

an Ammorite—was unable to comply with the suggestion of Abba who, no doubt, horrified by the decent sight of the mangled remains of our countrymen, urged that it would be better for them both to quit the position they then occupied. Abba was right, but the adopted son of Bajee Rao Shaib had not yet realised “what perils do environ the man that meddles with cold iron!” even when unaccompanied by butchery which would have dishonoured a shamble. The knowledge was, however, at hand, and not even “poojah” was found sufficient to induce our friend to remain at Bithoor. The voice of Havelock and Neil were suddenly heard above the wail of murdered women and infants, men butchered with the solemn promise of protection and safety still upon the Nana’s lips, and then tens of thousands who had dealt fire and death upon a few helpless fugitives turned and fled before a handful of British soldiers. The rest of the evidence to be gathered from the trial resolves itself into one long flight, in which we sometimes tumble over the arch-fiend himself, sometimes it is the Ranees of Jhansie, now Tantia Topsee, now Feroze Shah on a camel or on horse, rest seems unknown to us, and we throw down the paper utterly exhausted by the mere mental effort of following Pandoo Rao in his flight. At the risk of wearying our readers we shall allow the Nana’s lieutenant to tell his own story, including the means by which his life has been placed at the disposal of the British Government. Dates are not given, but the distances will speak for themselves. ●

“When the Nana and Bala Rao ran away from Cawnpore and came to Bithoor, Bala Rao was wounded. The Nana took both of us to a place called Putkapore, crossed the river in boats; there were about thirty-five of us, including our women. The Nana made a small enclosure where we put up. Jussa Singh and Bhopal Singh, when they heard that the Nana had arrived, called on him and asked us to come to Futteppore Chowrassee, and kept us in the house of Bhopal Singh; a few days after the Begum of Lucknow’s troops came and escorted the women. Nana, Bala, and myself remained behind. Then the Nana went to Lucknow, Bala left for Delhi, Tantia for Morar. Bala Rao returned to me, and so did the Nana with all the women. Tantia Topsee arrived at Calpee with troops. Bala Rao joined him. On their arrival at Ackbarpore they sent for Jowala Pershaud. The Nana sent me to the Tehseels of Sheorajpore and Billour in company with horsemen.

“Bala Rao sent for me, I met him at Bhowntan, in the evening, where I stayed with him. Bala Rao and myself crossed the nullah at separate places. Bala Rao joined the Nana that very day. I remained at a place called Noubutgunge. Jowala Pershaud and Tantia Topsee

of Banda wished to give himself up to the British, The officers of our forces, on hearing this, raised objections; notwithstanding their disinclination to allow him to leave, he gave himself up. Then Tantia and myself came to Khurkoo Sabassee, in the district of Indore, where 200 sowars joined us. On our way we encountered British troops crossing the Nerbudda and intending to proceed to Baroda, had an engagement at Chota Oodapore with the British, fled to Baiswarra, where Tantia committed depredations. At Pertabghur we fought the British, were defeated and fled; four days after we had another battle at Jurapore, were again defeated. Four or five days after we crossed the river Chambul, and came to a fort in the Jeypore district. Feroze Shah was there. Tantia, Feroze Shah and myself came to a place called Sukkur, where we had another fight, were defeated, and fled to Dhoosa. At this place we had another battle. At night Tantia left without informing us, taking with him half our troops, and from that day to the day of my capture I have not seen him. I wished Feroze Shah to send word to the British stating our inclination to give ourselves up, when Feroze Shah told me that he had already sent his vakeel. On hearing this, I sent my vakeel Mahomed Izaack to negotiate with the British for me; the general then sent word that no harm would happen to me if I came in. Often I wished to go, but was prevented by the troops. The perwannah has been lost; it ran thus, as far as I can recollect, ‘If I came in within 10 hours the general would be glad to see me.’ After this the men began to leave me daily; out of the two or three hundred that I had with me I selected a few and retired. Out of the few I selected from, only Oomrao a Mussulman, Gunnesh a Brahmin, and Pookhan a kidmutgar remained with me. We were dressed as faqueers, and travelled through Gwalior and Toonk; there Oomrao and Gunnesh parted from me. The former returned to me again, bringing with him my wife and her mother from Scindia. Not thinking it safe to remain in the jungles, I came to Pooskur near Ajmere. Passing through Ajmere to Jeypoor and Delhi, I reached Thanasser. I went by the name of Luchman Dass Pundit. Stayed at Thanasser fifteen days, then started to Joowala Jee, thence to Kutkurra Purmindal, and Soodbhow, in the Jummoo district. Then to Dhurgutta, with the intention of going to Cashmere. When I went to Chundaree I sent my brother-in-law with a man to Cashmere, myself and wife stayed at Chundaree. Madho Roy Brahmin, from Phooskur, joined me, when we both started for Jummoo to purchase a buffalo; and from thence we went to Sealkote and back to Chandaree and Nia Munde, about three miles further on. I often used to go to worship. Bhim Roy, in the disguise of a faqueer who was with Tantia, recognised me

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"Bala Rao sent for me, I met him at Bhowntan, in the evening, where I stayed with him. Bala Rao and myself crossed the nullah at separate places. Bala Rao joined the Nana that very day. I remained at a place called Noubutunge, Jowala Pershaud and Tania Topee were with me. Tania then went to Calpee and Jowala Pershaud took me to the Nana at Uddra Mow. During the mutiny, Tania, Bala, and Jowala Pershaud were the leaders. The two former could do nothing without consulting Jowala Pershaud. Jowala Pershaud and I went to the Nana at Uddra Mow, and Bala Rao took the women to their homes, Mouza Bunawah Tuttora, and the Nana took me to Bhugwunt Nuggur. I stayed at the banks of the Ganges upwards of one month and a half, when a letter came from Tania calling me and another from the women, stating the uncomfortableness of their position with Bala Rao. At this time Gowreesunker, the head of the forces at Delhi, came to me; he and I were sent with 400 sowars to Tania to Calpee.

"At Calpee there was one Chutter Singh, an officer of the Morar regiment, who usually took his orders from Tania Topee.

"During the engagement at Jhansie, Tania went to the assistance of the Ranees by the village of Churkaree, I was at Calpee. Tania engaged in battle with the British; when routed he came to Calpee. The mother of the Nawab of Banda wrote to me, asking me to come to her; with the consent of Tania Topee I left. About fourteen miles from Calpee I met them, when they mentioned to me that they had run away. Tania went a second time to the aid of Ranees of Jhansie; on his way he encountered the British forces, engaged in battle, was routed, and fled back to Calpee. The Nawab, Tania, and myself then started for Gwalior; we encamped about six miles from the city. The Gwalior Rajah, on hearing of our arrival, entreated us not to come into his territories, that he would make arrangements for 'russud,' &c. The next morning the Gwalior Rajah's forces attacked us; his troops were defeated, and he ran away to Agra; on this his people joined our men. Then Tania, the Nawab, and myself went to Gwalior, about fifteen days after the British forces marched into Gwalior from two directions, and fought with us for seven or eight days. The Ranees of Jhansie was killed. We then fled and encamped twenty-eight miles off; two or three days after the British troops and the Rajah's followed us, when we engaged with them. Being routed, we fled twenty miles further. All our guns being seized, we then went through the jungles of Jeypore, to Boondee, thence to Rampore, thence to Jullapatan. The Mussulmans of Patan gave us russud, after which we attacked the chief of Patan and made him prisoner. Tania brought him to me. When Tania brought him, he said, 'I'll be hard on him, and you treat him kindly, so as to extort money from him.' The chief said he would give us a few lakhs; then Tania ordered some sowars to escort him to his house. Two or three days after, the chief paid the money, and joined us, leaving his family behind at Patan. We had a fight with the British at Bheelwara, and another at Khotara. I cannot recollect if this engagement took place prior to the Patan affair or not. Leaving Patan we came to Rajgur, from thence to Baiswarra, where we engaged the British in battle, who captured all our guns. Then we went to Seronge, where we stayed eight or ten days—thence to Esaghur, where Tania engaged the Gwalior Rajah in battle. Tania broke open the gate, and plundered the whole city. The next day Tania marched to Chandaree, with the intention of engaging the Rajah of Gwalior's troops in battle; before doing so he ordered me to remove the women and the Banda Nawab to Bundelcund. We then came to Seetapore. Tania fled from Chandaree and came to me. The British troops from Saugor came to Seetapore. An engagement took place at Khapoor. Tania again fled, and left for Seronge; 20 miles from Seronge another battle took place, when Tania again fled, crossing the Nerbudda, and came to Futtehpore. By the hill road we came to Moolpattee Nuddee, where the Nawab

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THE COTTON PORT OF WESTERN INDIA.

(*Friend of India*, July 17.)

While the planters of the Southern States are burning their cotton; while the wail of distress sounds across the sea from Lancashire, and cotton makes another convulsive leap of a penny a pound; and while India fails helplessly to seize the golden opportunity offered by the present, let us look at one great means by which she hopes to rise equal to the future—the creation of a New Orleans, or at least a Mobile, at the only spot, except Bombay and Goa, on the west coast of India, where a ship can lie safely at anchor while the boisterous monsoon rages wildly without. We once wrote of cities of the future in India. Beikul, or Sedasheghur as some call it, promises to be such a city, having advantages with which Beypore, in spite of its railway, cannot compete, and in some respects equalling Bombay, as being the natural outlet of the great cotton districts of the South. While Madras slept, as is her wont, an enemy in the shape of Bombay came and stole her best port with the district of which it is the outlet. It was a serious but justifiable theft, for North Canara, with an area of 4,800 square miles, and a population of half a million, has a net annual revenue, after paying all charges, of 122,233*l.*, and this district, in spite of all Sir Arthur Cotton's recommendations, the Madras Government would not improve. Geographically as well as politically, it now belongs to Bombay, and the report of Colonel Turner and Mr. Hope, the commissioners sent by Sir George Clerk to draw up the plans of the future city and harbour, shows that Bombay is determined to improve its new acquisition. Already the Manchester Cotton Company and some Bombay firms have there purchased land and erected screws and warehouses.

Flowing down from those tall western ghauts which of old our armies scaled more than once to attack Tippoo in his stronghold on the table-land of Mysore, is the Kala Nuddee, which as it approaches the sea widens out into a cove, and discharges itself a few miles below the Portuguese territory of Goa. Above the ghauts immediately are the finest cotton fields in India, those of Dharwar. By the Unshy, Kyga, and Arbyle Ghauts, Belgaum and the whole of North and East Dharwar can easily send its cotton down to the sea, while it is proposed to attract to the new port all the produce of South Dharwar, North Mysore, and the south-east country, which now pours down by Sircy and the Devamunny Ghaut to the fishing village of Compta, which gives its name to a well-known variety of cotton. Thus all the cotton of Southern India, except in the far eastern districts, will be drained away to Beikul, instead of trickling down innumerable torrent-courses to nameless ports, being sent in unsafe boats to Bombay, there unshipped, again shipped and finally despatched to England. The amount of cotton imported into Bombay from the western coasting ports in 1860-61 was valued at 4,747,432*l.*, while the whole export was only 6,979,164*l.*, the difference having reached Bombay by land. But our Bombay friends by adding these nearly five millions to the imports which again figure as exports, manage to make it appear that their *bona fide* trade is greater than that of Calcutta—a trick which deceived us two years