which I told you, for Brigadier J—— has succeeded by seniority to the command

of a division. But my colleagues, entirely concurring, have sent on the minute notwithstanding to headquarters, where it will not be palatable.

COONOOR, *June 17th*, 1855.

IF the horse which the Maharajah is to give the Prince of Wales is the horse which he took home with him, it is no more an Arab than I am. It was a stud-bred animal, and, if I remember right, a chestnut.

You may depend upon it that among many and great military changes which are on their march, the subordination of the C.-in-C. to the War Minister is certain to be enforced, as (in my humble judgment) it ought to be.

I received the Queen's letter. It is most kind and flattering, and would satisfy a more greedy ambition than mine. In answering her exhortations to come home at once on the score of my health, I shall not advert to any other than her own letter, in which she does not allude to anything she had heard from Stockmar.

My reasons for not coming are sufficient: 1st, my health does not absolutely require it; and, 2ndly, I can't come if I would. At this time of year I could not face the voyage.

The news from Pegu fulfil my anticipations, and allow me the satisfaction of saying to blowers of the trumpet, "I told you so." The King of Ava expressed great anger at the outrage on our frontier, sent for Moung Bo, the officer, to the capital, and will probably skin him. There is no risk whatever of any row, even from the hot zeal of our own people, which was from the first our greatest source of danger.

The rascal Moung Goung Ghee has been hunted out of Tharawaddi at last. We have captured his elephants (a material element of greatness there), hanged his son, and all but nabbed himself. An unfortunate officer—Captain Madigan of H.M. 84th—was lately murdered there. But he tempted his fate. He was employed on the line of electric telegraph, was known to have public treasure with him, and yet went without guard or arms of his own. Of

course they cut his throat and robbed him. His murderers were caught, and are hanged by this time.

I am glad to feel myself as fit for work as ever, or nearly so. Lately I have been busy trussing up the Kingdom of Oude preparatory to putting it on the spit. I would send you a copy of the minute, but I am sorry to say that it amounts to a blue-book in bulk, and I daresay you would think in dulness also.

KOTIRGHERY, *July 2nd*, 1855.

DOST MAHOMED KHAN is very much delighted to see the treaty he has got, though so favourable to us. His son writes to say that the Ameer declares that, "as long as he has life in his body and a soul of his own," he will be faithful to us.

A curious discovery was made lately at Rangoon. In digging down an old ruined pagoda to make way for the new barracks, the people came on a number of golden vessels, pagodas, bracelets, &c., worth in all about 25,000 rupees. A golden scroll which was with them bore an inscription which showed that the pagoda was built, and the things buried, by a queen about 500 years ago. There is usually in every pagoda one or more images of the Buddhist divinity Gautama. Our fellows called them "Tommies"; and I am sorry to say there are few pagodas to be seen without a hole in its abdomen, engineered by ingenious Britons in their research for Tommies. I am still more sorry to say that I am so far an accessory after the fact, that I secretly purchased some of this mythology on my first visit to Rangoon.

Our new loan has taken a wonderful jump. On Monday last 210 lakhs had been subscribed out of 275 which we require.

KOTIRGHERY, *July 15th*, 1855.

OF late I have been very hard worked; for after the Oude paper was disposed of, there came some very heavy railway cases. These are very difficult and very responsible tasks in

India. The distances to be traversed are so enormous, the cost so heavy, and the consequences of an erroneous judgment so injurious, that it becomes a very onerous duty to decide upon them. At the best, the guides to a determination are few and inadequate. Unlike dealing with the same class of subjects in England, you have here to work almost in the dark. There are rarely competitors to pick holes in each other's plans, and let in light upon you through the apertures their mutual criticism makes. You have little to guide you but the surveys and your own sense. These difficulties are all aggravated for me at present by my separation from the Engineers and my colleagues, some of whom are very capable of giving assistance. I feel pretty sure of coming to the right conclusion in the end regarding them all; but the work is harder, and the execution of it more anxious.

I am now sending off my Military Secretary to Lucknow, there to arrange with General Outram, on my part, all the preparations that can be made at present for carrying into effect the policy which the court has been advised to sanction. If the court agree to the policy, we shall thus be ready to act as soon as permission comes. If the court do not consent, no harm has been done and no great expense incurred. If the preparations were postponed until the court's orders arrived, I could not get the work done in sufficiently good time.

Sir James Clark could not possibly form any judgment on my case from all he saw. There may be gout in me, because my cousin had it in him, but though I have joked of gout, there has never been the smallest symptom of it in me from first to last.

As for going to German baths, I shall do no such thing. A daunder on the banks of Esk will do me more good than all the stinking waters in Germany.

Times must be changed indeed when such repartees as you describe, between Lord Cardigan and Sir Robert Peel, lead to nothing harder or sharper than words. I don't know either of them, and don't wish to know them.

The conduct of Gladstone and Graham is quite incomprehensible. If anything could damage a statesman in

these days, surely this would do so. Graham's line does not surprise me so much, but I always thought that Gladstone had a stout heart though a crotchety head.

I entirely concur with you in what you say about officers' reluctance to serve, or readiness to escape from service in the field. Our men are not soldiers by profession, but for fun, or for fashion, or to keep them out of mischief; and the sooner our army is brought to consist (mainly at least) of men who are obliged to stick to it for their profession, the better it will be for our military character and national security. I don't mean to be hasty or unreasonable about Ramsay's promotion, but I don't mean to be shoved aside and treated with the gross discourtesy which Lord Hardinge has long shown to me. If he gives the promotion, I shall take no note of his not answering my letter; but if he neither promotes nor answers, I shall go higher up, and I shall state plainly the reason *why* I trouble those higher quarters. If I meet with the gross injustice in those higher headquarters of a refusal of this claim, I shall have my way clear before me for the rest of my course.

COONOOR, *August 6th*, 1855.

I DO not admit the justice of your skit at our paying negotiators. Hyder Khan came on 19th and the treaty was signed on the 30th. To solder up in eleven days a breach which had lasted for sixteen years was no bad pace, it seemeth to me. We don't pay the negotiators on our side, you know.

General Grey's doubts as to Elgin succeeding me were well founded. By the last mail I received a letter from Canning announcing to me his nomination. Everybody in India will be surprised, for his name is not known at all here. Moreover, everybody has been taught by 'The Friend of India' to consider that Lord Elgin was beyond doubt already fixed upon. You can never tell what a man will be in such a post as G.-G. until you see him tried. But Canning has plenty of ability—he has long been in office—he will work when it is requisite. His manners will please

here, and he will do the externals of the office exceedingly well. He does not speak well; but that is not required here. It is an additional recommendation of his appointment that he is a personal friend both of Lord Elphinstone and Lord Harris. I have written to him, and as there is an uncertainty both about Oude and about his own plans, I have asked him to consider the *1st of March* as the day on which I wish to be relieved. After so long a tenure of office, there is a strangeness in making arrangements with a successor which is almost disconcerting. I shall mourn over many things undone, or only half done, when I go.

Just as the last mail was going out, a very extraordinary rising took place in Bengal among a tribe called Sonthals. They inhabit the foot of the Rajmahal hills, and have hitherto been considered most peaceful, quiet, timid people. They are quite barbarous, and are armed almost exclusively with bows and arrows.

They rose suddenly and spread in large bodies over the neighbourhood. They have plundered everybody and everything; and what is worse, they have murdered all alike—European and native, high and low, man, woman, and child. The troops are now round them; but the neighbourhood of the hills is deadly for those who do not habitually reside there, and there may be much difficulty in getting at them. The cause of this sudden rising is quite uncertain. Some say it is religious fanaticism, some that it is ill-treatment by the people of the railway which is now passing near Rajmahal, some one thing, and some another. The revenue they pay is very light—their condition excellent—so that the whole is a mystery which I have as yet no means of clearing up. One inference, however, may readily and safely be drawn from it, and that is, the danger of withdrawing for any purpose too many troops from a country which, though tranquil and unwarlike in itself, is yet liable to such volcanic outbursts of popular violence as this now before us, even among those who are supposed to be the gentlest and weakest of the people. Although this business is in the jurisdiction of the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, I rather feel at being at so great a distance from the scene of trouble. Happily these are people of no caste, so that

there is the less danger of their insurrection spreading. The only risk in the business is the encouragement to disaffection which may be given by delay in putting down the present rising. I hope to hear of something decisive soon.

KOTIRGHERY, *August 22nd*, 1855.

I HAVE been in correspondence with Canning, and have endeavoured to arrange my plans on which he kindly offers to make his movements depend. I had given, and will give him heartily, the best advice and aid that I can offer. He cannot pass some days with me before he assumes the government of India. According to practice, he must assume the government as soon as he lands. But I shall remain some days with him while the ship is again getting ready for sea. When I wrote to the court about Oude, I said I would remain if they wished until the 1st March. I am myself desirous now of doing so by reason of this Sonthal insurrection. It is not yet repressed—military operations in the cold weather may become necessary, and you will readily understand that I should be much mortified to give over the government to my successor with any active trouble on hand.

You say that Outram's report on Oude is considered over-coloured at the India House. I don't understand how they could have seen it, for it did not leave my hands in original until 23rd June. Perhaps they mean his general view. But the picture of Oude, as it is, is not of his drawing. Such a case has gone to them as they cannot resist. Whether the deed be done by my hand or by Canning's, it must be done immediately, and cannot be evaded without gross neglect of duty.

I am very anxious about our progress [Crimean War], for it seriously affects our prestige and position here. One of my aides-de-camp has just been in Coorg, visiting his brother. He tells me the people there generally believe that the Queen has been driven out of England and has taken refuge in India.

By this last mail Mr Delane wrote to Courtenay, sending

the article on my administration, and intimating that "the way to the Premiership was open" to me whenever I chose! This is a handsome offer from the people of England, 'The Times,' is it not? I hope you will not fancy that I am ass enough to be misled or puffed up by this. I mention it as a curiosity, and only to yourself, and for yourself alone. I did not think it right to reject the courtesy, but I made Courtenay give a safe answer. I told him to thank Mr Delane for his courtesy in *sending* the article, and to add that I was very willing to fight for the country in any capacity, and even "on my stumps," but that I cannot pretend to be fit to serve the country when I have nothing left but stumps to fight upon.

Canning's appointment has created, as I expected, a good deal of surprise though no discontent. They merely do not know him. If times are quiet, I believe he will do very well indeed. If he falls on troubled times, it remains to be seen of what metal he is made, as must be the case with any one whom they might select.

The Sonthals are now limited to two districts. Troops are closing in upon them. The disaffection has not spread, and I hope the whole will soon be put down. But it vexes me very much just at the close of my career.

KOTIRGHERY, 3*rd September* 1855.

YOU rightly anticipate that I should agree with you in thinking that the publication of an article in 'The Quarterly' on my rule was premature. Indeed I am not sure that I should not regard it as premature at any time. Certainly it is so now, for some of the most weighty events of my time may yet have to occur. Seton Karr's article was perfectly disinterested but exceedingly puff-atory. 'The Times' has been civil, for it, in its funeral oration rehearsed over me, and 'The Economist' very handsome—a tribute less potential, but much more valuable in my estimation. Before I lay down the sceptre I shall address a despatch to the court, showing in one view what has been done in India during these eight years past. This will serve as a good reference

and text for those who may wish to review what I have done and left undone. But I am not disposed to invite any such review myself. Panmure overstated the case when he said I had "recommended General Anson in very strong terms to be C.-in-C." I never meddle directly or indirectly with these home appointments unless I am consulted. I never would take the responsibility of recommending a C.-in-C. when it was not my duty to do so; and I never, therefore, did *recommend* General Anson, but I have spoken of him in strong terms of praise. I remember saying to Sir C. Wood that I thought he would be a better man for the post than Lord F. Fitzclarence, and that as G.-G. I should be very glad to act with General A. as C.-in-C. I retain my good opinion of him, admitting at the same time the insufficiency of his military experience.

Halliday and the Council are cat and dog. As has been usual, I am confidant of both parties, and tell both the truth. It is no vanity to say that had I been there nothing of this would have been shown.

September 7th.

I am sorry to be obliged to add that since I wrote the above I have had an attack which may lead to worse. I have had a heavy mass of business thrown on me, and have been working early and late for some days to get rid of it. I presume I have overdone it and myself, for the other evening I became insensible for some time. I was having three leeches on my swollen finger at the time, and supposed it was a faint, which even a single leech has brought me to before now; but I fancy from the symptoms that my doctor must be right in telling me it was worse than a faint, and was of the nature of a fit from overwork. Susie knows nothing of this, and I have mentioned it and shall mention it to no one but yourself. Say nothing about it. I look it straight in the face and understand it, and I hope shall profit in all ways by the warning.

COONOOR, *September 23rd*, 1855.

HALLIDAY'S differences with the Council had nothing to do with proposing a native judge in the Sudder [Chief Civil and Criminal Ct. and Ct. of Appeal]. Halliday did not propose that without reference to me. He did not propose it at all. It was I myself who proposed it long, long ago! and far from being objectionable and injudicious, the only objectionable and injudicious part of the business is the opposition shown to the proposal.

It seems to be Lord Hardinge's principle never to write letters—General Anson tells me he never heard from him, even when he was appointed C.-in-C. at Madras. I cleared my soul by writing to thank him for Ramsay's Lt.-Colonelcy.

There has been a great fight between the Hindoos and Mussulmans in Oude. It bore a very threatening aspect at one time, and though it is allayed, I do not at all feel that the feud is extinguished. If it should revive, it may spread very wide. At the same time, I hear of a great gathering of the independent tribes on the western border threatening an attack. Yet this is the time at which the man at the India Board [Vernon Smith] talks to Parliament of the troops that may be drawn from India for the Colonies, and writes to me on the urgency of Sir De Lacy Evans to ask what can be sent.

I have answered him fully and very plainly. I have told him that, with facts before their eyes, and with contingencies such as are around us here, any withdrawal of troops from hence by her Majesty's Ministers would be an act of reckless folly, which in my opinion would fall nothing short of insanity. I have told him I shall be prepared, whenever it may be necessary, to state that opinion in my place in Parliament. This, I hope, may stop the fellow. He quoted my assurance that India is tranquil. So it is, as a whole. As a whole so it will be if we are left *strong*. But if we are weakened India cannot be warranted to continue either tranquil or secure. Troops—native troops—can be had from India if time be given to augment the army. But that will be right costly; and, above all, where are the

officers? They do not exist, and you cannot make an officer as you do a coat—to order, and in a week.

A frightful outrage has been committed in Malabar. The chief civil officer of that district, Mr Conolly, an able man and tried officer, who had been just named to Council, has been brutally murdered in his own verandah and before the eyes of his miserable wife. The murderers were four or five Moplahs, a sect of fanatical Mahometans who reside in Malabar, and every now and then commit such outrages. They have never before slain a European magistrate. The men refused to surrender, and sold their lives as they always do, dying on the soldiers' bayonets, and cutting down the men who bayonet them before they fall themselves. Conolly is one of that ill-starred family who have all been slaughtered in the East, one of them at Bokhara. He was the last of five brothers—the only one who had not come to a violent end, and now he too has been murdered, actually hewed to pieces on his own threshold. Poor fellow, it is a sad end of "an ower true tale."

From the last letters I have from England I see they will not dare to face Oude—the miserables. They are unwilling to provoke hostility in Parliament by interfering. I do not believe there would be any hostility. Where was the hostility in Parliament about the Punjab, Pegu, Sattara, Nagpore, notwithstanding the clamour of a few out of doors? There was never a fist brandished, or a tongue heard, on any one of those subjects after the papers were laid on the table. No more would there be with Oude. These gentlemen will be a little astonished if such a storm should be raised about their ears for non-interference to redeem our faith with Oude, as they would find it difficult to stand before. I would not ensure them against such a contingency.

COONOOR, *October 6th*, 1855.

GENERAL PENNEFATHER, of whom you speak, was highly thought of in this country, but all the work he ever had to do here was a very different affair from what he has been doing lately. His description of Sir C. Napier's writing is

quite correct. Never was such elaborate simplicity, such painfully prepared off-handedness. The Adjutant-General has told me that he has often been obliged to take his Memoranda back to him to be construed, they being so scored and scratched and underlined as to be illegible.

You say that the Prince and others are very sore at the increasing civil influence over the army. I don't contend for a *civil* influence. What I contend for is a *single* influence. If you can find a soldier capable in all respects of being Minister for War, by all means let the Minister be a soldier. I don't want an unprofessional head for the army. I want one head of some kind, and that a responsible head.

In India we are beginning to be less easy every day, and to feel more and more the need of some great success in this war, whose existence is universally known among the natives, and whose course is universally believed by them to have been disastrous to us. In Oude matters are in a very uncomfortable state.

The violent religious feud which I mentioned to you has been temporarily allayed by the shedding of blood; but the causes of the feud remain unremoved. The Mussulmans are in a state of great excitement; the Hindoos are equally furious, equally resolved, and far more numerous. If this feud should again break out, it is impossible to say how far the religious feeling may spread or to what it may not lead.

The most inflammatory pamphlets on the Mussulman side are being circulated throughout the country, notwithstanding the seizure of them wherever they can be found. Fortunately Outram is at Lucknow, and the affair is thus in the best hands. Mahometan fanaticism has produced, since I wrote, another sad tragedy. Colin Mackenzie, one of the Brigadiers of the Hyderabad Contingent, has been cut down by his own troopers and is now swimming for his life. The whole regiment for a time mutinied, but gave in. It is alleged that he interfered with the exercise of their religion during their great feast, the Mohurrum. However that may be, he certainly interfered most unwisely, and personally, with a procession, and was attacked directly. All these concurrent instances of Mahometan frenzy and violence are

indications not to be disregarded. They care nothing that we are fighting for the Moslem interest in the East. They look only to their own interest, and in it they are ready and eager to take advantage of what they believe the state of weakness to which that same war has brought us, and this is the time in which her Majesty's Ministers are countenancing the ignorant folly of Sir Evans in his proposal to draw largely troops from India!

October 9th.

Outram's last letters are very uneasy about Oude, and he is no alarmist, as you know.

OOTACAMUND, *October 20th*, 1855.

THE office work sent from Calcutta has been every month becoming more and more heavy, and for some time past the weekly abstracts of Council business show that they have referred everything of the smallest importance or difficulty. From Cabul we hear, from Dost Mahomed Khan himself, that he is on his march to Candahar, where the death of Kohumdil Khan, the Ameer ruling there, has thrown all into confusion, which the Dost says he has been invited to compose by assuming the sovereignty himself. It seems very probable that the Dost may succeed in extending his authority over all Candahar. If he should do so, our recently formed relations with him will, of course, render such an event extremely favourable to our interests.

From Ava we learn that the Mission has been admitted to an interview with the King, and afterwards with the Heir Apparent, and that in both cases everything was entirely satisfactory. These, of course, are only public and ceremonious meetings. The real business will be done in private. From all that Phayre has hitherto said to me, there seems no ground for any more sanguine expectations of obtaining a treaty than have heretofore appeared. Hope need not be given up, however, until the Mission shall actually return empty-handed.

In Oude the state of things is very uneasy and threaten-

ing. I live in daily expectation of an outbreak. Elsewhere everything is quiet enough. Nothing will do so much to keep it so as the good news from the Crimea, and more of the same character.

The young Nawab of the Carnatic died suddenly a week ago. He has left no son, and it is probable that the title will now be made to cease; if so, it will be another windfall for the Company, and another text for abuse of my insatiable rapacity and inordinate ambition.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS,
12th November 1855.

FOR the last fortnight we have been on the road, my dear Couper, and the few days that we remain here are crammed to repletion with every sort of business and ceremony. I have, therefore, had no time to write my usual modicum to you by this mail. The next you will draw blank, as we shall be at sea. Thus our correspondence will not flow in its usual full stream until 9th December again. My relief is now fixed definitely to take place on 1st March.

We left Ootacamund on the 29th in a pour of rain, and plunged into a temperature of 84° at once. At Mysore we halted for two days, exchanging palavers with the little Rajah there.

Susan had an opportunity of seeing a very good specimen of a native court, and was greatly diverted with the pomp and circumstance, and not least with the mutual embraces between the Rajah and myself.

We halted also at Seringapatam, mounted the "imminent deadly breach," and rested in the house which was occupied by one Arthur Wellesley, of whom the world has since heard. I had the gratification of recording a minute in the house itself, which will have the effect of preserving the house in perpetuity in the state in which he left it. At present it is fast going into decay.

At Bangalore we remained three days. I was there enabled at last to issue rejoicingly a proclamation, reciting the successes which the Allies have gained during the war, and especially the capture of Sebastopol.

The intelligence has produced an immense sensation in this part of India; and I hope and believe that the promulgation of it will have the best effect throughout the country.

From Bangalore we again descended into the Carnatic, and reached Madras on Saturday, coming in the last fifty miles on their new and unopened railway. They brought us the last thirty miles at a great pace; and I will be bound to say that the happiest man in Asia that day was the Government Consulting Engineer, when he saw the G.-G. safe out of his charge on the platform at the station. The journey was hot and fatiguing, but I have not felt it except in respect of my leg, which always suffers from ceremonials, and is now as big and round as the gun behind the Horse Guards.

Phayre writes to me that he had a private interview with the King of Ava. His Majesty put Phayre through his facings on the *Burmese Catechism*, but made no progress in political relations.

Sir C. Wood has announced to me that a ship of war will be at my disposal to bring me from Alexandria to England. This gives me pleasure, for I should certainly have objected, and I think with reason, to being left to find my way back to England like a returned convict. They are to detach a ship from the Black Sea Fleet for the purpose.

RANGOON, *November 21st*, 1855.

THE four days' visit at Madras completely did me up. For although I had begged Lord Harris to spare me as much as he could, and although he did his best to that end, yet the necessary forms, and dinners, and interviews, and levees, and balls could not be avoided, and I was fairly done. It was not so much that I was tired, but this weary leg suffered, and has been plaguing me much ever since—especially on board ship—where a land-wind helps one little to one's sea-legs.

It may be, as you say, that it would have been found impracticable to hold the Redan under any circumstances. Of that there may be a doubt. But there can be no sort of

doubt that the Redan could neither have been taken nor held by such arrangements as those which were actually made. The detail of this mismanagement is to me a far more humiliating spectacle than the mere failure of the attack.

Both Panmure and Canning have informed me by this mail that General Anson has been appointed to succeed Sir W. Gomm. As I have said before, I think they have chosen well.

The Mission returned from Ava successful in all except a treaty. The King on that head was obstinate. He was entirely friendly, he said, had proved it in a thousand ways, and would continue to do so, but he would not sign a treaty. It was "contrary to custom" to do so; and that phrase is held by a Burman to conclude every argument and to put an end to all discussion. You will remember that, since August 1852, I have always said that the Burmese court would not sign a treaty, and that we were better without one. The present result, therefore, is no surprise to me, nor any disappointment except so far that I desired to obtain what the Home Government wished to have. The Mission has been of great value, and I believe that peace is as secure as ever it can be with such a State. Moreover, we have obtained, even more conclusively than before, convincing proof of the want of any real power to harm us. The King is himself a remarkable man, and undoubtedly the best sovereign that Burmah has ever had.

The improvement which has been effected in this place since I was last here two years ago is most satisfactory; and I am more ready than ever to stand by my prediction that Rangoon will be one of the most beautiful cantonments and the finest cities in India. Among the improvements, the Shoe Dagon Pagoda is being regilt. When the whole mass shall be completed its appearance will be very splendid.

ON BOARD "FEROZE," *November 27th.*

WE left Rangoon on Saturday evening. It was the commencement of last farewells to my own ground, and I

felt more sad than I had expected or should care to avow.

H.M. 84th are there—a pattern regiment under an excellent officer, Colonel Russell. I sent a message to the Light Company when they went to Ava with the Mission, telling them I expected them to uphold the honour of British soldiers by their conduct there. They have done more: they have greatly raised that character in the estimation of the Burmese. Their conduct was quite admirable, and I ordered them double pay before leaving Rangoon. The Jacks fell. They could not resist the temptation to "let me the canakin clink." They did no harm; but they one night got "drunk and disorderly," and were sent off to their ship.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *December 15th*, 1855.

GENERAL CUBBON writes up officially to say that the proclamation produced an immense effect in all Mysore, Coorg included. The reports are coming in showing that the proclamation has been circulated to every village in the country, in every language used—probably in hundreds of thousands.

The General in command has written to say that the Sonthal rising may be considered at an end, and he recommends that the troops should be allowed to return to their quarters. The whole country has been traversed, considerable numbers of them have been killed, some thirty or forty thousand head of cattle recovered, and their leaders taken. I think that, with the aid of the new preventive measures which have been taken, no recurrence of such a rising need be expected. As far as I can now see, I shall leave the country to my successor in as assured, or even more assured, peace than if I had resigned in February last.

You had good need to wish me well over these closing months. The work since I returned has been such as I have never had before. The current work is greatly increased since last year, especially in the Department of

Public Works, and it will continue to increase in all departments every year.

I am glad you have seen the Oude minute, and that you like it. No symptoms of any order have reached me yet. Indeed, by last mail neither the President nor the Chairman have written to me at all. I understand that their *modus operandi* is to be more direct — that they mean to *force* the King to form a new treaty or to assume the government of his country. This is all very well for the home authorities to order, but it was not for me to suggest it. My duty was to propose the best course which was open for our adoption in accordance with international law, and which would be least assailable by critics and opponents. The course proposed by the court is not warranted by international law. It would be either conquest or usurpation of the powers of Government by force of arms. If the home authorities choose to face the criticism which such a policy would excite, I am very willing to execute the policy. But it was not for *me*, their servant, to propose it.

You say truly that a sensible man will execute his orders though he does not quite like them. I will do so, provided they do not prescribe a half-and-half policy and aim at an inadequate result. If they do, I will either set aside their orders and do it as I think best, or I will decline to attach my name to the measure. Every day is showing now that, with the exception of one small and noisy section, the public are quite ready for the measure in England. In India they are clamorous for it. Even 'The Edinburgh Review' in as many words says, "Take Oude." What folly and feebleness, then, would it be to take half measures! The court will not propose to do so; but I do not feel equally confident of the sense and courage of the Cabinet.

If our army is ever to become what it ought to be, it must be taken in hand by some one with power which no one can resist, and who will be content to labour for results thirty years hence, and to sow seed which he may never see reaped. The thing is to be done; but it can only be done with the full previous consent of the nation,

and there will be needed for the task money, time, temper, and dogged determination.

We are all very quiet in the North-West. Dost Mahomed, when he last wrote, was apparently about to take possession of Candahar without any opposition. There has been a revolution at Herat, it appears, and the city has been taken, but not by the Persians. It has been seized by a Suddozye—one of the family which formerly held it, and which was expelled from the throne of Cabul by the Baruckzyes—that is, the family of Dost Mahomed. The Dost intimates pretty plainly in his letter that he means to go on and have a shy at Herat himself.

Jung Bahadur in Nepal is in a scrape. The Thibetans refuse the terms of peace which he offers. They have renewed hostilities, and have retaken the hill forts which the Ghoorkas captured last campaign; and it is said that the Chinese are sending a large force. The Jung will not find it easy to make his way out of all this, and the unpopularity which it will bring down upon him.

BARRACKPORE, *January 13th*, 1856.

OUDE, of course, is uppermost in our boiling-pot at present. Having got the concurrence of the Council to certain general opinions and principles, as I stated to you by last mail, I drafted the treaty, and on Friday we discussed it sentence by sentence. I had expected much opposition, and was therefore agreeably surprised by obtaining an easy assent to every article. All four members of Council in their minutes recorded different views. All have come to a unanimous conclusion now. By giving in a little myself they have given in too, and we have arrived at an agreement in which we are all cordial and one. This is the effect of doing the work by personal discussion in Council. Had we proceeded by way of minutes, I doubt whether we should ever have come to a unanimous decision at all; while *any* decision

would probably have cost us eight weeks instead of eight days.

General Outram has been staying with me. He croaks a good deal, doubting whether the King will accept the treaty, and whether we shall not be obliged to have recourse to arms after all. This surprised me, until I recollected that heroes have indigestions like other people; and I hope that when he comes out of the doctor's hands, in which he now is, he will take a more cheerful view of our prospects. It is impossible to foretell what the King of Oude or any other native prince will really do in such a case, but there seems to me every probability that he must, and will, yield speedily. It is, of course, rather an anxious and responsible position in which I stand just now; but I know the cause just and my own motives pure, and I look, therefore, with confidence for the blessing which we need not fear to ask.

You are in some sort interested in the success of the policy, for it is my intention to appoint George to be Secretary to the Chief Commissioner when General Outram becomes so. It will be a very laborious and important office, and will have a salary of 2000 Rs. a-month—£2400 a-year. I need not say that no amount of goodwill towards him or you would have induced me to put him into this post unless I had believed him to be thoroughly fit for it.

Halliday writes to me from the Sonthal country. He tells me that the Sonthal prisoners suffer much from confinement and prison fare. With a view to improve it the Sonthals themselves were asked, and replied that what they considered a *generous* diet was tiger's flesh! and two particular kinds of snakes!

January 20th.

During this last week we have all been tinkering at Oude. The instructions to Outram, the letter to the King, and the proclamations have been finished,—the Council agreed to them all on Friday. The latter have been translated, and in two or three days all will be ready. The principle of the transaction is exceedingly simple. Either the King must give us the administration or we shall take it. I think

he *will* give; if not, we certainly shall take. At present the court of Lucknow maintains a rigid silence and studied indifference to the British officers there, although they must know that there is something serious in the wind. Indeed it is rumoured all over Oude, and the people are in great excitement, it is said, on the subject, and not unfavourably. Outram is anxious and desponding as to the success of the negotiations still, which surprises me.

23rd.

General Outram goes off to Lucknow to-night, with his treaty and alternative proclamation in his pocket. God speed him.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *January 6th*, 1856.

THE bickering of Halliday and the Council *has* given me a great deal of trouble, for they have reserved nearly every case for final orders from me on my return. The position of sitting in judgment on my colleagues, as well as on the Lieut.-Governor, is invidious. Both were wrong, but the Lieut.-Governor most so, and on New Year's Day, in writing him a friendly letter of the season, I took occasion to give him good advice, which he has received well, and I hope will profit by. He has so managed that I believe he has not in all Bengal a single influential friend but myself. I stand by him, for I don't like to see a fellow run down, and although I condemn him for the fault he committed in Courtenay's business, I do not feel, as other gentlemen seem to do, so impeccable as to think myself entitled to stone him or even to desert him.

Your wishes touching the Sonthals have been accomplished. A general order was issued last week breaking up the Field Force and declaring the rebellion at an end. Two regiments of Infantry and a regiment of Cavalry are to be kept near them, and a police corps is to be raised. The country has been put under a special government, and means taken to correct the evils we have discovered. The two last leaders of any note were captured last week. Great numbers have been killed; many more will be banished. Their sufferings will not end there, for they have sown no

crop, and they are already beginning to starve. Roads, &c., will at once be commenced everywhere within the country, so as at once to open it up and to employ these poor starving wretches.

I see a zealous staff officer writing in defence of Sir Colin Campbell. When he says that Sir C. C. resigned his command because he would not allow a G.-G. agent to dictate to him "how to fight," he makes a grave misstatement. Sir C. C. did not resign because the G.-G. agent usurped his functions; he resigned because he was rebuked for himself usurping the functions of the G.-G. agent. He did not resign because Mackeson dictated to him how to fight; he resigned because I would not allow him to decide whether hostilities should be commenced or not, or to refuse to move his troops on the ground that *he* did not think hostilities expedient, though the political officer had told him they were, and called upon him to commence them.

Contrary to my expectations, the orders regarding Oude came to me by last mail, two months later than the time by which I wished and asked to have them. The despatch, after see-sawing a good deal, ends by giving me *carte blanche*. I received the despatch on Wednesday night—I resolved at once to act—had a council on Friday, and issued all the orders for the assembly of troops yesterday. I do not anticipate any resistance, but it is a necessary precaution to be prepared for such an event. We shall offer him a treaty, and if he refuses it, swallow him. It will be sharp work for seven weeks, with everything else to be done besides; but it must be done somehow.

I have just received a letter from Dost Mahomed in which he announces that he has possession of Candahar—that money has been coined, and prayers read in his name, and that he is lord of all. He hints significantly at Herat, and affects to say that he shall be guided by our advice in what he shall do. This advice I am not empowered to give him—or I should certainly bid him go in and win. In the meantime his possession of Candahar extends our treaty over that province, and renders our frontier completely secure, under the cover of treaties, from the Snowy Moun-

tains to the sea. When I say it renders our frontier secure, of course I only mean that it interposes a barrier between us and any aggression from beyond. The incursions of the wild hill tribes themselves are little affected by any treaty between greater powers. I am now so dead lame I am not able to sit at table with the world, but am obliged to lie upon a sofa. Even this physical necessity adds to the toil of my work.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *January 26th*, 1856.

MARTIAL law might, perhaps, have better been proclaimed in the Sonthal country, because so much has been made of its not having been proclaimed; but, practically, it would have availed nothing. *I* had nothing to do with the whole business, and was never referred to.

February 3rd.

On Monday evening, 28th January, at 9.30 P.M., I received the following message: "Bombay, 28th Jany., 6.30 P.M., Lord Canning landed." So there was my notice to quit come at last! and by quick travelling too—1600 miles in three hours. It gives me a queer feeling. However, matters go on as if he were *non avenu*.

On the 30th Outram arrived at Lucknow, and at once communicated to the Minister. The Minister professed to be much surprised and distressed. He protested against the advance of troops as quite unnecessary. Next day he explained fully all details and requested an early audience of the King. In the meantime the Queen-mother begged an interview. The old Begum is a very sensible, respectable lady, possessing a good deal of influence over her son, and always using it well, which can by no means be said of royal ladies generally, and especially not of royal ladies at Lucknow. My message this morning reported that nothing particular came of that interview, and that all was quiet in Lucknow up to last night. Outram says that the city is as usual, and that the people show their ordinary demeanour. So far all goes smoothly; and I *may* be able to tell you the result before the mail is made up on the 8th.

6th February.

The King of Oude is submissive in manner and tone, but will not say whether he will sign a treaty or not. To-morrow "time is up," and before the mail closes on the following day I hope to be able to tell you the final issue. You will see exaggerated statements in the newspapers about the Sonthals. They *have* broken into crime and outrage in one or two places, but these I believe to be only the grumblings of the storm passing away, and results of a *starvation* which must lead to outrage. But there is nothing to indicate a fresh rising.

February 8th.

A telegraphic message from Lucknow just received. The King has refused to sign the treaty offered to him. Accordingly the Government of India has assumed the government of Oude. The King has issued a proclamation calling on all his subjects to render obedience to the British Government. So our gracious Queen has 5,000,000 more subjects and £1,300,000 more revenue than she had yesterday. As a present object it would have been better that a treaty had been signed, for an amicable agreement would have looked best. But as regards the future it is much better as it is. We shall have to bear a much less heavy charge, and we are entirely free prospectively.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *February 16th*, 1856.

As the day of departure draws nearer, and as unexpected papers drop in, the work has become worse than ever. I shall draw down your anger, but I must admit, nevertheless, that I have been working for some days past from six in the morning till ten at night with very little intermission. It will pacify you to know that my head has not suffered from it at all, and that to-night I have very nearly a clear file.

Enclosed you will find a copy of the Oude Proclamation.

Here, so far as I can see, the annexation makes little more stir than the probate of a will for £1500 would make in Doctors' Commons. As yet everything has been perfectly quiet.

Canning reached Madras on the 14th. I sometimes feel, when I see his movements and doings chronicled in the journals, as if the old days of the "Interlopers"[1] were returning, and find my fingers itching to sign a warrant for his deportation.

19th.

Everything is going on with the most complete and satisfactory smoothness in Oude. As yet not a shot has been fired—except by mistake. Some of the King's troops had seized their officers for arrears of pay. Outram sent orders to some troops of ours to "open communications" with the mutineers in order to get possession of the captured officers. The troops opened communication with the mutineers *au pied de la lettre*, in a military view, by *opening* fire upon them, whereby some of the mutineers are said to have been killed, which procured the speedy surrender of the hostage officers. The mistake was in the right direction, and did anything but harm. As I anticipated, Outram's nervousness all evaporated when he entered on the scene and drew near the time of action. They all describe him as quite changed—calm, but fierce as a lion. Already the letters which are received show that he has at once established that remarkable influence over the goodwill and ready service of his officers which has always characterised his relations with those subordinate to him. On his part he writes to me in great delight with the prompt and cheerful acquiescence of Civil officers, ordered off into the jungles just as they had arrived from a long dak journey, without kit, without servants, and with the prospect of depending entirely on the villages for food and shelter at the first. It is a fine service,—no wonder it creates great results.

[1] Merchant adventurers, first licensed by Charles I. to trade with India in violation of the Charter of the E.I.C.

ON BOARD THE YACHT "SOONA MOOKEE" ON THE HOOGHLY, *March 6th*, 1856.

"OPUS EXEGI"—my work is done. I have laid down my sceptre, and taking leave of those over whom I ruled, have departed. This evening I embarked, and to-morrow shall get to sea. I must leave this behind me in the morning for the mail; but I am so exhausted with fatigue, agitation, and pain, that I can write a very little only.

'The Friend of India' said some months ago that I was not personally popular. I don't know; but if I am not, never were so many tears shed over the departure of an unpopular man as have been wiped away by bearded men within this week. We had a sad leave-taking in the Council on Thursday, and it was not much better in the Legislative Council on Friday. The deputation which brought me up the address from the community were unmistakably sorry. And I myself was miserable. To-day at the Government House, and on the ghat where I embarked, there was silence like a funeral chamber. Half could not speak. I myself have been made wretched by such partings. Every bone in my body is now aching like a rack, and poor Sue has nearly cried her little heart out. Some time ago I could not have believed it possible that I should myself feel or be the subject of such sorrow. I say all this to you, though I would not say it to any other man. Some eyewitness alone can tell you what it has been for the last month. I am quite done; my leg is now giving me great pain, and has a frightful wound in it. The worst of it all is that my face looks well rather than ill.

H.C.S. "FEROOZ," *March 12th*, 1856.

I HAVE left India without receiving one word of thanks or civility from the Court of Directors or from H.M. Govern ment. For two mails before I ceased to be G.-G. the Chairman did not write to me at all. For one mail I received no letter from the President of the Board of Control. After I ceased to be G.-G. I had letters from

each, but not a civil word from either. They have never answered my application for a few honours for those who have served under me. They have told me no more of a ship to carry me, and I know not whether I shall find one at Alexandria. If it be the *Caradoc*, it is the first time a Governor-General was put off with a packet of 600 tons. Altogether, I feel that I have been treated most ungraciously and discourteously, after such services as mine, and though I say nothing except to you, and such as you, I feel and resent it deeply. One person has treated me with honour and consideration, now as ever—the Sovereign I serve. That, too, I feel deeply.

H.C.S. "FEROOZ" AT SEA, *23rd March* 1856.

IF I *could* take the War Department, I *would* only take it on terms which I fancy would not be conceded—at all events at present. They will be wrung from the powers that be some day. You will find me (I have a notion) a curious compound of despot and radical. In truth, I would be a despot for many radical changes, but not in the conventional sense of that "root and branch" designation.

March 30th.

My cabin is on the quarter-deck, as far aft as it can be put, so that when there is any sea I am on the very farthest end of a long see-saw. However, I was not at all sick, and went on with the minute. By the way, if you see any of the India House people, don't say anything about my writing the minute *here*, for although I have the consent of my colleagues, this giving of a *post mortem* minute is rather irregular.

March 31st.

Rest house in the desert. My late letters will have given you assurance that I have escaped, thank God, the risks I ran, and *must have run*, even if I had *known* death before me. I know very well that my life has been shortened by many years. Every public man's life is, as a general rule.

CAIRO, *April 2na.*

YESTERDAY we arrived here. The journey across the desert was easily and rapidly made, and even if we had not divided it, would have been for any one in health an easy day's drive. As it is, I have been much tired. My leg is again tormenting me with pain. I have bad nights, and am disgustingly helpless.

CAIRO, *4th April* 1856.

I WRITE once more to say that I have seen the Captain of the *Caradoc*. I am deeply and justly dissatisfied that the Government should have sent me a Holyhead ferryboat to bring me back from an eight years' government of the Indian Empire.

MALTA, *12th April.*

THE *Caradoc* has proved to be worse even than I expected. She is very small—600 tons—very violent, excessively wet, and so utterly comfortless from these causes, and so unfitted for the purpose for which she was allotted, that I have just cause to resent the want of consideration which H.M. Government have shown to me in sending such a cockboat to bring me home from the government of their Indian Empire. She can only carry four days' coal. She therefore cannot make Portsmouth at all from Gibraltar, and if the weather is bad she could not even make Plymouth. We met heavy weather on the way from Alexandria, and were most wretched, arriving with all our forward bulwarks stove in. In my lame state, to go round from Gibraltar in such a thing was out of the question. I told my old friend Houstoun Stewart my opinion very plainly, and he has to-day given me the *Tribune*, a frigate with an auxiliary screw, which will take me round to Portsmouth.

MALTA, *April 20th*, 1856.

THE *Tribune* has now been fitted; and true to the nautical Book of Proverbs, which says that Sunday sails never fails, they have put me off until to-day. After service we go on board, and shall get to sea to-night. I have written to Sir C. Wood, making no personal complaint, but representing on behalf of the great office I have held so long, that the selection of a Holyhead packet-boat to convey a Governor-General to England neither shows the consideration which is due to his high official rank, nor maintains him and the Government he serves in the position they ought to hold in the eyes of the foreign state—Egypt—through which he passes. Had Lord Canning taken a proper tone at first all this would have been avoided. The *Tribune* is now most comfortable, and I hope I may gain some improvement in her.

H.M.S. "TRIBUNE," CAGLIARI,
April 24th, 1856.

WE left Malta on 20th in this ship, towed by the *Furious*, which Sir H. Stewart insisted on sending to do us that service. On Monday it was fine, but on the two next days it blew so hard, and so dead in our teeth, that neither ship could make anything of it. Accordingly they bore up for this harbour, where we have been sheltered since last night. The accommodation made for us in this ship is excellent, and everything most comfortable, and everybody most kind. There is a large hatchway by my cabin door, up and down which they hoist me, so that I get on deck every day. I continue unaccountably weak, and as lame as possible.

GIBRALTAR, *May 3rd*, 1856.

YOU have heard of us up to Cagliari on the 24th April. On leaving it we had a fair wind for eight hours. It then went due west, and freshened into a gale, with very heavy sea, which forced us to lie to for twenty-four hours, under

close-reefed topsails, rolling very heavily. The same sort of weather, less in degree, has met us all the way—the weather overhead bright and beautiful all the way. To-day we coal, and to-morrow sail, after service.

I have just learnt from the newspaper that the court have settled £5000 a-year on me. The court is very bountiful, and I am grateful. Will their vote be confirmed? Inshallah.

DOLPHIN HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON,
May 25th, 1856.

OF the proclamations, &c., I can only say two things—

1. I disapprove entirely of the general confiscation of lands in Oude.

2. L—— lied, and knew he did, when he represented the Punjab as a parallel case. The lands of the Punjabees were not forfeited,—the lands only of leading rebels were. Is there no difference between the wholesale confiscation of all the lands of an entire province and the forfeiture of the lands of conspicuous rebels only? If Lord Canning had done the latter, nobody could or would have said a word.

I forgot whether I told you that General Cubbon has got his K.C.B. I am now going to fight for O'Shaughnessy [Director-Gen. of Telegraphs] and Stephenson [built first railway]. General ——'s son-in-law writes to me to get a baronetcy for him! Others want the Bath, promotion, cadetships, &c., &c. All want something impracticable; and most of them ask because I have done so much for them already.

EDINBURGH, *June 18th*, 1856.

YOUR letter of 17th and 'The Saturday Review' arrived together this morning, we having arrived yesterday evening about nine o'clock. The journey was made easily enough in the separate carriage which had been reserved for me on both days. I was tired with the rattle and shaking, and the leg is a little puffed, but nothing out of the way.

The sight of so many familiar places recalled past times

and created very mixed feelings. Pride in the richness and superiority of our beautiful Lothians was in one's heart all the time. I never saw the country look so beautiful, or give such rich promise. I now write from the very room from forth of which I stepped nearly fifteen years ago to seek in England the political career which, thus far, the Almighty has bountifully prospered. For good and for ill—for rejoicing and for sadness—the return furnishes many points of contrast to the outset.

June 28th, 1856.

They are going to vote me the freedom of the city here. My father before me got it in 1814, after the Pyrenees, at the same time with Sir W. Scott. I am not sure, by the bye, that you were not present.

ARROCHAR, *September 8th*, 1856.

I HAVE passed a miserable month—tormented by tic in my head, sleep gone, appetite gone, weak, low, and unfit for everything. The weather has been horrible until we came to this place on Loch Long. Since then it has been at least variable, and the sea air has given me some relief. During the last two days this gnawing devil in my head has somewhat abated. My leg has not retrograded; all else has. To increase my enjoyment in the middle of all this, everybody says, "How well you look." I could cut their throats with pleasure.

EDINBURGH, *October 16th*, 1856.

YESTERDAY evening I saw the Queen, and very happy indeed it made me to see her once more. H.M. received with all, and more than all, her former kindness. When she came into the room she held out her hand; and when I had knelt and kissed, she gave my hand a little shake, which pleased me very much from being unexpected. Nothing could be more gracious than her manner, or kinder than the method of her reception altogether. She kept me for half an hour and then departed.

Nothing could be more kind and cordial than the manner of the Prince. He came in a minute or two before the Queen, and was most friendly.

YESTER, *November 17th*, 1856.

I HAVE not seen the article in 'The New Quarterly' which has so disturbed you, and after your description of it I shall certainly not send for it; for I think Sir Walter's maxim was a good one, when he refused to read adverse and ill-natured criticisms, on the ground that there was no sense in reading what would give you pain, when there was no necessity for doing so, and nothing to be gained thereby.

I am sorry to hear that Coverley Jackson is making Oude uncomfortable, but not at all surprised. I have said before that I would not have appointed him. If Outram's health fails again, which I should much fear is likely, it will be difficult for the Government to avoid making Jackson the permanent Commissioner.

7 AINSLIE PLACE, EDINBURGH,
December 25th, 1856.

EVEN if we had the chance, I am afraid I could not give you much light about Persia and the expedition to it. I do not know what the Government propose, or by whose advice they act. As Sir John M'Neill knows more about Persia than any one else, and as he is quite close at hand, I assume as a matter of course that Government have *not* consulted him. My belief is that they are playing the game of brag. If their brag fail, as is very possible, my opinion is that they will be in the devil of a mess.

EDINBURGH, *January 5th*, 1857.

THE writer to whom you refer is quite right in recording that I took a 4th class at Oxford. But if he means by that statement that I tried for honours, and almost wholly

failed, he exhibits either malignity or great ignorance. The 4th class in my time—and, I believe, still—includes, not men who have gone up for honours and have all but failed, but men who have gone up for a simple pass and have distinguished themselves in that examination. When a man goes up for honours he is obliged to give in his name for honours, and if he does not do so he is not allowed to try for honours. If he goes up for a simple pass he gives no such notice. I was reading for honours in 1830 and 1831. During a year in 1832 and 1833 I was away from College in consequence of my brother's illness, and consequently I was obliged to give up reading for honours. In November 1833 I went up for a simple pass. At my examination the examiners paid me the high compliment of inviting me in the schools to go in for honours, although I had not given notice of any intention to do so. This I declined, and accordingly my name appeared in the 4th class, which simply signified that I had taken a good pass, —all, in short, I wished or proposed to do.

EDINBURGH, *March 22nd*, 1857.

BY the way in which Edmonstone speaks of Jackson one would think he had not advised the appointment, but he has never disclaimed it. He certainly does not advise the appointment of Sir H. Lawrence, and if it be made it will be a bad appointment. Sir H. Lawrence was at the head of the Punjab Government, but that was because I found him Resident and could not help making him the head of the new Government. But I would not make him sole head. Well aware as I was of the innate evils of a Board, I created a Board rather than have what I considered the greater evil of a sole authority rested in Sir H. L. And as soon as he gave me an opening (which, by the way, he never meant me to avail myself of) I moved him to Rajpootana.

Men write very cautiously; but, between you and me, I see that though everybody likes, and has a kind word for Canning, they don't think him a strong G.-G. My guess

is that Elgin will make a treaty, better or worse, with China, and that Canning will make way for him thereafter in India.

EDINBURGH, *May 5th*, 1857.

YOU have rightly guessed my feelings and wishes as to Sir W. Napier's book. I have not read it, and I do not mean to read it unless some stronger reasons than I have yet heard are given to persuade me to a perusal of it. Mr Kaye will find in the short minute, which was prefixed to my publication of the controversy with Sir C. Napier in India, that I said openly to the world, what I have often said to you, that I would never notice Sir C. Napier's slanders otherwise than by that official publication.

May 28th, 1857.

I RECEIVED the portion of 'The Saturday Review' which you left. Both that review, and 'The Times,' on Sir W. Napier's book, were obviously less fully informed than they had the means of being. Their articles, however, do not afford me any cause for complaint, as neither of them pretend to maintain that Sir C. N. was not in the wrong; and neither of them accept as trustworthy his assertions regarding the provocation he alleges on my part. Both of these able journals seem to me strangely misled in rating Sir C. N. as a *great* man. I don't think my judgment is warped by prejudice, or by any general considerations connected with our conflict; but, at anyrate, my judgment is that, with many great qualifications, which in different combination might have made him what 'The Times' and 'Review' have styled him, Sir C. N. stopped far short of *greatness* in every part of his career.

CLARIDGE'S, *2nd June* 1857.

I RETURN Jem's letter. I agree with him about the European officers. The paucity of them, though a great

evil, does not seem to me to form any cause for the disaffection. For the rest, I do not agree with him. He suggests no other reason, and I conceive that the reason alleged—viz., the new cartridges—is enough to account for what has happened, senseless as it may appear to Europeans. The religious jealousy of those people—Hindoos especially—is ever alive, and of late the course of legislation, and some acts of administration, though quite proper in themselves, have been calculated to arouse that jealousy to greater keenness than usual. The cartridges, coming on the back of these acts, were enough to fire the train. The Indian public, civil and military, is much given to panics, so that floating rumours deserve little attention. Canning and his Government appear to be firm and cool, and that will suffice to meet the exigencies of the occasion.

MALVERN WELLS,
14th July 1857.

THE news from India seems to me to be as favourable as the preceding mail entitled us to expect, always excepting the death of poor George Anson, which I sincerely deplore. The appointment of Sir Colin Campbell to India is good, if we are eternally doomed to a royal officer under all conceivable circumstances. But H.M. Government would have done better and wiser if they had confirmed the temporary selection of their own Governor-General, who has undoubtedly picked out the very best man living [Sir P. Grant] to be at the head of the Bengal Army at this juncture. By so doing they would have added moral weight to their G.-G.; they would have got (as I have said) the fittest man living for their purpose, and they would have had him on the spot.

MALVERN WELLS,
July 15th, 1857.

LORD CANNING'S order about Lucknow is very poor, and quite unlike the rest of his proceedings, which, according to the Chairman and 'The Overland Hurkaru,' are all

that could be desired. In the leading article of the 'Hurkaru' you will see that Lord C. was expected to correct "the mischievous policy of his predecessor." I do not know what that means. If you hear anything said which gives a clew to it by ascribing blame to me, out of which this mutiny could have sprung, I should be much obliged to you to repeat it to me.

MALVERN WELLS,
July 17th, 1857.

I SEND you a letter from Edmonstone which reached me this morning. It describes a state of matters which would make it foolhardiness not to feel anxious. But no one need feel desponding. The prompt arrival of European troops already come would, I hope and believe, stop the progress of the disaffection and confirm the wavering in the North-West.

MALVERN WELLS,
July 21st, 1857.

MR SHEPHERD has always opposed all annexation, and was, I believe, one—if not the only one—of the directors who opposed the annexation of Oude. The argument on which he rests has been used by others. To me it has always seemed rotten to the core. I never advised annexing any principality unless it lapsed naturally for want of heirs, or was forfeited by misconduct. But when a principality does so fall to our disposal, it does seem to me cruel to hand over its inhabitants to be squeezed and skinned by a native despot, merely that our own subjects may be able to compare their own lot favourably with that of those whom we have abandoned to squeezing and skinning, when we might have rescued them from such a fate. Shepherd also objected to my proposal regarding Delhi. He knows very well that I did not propose to abolish the title at once, but only when the old King died,—and he is alive still. If I referred to my proposal, it was not for the purpose of asserting that present events were at all influenced by it

one way or other, but merely as a proof to those who thought my notion of the danger of perpetuating the Delhi dynasty altogether visionary, that my views were not unsubstantial, but only too well founded. Even if the title had been abolished on the spot, the Mussulmans would not have cared two straws about the family, though they use it now when they find it convenient to their hand. The chairman [Ross Mangles] wrote to me on their proposal to appoint a committee of enquiry here into the causes of the mutiny. I pointed out that such an act—anticipating and superseding the action of the G.-G. in the matter—would be destructive of his authority and most unjust to him. And, to my great surprise, my views prevailed.

MALVERN WELLS,
July 22nd, 1857.

I DO not think that the criticism which censures Anson for not getting his siege-artillery from Agra is sound. It may have been—I think it was—an error to wait for siege-artillery at all on this occasion. But if it were to be used, I don't think it was an error to get it from Phillour. Agra is at less distance; but distance was not the only consideration. How was he to bring it from Agra in safety? The sepoys could not be trusted to escort it, and there were no Europeans to employ on that duty. The men at Lucknow and Agra were all required at those places, and there were none elsewhere. Moreover, when he had got it to Delhi, it would have been on the wrong side of the Jumna. Phillour was behind him—safe—commanded by European force, and on the right bank of Jumna.

EDINBURGH, *August 17th*, 1857.

THE Government has got into great disgrace by legislating against the European Press, and still more by giving an Imperial warning to 'The Friend.' I think they have made a great blunder. There was in present circumstances as

wide a difference between the European and the native Press as there was between the European and the native troops; and the difference should have been recognised. It is a pity that Lord Canning should have thrown away the moral support which he derived from the good word of his countrymen at such a time of difficulty.

EDINBURGH, *August 25th*, 1857.

BY the "slaughter of Europeans at Cawnpore," I am disposed to understand not General Wheler and those who were *intrenched* at Cawnpore, but the 130 who were said before to have escaped from Futtehgurh, and to have been massacred by the Nana Sahib near Cawnpore. If so, Havelock will have joined Wheler at Cawnpore, and they, with Colonel Neill, who preceded Havelock, will have probably been able to relieve Lucknow. I heartily hope and pray my conjecture may be verified by the event. As to Delhi, I humbly think you overrate the difficulty, though it is bad enough. They cannot have unlimited supply of arms and ammunition. Lieut. Willoughby blew up the magazine *in* the arsenal which is in the city. The principal powder-magazine is outside the city, and is now in our hands. All the powder, therefore, that the insurgents have is that which was in the outer magazine. Thus their supply has limits. In like manner the supply of arms cannot be very large, because in my own time Delhi was reduced to a second-class magazine. Lastly, I hope and believe the supply of copper caps—without which the arms are useless, and which the natives cannot make—is by no means large. As regards supplies of food, our troops close the Western districts to them, and I doubt whether the Eastern villagers will readily bring supplies for which they will not be paid, and for supplying which they will expect we shall punish them. Thus there seems to me to be narrow limits to the supply both of arms, ammunition, and food, notwithstanding the position the insurgents hold. The Palace cannot be invested at present. One side of it rests on the Jumna, which is now in flood; the other side

of it is in the city, and separated from the main street, which is broad, by a good ditch. If, however, we make our way into the town, the Palace will not prove any great obstacle. If the town were once ours, I conceive that the neck of the rising would be broken. If the insurgents try to hold the streets and houses our people would set fire to them, and they will burn fast. If they evacuate the town I do not think they can hold together. The natives fear movements in the rains even more than we do. They have no tents, no carriage for ammunition, and the villagers certainly will not give it to them. They can have no money, for all they have plundered will go but a little way with a large body of troops. I conclude, therefore, that, once driven out of Delhi, they will become rather a banditti than an army. As banditti they will be mischievous and murderous enough; but they will be less formidable by far than they seem to be, and will be, until Delhi is taken from them. Above all, their defeat will greatly weaken the chance of insurrection among the people, and of mutiny in the other two armies, which protracted defence at Delhi must tend to create. But the "hope deferred" at Delhi "makes the heart sick" here in England.

EDINBURGH, *September* 1*st*, 1857.

IT is only to-day that I have received any letter from Calcutta by this mail, and even this one is only from a bystander. Such as it is, however, I send it to you, and I should have done so in any case, and whatever might have been its contents; but I do so the more readily that you will see it alludes to a letter from Major Banks, written after the death of Lawrence, in which he says they can hold out for *six weeks* in the Residency—an antidote to the gloomy rumour sent by Jem, and which he had better not have sent to sadden you unnecessarily.[1] I do not commit the folly of attempting to deny or conceal the danger of Lucknow—least of all to you and Lady Couper, who have stout hearts, stayed by courage, and by the better supports

[1] George Couper was in the Residency with his wife and child.

of trust in the arm which is mighty to save. But though admitting all the danger, I do in my heart believe there is every reason for confidence in the sufficiency of Havelock's force to relieve Lucknow, and in his capacity to do so long before the period which is named by Banks. So be of good cheer, and believe that all is well with your children at the hour at which we are writing of them. The Indian tidings haunt me day and night, and harass me in sleep which no difficulties or responsibilities or dangers in my own eight years were ever able to do. I know I could do nothing to prevent or to remedy all these miseries even if I were in health, but it depresses me to feel myself rotting, and likely to rot on, in inaction and uselessness.

EDINBURGH, *September 4th*, 1857.

I BELIEVE the statement as to the Nepal troops to be quite true. Arthur Hay [Lord A.] writes from London yesterday this: "The Rajah of Nepal has sent a force of 4000 men from Katmandu to assist us at Lucknow. The brother of a high civilian at Goruckpore told me this last night. His brother had written it to him. Jung Bahadur, the Nepal man, had previously sent small bodies of Ghoorkas to the aid of some of our frontier stations, and the civilian who writes says that 'he has 200 Nepalese with him.'" I think this is quite authentic and comforting. I *know* that the G.-G. had accepted the offer of the Rajah some time ago, but I did not know in what direction the troops were to be sent. They are Ghoorkas, and against the Oude sepoys may confidently be expected to fight like devils. Altogether I think these successive facts are cheering. God only knows whether the Madras and Bombay armies will stand by us. Having stood so long, and from the nature of the service, I myself think that they will now stand.

My plans are, to remain in Scotland until the end of September if the weather should continue bearable; then go to London, and on 18th October to Southampton, there to embark for Malta.

any risk. Judging from present appearances, I anticipate much harassing work for the troops but no formidable hostilities. I think you will find that, *as an army*, our enemies will slip away "like snaw off a dyke."

Since we came I have lost our poor old dog Minna. Perhaps I should be ashamed to confess how much it has grieved me. But she was the favourite and companion of my poor wife — never left her during her life, and could hardly be persuaded to leave her when she died. There are few people left that I care for now, and I cared for this old dog more than for some even of that few. So if I make a fool of myself, there is some excuse.

MALTA, *November 9th*, 1857.

LORD LYONS has sent me the Indian news, and I give you joy, my dear Couper, and thank God with all my heart that Lucknow has at last been relieved. From the first I have had a firm conviction that God's mercy would so will it; and I rejoice with a joy hardly less than your own, though your stake in it was so far beyond mine.

MALTA, *November 17th*, 1857.

INDOPHILUS ['Edinburgh Review'], as you say, has exposed the Napier mania in a large degree, but not fully; and probably it never will be fully exposed. I am sure I never wish to open my lips again on the subject, if only I may be allowed to keep silence. Every day gives me a deeper disgust to public life and public service, past as well as future.

The report of differences between Lord C. and Sir Colin is everywhere denied. His Excellency would seem to be short in the temper; for an old friend writes that on one of H.E.'s staff asking the A.D.C. to go in to H.E. and ask for an interview, the reply was, "Oh, I daresay; I don't want to have a book thrown at my

MINNA

(From a Painting by Gourlay Steell, R.S.A.)

head! Go in yourself." Sir Colin is staying with Lord C. at Government House.

The Government at home seems well disposed to stand by the G.-G., and it is right that they should do so.

The loss of John Nicholson is a most heavy calamity. He was a born soldier, and lately has shown many signs of being that most rare creation—"*a born general.*" The loss of such an officer at thirty-three or thirty-four is a subject for public mourning. It gives me great pleasure that the honour of taking Delhi should have fallen to a Company's general, for they are in the mud just now.

MALTA, *November 25th*, 1857.

YOU will remember that I always expressed a conviction that Outram would not supersede Havelock. His conduct has been generous, chivalrous, radiant with true nobility, but only like himself. General Evans and Lord Hardinge cannot be put in comparison. General Evans was not capable of taking the command, and did not serve under his junior. Lord Hardinge's act sacrificed nothing, and was all clear gain to him. He held no superior military rank, for he was present in India only as the Civil Governor-General, and by serving under Gough in the field he parted with nothing of his power or dignity as G.-G. Outram was actually appointed to the command of the Cawnpore and Dinapore divisions, including Oude. He waived that military rank and served under his own Brigadier. Though General of Division and Chief Commissioner of Oude, he served under him as a simple trooper, and resigned to him all the public honour and all the exquisite personal pleasure of rescuing the glorious band at Lucknow. A more magnanimous act was never done.

MALTA, *December 2nd*, 1857.

IN your last letter you mentioned a story of Lady Canning regarding a proposal of visit to the King of Delhi by Lord

Ellenborough. It may be true, but I never before heard of it; and it is not likely to be true, because of what took place long before Lord Ellenborough's time. In early days the East India Company always recognised the King of Delhi as their sovereign, from whom they received the grant of the revenues of Bengal. Warren Hastings, when Governor-General, took his place in the howdah *behind* the King when they were seated on the elephant together; and even as late as my father's time high officers always presented a *nuzzur* in money to the King when they were presented to him. The Governor-General, however, gradually assumed his proper position. At last, when Lord Hastings was to visit the King at Delhi, he claimed equality so far as a chair on the same level with the King's chair was concerned. It was refused. The visit has never since been paid by a G.-G. When I was at Delhi in 1848 I did not visit him or go to the palace, or do more than exchange civil messages with him. All this assumption of superiority I proposed to put an end to at the present King's death. This was not done, because the court strongly objected. But I would not recognise the youth who was appointed heir-apparent until he had consented to abandon all these pretensions, and to treat the Governor-General in all respects as his equal. It is not probable, therefore, that Lord Ellenborough proposed to visit the King. The superiority which his Majesty claimed dates much farther back, though it never was carried so far as to refuse a chair to the G.-G.

Since I wrote to you I have read the fourth volume of Sir C. Napier's 'Life,' in which I am embalmed. At first I had resolved not to read it at all.

When the perusal was rendered necessary by public events, I postponed it, and postponed it, from repugnance to the task. It is now done, and I am surprised to see how little, comparatively, he tries to say against me (except in indefinite abuse), and comforted to find how easy of refutation every tangible thing that he has ventured to affirm will turn out to be. The only thing is that, if ever I do take the refutation in hand, the House of Lords will never have

patience to listen to me, even when dealing only with the leading points.

By the way, there is one point on which I want information, and on which I think it very probable that you can help me, as I think you used to keep all Sir C. Napier printed. You may recollect that when the militia was first revived (I think in 1852 or the spring of 1853) he wrote a letter on the subject. It was either a small pamphlet or, as I incline to believe, it was printed in 'The Times.' The letter was well enough; but in talking of war and national defence, he proposed as a measure which would always be available, the withdrawal of the Queen's troops from India. The fact was made use of by me as an argument for increasing the Company's European troops, which was done, and it is very significant as bearing upon the question of whether Sir Charles thought the Indian Empire endangered by the want of European troops or not. In his evidence before the Lords in 1853 he emphatically stated there were European troops enough, and the suggestion in the militia letter is still stronger evidence of his opinion.

MALTA, *December 10th*, 1857.

I HAVE seen a letter from Metcalf, a *ci-devant* A.D.C. of mine, now with Sir Colin Campbell. He was with him on his journey up; and though the matter is lightly alluded to, their escape was very narrow and their danger very imminent from the two companies of the mutinous 32nd into which they fell on the Trunk road. They had to bolt for dear life, Metcalf running the three last miles on foot in the sun! Had they been caught their murder was certain.

Jem's estimate of Nicholson is very just. He had a cold and abrupt and haughty manner, which made many dislike him; but it was only on the surface. And his qualities as a civil officer on the frontier were equal to his great qualities as a soldier. He is a grievous, grievous loss.

MALTA, *14th December* 1857.

YOU asked in your last letter, my dear Couper, who would succeed Canning temporarily if his health should fail. By law, in such an event, the senior *ordinary* member of Council, whether civilian or soldier, becomes G.-G., the Commander-in-Chief being always excluded. Frequently a provisional G.-G. has been named; and that has been done on this occasion. Sir Henry Lawrence first held the provisional commission, though I suppose it never reached him, and subsequently Sir John Lawrence has held it. This was told to me by a Cabinet Minister, and is therefore secret. It was a very judicious nomination under present circumstances.

Lord Wellesley corrected, and polished, and re-wrote his despatches as you describe Mr Canning doing. Sir C. Napier, too, did so; and those of his orders, &c., which seem most off-hand and slap-dash were the most corrected and elaborated of all. I felt I had no time to do so, and corrected no further than was requisite for clearness. I don't believe I made twenty complete drafts in all the eight years I was in India. There is, I believe, not a single minute which is not substantially in my own handwriting, and they are now on the records just as they left my desk. I don't affect to despise the graces of style, or to deprecate corrections of it, or of phraseology, if there be time. But if when the alternative is to correct and leave much business undone, or to send forth despatches, &c., imperfect as literary compositions, but promptly, no man should hesitate to adopt the latter. Lord Wellesley chose the former, and the consequence was that all his ordinary business was done irregularly by others or never done at all. The Duke told me so himself.

MALTA, *December 30th*, 1857.

MY letters by the Calcutta mail contain only one notable fact not mentioned in public, which is that Lord Canning had formed the sudden resolution of starting for the Upper Provinces, and was to set off in four days. There is no

doubt of the fact, for Grant learnt it from Dr Leckie, who was warned to accompany the G.-G.; but what the real object of the journey was, what its real motive, where its terminus was to be, and how it was to be performed, were all secrets apparently confined to the G.-G.'s own breast. Lord C. may have the knowledge of some overwhelming necessity for this journey; but unless it be overwhelming, it would seem to be a pity to add anxiety for his personal security to the risks which are still to be provided against in the Upper Provinces. I have often thought how much the perplexities of this last summer would have been aggravated if it had chanced that the G.-G. had been on the usual visit to Simla when the mutiny broke out,—in which case he would have been in great danger, or at best would have been reduced to a nullity, like Colvin at Agra, and the whole burden of remedial measures would have fallen on the Council left behind at Calcutta. That danger happily escaped, there would need to be some very good reason for incurring it now in any shape or degree.

MALTA, *January 6th*, 1858.

IF Sir J. Login means that the non-publication of the disallowance of the Treaty of 1837 is a "weak point," as showing blundering and want of wisdom in the authorities of that day, he is right. If he means that its non-publication weakened our case for taking Oude in 1856, he is wrong. The Treaty of 1837 authorised us to take Oude under our Government. What mattered it to king or people, when we took it in 1856, whether we took it by the Treaty of 1837 or by the strong hand? Nothing. If it be said that the occupation contemplated in the Treaty of 1837 was a temporary one, I answer that it was not limited, and consequently that if we once assumed the government it would never be restored on this side of time. Whether we assumed the government in 1856 by virtue of the Treaty of 1837 or by virtue of our will, every human being knew the assumption would be permanent. It was therefore of no

moment whether the Oude people believed the Treaty of 1837 was in force or not, for in any case the result was the same—viz., the assumption of the government by us.

Captain Egerton has a good story of Captain Peel's naval brigade in India. In one of his affairs he saw a body of men coming down on the left front of the troops near him, who were not aware of them, and he sent his coxwain, who was acting as his A.D.C., to warn the officer of what was coming. The coxwain, running up, delivered his message thus: "Please, sir, the captain bids me tell you that there is an enemy on your port bow, and that if you don't port your helm hard-a-starboard directly they'll be into you before you know it." The soldier-officer luckily could interpret this nautical version of his position.

MALTA, *January 7th*, 1858.

THE passion for hawking is quite Sikh. They keep numbers of them, not for herons and such game, but for miserable quail and chicore, and the little hares, like starved cats, which they find in the plains. I went out once to see the sport and never would go again.

Duleep has long declaredly wished to get rid of Login. Sir John came to me at Arrochar in 1856 by way of consulting me. I told him plainly that, of course, the lad would wish to get rid of him whom he had regarded as a master ever since he was nine years old, and that he had much better fix a term for dissolving their connection amicably. He told me that he had quite made up his mind to it—that he would go to Italy with the Maharajah in 1856, return to India with him in 1857, and then retire,—and he consulted me as to some subsequent employment for himself in the Company's service. Since that time I have heard no more.

The Maharajah has no right whatever, by treaty, to any increase of income. But when I left India I advised that when he was of age, and returned to reside in India, his stipend should be raised from £12,000 to £25,000 a-year. If he prefers to live in England, he can only live there as a

private gentleman, and will have no right to expect the stipend above mentioned, which was calculated for the maintenance of the state of a prince—a deposed prince, but still a prince—entitled by agreement to royal honours in India, which he cannot claim here.

The rumour you mention as to the Koh-i-noor I have seen in former years in an English paper, but never anywhere else. It is not only contrary to fact but contrary to native statements also. Did the Koh-i-noor bring ill-luck to the great Akhbar, who got it from Golconda, or to his son or grandson? or to Aurungzebe, who rose to be *the* Great Mogul? And when that race of Emperors fell (not from the ill-fortune of the Koh-i-noor, but from their feeble hand), did it bring ill-fortune to Nadir Shah, who lived and died the greatest Eastern conqueror of modern times? or to Ahmed Shah Doorani, who got it at Nadir's death, and founded the Afghan Empire? Or did it bring ill-fortune to old Runjeet Singh, who got it from the Dooranis, and who rose from being a sowar on 20 rupees a-month at Goojeranwalla to be the Maharajah of the Punjab, swaying the greatest force in India next to ourselves? And has it brought ill-luck to the Queen? Especially representing the Punjab, has it shown that State an enemy to us? Has it not, on the contrary, shown it our fastest friend, by whose aid we have just put down the traitors of our own household? So much for the facts of history as to the Koh-i-noor. Now for the estimation in which its former owners held it. When Runjeet Singh seized it from Shah Shoojah (the Doorani Emperor) he was very anxious to ascertain its real value. He sent to the merchants at Umritsir, but they said its value could not be estimated in money. He then sent to the Begum, Shah Shoojah's wife. Her answer was thus: "If a strong man should take five stones, and should cast them, one east, one west, one north, and one south, and the last straight up in the air, and if all the space between those points were filled with gold and gems, that would not equal the value of the Koh-i-noor." Runjeet (thinking this rather a vague estimate, I suppose) then applied to Shah Shoojah. The old man's answer was: "The value of the Koh-i-noor is that whoever holds it is

victorious over all his enemies." And so it is. The Koh-i-noor has been of ill-fortune to the few who have lost it. To the long line of emperors, conquerors, and potentates who through successive centuries have possessed it, it has been the symbol of victory and empire. And surely never more so than to our Queen, ever since she wore it, and at this moment. The anecdote I have given was told me by Fuqueer Noorooddeen at Lahore, who was himself the messenger who went to the Begum and Shah Shoojah. It was all fully narrated to the Government when the Koh-i-noor was sent home. However, if H.M. thinks it brings bad luck, let her give it back to me. I will take it and its ill-luck on speculation.

I am much obliged to you for wishing they may give me Lord Spencer's blue riband. They won't. I am still more obliged to you for saying, "They can give it to no man who deserves it so much." Modesty forbids me to suppose your estimate is correct; but if it is correct, and if I *am* the fittest man to have the riband, that is the very reason why I certainly shan't get it! That nobody may be able to say that the grapes are sour, I will not add what I was going to say further.

A telegram by Caradoc yesterday evening told us of poor Havelock's sad death, before he had had time to realise the glories of his life's close. What a sad chronicle it is we are reading from week to week.

MALTA, *January 20th*, 1858.

WHAT can Sir Colin mean by acknowledging the claim of any officer to a command *of right?* I would send any officer who presumed to make such a claim to the rear in twenty-four hours.

I consider that it is a fortunate thing that the King of Delhi has not been put to death. The execution of an old man of 85, whatever his crimes, would be revolting. No man of candour would maintain that the old man *could* do anything but what the sepoys bade him. To have hanged as a felon an aged man of 85, a throned king, and the head

of the Moslem in India, would have disgusted our best friends—and they are still many—among the Mussulmans of the East, and would have produced a revulsion of public feeling against us both in Europe and Asia. George Waldegrave, whom I saw lately, found that feeling strong at Constantinople. And I consider Lord Canning's orders, which you quote, regarding the King, to be a truckling to popular clamour, worse than anything he has yet done or been accused of. If a court-martial had tried the King he would have been condemned before the names of the members were so much as called over.

MALTA, *January 28th*, 1858.

HIS MAJESTY OF BELGIUM had not got up the Oude case well or he would not have talked of its having been taken precipitately. Why! in 1831—twenty-five years before it was done by me—Lord W. Bentinck was authorised to do it, not only by the Government but by the Parliament of England. Again, in 1847—eight years before it was done—Lord Hardinge solemnly warned the King that it should be done at the end of two years from that time. Yet I allowed four times two years and more to elapse before I fulfilled Lord Hardinge's warning threat. If this is precipitation, what can be reckoned tardy, considerate, indulgent, or reluctant?

I quite agree with you in thinking that "Tros Tyriusve"—Queen's or Company's generals—should be employed to command according to their fitness and nothing else. But I think the Duke is right when he says that few Company's officers are well fitted to command *large bodies of European troops* (and the army is now mainly composed of them); and I fear he is right, too, in saying that the Queen's officers will not, in such circumstances, serve willingly under Company's generals.

Sir Colin is personally bold as any man, but as a Commander I always found him cautious, quite to a fault. While the troops are in their present temper his caution may be no fault.

MALTA, *February 5th*, 1858.

IT is matter of congratulation that the wedding [Princess Royal's] is well over, and that all has gone smoothly and smilingly. It is a thousand pities that when all England was so pleased, and so willing to show its pleasure by its smiles, and so anxious to be allowed to see something of the happiness which caused its pleasure, only a few hundreds of one class, and that not the one most taken up with the event, should have been allowed to see anything of the sight. I suppose nobody is to blame. But if all of us, from the highest downwards, could only be taught the lesson to think more of the many and less of the few, it would be all the wiser of us in these days.

No, I did not put slippers over my shoes at Umritsir. I avoided even that appearance of concession. On the day on which I visited the shrine I put on a pair of silken (or velvet) boots (which had a sole of some sort but not of leather) in my tent before I left the camp; and on reaching the temple I entered it at once, without making any change whatever in respect to the covering of my feet. Those who accompanied me covered their boots with worsted socks or woollen goloshes. I should perhaps have explained (though it does not affect the question at issue) that the 5000 Rs. were not on that occasion given out of my own pocket, but from the Government Treasury. My donations to the poor, &c., were usually from my own pocket. At Umritsir 5000 Rs. were given in 1849, and a similar sum in 1850, because Lord Hardinge had given the same sum from the Treasury when he was at Umritsir in 1846 or '47, and it was thought we could not give less when the Punjab had become a British province. It was too large for a private donation.

I do not clearly see how to construe the admission of Lord Clanricarde into the Cabinet in regard to the past policy of the Cabinet. If he were not in it he would certainly assail the annexation of Oude. Is he now prepared to defend the annexation? or is the Government prepared to surrender it? Either way, I expect no defence for myself, and look to be sacrificed without a scruple.

Panmure must, of course, find or make a justification for the omission to disarm Oude. That which he does make I pronounce to be wholly baseless. He says the sepoys would not have carried into effect the disarming. I utterly deny it. In saying this he assumes that the sepoys were adverse to the annexation of Oude, and the disarming. I utterly deny both allegations. The great mass of the sepoys, so far as they had any feeling at all in regard to the annexation, were pleased, and had reason to be pleased, with it. The Hindoo sepoys, who are as ten to one, so far as they cared at all, of course rejoiced in the removal of a Mahometan domination over them. All, Hindoos and Mussulmans alike, were likely to be stationed much more in their own country in consequence of it; and as the great body of the cultivators, from which the sepoys are drawn, were clear gainers by the annexation, the sepoys had good reason to rejoice in it. Why should they dislike dismantling the forts and disarming the population? The forts were the strongholds of their own and their families' bitterest enemies and heaviest oppressors, where the great landholders lived, making in most cases a desolation round them, and seizing the lands and the property of everybody within their reach whom they had power to spoil. The arms which the peasants bore were borne only for defence against these great landholders, against the King's revenue officers, and against the King's troops, which, receiving no pay and living at free quarters, were nothing else than commissioned robbers of the cultivators, and all other men. Why should the sepoys dislike to dismantle the forts of their tyrants? Why, when the forts were dismantled, the King's government at an end, and the King's troops disbanded, should they dislike to see arms laid down, which were no longer needed, and which had been borne only because they were necessary to self-defence? It is nonsense. Moreover, the sepoys did act. During all 1856 they were employed in Oude, and they were repeatedly employed to coerce individuals, though they never had to fire a shot.

Lord Canning's Government made a fatal blunder in not disarming Oude. You learnt that long ago from George. Panmure must be driven to desperate shifts when he can

attempt to justify the omission on the ground that the sepoys would not do it. I say they would have done it readily and effectually. Did the Government order it to be done? If it did not, then it has no right to justify its neglect now by saying that the sepoys would have refused to obey its orders, if it had given them,—a fact of which they have no proof or presumption whatever. If they did order it, and the sepoys refused, how can they allege that they knew nothing of the existence of mutiny until April? The plain truth is, they neglected the disarming in 1856 when it might have been done easily and completely. The worst consequences have followed from the neglect, and, by hook or by crook, they must excuse it.

MALTA, *February 12th*, 1858.

I DO not apprehend that the reduction of Oude will be long or difficult when once the main body is broken up at Lucknow. The letters which I have, show that they are all quarrelling already; that there are two parties—each struggling for mastery—and that the money is nearly gone.

Douro's proceeding regarding his father's portrait at Windsor reads unfavourably; but I must say that there is good reason for his reclaiming the portrait, if Lord Cowley really left it to him; for it is a fact that there is *no* portrait of the Duke (or was none when I left England) in the possession of his own heirs! It was a fancy or, as I think, an affectation on the part of the old man, that although he sat for 500 pictures for other people, he never would have one painted for himself or his family. It is no wonder, therefore, that Douro should desire to possess this early and authentic portrait of his father.

The Mr Temple [the late Sir R. T.] of whom Mr Kaye has spoken to you is a young Bengal civilian of great ability and high promise. He was selected by John Lawrence to be Secretary to the Government of the Punjab when poor Philip Melville died—was home on furlough, and has now returned. He was author of the well-known Punjab reports, and writes well.

No, there is no official record of my resolution to disarm Oude, and for this excellent reason. The province of Oude was annexed on 7th February. On the 29th of the same month I handed over the government of India to my successor. I consider that my duty was to do everything that was necessary for the annexation of Oude; to omit nothing which was requisite for the immediate organisation of its administration, for the guidance of its officers, and for the present security of the territory; but to avoid anticipating the action of my successor, and to leave his judgment unfettered and his hands unimpeded by any orders of mine respecting the future, *which it was not indispensably necessary to issue at the moment in which I was acting*. Accordingly, a large military force was moved into Oude, and the annexation was effected without firing a shot. It was necessary that from the first hour of annexation a form of administration should be established; and it *was* established, the officers appointed, and all sent out to their posts. It was necessary that the principles on which the local administrations were to act should be laid down; and they were laid down in full and clear detail. It was necessary that the revenue should be at once collected, and the rules for a settlement declared; and the collection was at once commenced, and the rules in question promulgated. It was necessary that police for the preservation of order should be formed; and it was ordered, and the officers selected. It was necessary that a local military force should support the police, and should absorb as many as possible of the King's army. The Oude Irregular force was formed and every officer named before I laid down the government. I avoided no labour, evaded no responsibility, omitted no precautions, and shirked nothing which was indispensable at the moment; but I meddled with nothing, and even made mention of nothing which belonged to the time of my successor; and it had been decided that the disarming of Oude should be postponed until his time, for reasons which follow. But the resolution I had taken to disarm Oude, and the reasons for postponing the execution of it, are fully recorded in my confidential demi-official correspondence with General Outram, the Resident, and subsequently the Chief Com-

missioner in Oude. My despatch to the Court of Directors regarding the occupation of Oude was sent in June. On 12th July I addressed a long and confidential letter to General Outram respecting the measures which were to be taken, and the preparatory arrangements which were to be made in the event of the occupation being sanctioned. As secrecy and celerity were both of great importance, I sent the Military Secretary, poor Banks, with the letter to Lucknow. My instructions assumed that the occupation would be sanctioned. The very first measure which they directed was the disarming of the population and the dismantling of the forts. These were my words: "Obviously, the great evil which should be at once grappled with, overthrown, and crushed, is the power of the great landholders, occupying, according to Colonel Sleeman, some 250 forts throughout the country, and maintaining huge bodies of armed men. For effecting this object I would propose that three or four columns of troops should enter Oude at different points as soon as the proclamation has been promulgated, and that each column should have a district assigned to it, within which it should do its work effectually and with all practicable speed. It is my intention that not a single fortified place should be left in Oude with the exception of those which belong to the Government. It is further my intention that the whole population should be disarmed, and that no man should be permitted to carry a weapon in Oude except under licence and rule, as was done with such excellent effect in the Punjab in 1849." Detailed instructions on the same point follow. What I have extracted, however, will show you that from the very first my determination was made known to dismantle the forts and disarm the people of Oude, *simultaneously with the issue of the proclamation which should make the country ours.* General Outram concurred in the propriety of the measure; but he suggested that if the court's orders did not admit of the annexation being made until far on in the cold weather, the disarming should be delayed for a few months on the ground that, if it were commenced at once, the hot weather and rains would be upon us before it could be completed; in which case either the operation must be interrupted, which

was inexpedient, or the European troops must be subjected to great exposure, which was more inexpedient still. To these reasons for a short delay I deferred. The annexation was peaceably made, and if I had been G.-G. the disarming would have commenced in October 1856, and would have been completed by the end of that year. Not a sepoy would have shown a scruple. If they had, what would it have mattered if the mutinous spirit which had showed itself in May had shown itself in the preceding October, at the commencement of the cold season instead of at the commencement of the hot season, while the Government of India would at least have attempted to do its duty, and take the precautions which prudence required. If the sepoys had not scrupled, and the disarming and dismantling had been effected, in what a different position would our officers in Oude have stood during this last summer. We should still have had to meet a mutinous sepoy army, but there would have been no armed population to raise in their support. And what a different prospect should we have had now. A helpless and prostrate province to reoccupy instead of a batch of 250 forts to reduce, defended by armed men, whom guilt as rebels will cause to fight with the feelings of men having halters about their necks. I think this long story of mine about Oude, if it has not put you to sleep, will have satisfied you that my intention of disarming it was very unmistakably expressed—that it would unquestionably have been carried into effect if I had continued to rule, and that those who neglected or pooh-poohed the measure have much to answer for.

MALTA, *February 19th*, 1858.

ARGYLL is a warm-hearted fellow, towards me at anyrate, and I should be more disposed to count on his openly standing by me than on any other of them. The report of his speech is so very curt that I could only make out that he had said a good word for me, without being able to see whether the House responded to it or not. It is disgusting to me to think of that flippant levity of public opinion that

could render a good word for me necessary—much more to think of the good word as a solitary one.

Panmure's reason for abrogating the Government of the East India Company is as silly a thing as ever I heard. He spoke to me before of his being obliged to send military stores to India as if it were a proof of misgovernment. Why, cannon-balls do not grow on cocoa-nut trees in India; nor do Enfield rifles shoot up in sugar-canes; and if there is suddenly an enormous consumption and loss of both, the E.I. Co. must get them from England, and from whence can they get them so naturally and so easily as from the Queen's Government? If the Company can't pay for these, how will the Queen's Government repay itself for them, for they will have only the same revenue to draw the payment from as the Company has? The speech is provokingly childish. If the Indian revenue will not pay for these stores in the hands of the Company, neither can it pay for them when it shall pass to the Crown. Why, then, transfer it? If, on the other hand, the Indian revenue can be proved (as it can) perfectly able to pay every demand on it, what folly to make the repayment of his shot and shell and artillery harness the hollow pretext for immediate abolition of the Company's rule! In my time I objected to civil officers receiving the *military medal* for an action in which they happened to be—most properly—because young civil servants used to go and ram their heads under fire, where they had no business to be, and where they sometimes got disabled for their proper work with the army, merely that they might get a medal. One man did this. I objected to the claim he put in for the medal. He came home, made private interest with the court, and *got* the medal. I went to the court, made it apologise, and made him disgorge his medal.

I have been very miserable lately—all disordered together—by the damp, I fancy, and again incapacitated for any effort. The tic gradually abates. Leg just the same. Voice just the same—that is, nowhere.

MALTA, *February 24th*, 1858.

I HAVE just received and thank you for your letter of 18th. I have just read also an article in 'The Times' of the 19th of which I am the text; and as this article is uppermost in my mind at this moment, I will talk first of it. To be written on a kettled dog, it is a very civil and handsome article, and does me more justice than I had thought to get from any broadsheet at present. But it does not do me full justice either.

1. With a compliment to my "patriotic alacrity" (which I am bound to disclaim), it suppresses all mention of the remonstrances by which I opposed the withdrawal of *any* European infantry in 1854, *as being absolutely unsafe to the maintenance* of our power in India.

2. It says that in 1856 I named 35 battalions as the "proper strength" of European infantry for India. I did not say so. I named 35 battalions as "the minimum" which could by possibility suffice; I advised 37 battalions as better, and I added that "even more would not be superfluous." Moreover, I advised that the Bengal European Artillery should be largely increased, and that the regular native Infantry should be reduced by 15,000 men, *besides* the regiments which 'The Times' names. All this is omitted.

3. As the consequence of that omission, 'The Times' is in entire error when it says that the European Infantry in India at the commencement of the mutiny must have been nearly what I advised. In the first place, the figures which it gives not only include cavalry and artillery, but also all the European *officers* of the native armies, amounting themselves in round numbers to 4000 men. They can't be called "troops." In the next place, there were in India at the beginning of '57 only 31 battalions. Of these 22 were Royal, and they, according to Melvill's recent evidence, were 3000 short of their number. The Company's regiments are not above 900 each. The numbers therefore stand thus:—

22 Royal,	22,000 − 3000 =	19,000
9 Company's,	8100 =	8,100
		27,100

instead of 34,000 at the least, and 36,000 in preference, which I advised. Moreover, 'The Times' wholly omits to notice what I had previously done for the augmentation of the European force in India. My minute of 1854 is likely to do injustice to myself on that score, for it states that in 1854 there were only two battalions more than in 1847. This is quite true; and yet it is equally true that I had added much more than two battalions in that time. The explanation of this apparent contradiction is that *at the end* of 1847 Lord Hardinge largely reduced the European force. When, therefore, I assumed the government in 1848, I found the establishment of European Infantry 24 battalions; when I resigned the government in 1856 I left the establishment 33 battalions. Moreover, I advised that two battalions at least, and preferably four battalions, should still further be added. Thus I augmented the European Infantry in India actually 37 per cent; and if my advice had been followed, I should have augmented it in my time by more than 50 per cent. These things are not stated because they are not known; and I suffer from the lack of knowledge. But everybody can say, as 'The Times' does, that, after all, I did not foresee the mutiny. Well, honestly, I did *not* foresee the mutiny; and I boldly aver that no other human being at that time foresaw it any more than I did. Even when the mutiny did break out, if the number of battalions that I asked for Bengal—namely 20—had been present, the disparity of numbers between European and native troops would not have been much greater than is now admitted. It would have been about one to four; for there are not more than 80 regiments which can be called regiments of the line in Bengal. Some even of these, and most of the irregular regiments, have remained faithful. But, again, I admit that in 1856 I did not foresee a general mutiny of the Bengal Army. If no other human being then foresaw it, as I affirm, the worst 'The Times' can allege against me is that I was not possessed of superhuman foresight. I had the guarantee of a hundred years fidelity before me; and there were no symptoms of unfaithfulness. Am I to blame that I did not, under these circumstances, foresee unfaithfulness where no one else foresaw it?

But what shall be said of those who, having been told that, in round numbers, 36,000 European Infantry ought to be, and that at the very least 34,000 must be, present in India to make it safe externally and internally! not only allowed their numbers to drop to 27,000, but even took away from that number the whole European force required for the Persian war; and took away that force for Persia, and allowed the battalions still left in India to fall below their complement, at the very time that, the war in Europe being over, they had more regiments in England than they knew what to do with, and were discharging the men, discontented, in thousands into the streets! My dear Couper, if I were but on my feet, and were disposed to assail these people, have I not the power of stripping the rags with which they try to cover their nakedness off them?

Yet I am obliged to sit by, dumb and motionless, and not only to see them folding themselves complacently as in a cloak of all-sufficiency, but to submit to be myself stripped and scourged for shortcomings which are none of mine. You are sorry for me under all this, you say in your letter. I am sure you are. Yet it is better to bear it all than to solicit, still less to hire (as it were), some one to defend me either in Lords or Commons. If ever the time should come when I can speak, I will, if the opportunity be not then passed. Until then I must chew the bullet, as fellows do when they are flogged, and bear the lash in silent endurance.

As regards the Umritsir subscription, if the public so far miss the point as to suppose it a question of personal liberality, then what I told you would affect the question. But the source of the payment does not in the smallest degree affect the real question. The question at issue was whether the G.-G. gave 5000 Rs. to the shrine at Umritsir. I proved that I gave it, not to the shrine but to the poor. Whether the money came from my pocket or from the Company's the allegation made was equally false: it was given, not to a religious institution, but to charity.

I ought to have added to my account of what I had done for the defence of India, that as long ago as 1854, with reference to the paucity of European troops, I strongly advised

that the European residents throughout India should be invited to form themselves into volunteer rifle corps or companies with a view to mutual defence, and in order to inspire a feeling of confidence in the country places where the European troops were few in number or altogether wanting. I raised such a company at Singapore on my own hook. The rest the Court of Directors pooh-poohed —and of course they will take care to keep their thumb on the fact of my advice and their rejection of it now.

MALTA, *March 5th*, 1858.

IF Lord Canning has put on record the reasons for not disarming Oude which you recite, he has made bad worse, by showing that if his conclusion was weak his arguments were weaker. Nobody ever said that the circumstances of the Punjab and of Oude *were precisely similar*. What was said, and truly said, was that all times a warlike population ought to be disarmed; and forts in any British province which were in the hands of private persons ought to be dismantled, because both arms and forts *might* be put to a bad use at any time, and it was the business of a prudent Government to provide against the occurrence of such a contingency. Therefore it was that I said Oude should be disarmed. If the Punjabis were cowed in 1849, and it was easy to disarm them, it was not less easy to disarm the Oude people in 1856, for they had, I affirm and can prove, no hostility to us, but cordially welcomed us, and would have surrendered us up their arms at a nod. There was more reason on one ground to disarm Oude, for there were the great Talookdars, and great landowners with their forts, left as natural leaders. In the Punjab *every* leader, from the Maharajah downwards, was either sent out of the Punjab or placed under surveillance in 1849, almost every one having been a rebel. Accordingly, because they could be easily disarmed, and because it was not good to leave arms in the hands of men who had leaders; but above all because, as a general rule, it was not good that arms should be left in the hands of turbulent people who (as we have sadly

learnt) might at any moment put them to an evil purpose, I insisted on the disarming of Oude. The argument that we should leave arms in their hands to maintain their warlike habits because we got many of our sepoys from thence is a most disreputable one. It is borrowed partly from Ellenborough, who said in Parliament that we should "spoil our best recruiting-ground." But what does it imply? It implies that the British Government, which had first solemnly declared its belief that it was our duty to annex Oude, because, by so doing, alone could be put an end to the bloodshed, and violence, and rapine which yearly desolated that country, and restore security of life and property there; as its very first measure after annexation deliberately refused to take away the weapons which led to these habits of violence, and bloodshed, and rapine being maintained; and refused to do so on the avowed ground—that the supply of mercenary bravoes for our native army would by such an act be curtailed! Is it possible to imagine a more impudent confession apparently of the hypocrisy which made the tranquillising of Oude the pretext for our aggrandising policy, and of the dishonesty which immediately afterwards encouraged the continued lawlessness of Oude, solely to keep up the raw material of our sepoy army. If ever these things should come out in Parliament they will be hard to answer. In fact, they can't be answered.

I do not know how Ellenborough is towards me now. Before 1847 he was a great friend to me. All the time I was in India he was mortally jealous of me, and never missed an opportunity of damaging me, but never ventured on any direct attack. Since I returned home I have never seen him or had any communication with him...

On the whole, I think matters are going on very well towards righting my reputation.

You say you fear much trouble in Oude from the numerous forts. If they go the right way to work, I think not. That portion of the subject was fully discussed in my letter to Outram in 1855, from which I have already quoted, and which I will not bore you by quoting further. If they adopt the policy I advocated of going at some *principal* fort in each district first, I think the task will be comparatively

easy—not otherwise. If they go at every petty place in succession, there will be great loss of various kinds. If they attempt to assault at once, they will lose many precious lives. If they make regular approaches, they will lose much *time*, which is just now even more precious than lives, and ultimately involves aggravated loss of life also. But if they go at the chief place of strength in a district, approach it cautiously, shell it patiently, and watch it vigilantly, they will take it without long delay or much loss; the garrison will be cut up or taken, and the *petty Talookdars round will give up their places terror-stricken in dozens.* Strike down the hart of ten tynes to whom the herd looks up, and when he falls the rest will scatter like other deer.

MALTA, 17*th March* 1858.

As for India, I would rather have its present guidance in the hands of Ellenborough, rash and overbearing as he is, than in those of Vernon Smith. But I lament to see them preparing to legislate for it at once. The legislation would be hasty and ill-considered.

I wish well to Lord Derby personally, and should be glad to think that the public would bear his government, and would be content with really Liberal-Conservative measures at his hand, if he should be willing to bring them forward. But I doubt the public will not be content, and that he will not last.

You know my political feelings. I am Conservative. Still I do not feel that I could honestly act with this Conservative Government, even if there were in my mind no objection to the chief members of it in the Commons. On the other hand, I have nothing to do with the Whig party. Still my opinions are more in accordance with the measures they advocate than with those of their antagonists. In short, if I must choose from the varied party nomenclature, on which Lord Derby remarked the other evening, I should call myself Liberal-Conservative, or Conservative-Liberal. I should feel no difficulty in determining the measures I should support, but should be much put to it to decide on the men

with whom I would politically associate myself. Under these circumstances it is perhaps as well for me that I am unable either to act or speak.

MALTA, 19*th March* 1858.

LATELY I have been carefully reading through the two volumes of correspondence which passed in 1849 and 1850 between Sir C. Napier and me, and me and Sir C. Napier. It is at once agreeable to find how strong it makes my case, and humiliating to see how double it shows him, when it is read side by side with his journal and correspondence with others. I see a letter from Sir W. Napier about barracks, catching at every straw which can be stuck into the base of his brother's monument. As usual, his letter assails me, and, as usual, is absolutely false. He seems to me, however, to have been wonderfully silent during all this autumn and winter.

Douro's copy of the Supplement to his father's despatches has reached me, and I have read the volume. I have been struck with the contrast between the Duke's early letters from India, now printed, and those published originally. There is in these later ones so much more of mind, so much more of knowledge, so much more of self-reliance, and so much higher a tone of authority in writing about the war with Tippoo, and the early policy of Lord Wellesley, that I can't help thinking the Duke must have purposely withheld them from Gurwood's edition, during Lord Wellesley's life, that it might not be seen how leading a part the younger brother took in the G.-G.'s greatest measures at the commencement of his administration in India.

MALTA, 26*th March* 1858.

THE article in 'The Times' gives Sir H. Lawrence credit for much more than he did in the Punjab, and for much that was done by his brother John; and it gives to both credit for what was never originated by either of them, but by the Government over them. I have just gone

through some seventy volumes of my own MS. minutes and letters. If ever they should be printed (which they never will), people would see how far it is true or not that everything done in the Punjab was done by the Lawrences, without suggestion, correction, alteration, or comment by me, who am supposed to have been merely a bystander looking on while other men were building up a pedestal for my reputation to stand on. As Lord Clive said to the House of Commons when defending himself against the charge of greediness in taking money in Bengal, "When I look back, sir, to those times and scenes, by ——, I stand amazed at my own moderation." I have sometimes, in reading over these folios, stood astonished at how much I bore and forbore, and how temperately I worked out my own objects, through Lawrences on one side, and Sir Charles Napier on the other. You will say I have a very good opinion of myself; but really if you could read all those wearisome records, I think you would consider me warranted by them in saying what I have said.

MALTA, *2nd April* 1858.

YOU ask me if I think Meer Ali Morad over-punished. Mr Vernon Smith says I did—and Mr Vernon Smith "is an honourable man." On what Mr V. S. founds his statement I do not know. If he asserts that I ever expressed an opinion that Ali Morad was over-punished, he is in error. I never expressed such an opinion, directly or indirectly. If he *infers* that I think Ali Morad over-punished because the punishment inflicted on him exceeded the punishment which I suggested to the court, he is still in error; for the court authorised me to mitigate the punishment which it enjoined, so far as confiscation of territory was concerned, and I did not avail myself of the authority it gave. Either way, therefore, the assertion of V. Smith is without warrant. If he had merely said that the penalty inflicted by the court was heavier than that which I advised, he would have been safe from remark. My real opinion is, that Ali Morad fully *deserved* all the punishment he suffered,

but that a less measure of punishment would have been adequate and (on our part) politic. When the penalty had once been awarded and paid, nothing should have induced a Minister to let the question be reopened.

MALTA, *9th April* 1858.

COURTENAY writes to me from Calcutta on 9th March that since the G.-G. left Calcutta on 31st December (I believe), not a single paper of any kind has come down to the Council from him, and that they know nothing of him or of what he is doing. I may add, with reference to your remark that Sir Colin is slow for Indian warfare, that Metcalfe, who is his Persian interpreter, writes to Grant that the delay is not caused by Sir Colin but by orders from higher authority. There may be good reason for it nevertheless.

Another long series of letters to and from Outram has come to me, but I have not read them yet. Unhappily, Outram's facility with the pen is as extreme as his difficulty of verbal expression. Accordingly, on every provocation, or any pretext, he rushes into writing. He sheds his ink as readily as he does his blood, and sometimes as much to his own loss. In his correspondence with the Bombay Government, to which you allude, he began by being completely in the right, but he wrote himself into the wrong. Accordingly, when I put him back to Baroda, I never justified the language which had caused his removal from thence. All I said was that the punishment inflicted by the Bombay Government had been over-severe; that he was then adequately punished, and should be relieved from further penalty. He would never have gone wrong with me; but even with me, and probably always, his pen would be his evil spirit. As soon as Lucknow falls, I understand he is to come down into Council, and there his pen may range round any limits without challenge. You are indeed quite as capable of forming a judgment on the bill for the home government of India as I am. Lord Derby's bill I have not yet seen, but, by the description, some of it is simply

ridiculous. In the meantime it is a heartbreak for those who really care for that great Empire to see its government become the bone over which greedy dogs are snarling and fighting for something which lies below it.

MALTA, *April 15th*, 1858.

THE mail just arrived has told us of the capture of Lucknow, with less numerical loss than might have been anticipated, but with loss of very high quality.

The death of Hodson, who has been hit at last, poor fellow, after being under fire day and night, you might almost say since May last, is a cruel event. He and John Nicholson were two of the very finest guerilla chiefs that could have been chosen, or even imagined. Their very names cowed whole provinces while they were yet scores of miles away. Both seemed born to do great things in war; and here they are, piteously slain by those, one may say, of one's own household. I think you will see that my expectations of the speedy submission of Oude will be fulfilled, and that that province will not give us so much trouble as some of our older possessions.

To-day I had a letter from Davidson, the Resident at Hyderabad, who has had the good merit and the fortune to preserve the Nizam and his dominions (the chief Mahometan power in India for the last 100 years) faithful and tranquil through all this hurricane of rebellion. He tells me that, in spite of all that has been going on with him, and in spite of the references which arose out of such fierce events, he has not received one word from the Government, or from Lord Canning, for five months.

It was the same with the Resident at Nepal, as I think I told you, for some time. Latterly the Government have accepted the aid of the Ghoorkas, and in the extremity in which they were the Government were quite right to do so. But the measure is not without its inconveniences. In the first place, if the Government suppose that Jung Bahadur is doing all that he is doing "for love" they are mightily mistaken. Jung is drawing a bill upon them—at long date,

perhaps—but one which they will be called upon to pay, in return for value received, some day or other, as sure as fate. The Jung has long been obviously working his way to the musnud of Nepal. One Rajah—the father—has already been deposed; another Rajah—the son—has long been a phantom. Jung Bahadur was the ruler himself. He has married his daughter to the Rajah's son; he has married his son to the Rajah's daughter. He has thus worked himself, in a way, into the precincts of the Royal family; and when the time and the opportunity come, the Rajah will have an *accident* of some kind, Jung will appear as Rajah, and the British Government will be expected to show its gratitude for aid in Oude by recognising, if not by aiding in turn, the new dynasty in Nepal. If this were all, I should think but little of it. But all the prominence which has now been given to the Ghoorkas, following on all Sir C. Napier's ignorant appreciation of them, will, I fear, persuade them that they are, firstly, valuable to us; secondly, necessary to us; thirdly, formidable to us; fourthly, able to cope with us; and out of that sequence of conclusions may come —what we should never have had but for their present co-operation with us in the field—a second Nepal war. Of the result of such a war, even if we attack in their hills, still more if they be the aggressors and rashly venture against us in the plains, there can be no sort of doubt; but it will be, like all wars, a misfortune for a time. At present there is no chance of it whatever. You said in your letter that you should like to see Sir Colin's answer to Outram's letter which I sent to you. In the second batch of letters which I have, the same letter from Outram is given, and at the bottom is written, in Outram's hand, that no answer was given at all except on the passage regarding the Victoria Cross. On that Sir Colin says he does not think the Cross was meant for any one but those who could not, from subaltern rank, have the Bath. But he adds that he has made known to the Duke of Cambridge Outram's "request" for the Cross. Outram very naturally replies that he is much annoyed by Sir Colin having done so. He had never "requested" the Cross; he had never meant the passage of a private letter to be repeated; he had

never wished to *ask* for an honour, for, if asked, it ceases in his eyes to be an honour even if it comes. To this there is no reply from Sir Colin. Though the letters are controversial, I think you will see that Outram has much the best of it at all points, and that the Commander-in-Chief's treatment of him has been very unhandsome, to say the least of it. While I say this, and while I add that the C.-in-C.'s manner and Mansfield's pen are giving some great and just offence, I have no doubt that he *is* doing the discipline of the army great good also, and I wish him all speed in that effort.

MALTA, *22nd April* 1858.

WELLESLEY'S [Dean of Windsor] destination of me is very flattering, but I hope he has a better chance at Lambeth than I have of Downing Street. My position as an out-pensioner of the political Chelsea Hospital is fixed for life. It is useless to seek to hide it from oneself or others.

From what I have heard, it would appear that Outram has grown of late less decided in forming his resolutions than he used to be, though quite decided when he once *begins* to act. But you remember what poor Stuart Beatson wrote of Havelock in a letter I sent you. How is one to get at truth from day to day? I doubt the royal tears flow all through the Horse Guards, and leave the channels in Leadenhall Street dry enough. Unjustly. The Queen's army, noble as it is, does not breed more heroes or nobler soldiers than range themselves and die under the colours of the Company. That feeling of indifference, I fear, is only a specimen of the general sentiment. Seeing that, and all else that is going on, I look with much sorrow and alarm on the prospects of our Indian Empire. Its worst dangers are not within itself, but are those which arise and beset it in the mother country. I am no blind partisan of the E.I. Co., or believer in the perfection of the Court of Directors, but common prudence and sense ought to forbid our sweeping them away in order to substitute something else in their room, until we have deliberately assured ourselves that the substitute we provide is better than, or at all events as good

as, that which we destroy. Most certainly that assurance cannot as yet be felt.

Lord Palmerston's bill, I should have said, was as bad as *possible*, if Lord Derby had not actually produced another bill which is very much worse. I will not victimise you by launching out into a dissertation on the Home Government of India, but I will venture on a few remarks.

It is to be feared that we must assume that the Company's separate existence and distinct Government cannot stand. Ever since 1770 it has been the object of never-ceasing popular clamour whenever the popular voice and thought could be fixed on India at all; and ill-founded and unreasonable as the feeling is, I doubt that the British public will never cease to clamour against and vituperate the Company's Government. The effect of this perpetual disparagement of the power that rules India is so mischievous in England, and so doubly mischievous in India, that I really think the abolition of the Company's Raj, though it would be a great evil, would still be a less evil than its continuance, if it is to continue only amidst a perpetual storm of attack, censure, contempt, and calumny in the Parliament of England, and from the Press and the English public of both countries. If the Company's Government is to be abolished, what shall be substituted for it? You cannot govern India as you have attempted to govern the colonies. The colonies have, nearly all of them, an English population similar in language, religion, feelings, and institutions to those of the mother country. Yet under the government of a Secretary of State at home, the mightiest of our colonies have been lost, and the rest are only preserved to us by our practically abandoning the right of really governing them in England. How is it possible, then, to expect that a Secretary of State at home can singly govern India, with a population which is five times as great as that of the mother country and all the colonies put together, and which differs from the mother country in every particular in which the colonies resemble it — in language, feeling, religion, and institutions? It can *not* be reasonably expected. The class from which such a Secretary of State must be selected is very small. Of the few men who would be politically

eligible still fewer could have any intimate acquaintance with the vast Empire of which the Secretary is to have the charge. If the Secretary be of the number of those who have no knowledge of the Indian Empire, it would obviously be unsafe to intrust it to his solitary ignorance. If, on the other hand, the Secretary be one of the very few who are well acquainted with Indian Empire, it would be still more dangerous to intrust it to his sole authority; because his special knowledge would be likely, at one and the same time, to make him presumptuous, and to induce his colleagues to give way on every occasion to his superior knowledge. In either case, India would be given over virtually to a despotism which would be full of danger to the public interests. Therefore, if India is henceforth to be governed by a Secretary of State in the Queen's name, something must be devised to provide that check and guidance for his authority which the Court of Directors has hitherto supplied to the Cabinet of the Queen. Lord Palmerston's Council certainly did not do so, for nine nominees of the Crown, remaining in office for only a few years, then going out, and eligible for reappointment, could not possibly form an *independent* check on a Minister invested with the power of reappointing or excluding them as he pleased. In a few years they would insensibly have become the mere tools of the Minister. Lord Derby's Council, again, certainly did not form any check. For (passing over all the objections to the close limitation of qualifications, and the absurdity of many of the modes of election) the Council was endowed by the bill with no power at all.

Under either Council, and according to either bill, an utterly ignorant Secretary or an over-confident, rash, and presumptuous, though highly instructed and experienced, Secretary would be as much the Padshah of India as ever was Akbar or Aurungzebe—with this mighty difference, that he would rule the Indian Empire at ten thousand miles away from it. Though I can see plainly enough the objections to the plans that have been propounded, I hardly like to venture to propose one of my own, even to you. But I will make a short flight.

At present I would, if I were Minister, introduce no

change at all. I would tell the Parliament frankly that the time of great difficulties was not the time for great administrative changes which nobody could maintain to be immediately indispensable. When mutiny should have been quelled, rebellion put down, peace and order restored (I would say), I would pledge my honour that the whole subject should be brought before the Parliament, but at present the whole attention of the Government should be given to action, and not weakened by dividing it between action and legislation. When the time for legislation came, I would propose that the Home Government of India should, in the main, be assimilated with the Supreme Government of India, which in practice has been found for more than seventy years to work so well and which has achieved so much. I would abolish the Court of Directors and the Board of Control. I would propose that the government of India in England should be carried on by a Secretary of State, aided by a Board, in the same manner as the government of India *in* India is carried on by the Governor-General and Council. The Board at home might be called the "India Board." The Secretary might be termed the Secretary of State for India and President of the "India Board." These names are of little moment, and I mention them only as indicative of the principle on which I should wish to act—namely, to change as little as possible consistently with the attainment of the object in view. For the same reason, and on the same principle, I would propose that the Board should consist of the same numbers as the Court of Directors now does, according to the Act of 1853; and that, as now, five should be appointed by the Crown and ten elected by the proprietors of East India stock, as the directors are now elected. The Crown nominees thus would not outnumber the thoroughly independent members, as they do in Lord Derby's bill. The independent members would be elected, I admit, by an anomalous body, *but by a body which, anomalous as it is, has for nearly eighty years in practice elected a governing body of the highest efficiency*—that Court of Directors which has given us our Indian Empire and made it what it is. All business of every description should be transacted by the "India

Board," of which the Secretary of State should sit as President, just as all business is transacted by the G.-G. in Council. Every question should be decided by a plurality of voices—the Secretary (like the G.-G.) having a second or casting vote in event of the Board being equally divided. Moreover, the Secretary (like the G.-G.) should have the power of acting on his own opinion, even though wholly outvoted by the Board, whenever he judged it necessary for the public interest to do so; provided always that on such occasions he recorded his reasons for so doing, and gave to the members of the Board an opportunity of recording their reasons also. I believe that such a form of government would give to the home administration of India that which experience has shown it to have given to the Supreme Government in India, and which all demand for the home administration now—namely, capacity in the members, promptitude of action as well as deliberation, and full responsibility. The Crown, bound to select from those who had served in India, would (if it exercised its power faithfully) always put into the Board five of the best men who were to be got, including some who might shrink from the task of canvassing the proprietors. The elected members would, it is reasonable to suppose, be not less able than the able men who have usually been elected into the court. They would be independent of the Minister, but no more disposed to thwart or obstruct him than the court has been. With such a Board the Minister, if ignorant, would have always full command of information, and the best advice on every question that could come before him. If instructed, but rash or presumptuous, he would have men of high ability, of public reputation, of long experience, and of independent character to moderate his action and control his rashness or imprudence. Yet that control could never be carried too far, either by mistaken caution or from factious motives, for the Secretary, as I have said above, would always have it in his power to overrule his Council and act on his own opinion if he deemed it necessary to do so. And still he would only take so strong a step under deep sense of responsibility, because he would be bound to record his

reasons and to let his colleagues record theirs, which, of course, would be called for in Parliament and reviewed there. Thus in all ordinary cases he would have the best information and the best advice, and would probably act with his Board. If his Board were equally divided, a proper preponderance would be given to his opinion, and his casting vote would decide the question as he wished. If his Board were all against him, and offered factious opposition or created undue delays, he could always beat down opposition and ensure prompt action by deciding and acting without them. And yet he would not dare to do this without sufficient and good reasons; for he must record them, his colleagues would record theirs, and Parliament would review both and judge them.

Thus the public in England would obtain—

1st. A first-class statesman as Secretary of State for India—the India Board being no longer, as now, a second-class office.

2nd. A body of able men capable of informing, of guiding, or of controlling the Secretary as need might be.

3rd. The certainty that all Indian business must pass through their hands as well as through those of the Secretary of State, and consequently that the Board will not be mere instruments, as in Lord Palmerston's bill, or the mere shadow of instruments, as in Lord Derby's; and yet that there shall be no double government, since the Secretary and the Board sit, deliberate, and vote together.

4th. That the Secretary shall be free to act alone if the Board should unduly retard or unreasonably oppose his action.

5th. That he shall never so act without or against his Board, unless he has good and valid reasons which, he feels, will bear him through under the jealous scrutiny of Parliament, and of the party in opposition.

Above all, this plan would leave no doubt as to where responsibility lay. In every case it must lie on the

Secretary. For if he acted against his Board, he is solely responsible for overruling them; if he acted with his Board, he is equally responsible, because it was in his power to overrule them if he pleased. If it be objected that the Board is too numerous for the transaction of business, I admit that the objection exists, but it is not conclusive. The Board of fifteen, we know, can transact the business of India efficiently, because fifteen directors are now transacting it; and from 1770 to 1853 twenty-four transacted it without difficulty or impediment. If it be said that a Secretary of State with a Board is an anomaly, I reply it is no more an anomaly than this very Board of Control was, or than the Board of Admiralty is. Besides, if it be an anomaly, our whole Indian Empire is an anomaly; and it is no objection, therefore, to the department which is to govern it that it is to be anomalous henceforth, as it has been anomalous heretofore.

I have spun a terrible yarn. I am not proposing my measure from the Treasury Bench, you know; and I have not thought it out deeply — first, because I am hardly yet fit to do so; and second, because, as Peel said, I am "not called in." So I have written rapidly what is on the surface of my mind. My plan, in two words, would make the Board of Control and the Court of Directors — now two separate authorities — into one authority. The double government, so called, would be got rid of, while the new system would retain much of the good which the old one possesses, and would acquire advantages which experience has shown to belong to the form of administration long existing in India itself. At any rate, even as it stands, I think my project more practical and more likely to succeed, and less accompanied with risk, than the vast changes proposed by Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby.

MALTA, 30*th April* 1858.

THE arrival of the *Indus* to-day brings our departure near to one's apprehension, my dear Couper. The odious operation of packing had done so previously. Odious as it is

at all times, it is doubly odious when every article put up is to be fetched upon crutches—the daily result of which is that one goes to bed with a leg as large as a mooring-post.

To-day the new Governor [Sir J. Le Marchant] has arrived. This man is said to be, as the steam captain who brought him described him to me, "a taut hand." He is intended to be Commander of the Forces as well as Governor, whenever Sir John Pennefather is provided for; and in such a place as this the union of civil and military authority seems not only wise but indispensable.

Lord Lyons reappeared with the fleet from his cruise to Tunis on the 26th; but he has been tacking back and forwards off the island, "polishing the Valletta light-house," as the youngsters call it, and has never come in. This morning, as the Governor was landing, he stood in to the mouth of the quarantine harbour — never saluted even — and has never come ashore to pay his respects to the Queen's new representative. This, I think, is not right. On every occasion these Tritons—the Naval service—deliberately show their contempt for the authority of Olympus, whichever of the gods be present, unless Jupiter Tonans himself is there and has hoisted his royal standard. Not one of them in my time in India (or, I believe, in anybody else's) would ever attend a Governor-General's levee! And the Admiralty at home, childishly jealous of their own exclusive authority, encourage the Navy in assuming airs of independence in relation to every Government abroad. When Commodore Lambert at Rangoon deliberately disregarded all my instructions, and did the act which produced the war with Burmah, he replied to my letter expressing disapprobation of his acts, that he was sorry that the G.-G. did not like what he had done, but that he had reported his act to the Lords of the Admiralty, and had no doubt of their approval!! Those despatches — mine and his — were deliberately suppressed by Sir James Graham and by the Home Government, and were omitted from the Blue-Book. The consequence was that Mr Cobden wrote a pamphlet

against me, founded on the false assumption (though a natural one) that I had approved of Commodore Lambert's violent acts, and he christened it "How wars are got up in India."

Courtenay writes to me that he has at last discovered the fate of my series of minutes on the Indian Army, which was mysterious. The Chairman of the Court of Directors denied to Billy Russell, the correspondent of 'The Times,' that I had made any recommendation, though the court *has since laid one of* the minutes before Parliament. Courtenay told Mr Russell he had himself read the minutes; but when he got to Calcutta no member of the Council had seen them, and Courtenay was quite bamboozled. In those minutes I advised large augmentations of the European infantry—of the European artillery of the field-batteries—of the officers of various arms. I further recommended large reductions of the native force. And the result of the two operations would have been to make the Indian Army very much more powerful than it ever was before, and at the same time to effect a *clear* reduction of more than £400,000 a-year. The minutes were laid on the Council table at the end of February 1856. A copy of them was at the same time sent to the Court of Directors. The G.-G., Lord Canning, immediately referred them to the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson. General Anson did not return them for twelve months—on 1st March 1857. They were then sent to Lord Canning. Twelve more months have passed, and on 22nd March 1858 Lord Canning still has them, and no member of the Council has yet seen them!!! In the meantime a thing or two has happened in the Indian Army, I guess.

MALTA, *7th May* 1858.

THERE could have been no portmanteaux or packing-boxes in the days of Hercules, else the poets would never have omitted from among his labours the herculean task of putting back into certain cases what once came out of them. It is an almost impossible labour for a sound man, much more for a legless one. And at the end of it I am

left so nearly done that I hardly hope to make a decent note-sheet for you.

The new Governor arrived on the 30th, and Sir W. Reid marched out of the fortress with all the honours of war on May morning. He carried away cold respect—nothing more, I think. This chap is likely to stir up warmer feelings of some kind, I hear, but whether for him or against him remains to be seen.

I have always told you anything I have heard of Oude or of George. But it is a long time since I have heard from Edmonstone at all. He is too busy, I imagine. He is at present secretary in *all* the civil departments with the Governor-General at Allahabad, and as Lord Canning —not having enough to do before, and having done what he had to do so thoroughly, as you have seen—has thought proper to assume personally the additional duties of Lieut.-Governor of the N.-W. Provinces, his secretary must be ground to powder.

MALVERN WELLS, *8th June* 1858.

EITHER the doctors or I are perverse in the extreme, my dear Couper; for, while they persist that I am much better, I persist, and with good reason, in declaring that at no time since I came to England have I felt more miserable (not in spirits—I mean bodily miserable) than I do now. I am weak excessively—my brow and my eye are in constant pain —my vision, though not double, is distressingly perverted— I am eternally sick, and can neither rest nor sleep. The tonic they gave me is good for nothing—and here, in the midst of the most heavenly weather and scenery, and in the most luxurious quiet, my life is a felt burden to me every hour of the day and night.

IT is evident from the last letter that Lord Dalhousie's health had now completely broken down. At Malvern Wells he tried Dr Gully's treatment: it was of no avail.

In August he returned to Edinburgh, and November found him once more at home. Early next year he complained of mental apathy; his voice was gone; he was nearly blind. Later on deafness was added to his misfortunes, and he was unable even to think without pain and weariness. There were other results of the malady which rendered his condition pitiable in the extreme.

Truly his life had become a sore burden. Writing to Sir G. Couper on May 27th, 1859, and referring to the approaching marriage of his younger daughter Edith to Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, he says: "Our marriage must be got over somehow, even if in total privacy. I trust in God I may look for a happy result to that event. All else is gloom, on which I can no longer look with hope, and, but that it were sin, I could wish that, so far as I am concerned, it were ended, and that I were taken away from a world in which I am no longer of the smallest use, and in which I no longer serve any purpose but to be a clog to others and a weariness to myself." Again, a month later: "I feel conscious that body and mind have failed, and that I am year by year literally going down the hill. I wait God's good time, I hope, in a submissive spirit, and while I do not pretend to wish to die, I feel no great disinclination to quit this scene."

There is little of public interest in the letters of these latter days; but there is one which shows how, in the midst of all his sufferings, that high sense of duty which possessed him through his active life still survived. In July 1859 he received a circular-letter from the War Office regarding Volunteer corps. As Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports he was also their Lord Lieutenant, and had certain functions to discharge in connection with these corps. He writes: "I can't go to the Cinque Ports; I can't discharge the duties of a Lord Lieutenant in this matter, still less lead and encourage the Volunteer movement as the Government desire. Ought I not at once to make way for some one who can? Would it not be painful, if I remain quiescent, to be reminded that the Lord Warden is expected to be active? Would it not be painful to know that (even if I am not

reminded thus) people are thinking it and saying it among themselves? In one word, I am miserable in retaining any post of which I am unable to do the real duties,—and the duty now imposed on me seems a real one. Of course I shall regret to give up an honour which I prize, but that is only a part of my burden." He was spared this regret, for he found on inquiry that he could do all that was required of him.

Time passed on, finding him sometimes a little better, sometimes a little more cheerful — more often ill and miserable.

The greater part of his last two years was spent at Dalhousie Castle, but in May 1860 he went to London, seeking further advice, but to no purpose. By the nature of the malady he was denied the simplest pleasures. On the 24th of this month he writes: "The days are lovely now. I drive out into the country every day, and try to walk a bit, and sit on a gate, and look at the lovely surface of the earth, and wish I could smell it, and hear it. The dead stillness of everything to my senses is horribly oppressive."

While in London the Eton and Harrow cricket match took place, and awoke his love for the old school. "I am in an agony very unbecoming the Sabbath to know whether Harrow licked Eton at cricket yesterday evening, as seemed likely."

Soon after he returned to Dalhousie, where, on September 14th, he wrote the last letter of the collection, in which, after alluding to the ill-health of Lord Panmure, and giving a bad account of his own, he concludes thus: "Who knows? When you come down next autumn with H.R.H. you may find the 12th Earl of D. 'looking over the castle wa'.' If you do, you will find a very honest, generous, warm-hearted fellow." Long before next autumn the castle had passed into the possession of Lord Panmure, who, as 11th Earl of Dalhousie, held it for fourteen years.

This letter was written in the twilight; darkness was close at hand.

On the 19th of December, at the age of forty-eight, Lord

Dalhousie was gathered to his fathers, and his lifelong friend tarried but a little time longer. Within two months he also was in his grave.

In the churchyard of Cockpen stand the ruins of the old parish church, overgrown by dense masses of ivy. Under the ivy lies the burial-place of the Dalhousie family, where rest the mortal remains of the great Governor-General, placed there on December the 26th, 1860. Hard by stands a simple monument, erected by his daughter. His true memorial will be found, not in the country of his birth, mother of great men—of few greater than he; not even in the Dalhousie Institute at Calcutta, where stands his effigy, but in the plains of India, where great and abiding works of peace, accomplished at the price of his life, bear witness to the zeal wherewith he ever sought to do his duty by the country and the people committed to his charge. Just as the ivy conceals his tomb, so for a while his fame was obscured by the shadow of the events which quickly followed his departure from India. The ivy still grows thick, but the shadow has long since departed, and of the many great names which adorn the annals of our Indian Empire, not one stands out more clearly or shines more brightly than that of Dalhousie.

APPENDIX A.

MILITARY GAZETTE.

PRESENTATION OF TROPHY GUNS TO LORD DALHOUSIE BY LORD GOUGH.[1]

LORD GOUGH'S ADDRESS.

MY LORD,—I should have regretted the absence of a military display this evening had not Lady Dalhousie and your Lordship kindly acceded to my wishes by meeting the society of Simla for the purpose of receiving these trophies, which I now beg to present to your Lordship in the name and on the behalf of the army of the Punjab.

Your Lordship has publicly recorded your sense of the merits and services of that army during the recent campaign, concluded by the crowning victory of Goojerat, when these trophies rewarded their devotion.

Your Lordship's acceptance of them has added another tie between the head of the Government and the army, and which will be sensibly felt.

And now, my Lord, that the link which has so long united me to that army will shortly be severed, I take this opportunity, from long experience, confidently to assure your Lordship that whenever the honour of their Sovereign, the good of their country, or the maintenance of the supremacy of British rule in India shall require their services, the Indian Army will nobly respond to your Lordship's call, and, as I assured your Lordship in one of my letters in the early part of the recent campaign, the army of India will proceed, as they have ever done, conquering and to conquer.

May health and prosperity attend your Lordship in the noble position you hold, representing an honoured Sovereign, and presiding over the destinies of a mighty Empire, enlarged under your Lordship's rule by what I confidently predict will be the brightest gem in our Indian possessions—and now may your Lordship and the Countess of Dalhousie, when you return to the castle of your ancestors, be oft reminded by the reverberating sound of these trophies of the deeds of the army of India.

[1] See page 79.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S REPLY

MY LORD,—It would be difficult for me, without the appearance of exaggeration, to give full expression to the feelings with which I receive the gift that, on behalf of the army under your command, your Excellency has done me the honour of presenting to me

I accept the gift with the utmost gratification and pride; and if, the period of my service passed, I should live to return to my own home, I shall place these trophies under my roof-tree, where they will recall to those who may hereafter fill my place the triumphs of a British army and the memory of that eventful period through which we have passed

The gratification which your Lordship has thus given me is greatly enhanced by the opportunity which it affords me of offering to your Excellency, and the gallant army under your command, my most hearty congratulations on the glorious termination of the war in which we have been engaged

After a long career of honourable and distinguished service, it has been your Lordship's lot twice to conduct the operations of war against an enemy, than which none more formidable, more skilful, more full of soldierly qualities, has ever met us on the field of India Twice it has been your Lordship's privilege to conclude our wars against the Sikhs by their entire and utter defeat; and on this occasion by a humiliation so complete, that in almost the literal sense of the classical phrase they have been compelled, subdued, and disarmed to pass beneath the yoke

My Lord, I do not speak these words merely to serve the passing purpose of the moment, or to repay by compliment the honour you have done me to-night, but that I may personally and in all sincerity express to you the deep and abiding sense I entertain of the conspicuous services which your Excellency and the army under your command have lately rendered to the State

Let me add that the confidence which your Lordship, from long experience, assures me I may repose in the services of the army in India has always been firmly rooted in my mind

I entertained that confidence when first I set my foot in India—it has never for one moment been shaken by the tremour of a doubt—and it leads me now to rest with full reliance on the belief that, whenever the call may be made, the army in India will show in the time to come the same gallantry, the same endurance and fortitude which they have displayed in times past, and that they will ever maintain at the highest point the honour of the colours under which they serve.

Long may you live, my Lord—and it is a wish which I am very certain all who have been associated with you, or over whom you have exercised command, will cordially echo—long may you live to rest upon the honours which in connection with the army of India you have achieved for yourself—long may you live to enjoy the best and richest reward to which any servant of the public, whether soldier or states-

man, can aspire; I mean, the consciousness that with integrity of motive and in singleness of purpose he has laboured, his life long, honourably and faithfully to do his duty to his Sovereign and to his country.

APPENDIX B.

'THE BOMBAY TIMES' publishes the following draft Memorial relating to the Punjab prize money:—

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY IN COUNCIL.

The Humble Petition of the undersigned Officers of her Majesty's and of the East India Company's service engaged in the last campaign in the Punjab.

Sheweth,—That your Majesty's Royal predecessor, King George the 2nd, did by his Royal Letters Patent, dated the 14th of February 1758, grant to the East India Company booty taken from the enemy when the forces of the East India Company alone were employed, but expressly saved his prerogative Royal to distribute such booty in such manner and proportions as he should see fit in all cases where any forces of his Majesty, his heirs and successors, should act in conjunction with those of the East India Company, that in the hitherto unquestioned exercise of the Royal prerogative so saved, your Majesty's Royal predecessors have, as the several occasions occurred, so distributed as they thought fit the booty taken from the enemy by the Royal forces acting in conjunction with those of the East India Company. And recently your Majesty was graciously pleased to grant to the army engaged in the operations against the Ameers of Scinde, the plunder taken from those chiefs, reserving only therefrom for your Majesty the battle-axe of Nadir Shah; that during the last campaign in the Punjaub booty to a large amount was, in the course of actual hostilities, taken from the enemy. That taken at Moultan being the property of the Lahore State, and other booty taken elsewhere being at the time of capture the property either of the Lahore State or of the chiefs and officers and others then in arms against the British Government. That on the 3rd of October 1848, the Secretary to the Government of India, in a letter to the Resident at Lahore, stated that he was desired to intimate to him that the Governor-General in Council considered the State of Lahore to be to all intents and purposes directly at war with the British Government. That on the 10th of July

preceding a combined force of your Majesty's and the East India Company's troops was directed to move from Lahore against Mooltan, where two British officers had been murdered, with the complicity of the Dewan Moolraj, on the 19th of April, and that soon after that event hostilities commenced, and were uninterruptedly carried on, between irregular troops under the direction of British officers and the troops of the Dewan Moolraj, who never ceased to profess allegiance to the Maharajah of Lahore

That on the 17th of September 1848 the Resident at Lahore took possession of the Citadel and the property of the State, and made efficient arrangements for the security of the person of the Maharajah, the troops employed being your Majesty's 53rd Regiment, under the command of Brigadier Campbell, C B That this operation took place nearly five months after the commencement of hostilities with the Dewan Moolraj, and only a few days before the date of the letter above referred to, whereby the Governor General in Council declared that he considered the Lahore State to be at war with the British Government, which letter, written at Calcutta on the 3rd of October, must have been founded upon the same information which induced the Resident at Lahore to take possession of the Citadel and of the State property, and to secure the person of the Maharajah on the 17th of September That this seizure of the Citadel of Lahore and of the State property was an act of war, and if it were not so, still, the immediately subsequent declaration of the Governor General in Council, that he considered the State of Lahore to be at war with the British Government, would have a retrospective effect, and give to the State property then seized that character, and subject it to all the conditions of booty taken from the enemy, that therefore as well the State property seized at Lahore on the 17th of September as the booty taken at Mooltan and elsewhere in the course of actual hostilities belonged to your Majesty in right of your prerogative Royal, and was by your Majesty alone to be distributed or disposed of as your Majesty might think fit That nevertheless, on the 7th of April 1849, the Governor General informed the Secret Committee of the Court of Directors that, in liquidation of the accumulated debt due to the Indian Government by the State of Lahore, and for the expenses of the war, he had confiscated the property of the State to the use of the East India Company, that from this confiscation, however, he had excluded the Koh i-Noor, which, in token of submission, had been surrendered by the Maharajah of Lahore to the Queen of England, *thus appropriating to the East India Company property which belonged to your Majesty*, with the exception of the Koh i Noor, which was equally the property of your Majesty, *but which your Majesty was made to appear to receive only by the surrender of the Maharajah*, that the person of the Maharajah had been placed in security by your Majesty's troops, when the Citadel of Lahore was taken possession of on the 14th of September 1848, and had ever since so continued That the Governor-General had declared, in a note read in Durbar at Lahore on the 29th March 1849, that he had resolved on declaring the British Sovereignty in the Punjaub, and upon the entire

subjection of the Seikh nation, that he regretted he should be compelled to depose from his throne a descendant of Maharajah Runjeet Singh; but the sovereign of every State is responsible for and must be affected by the acts of his people over whom he reigns. That on the 26th of March the Governor-General had instructed Mr Elliot, the Secretary to the Government of India, to proceed to Lahore and to offer certain terms to the Maharajah, but whether those terms were accepted or not, to issue a proclamation, then enclosed, which was accordingly afterwards published on the 29th of March, wherein it was declared and proclaimed that the kingdom of the Punjaub was at an end. *That the Maharajah, under these circumstances, could not exercise any power as an independent Sovereign, of agreeing to the confiscation of the property of the State, or of surrendering any portion of such property to your Majesty, and least of all could he exercise such powers over property which already belonged to your Majesty, in right of your Royal prerogative* as booty taken from an enemy. That, therefore, the undersigned Officers of your Majesty's and of the East India Company's service, engaged in the last campaign in the Punjaub, humbly pray that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to take their services into consideration, whenever your Majesty shall make such distribution of said booty as to your Majesty may seem fit; and if any doubt should arise as to your Majesty's rights over any part of such booty, then they humbly pray that your Majesty will be pleased to cause the validity of such doubt to be investigated, in such manner as your Majesty may direct, and in that case, they further *pray that they may be allowed to submit such measures or reasons as they may be advised in support of your Majesty's rights over such booty.*

APPENDIX C.

KNOWSLEY, *4th October* 1852.

DEAR LORD DALHOUSIE,—The intelligence of the Duke of Wellington's death reached me at Balmoral where I was in attendance upon the Queen, but as her Majesty had that very day gone to a small shooting lodge in the neighbourhood, I had no opportunity of personal communication with her till two days later. My first duty was to submit to her Majesty the names of those who should succeed to the various offices held by the late Duke; and I had very great pleasure in advising her Majesty that the office of Warden of the Cinque Ports should be offered to you should you think it worth your acceptance. Her Majesty not only cordially approved of the advice, but intimated to me that the appointment had already occurred to herself as the one most fitting to be made, which she thought I should probably recommend. Unfortunately I did not advert to the fact, in the multiplicity of busi-

ness which pressed upon me, that there were only two or three days to spare before the sailing of the E. India mail, and my communication to you has consequently been delayed a fortnight. In the meantime you will see by the papers that public report has assigned this office to myself, chiefly, I believe, upon the ground that it has generally been taken by the First Lord of the Treasury for the time being.

After what I have said, however, I need not assure you that these reports rest on no other foundation, and that I have never had a moment's hesitation about making the offer to you. Should I find that it is necessary that the office should be temporarily filled up, for the purpose of the discharge of any duties which cannot be performed by deputy, previous to your return, I may have my own name inserted; but in that case I shall have it clearly understood that it is as a temporary appointment only, and for the purpose of handing it over to you. You are, of course, aware that a committee of the House of Commons in 1833 recommended a revision of the system of licensing Pilots, and that some alterations would probably have been made affecting the office but for the strong objections which the Duke of Wellington felt to any change. I need not say that any new appointment must be accepted subject to any alteration which Parliament may think fit to adopt; but I am sure that, far from objecting, it would be your wish, should you be in England, to co-operate with Parliament in any measures which may be deemed for the benefit of the mercantile marine; and that nobody is better qualified than yourself to give an opinion on such questions.

The emoluments of the office are very small; but it gives a residence, and as a mark of honour from the Crown is one which even a Governor-General of India may not disdain to accept. Let me add also that it affords me very great pleasure to have had it in my power to offer this advice to the Queen, and thus to mark my own sincere personal regard and friendship for you. — Believe me, Dear Lord Dalhousie, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) DERBY.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

APPENDIX D.

TREATY WITH THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

EQUALLY happy results [annexation of Nagpore] have attended the assignment which the Nizam was persuaded to make of the districts belonging to the State of Hyderabad.

In the possession of Berar and the neighbouring districts of Nag-

pore, the British Government, it deserves to be remembered, has secured the finest cotton tracts which are known to exist in all the continent of India, and thus has opened up a great additional channel of supply through which to make good a felt deficiency in the staple of one great branch of its manufacturing industry

Since the assignment was made all disputes with the Nizam have ceased

Though the districts assigned were covered with places of defence—the famous fortress of Gawilgurh among the rest and although they were garrisoned by Arabs or Rohillahs, yet all were delivered over submissively and at once, and not a single shot was fired in anger

There also the Civil administration has been introduced Crime especially the violent crime of dacoity, has already much diminished The revenue is already rapidly increasing The public tranquillity has not been disturbed by even a single popular tumult, and the admirable little army which was formerly the Nizam's contingent, but which is now a British force, is available for any service for which it may be required —*Final Minute of the Marquess of Dalhousie*

APPENDIX E.

THE kingdom of Nagpore became British territory by simple lapse, in the absence of all legal heirs The kingdom, which had been granted to the reigning Raja by the British Government when it had become forfeited by the treachery of Appa Sahib, was left without a claimant when the Raja died No son had been born to his Highness, none had been adopted by him, none, as they have themselves admitted, was adopted at the Raja's death by the ranees, his widows There remained no one male of the line who descended from the stock and bore the name of Bhonsla The British Government, therefore, refused to bestow the territory in free gift upon a stranger, and wisely incorporated it with its own dominions —*Final Minute of the Marquess of Dalhousie*

APPENDIX F.

February 26th, 1854.

EXTRACT FROM SIR EDWARD CAMPBELL, no date, received February 23rd, 1854.

"THERE is one part of your letter, sir, which I must answer at once—I mean about Sir Charles Napier, my old master and relative. Before you placed me on your staff you assured me I should never hear him spoken of in your family in any but terms of kindness, and though I required no such assurance I was very thankful for it, for I loved him very dearly, and he was always like a father to me and helped me on in every way. I entered your Lordship's family without any fear of having my feelings wounded on his account, but I did not, and could not, expect such forbearance and kind feelings as your Lordship uniformly evinced in speaking of him to me. And I had also the pleasure of feeling that I was not in the way, for I knew that before I was on your staff it was just the same."

APPENDIX G.

OF all the works of public improvement which can be applied to an Indian province, works of irrigation are the happiest in their effects upon the physical condition of the people. And foremost among all the works of irrigation that the world as yet has ever seen stands the Ganges Canal, whose main stream was for the first time opened on the 8th April 1854. When the opening of the canal was reported to the Honourable Court the work was thus briefly described:—

"Within eight years the main lines of the Ganges Canal, applicable to the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, have been designed, executed, and opened.

"Extending over 525 miles in length, measuring in its greatest depth ten feet, and in its extreme breadth 170 feet, the main irrigation line of the Ganges Canal is justly described 'as a work which stands unequalled in its class and character among the efforts of civilised nations.' (Letter of Lieutenant-Governor, April 1854, para. 8.)

"Its length is five-fold greater than that of all the main lines of Lombardy united, and more than twice the length of the aggregate lines of Lombardy and Egypt together—the only countries in the world whose works of irrigation rise above insignificance.

"As a single work of navigation for purposes of commerce the Ganges Canal has no competitor throughout the world. No single canal in Europe has attained to half the magnitude of this Indian work. It nearly equals the aggregate length of the four greatest canals

in France; it greatly exceeds all the first-class canals of Holland put together, and it is greater by nearly one-third than the greatest navigation canal in the United States of America.

"I have spoken here of the main line alone. When the branches in progress shall have been completed, the extent and influence of the work will be vastly increased throughout all its gigantic proportions.

"Wonderful and admirable in all respects as the Ganges Canal is felt to be, it has been well said, in the words which the Lieutenant-Governor has quoted, 'that there is no more striking fact in connection with it than that such a truly gigantic undertaking should have been in its designs the work of a single intellect, and in its execution the work of a third part of one man's professional life.'"

All the plans for the prosecution of the works upon the canal had been formed before the Government of India was placed in my hands. But of the sum of £1,400,000 which had been expended upon the canal at the time of its opening in 1854, all excepting £170,000 has been granted since my administration commenced. No financial pressure—no exigencies of war—were suffered to interrupt the progress of that great work. Its main lines have now been opened for nearly two years. The water has been admitted over their whole length. The works have stood the test, during the last monsoon, of some of the severest floods that have ever been known, and as yet the success has been in all respects complete.

When the branches shall be finished the canal will extend to about 900 miles in length. It is estimated that the area which may be irrigated by its waters will not be less than 1,470,000 acres. But none can estimate, in their full extent, the blessings which its fertilising influence will confer upon millions whom it will place henceforth beyond the reach of those periodical calamities of season which from time to time, as in 1837, have brought upon the plains of Hindostan the wide-spread desolation of famine and death. I trust I shall not be thought vainglorious if I say that the successful execution and completion of such a work as the Ganges Canal would, even if it stood alone, suffice to signalise an Indian administration.

I rejoice to know that the gracious favour of the Sovereign was promptly shown to the man whose genius designed, and whose energy so rapidly completed, this noble work, and that Sir Proby Cautley has been worthily decorated with high honours from the Crown.—*Abridged from final Minute of the Marquess of Dalhousie.*

APPENDIX H.

UNTIL that time [expiry of Act of 1833] the local Government of Bengal had been placed in the hands of the Governor-General of India. But in the year 1853 the system, by which the officer charged with the

responsibility of controlling the government of all India was further burdened with local duties of vast extent and importance, was happily abandoned. The Governor-General was finally liberated from the obligation of performing an impossible task, and a Lieutenant-Governor was appointed to the charge of Bengal alone.

At the same time another great change was introduced, equally novel in its character and not less important.

A Council was appointed as the Legislature of India, which was no longer identical with the Supreme Council, but included divers other members, and exercised its functions by separate and distinct proceedings of its own.

The organisation of the Legislative Council proved to be a work which involved great labour, and was attended with many difficulties.

The proceedings of the Council, however, were speedily reduced to form. The duties of the Council have subsequently been laboriously and faithfully performed.—*Final Minute of the Marquess of Dalhousie.*

APPENDIX I.

ARTICLE IN 'THE TIMES' OF JANUARY 4TH, 1855.

THE article begins by comparing the organisation of the home Army with that of India, much to the disadvantage of the former, and proceeds—

"We are in sore need;—we want, above all things, a man capable of recreating our military system, of bringing order out of confusion and method and regularity out of chaos. When we point out the failure of our present war administration, we are often tauntingly challenged to suggest some one in whose management a reasonable and well-founded confidence might be reposed. For once we feel disposed to accept the challenge." It then goes on to point out the various duties, responsibilities, and achievements of Lord Dalhousie, referring especially to the second Sikh War and the war with Burmah, and concludes, "Here, then, is a discovery—a man and a marquis who may be safely trusted with the lives of his fellow-men, and who, though trained in peace, has shown himself fully equal to the emergencies of war. Before he entered on this wider sphere of exertion the Marquis of Dalhousie showed no ordinary sagacity in foreseeing the direction of the railway mania, and in devising means for reducing that national madness within useful and reasonable limits. Such a man we have in India, worthily fulfilling all the duties which devolve on the civil and military chief of a vast and half-civilised empire. The Emperor

Nicholas himself does not number as many subjects, or exercise a more vast or durable influence on the happiness or misery of the human race.

"If we have here any man equally, or nearly equally, competent for managing the affairs of the war, it were a pity to take away the Marquis of Dalhousie from the sphere of his labours, his usefulness, and his glory; but if there be none such, at least known to the public, why do we hesitate to employ in our present need an instrument so well adapted for our purpose?"

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