

JOURNAL OF
THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW

An Episode of the Indian Mutiny

by MARIA GERMON

Edited by Michael Edwardes

*Introduction by
Colin Welch*

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Introduction—
by Colin Welch

FEW would call Boswell an exceptionally wise man, or even a sensible one. Yet it was given to him to write the greatest biography in the English—or perhaps in any—language. The author of this journal was, I am sure, a very ordinary woman. You will search her pages in vain for any clue as to what the mutiny was all about, what lay beneath the surface she records. Yet as a writer she has one great and rare gift: the ability to write exactly as she speaks. And this, I think, is what gives an extraordinary vivacity and charm to her journal. In it you will find even the slang of the period artlessly preserved, “light infantry” for lice, “big dogs” for “brass-hats”, “croaking” for getting the wind up. In it, as in conversation and in life, the trivial and the epoch-making are all mixed together: the agony of waiting for relief and of hopes deferred; the horror of finding “an enormous rat” in one’s bedding; anxiety for the safety of a husband; grief at the loss of “dear little doggies”.

By eroding detail, time gives to events like the Siege of Lucknow an impersonal, stylised quality. Big words like “heroism” and “privation”, though just, do not help. Mrs. Germon makes us live with her through the siege and see it as she saw it: an affair of dirt and over-

crowding; of hideous boils, lice and the death of friends; of mending Charlie's "unmentionables"; of small pleasures like a cup of tea, or singing in the evening, "Captain Weston joining"; of petty squabbles as to who fetches water for whom, who cooks what food there is and who does the washing-up, all conducted to the accompaniment of shot whistling through the windows and walls.

* * *

Maria Vincent Garratt, as she then was, married Richard Charles Germon on October 21st, 1851, at St. John's Church, Calcutta. "Dear old Charlie" was an officer in the 13th Bengal Native Infantry (he retired in 1869 as a Lieutenant-Colonel), and 1857 found him with his wife and regiment in Lucknow. This city was—and is—one of outstanding beauty, though you might not guess it from Mrs. Germon. As reticent as Jane Austen about the background to her narrative, she notes only that "the panorama of Lucknow from the top of the Residency is splendid". Sir William Russell, approaching with the second relief, was overwhelmed:

"A vision of palaces, minars, domes azure and golden, long façades of fair perspective in pillar and column, terraced roofs—all rising up amid a calm, still ocean of the brightest verdure. Spires of gold glitter in the sun. Turrets and gilded spheres shine like constellations. There is nothing mean or squalid to be seen. There is a city more vast than Paris, as it seems, and more brilliant. Is this a city in Oudh? Is this the capital of a semi-barbarous race, erected by a corrupt, effete

and degraded dynasty? I confess I felt inclined to rub my eyes again and again. . . ." It was also a city full of loot—a fact which neither the British soldiery nor Mrs. Germon overlooked.

It was on May 15th, 1857, that Mrs. Germon heard "the horrible news" from Meerut and Delhi—news that fully justified Miss Nepean's "violent sick headache". On May 10th, the sepoy at Meerut had revolted. They then threw open the jail and released eighty-five of their comrades imprisoned there for disobedience, massacred every white man, woman and child they could find, fired the European bungalows, stole or destroyed the contents and, in the middle of the night, made off for Delhi. Here they found another garrison to join them, more Europeans to massacre and an aged Mogul king to act as the mutiny's nominal, bewildered and unwilling leader and thus give it a national and political character.

Of the various causes and symptoms of this outbreak, which rapidly spread through northern India, few were hidden from that great and good man, Sir Henry Lawrence. All were present, and more besides, in the recently annexed Kingdom of Oudh, of which he had recently been appointed Chief Commissioner and of which Lucknow was the capital. Oudh was indeed a barrel of gunpowder, to which the mutiny put the match. Here was an old kingdom, newly overthrown; a court newly broken up with every indignity; a ruling class newly deprived of its perquisites and set to beg; a rural aristocracy newly stripped of its lands and rights; a native army part-disarmed (ineffectively) and part re-enlisted without enthusiasm into our

service; a new system of taxation, more just, perhaps, than the old, yet more efficient and thus less tolerable.

On his arrival Lawrence was quick to see the dangers which our harsh policies involved. He reversed or redressed what he could, reconciled the reconcilable and repeatedly drew attention to the folly of garrisoning this vast and disaffected province predominantly with native regiments. These were principally recruited in Oudh. Lawrence was under no illusion as to their reliability; the story of the greased cartridges had spread fear and disaffection here as elsewhere, and there was but one British regiment¹, and that under strength, to overawe them if need be.

But it was too late. As early as May 3rd, the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry showed signs of unrest. Lawrence promptly disarmed them and almost a month passed in mounting tension and feverish preparation. One dilemma which confronted Lawrence was whether or not to disarm the four native regiments—the 13th, 48th and 71st Infantry and 7th Cavalry—which remained apparently loyal. Had he been responsible solely for Lucknow, he might have ordered disarmament. Yet such a gesture of mistrust must, he knew, provoke outbreaks elsewhere in Oudh, where there was not a single European soldier to resist them. He therefore quite reasonably decided against it, with consequences which proved disastrous.

Though thus forced to display a trust he did not feel, he neglected no other precaution. After May 23rd, the European community was concentrated in the

¹ The 32nd (now the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry), in Lucknow itself.

Residency area, which consisted of the Residency itself and a number of smaller buildings, linked by a hastily constructed earthwork. In some of the prints you may see sections of this pitiful fortification, and share the wonder of the relieving forces that it could have been held so long and against such odds. Provisions for a siege were laid in, and European troops were concentrated first at three points—the Residency, the Machi Bhawan and the Mariaon *cantonments*—and later, after the siege had begun, at the Residency alone. Every man, woman and child who survived the siege owed it to Lawrence's prudence, which faltered only when in conflict with his largeness of mind. Around the Residency area loomed towering mosques and temples. Others urged their destruction, fearing (rightly) that they might provide posts for sniping or observation. "Spare the holy places" ordered Lawrence.

On May 30th, firing broke out in the native lines. The next day the mutineers were put to flight, but Lawrence could not pursue as his native cavalry was unreliable and he feared to leave Lucknow itself ungarrisoned. The month of June passed in gathering gloom. From Cawnpore, forty-five miles to the south-west, came reports of the siege, requests for help which Lawrence was forced to ignore, and finally news of the surrender and subsequent massacre. The mutineers were then free to attend to Lucknow. Lawrence would have waited for them there but, in ill-health and continually badgered by insubordinate subordinates, he allowed himself to be over-persuaded. On June 30th he advanced to meet an overwhelming concentration of rebels at Chinhat, and was nearly surrounded. Retreat de-

generated into rout. The rebels, just beaten to the Residency, closed in around it and the siege began.

Its story I leave to Mrs. Germon. One point alone is worth emphasising: the odds against which we fought. At the beginning of the siege there were 3,000 people in the Residency area, of whom 1,692 were combatant. Casualties reduced this figure every day. The investing force, composed not only of mutineers, but of half the discontented of Oudh, never fell below 20,000. Such a disparity must have given the rebels Lucknow, had they been properly led. But they were not. Their lack of any efficient command was their weakness, and their strength. It denied them Lucknow, lost them Delhi, and defeated them in almost every pitched battle they fought. Yet it enabled them again and again to disperse, reform and fight on. Headless, they could not be decapitated; lacking organisation, they could not be disorganised. India was not at peace until April, 1859.

* * *

A word about the text. An expurgated version of the journal appeared in a small privately-printed edition in 1870. The original manuscript is in the India Office Library in London. By courtesy of the Librarian, it has been prepared for publication by Mr. Michael Edwardes, who is also responsible for the glossary and the notes at the beginning of each chapter. Apart from sentences broken up for easier reading, the journal is as it was written. Place-names and Indian words have been left in their original old-fashioned spellings.

*Some of the more important
personalities mentioned by
Mrs. Germon*

Bithoor, Raja of. See *Nana Sahib*.

Brydon, Dr. William. 1811-73. During the first Afghan War, 1839-42, he alone, of 13,000 men, reached Jalalabad when the army retreated from Kabul in January 1842 and was besieged there. Lucknow was, therefore, his second siege.

Fayrer, Dr. (later Sir) Joseph. 1824-1907. Residency Surgeon in Lucknow from 1853. Famous authority on tropical diseases.

Gubbins, Martin Richard. 1812-63. Financial Commissioner in Oudh, 1856, and throughout the Siege.

Hewitt, William Henry. Brigadier (Lieutenant-General). 1790-1863. Commanded at Meerut, where the Mutiny broke out, and through his lack of action permitted the mutineers to escape to Delhi.

Lawrence, Sir Henry. 1816-57. Brother of John Lawrence, "Saviour of the Punjab" in the Mutiny. One of British-India's greatest administrators.

Nana Sahib. 1820-59(?). The chief rebel leader. Adopted son of the last leader of the Marattas, a warlike race who dominated Central India until their defeat in 1816. Believed to be responsible, though there is no proof, for the massacre of the women and children at Cawnpore. Escaped after defeat to Nepal and is believed to have died in 1859 though rumour had him alive in the 1880's.

A Glossary of 'Anglo-Indian' words used in the Journal

- Almirah*: a wardrobe
Attah: flour
Ayah: a native lady's maid or nurse-maid
Banghy: a shoulder yoke for carrying loads
Bheestie: a water-carrier, as in Kipling's *Gunga Din*
Cantonments: the military station as distinct from the "native city"
Charpoy: a bedstead
Chokeydar: a watchman
Chota Hazree: "little breakfast", a meal eaten before early morning exercise
Chupattee: an unleavened cake of bread, rather like a pancake
Chuprassee: an office messenger
Coss: a rather variable measure of distance in the region of two miles
Cossid: a courier
Crammie: a clerk; also a vulgar word for a Eurasian
Dal: a kind of pulse, used, mixed with rice, as a breakfast dish
Dawk: literally "post", hence "the mail"; *dawk bungalow*: a rest-house
Dhobie: a washerman
Doolie: a covered litter carried by two or four men
Duree: a thin mat
Durzie: a tailor
Dussereh: *Durga-puja*, a Hindu festival in October lasting ten days
Gharrie: a cart or carriage
Ghaut: a landing-place on a river, a quay
Godown: a warehouse
Gunfire: dawn

Hackerie: a cart drawn by bullocks
Havildar: a sepoy N.C.O., equivalent to sergeant
Kitmutgar: a Mussulman servant whose duty was to wait at table
Kutcherry: a court-house
Lotah: a brass pot used for drinking
Mohurram: a period of fasting and mourning during the first month of the Mohammedan year
Punkah wallah: one who operates a *punkah*, a large, fixed, swinging fan
Seer: a variable measure of weight, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Shigram: a Bombay name for a kind of carriage
Sowar: a native cavalry-man
Syce: a groom
Thug hospital and jail: a special prison for *thugs*, bands of religious assassins
Tiffined: from *tiffin*, luncheon
Tope: a grove or orchard, usually of mangoes

CHAPTER ONE : MAY

Rumours and Alarms

After the outbreak at Meerut on Sunday, May 10th, Lucknow seethed with rumours, and minor outbreaks of insubordination and incendiarism took place. Sir Henry Lawrence assumed military command on May 19th. Women and children were moved into the Residency area. This contained the actual Residency building and a large number of bungalows, houses, small palaces, and fortified gates. It was an extremely difficult perimeter to defend, being overlooked, in part, by other buildings. The total area was about thirty-three acres.

On May 30th, the insurrection erupted. Lawrence had been informed that it would begin at 9 p.m. He had just remarked to an officer, "Your friends are not punctual", when the firing broke out.

Friday, May 15th, 1857. I spent the day with the Barwells of the 71st, he acting Brigade Major of Lucknow, and while sitting at dinner he told us of the horrible news from Meerut and Delhi, rather alarming news for one living alone as I was, Charlie being down on City duty. I stayed with the Barwells all the evening and had ices instead of tea and Mr. B. walked home with me about half-past eight—at nine I went to bed taking good care to have a shawl and dressing-gown close to the bed. Charles' Orderly slept in the verandah with the servants as he had done all the week. The Barwells had offered me a bed and I had declined it. I had one door

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as usual open close to the bedroom at which the *punkah wallah* pulled the *punkah*—the other two were sleeping by him—the *Chokeydar*, Bearer, Orderly and two doggies forming quite a guard round the door—the *Ayah* and her child slept in a room adjoining and I don't think I ever slept sounder in my life.

Saturday, May 16th. I got up soon after *gunfire* and sent off Charlie's provisions for the day, bread and butter, Mango Fool, quail and a few vegetables and then sat in the garden and had my coffee. At seven I went in and prepared for my visit to the City, breakfasted at ten and started at eleven, when I found Charlie had been with Sir Henry Lawrence who was making admirable preparations in case of a rise here. Charlie said the old man was seated resting on a watercourse in the garden with quite a little party around him, he telling them all he knew but advising them to spread the bad news as little as possible and then he consulted them about precautionary measures, not objecting to a suggestion even from a Captain but catching at everything he thought good. I could see Charlie felt perfect confidence in him, but I also saw that he thought very seriously of the state the country was in for he remarked he thought we were in the position of a man sitting on a barrel of gunpowder. I sat talking with him till one o'clock and then went over to spend the day at the Gubbins'. I found them in an awful state of alarm, talking of these murders at Delhi and wondering if so and so had escaped. Miss Nepean had a violent sick headache from the fright. At two Charlie came and at three we *tiffined* but Mr. Gubbins was so busy he could hardly stay two minutes and all the time he was talk-

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ing of the preparations. The Residency was being turned out for a place of safety for the ladies and the sick. Charlie had to leave early to superintend arrangements also—about half-past five I returned to his quarters for I longed for a little talk with him before I went home. The heat had been intense all day and the constant talking about the murders had made me feel quite uncomfortable. Charlie was still busy with his guards and did not return for some little time so I lay down quietly on his bed; the heat and talking at the Gubbins' had made me feel quite nervous so that I begged Charlie to let me stay in a chair by him all night—however, he talked and reasoned with me and I got better—he told me two companies of the 32nd Queens were just coming into the Banqueting House and the sick from the hospital also and a lot of women and children into some rooms just under his quarters. He made me a cup of tea and then would not let me stay any longer as it was getting dark. Sir Henry just then driving up I started as Charlie had to go and superintend the arrival of the Europeans—just outside the City my *gharree* had to wait to let a regiment of Irregular Cavalry pass—Captain Gall's. I afterwards heard they were stationed at the *dawk bungalow* between the City and *cantonments* to keep up communications between the two—instead of going home I drove to the Barwells for I thought I should be sitting thinking of it all before bedtime and get nervous again. They were very glad to see me and offered me a bed again, but after taking ices with them I came home, telling them in case of alarm I should come over to them as our bungalows adjoined each other—at home I had another cup of tea for heat

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and bustle gave one intense thirst. About nine I went to bed taking care to have my dressing-gown close to me—also an Affghan knife (a kind of dagger) close to me also. I started at a few noises but soon slept soundly and fortunately heard nothing of an alarm that was given by a Native Artillery man of Captain Simons that the 13th were up in arms and were going to murder their officers. The Brigadier rode off to the Lines and sent for the Adjutant and Captain Wilson when it was found the report had been caused by the preparations making for a company going off to the Muchee Bawun with Captain Francis—they walked through the Lines and saw that all was right and the Brigadier went home again, but it caused such a fright amongst some of the ladies that they rushed off to the Residency and slept there.

Sunday, May 17th. I got up at *gunfire* and after sending off provisions to Charlie went to Church at six, breakfasted at ten and then finished my overland letters—while writing them came a note from Mrs. Aitken asking me to spend the day and night there if I felt nervous, which I declined. I forgot to say that while we were at Church seven companies of Europeans entered *cantonments*. I also afterwards heard that Sir Henry had had forty of our men (the 13th) up as a guard at the Residency after the false report about them, and told them he was perfectly satisfied with them and had been much pleased with them ever since he had been here. Well, at three I dined and then lay down intending to go to Church, but just before the time there was an immense deal of riding and driving about and I saw a horse battery gallop off. I took it for the European battery and

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decided something must be up in the City, so I wrote off and asked the Barwells for news and sent off a note also to Charlie, but I got such a headache with the start that I did not feel fit for Church. The Barwells told me it was all right and I found afterwards it was an Oude Irregular battery going off to be stationed at the *dawk bungalow*. The Bs' again pressed me to go over to them, although Mr. and Mrs. Harris (the Padre) had gone to them; however, I got a note from Charlie saying all was right in the City—about eight I had tea and while taking it the Bearer came in to say that the Sabadar of Charlie's company had sent his salaam and would send up two sepoy's to guard my house at night. I hesitated but agreed at last to have them, thinking I had better not show any want of confidence in them; however, I wrote off to Captain Wilson asking whether I had better have them and whether they could be trusted for it might be the worst thing I could do in these treacherous times. Captain W. was out but the Adjutant wrote and said I need not hesitate, he felt quite sure of our men, so I went to bed making my usual defensive preparations and slept well.

Monday, May 18th. Got up at *gunfire* and arranged my flowers and sat in the garden and while I was at coffee the Adjutant called to see if I were all right, and then came a note from Mrs. Pitt saying she had heard we were to be turned out of our house and offering us two rooms in her own. I declined saying we had got no orders to turn out—the Adjutant had told me the Mess was given up to the European soldiers and several of the bachelors had offered their houses. About half-past seven Charlie came home, to my great delight—

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the Europeans took possession of the Mess houses and houses round so that we were well guarded. The day passed off without alarm.

Tuesday, May 19th. Charlie got up early and went off to the Lines to see after the sepoy—on his return we went over and had *chota hazree* with the Aitkens and heard there that Mrs. Chambers, wife of the Adjutant of the 11th Native Infantry, had been murdered at Delhi by a butcher out of the bazaar, but that the wretch had been afterwards caught by some sweepers and roasted alive—we are beginning to get a few reports of the bad massacre but at present it is not known who have perished and who have escaped—it is true that Mr. Willoughby blew up the Magazine at Delhi himself. This morning a bill was found stuck on some post in the Cavalry Lines calling on all good Mussulmen to join in this side, but the Cavalry had brought it to their officers (this same regiment, 7th Cavalry, mutinied to a man). After breakfast as I was cutting out some thin white jackets, the heat being intense, there came a sepoy to Charlie to tell him that there was a panic in one of the bazaars and that the people were all shutting up their shops and running away. Charlie went over to the Brigade Major and told him. Soon after we saw Sir Henry driving by and the 32nd Europeans in the Mess house adjoining us all armed and accoutred and we could see from our drawing-room a sergeant at the corner of the house ready to give the word—but after a time it subsided and we heard the people were returning to their shops and the officer who had charge of the bazaars was down with them making them understand there was no cause for alarm. The

fact was a *chuprassee*, a Government servant, was buying melons and tried to get more than he ought for his money and there was a little hubbub caused by it—as there was an order to seize any men making the least disturbance in the bazaar now-a-days, two mounted sepoy rode up to take him—he rushed off crying out, “Shut your shops, shut your shops”, and the poor frightened wretches did it without question—the man, however, was made prisoner and so that ended—it only shows the state of excitement we were in. While this was occurring Captain Wilson came in and brought us a budget of Delhi news, written down by the Allyghur magistrate. It is said a party of officers was seen going into Kurnaul eighty miles north of Delhi so it is possible they be fugitives from Delhi. I trust so. Captain W. also told us that Brigadier Hewitt was under arrest at Meerut. There must have been great delay or mismanagement there for the insurgents were in Meerut all Sunday night killing and burning and did not reach Delhi till four o’clock in the morning. Captain Wilson complimented me on remaining in my house all alone during the panic and Charlie is pleased with my having done so. After this bazaar affair we had no more alarms for the day and drove out in the evening—our band was playing at the bandstand but very few people were driving about. We went to bed in peace, Charlie with his double-barrelled gun loaded with a charge of shots by the bedside—he says it is much more useful than a bullet for it would disable several, whereas a bullet might miss altogether. My weapon is the Affghan dagger—just suited to me not being too large or heavy for me. I only trust we may have no use for them, but we can-

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not be too watchful or prepared these frightful times. I trust one Brigade may remain staunch.

Wednesday, May 20th. Charlie got up before *gunfire* to go down to the City with Captain Wilson to see where Captain Francis is stationed—it is a fort called the Muchee Bawun—he is there with two companies of natives and there were two Queen's officers and seventy men also and two guns in position (besides field pieces), one to sweep the whole entrance street of Lucknow and the other the Iron Bridge—there are also some Oude Irregular troops there—an Engineer officer was busy making it habitable for them—while there, Sir Henry drove up and pitched into first this one and then that and then away again to superintend some other arrangements. The day passed off without alarm. At the band Charlie went over to the Gubbins' carriage and heard that the Sappers, Natives from Roorkee, sent to Meerut, had proved faithless to us, but that they had suffered severely for it, for there was also a great number of Europeans in that regiment and they had killed and wounded a great number of the Natives—he also heard that the C.-in-C. was marching down to Delhi, that he was at Kurnaul on the 18th and that he would have eight European regiments with him and that he was bringing all the officers from Simlah with him who had gone there on leave. Delhi is on the Grand Trunk road from Simlah.

Thursday, May 21st. While Charlie was dressing just after *gunfire* to go and inspect his company, came a notice round that all officers were to assemble at Sir Henry's at half-past six—it was to inform them that Sir Henry had been made Brigadier-General in Oude

and that he had all power entirely in his own hands to reward or punish as he should think fit without appealing to any higher power whatever—the finest thing that could have been done and we cannot be too thankful for having such a man over us. Last night a light was put to one of our native officers tents but fortunately it was put to leeward—no doubt intending the fire to be carried to some bungalow, but one of our sepoy saw it and ran and pulled it off and smothered it himself—I believe he is a little burnt by it but it looks well of the man. The day passed off without alarm, but at the band our Doctor came up to the buggy and asked us to take his wife and child for the night as there was to be a rise that night (he is a most wretched croaker). We went home and turned out Charlie's room for her and just as we were sitting at tea the servants gave an alarm of fire and when we went out we saw the flames rising up from apparently the next bungalow to ours but one—the wind was high and lay directly in the quarter to blow the sparks to us—Charlie sent several of the servants immediately up on our thatched roof, each with water—we quite looked for a disturbance now. Charlie took his double-barrelled gun and told me if there were any alarm to take the Affghan dagger and escape at the back of the house over the garden to the Residency—it is only about four feet—there is only the road between us and the Residency, the wall of which is about five feet—but I could manage both with a chair—however, it seemed quiet and fortunately it was only the stables of a house which, being tiled, the sparks were not thrown up so much as they would have been from thatch and in about an

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hour and a half we saw it subside—and then came the Doctor's family in a fearful state of mind—we tried to quiet the Doctor's wife for really we did not fear much and now particularly as the fire had passed off without any rising—it was a good sign and several of our sepoy came to see if our house was all right. After arranging Mrs. Pitt's room Charlie and I went to bed—it was past ten and he was asleep in ten minutes. I listened for a little time thinking I heard noises in the bazaars, however, I fell asleep and the night passed without further alarm.

Friday, May 22nd. Rose just after *gunfire* and Charlie happened to go in the garden just as Sir Henry was passing. Sir H. called to him and told him to go and find out all about the fire last night and whether the sepoy worked to put it out and to come over to him at seven when he would be back from the City. I found Mrs. Pitt and the child had had a good night so they dressed and went home about six and are coming again tonight—there are fourteen ladies sleeping at the Residency every night.

Saturday, May 23rd. This day passed without alarm excepting that in the afternoon I was by myself and heard such a tremendous noise that I got quite frightened. It turned out to be at our Mess house—the Colonel of the 32nd would have the thatched roof well saturated with water in case of fire and in the midst of it all a fire engine rattled up (the first I ever saw in India and in my alarm I took it for a gun).

Sunday, May 24th. We went to Church early and the day passed off quietly.

Monday, May 25th. At 3 a.m. came a message for Charlie

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to go over to Sir Henry's—he went and I lay on till *gunfire* when I got up and went into the garden to arrange my flowers—little thinking what was coming. C. came back about half-past five when to my astonishment he told me it was Sir Henry's express orders that all ladies should leave *cantonments* and go down to the Residency in the City—so I suspected he had heard bad news and I afterwards heard that they considered the Cawnpore troops would rise for certain and then we had but little chance, so I set to work to collect what I thought valuable and all I should want, not knowing how long I should be kept from home. I got in such a heat packing, for Charlie had had an offer of a seat in the Hern's *gharree* for me for half-past seven as he was Captain of the week and could not take me down himself—he made me take some coffee and packed up what he could of eatables and drinkables not knowing how we should get on at the Residency. I dressed and packed up what I could and at half-past seven the Harris' and Mrs. Barwell came for me and we drove down to the City, passing on our way innumerable coolies with beds and baggage of all descriptions—carriages and buggies all off to the Residency with ladies and children—such a scene—when we drove up to the Residency everything looked so warlike—guns pointed in all directions, barricades and European troops everywhere—such a scene of bustle and confusion—we then heard there was hardly a room to be got—ladies had been arriving ever since *gunfire*, so Mr. Harris went over to see if Dr. Fayrer could take us in—he came back saying yes, and away we went, thankful to get into such good quarters—two ladies were there

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already and five came after us with three children, so that every room was full. This house as well as Mr. Gubbins' and Mr. Ommaney's (both also full) are within the Residency compound and are barricaded all round—still, in case of disturbance we have orders to assemble at the Residency. Of course, there were all sorts of reports and alarms going about consequent on our flights. The heat is intense, I never experienced anything like it excepting the two nights of *dawk* coming up from Calcutta. I cannot sleep at nights for it. Our beds are all under one *punkah*. I and Mrs. Fayrer and Mrs. Anderson—the others are as thick but it is nothing to the Residency—our party here is a very agreeable one—we meet at *chota hazree* and then after dressing, breakfast at ten—then have working, reading and music (there are some good performers amongst our party), *tiffin* at two, dine at half-past seven and then the Padre reads a chapter and prayers and we retire.

Tuesday, May 26th. The day passed quietly—several husbands and fathers visited their beloveds, but mine could not leave his station duty—in the evening I went to the Residency to see Mrs. Brien who had a child dying. I never witnessed such a scene—a perfect barrack—every room filled with six or eight ladies, beds all round and perhaps a dining-table laid for dinner in the centre, servants thick in all the verandahs. Lots of the 32nd soldiers and their officers, and underneath all the women and children of the 32nd barracks—such a hubbub and commotion. It is an upper storied house—the upper storey not nearly so large as the under one and yet in that, including servants and children, there are ninety-six people living—poor Mrs. Brien

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was in great distress. She and another lady had a small room to themselves, only her five children. I was so thankful I was not there—it is just like a rabbit warren. On my return I found Dr. Fayerer and Mrs. Harris had been to *cantonments* and heard that the 13th sepoys had taken up four City men, one of whom attempted to stab Mr. Chambers the Adjutant.

Wednesday, May 27th. The day passed off quietly. I went over to the Residency in the evening to see Mrs. Pitt and Mrs. Aitken whom I found in a small room with another lady—Mrs. Pitt's child had bad fever—it was such a scene—they were having a *punkah* put up and their beds were so thick you could hardly move, scarcely a breath of air to be got and such a hubbub all round; some parties were grouped in a circle in the verandah, some in the compound, but I can compare it to nothing but a rabbit warren.

Thursday, May 28th. The day passed as usual, we had no alarm—in the evening two of us drove with Dr. and Mrs. Fayerer to the Martinière, he taking with him a very small pistol and, concealed from view on the coachboy, a double-barrelled gun—we drove through a part of the City which seemed quite quiet.

Friday, May 29th. I drove with Miss Helford down to *cantonments* about five o'clock and had the inexpressible delight of seeing my old Charlie—the doggies I thought would have eaten me up. I had *chota hazree* with him and sat chatting till seven when the Helfords' *gharree* came for me again—the day passed quietly, some drove out in the evening with Dr. and Mrs. Fayerer, I did not. Dr. F.'s elephant is always brought in the evening to the verandah to have his dinner, we are generally all

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sitting there—he has sixteen seers of *attah* made into immense *chupattees*—this evening he performed all kinds of feats—took the Mahout up on his back by his trunk, then put out his fore-paw and the Mahout climbed up that way, roared whenever he was told to speak and at length salaamed and went off.

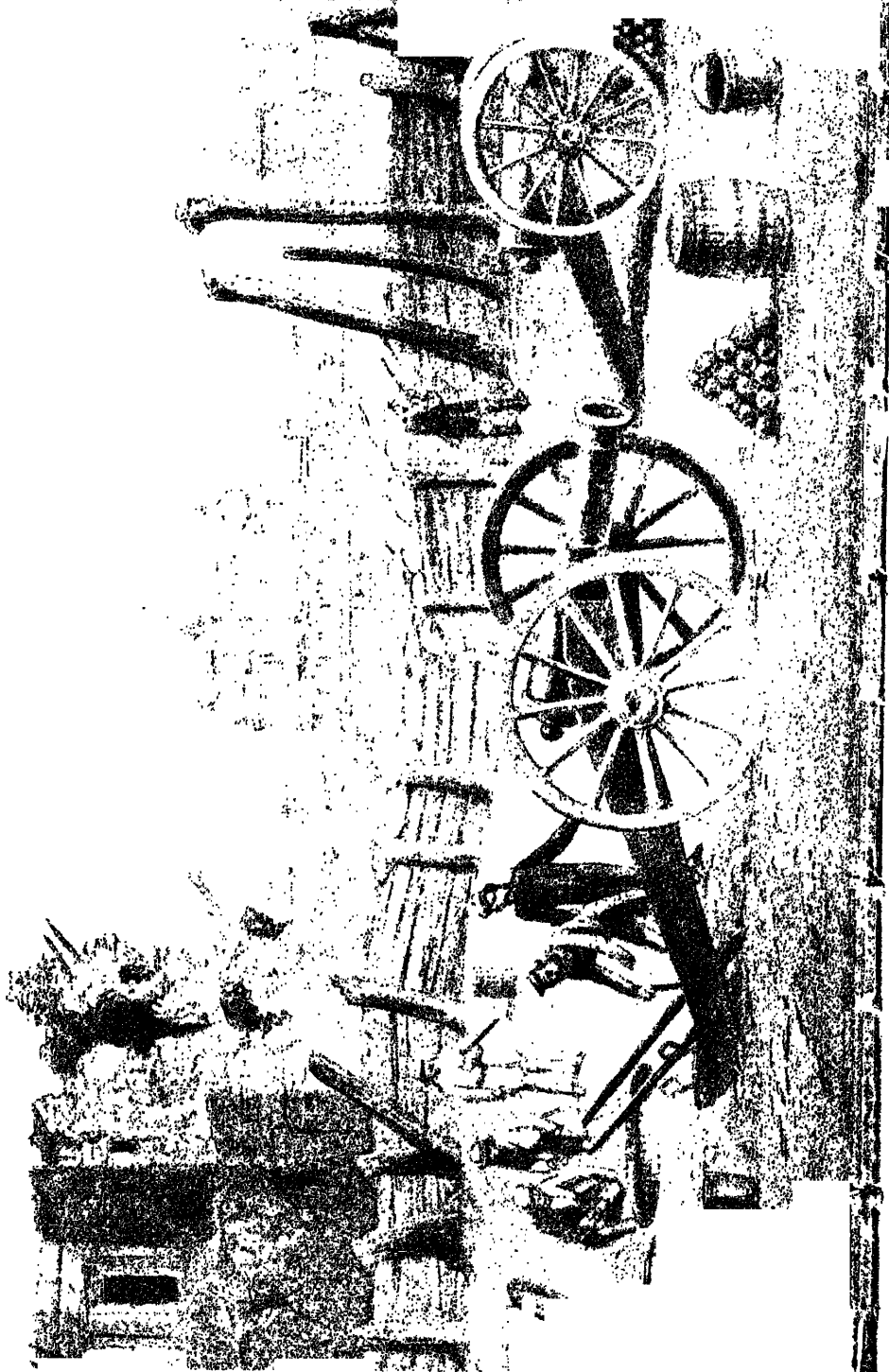
Saturday, May 30th. I went down to *cantonments* again with Miss Helford, and Colonel H. said if we liked to wait till eleven o'clock he would take us back himself. I was glad to accede to it but it was against orders for we were only allowed to go down to *cantonments* morning and evening and stay two hours. I so enjoyed my time with Charlie, washed and dressed in my own bathing and dressing-rooms—such a luxury for the heat is intense now—had breakfast with Charlie who did not like my staying in *cantonments* so long against orders—the doggies were wild—Prince seemed to think he was privileged to be saucy as his Mistress had come down to see him, and got away under the sofa and growled and bid defiance to the servant who came to take him to be washed, so that Charlie had to come to the rescue—this whole time Charlie was in a fidget about my remaining against orders. At eleven o'clock the *gharree* came—I little thought it was my last sight of the pretty garden or the home where I had spent so many happy hours and of my poor little doggies. Well, after taking up Colonel Helford and his daughter, who should we meet but Sir Henry Lawrence returning from the City and he stared me full in the face—I was in terror fearing dear Charlie would catch it for letting me remain so long, he is always so particular not to disobey orders. The day passed quietly—the elephant

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came to be fed at the verandah and we sat down to dinner laughing and talking, quite a merry party, when about nine the servants came running in saying there was a great deal of firing going on in the direction of *cantonments*. We all started up—Dr. Fayrer and Mr. Harris went to see and sure enough there was artillery and musquetry to be heard and then tremendous fires seen blazing up. Dr. Fayrer at first ordered us to get our bonnets and go to the Residency—then he said we had better go down to the underground part of the house and he had all the doors locked and they armed themselves—it was an awful time for us who had our husbands in *cantonments* for there was no doubt that the native troops had risen and were burning and murdering. Dr. Fayrer then told us to get together a little bundle of linen and what we might want in case we were ordered off to the Muchee Bawun—we might be kept there for a time—but it must be only a small bundle that we could carry ourselves. We did so and then all collected in the dining-room awaiting our orders—Mrs. Fayrer's baby asleep in the midst of us—the suspense was fearful. About two there came down Mr. James the Commissariat officer with a message from Sir Henry that the native troops had risen but that we had held our own and the rebels had fled—then Dr. Fayrer said we had better all go and lie down in our clothes with our bundles ready and he would call us if there were any further alarms—we went, but I could only walk up and down the room thinking of Charlie, and whether he had been wounded. Mrs. Fayrer gave me a cup of tea and while I was drinking it they came running to tell me Charlie was all right—he had ridden

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up with a despatch from Sir Henry for Mr. Gubbins escorted by twenty Irregular Cavalrymen, and a few minutes after he made his appearance. I never shall forget the moment—I could only thank God he was safe—his trousers up to the knees having been covered with blood but it was from his horse having been shot in the nose and he himself had had a most narrow escape—the Brigadier was shot about two yards from him. Of course, all the ladies in the house crowded round him and his first words were, “All belonging to the ladies in this house are safe”—he then mentioned the Brigadier’s death and Mr. Grant’s of the 71st, also that Mr. Chambers had been wounded in the leg—they had just brought him down to the Residency in Sir Henry’s carriage. I felt I must shudder to think what an escape my own dear one had had—he said they were sitting at Mess when the alarm was given and that he rushed off to the Brigadier, being his Orderly officer that week. The Brigade Major joined them and they went into the Lines where the sepoy of the 13th who had been rewarded a few days previous and who was carrying the Brigadier’s gun called out, “Save yourself, sahib, they are going to fire”—a volley was fired but the Brigadier was not hit then. Charlie was on foot—he had tried to mount a horse of Captain Waterman’s but it had thrown him—most fortunately for him as it turned out afterwards—they went on again and met another volley and then a third and Charlie says it was most marvellous they were not hit. They had then reached the European camp when the Brigadier would go a little further although the soldiers warned him, but a shot immediately struck



him in the breast and he fell from his horse like a stone—quite dead. Charlie ordered two European soldiers to carry him into Camp which they did and he said it was only from not being mounted that he himself was not shot—they fired too high—he and Mr. Barwell rushed off and Charlie's syce met him in the bazaar with his horse—he lost Mr. B. in the bazaar but dared not wait, they were all in arms around him. I forgot to say it was the 71st that commenced the mutiny—they rushed off and got their arms and the bad ones of the other regiments joined them—however, the great guns settled them and they made off into the districts. Sir Henry then asked who would carry down a despatch to the City and Charlie offered, for he thought of me—so he galloped off with his twenty *sowars* (these all turned against us afterwards) leaving the bungalows burning on all sides of him—he fancied that ours would escape (ours for that night did and was not even looted owing to Charlie's orderly telling the party of the 48th who came to burn it that there was a *Havildar's* party inside who would fire instantly and they pressed on to the next—this man got 100 Rs. afterwards from Sir Henry for this). Charlie did not go back that night as his horse was quite done and he had leave to do what he liked. He went back to the Gubbins' and we all went to bed. I shall never forget this awful night—nor how much I have to thank God for preserving my own dear one.

Sunday, May 31st. Charlie came over and breakfasted with us—we all went into Dr. Fayrer's room and had prayers, Mr. Harris reading them. Charlie then went to see if Sir Henry had arrived and I wrote my overland

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letters and was just finishing when an order came for all ladies to go over to the Residency as they expected a rise in the City—we collected our bundles and under the burning sun walked over to the Residency where we were told not to congregate too many in one part as it was not safe—every room in the upper storey was crammed, we could hardly get room to put down our bundles. At last Miss Nepean offered me a corner in one room—but the perfect babel it was with the number of children and the heat being fearful up to then and no *punkah* going, it was enough to drive one wild—we set down in this miserable state the whole day. There was *tiffin* going on and we were invited to partake but Mrs. Fayrer sent over for a *tiffin* for us afterwards from her house. I saw my husband every now and then but he was under Major Anderson. In the evening the two Padres tried to have prayers but we could scarcely hear anything from the babel of tongues and the sound of the screams of so many children—it was perfect misery. I was dying with thirst and had nothing of my own to drink—at last a lady took pity on me and gave me a cup of tea—a perfect luxury—we heard firing going on all evening—it turned out to be an attack on the Dowlah Khana—but the rebels were repulsed—several shot and others taken prisoners and these were afterwards hanged. Martial Law is proclaimed in Oude so they are hanging several, night and morning, at the Muchee Bawun. About seven Sir Henry came down from *cantonments* with a large escort—he was received with great cheering. Four more guns had come down with him from *cantonments* and every preparation was made expecting an attack that night. Every man was

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at his gun and the post fires lighted in readiness—there was no chance of sleeping down in this hot babel so I and several other ladies took our bedding up on the roof and slept there—it was a lovely moonlight night and never shall I forget the scene. The panorama of Lucknow from the top of the Residency is splendid and down immediately below us in the compound we could see the great guns and all the military preparations, all every instant expecting an attack and firing going on in the distance. However, I was so worn out with the previous night that I lay down and was asleep in a second—of course, I did not undress—nor had I done so the night before. I started frequently, fancying I heard the tramp of the mob coming. We had the two Padres up with us and they determined to watch by turns. Mr. Polehampton began: he had a double-barrelled gun, pistol and sword—he walked round and round for two hours and then woke Mr. Harris, but we could not help laughing, Mr. H. was so sleepy that he told him he did not think there was any necessity for stretching up then. I shall never forget the night, the moon and stars were so brilliant overhead, looking so peaceful in contrast to the scene below. I put up an umbrella over my head to keep off the ill effects of the moon. Every hour the sentinels were calling out, “All’s well”—it was certainly more a scene from a romance than real life. Sir Henry slept out like the others, between two guns.

CHAPTER TWO : JUNE

Preparing for the Attack

By Lawrence's energetic action the rebellious sepoy were cleared from the city. On June 9th his health broke down (he was a consumptive) and he resigned his command to a Council, consisting of Gubbins, the Financial Commissioner; Ommaney, the Judicial Commissioner; Major Banks; Colonel Inglis; and the Chief Engineer, Major Anderson. Gubbins, a man of strong views and stupid stubbornness, disarmed the sepoy remaining in the lines. Lawrence, rising from his sick-bed, stopped this and the sepoy remained loyal throughout the siege. On June 30th was fought the battle of Chinhat, a village some eight miles from the Residency. On his defeat, Lawrence retired into the Residency.

Monday, June 1st. As soon as it was light I did up my bundle of bedding and went down to find Charlie—he came to me for one minute and said he was just going off to *cantonments* with Sir Henry, he is made Acting Adjutant in the room of Mr. Chambers and they have all orders to remain in camp in *cantonment* and I must not expect to see him now, the heat he says is fearful in tents now by day. There are two or three companies of Europeans and some guns and all the Irregulars who remain staunch to us are encamped together. Our treasure and colours are saved, the former entirely by Mr. Longham's bravery. One is hearing now of the wonderful escapes some of the officers had that night,

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the only wonder is that any escaped—numbers have lost their all. Well, I got a cup of tea from Mrs. Fayrer for one's thirst is fearful in this intense heat and excitement and I contrived to send down a cup to Charlie; poor fellow, he had not undressed at night for more than a week. He went back in Sir Henry's carriage for his own horse was quite done up. Just as I was wondering where I could find a hole or corner to undress in and rest and put on clean linen Dr. Fayrer gave us notice that we might go back to his house for he thought it safer than the Residency with that crowd—it seemed Paradise to get back again and I had a lovely bath. I could not do much throughout the day as I was overpowered with drowsiness—[the day] passed off without alarm. We hardly liked undressing at night but I thought it would rest one more—so I put a thick dressing-gown on and my bundle ready and fell asleep. However, there was a slight alarm which ended in nothing [and] I partly dressed and lay down again. It was occasioned by a sick man in his delirium calling out "murder man"—it caused a great commotion and every man was ordered to arm himself. It only shows what an excited state we are in.

Tuesday, June 2nd. The day passed off quietly—in the evening I saw Mr. Cubitt who has come down on City duty and I heard many particulars from him of that awful night.

Wednesday, June 3rd. The first news we heard was the death of the Commander in Chief from cholera at Umballa, then about one o'clock came Major Banks and Mr. Polehampton to tell the Fayrers his brother had been killed by the insurgents (it was a day of bad

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news). Also poor Captain Hayes who has left a widow and seven children, and Mr. Barber, a newly married man. I believe they removed poor Mrs. Hayes to Mrs. Gubbins' before telling her. As I and Mrs. Anderson occupied Mrs. Fayrer's room, we told her we wished to give it up to her and Dr. Fayrer but they would not hear of it. We had no further alarm in the City.

Thursday, June 4th. I got up as soon as it was light to get a little air—the heat is so intense in the house that this is the only breath one gets day or night—while sitting, fifty Europeans of the 84th arrived in *dawk gharrees*, Dr. Partridge and Major Gall with them—their regiment had mutinied and they had with difficulty escaped with their lives. Dr. P. said they expected an attack between here and Cawnpore so as there were four soldiers to each *dawk gharree*, two always kept watch outside with their muskets loaded and the *gharrees* were kept altogether. Poor Mrs. Fayrer was looking out her mourning—it seemed so sad that neither she nor Dr. F. had a room to themselves. After dinner, news was brought that the 41st Sepoys at Seetapore had mutinied and the ladies and gentlemen were fleeing, so Dr. F. and Mr. G. sent off their carriages immediately to meet them. A party of gentlemen had gone off already and Dr. F. and Dr. P. rode off also. At sunset I went over with Mr. C. to see Mrs. A. and poor Mrs. P. who is in great distress for clothing, having lost everything in the fire like many others. While I was sitting with them, the fugitives drove in bringing news that Colonel Birch the Commandant had been shot by his men—his poor daughter was amongst the dead. There were many missing and it was afterwards known that all living in

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and near the Civil Lines perished excepting Mr. S. Jackson and his sisters who formerly lived here with their uncle, Mr. Jackson, the Chief Commissioner.

Friday, June 5th. Rose at *gunfire* as usual for the heat is almost unbearable. I am glad to leave my bed—several of the 32nd officers [joined us] while we were all sitting in the garden discussing why the hanging is stopped—there has been none the last two days—before that they were hanging six or eight morning and evening just in front of the Muchee Bawun. The day passed without alarm. In the evening to our surprise we heard the remainder of 48th were ordered to—*for treasure*—of course, we concluded it was very dangerous for the officers, although they are the *sepoys* that remained staunch at the mutiny. It is quite risky enough being in *cantonments* with only a handful of Europeans. I went over to see Mrs. Brien who is in great distress having just lost her baby—she told me of her narrow escape the night of the mutiny in *cantonments*—she was down there with all the children although Sir. H. Lawrence had forbidden ladies to go there—she says she and the Major were in bed when a *Havildar* came rushing in begging her to fly for the *sepoys* were up in the Lines—and immediately after the mutineers came to the house and asked for the *Sahib* and *Mem Sahib*. She flew with her five children escorted by three friendly *sepoys* first into the servants quarters but the bullets came whistling round so thick that the *sepoys* cut a hole in the mud wall for her to escape at the back and they fled to a village but the villagers came out and threatened to take their lives if they remained so they went and took refuge in a dry

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mullah (the bed of a stream)—it was about fifteen or twenty feet deep so that they had to sit down and slide down the bank—the sepoys lay down in the bank and watched. Her poor baby had dysentery and had nothing on but its nightdress—no wonder it died a day or two after—but then it was her own fault, she ought not to have been in *cantonments*. She drove up to the City next day but Sir Henry was so angry with her for having disobeyed his orders that he would not allow her an escort. Mrs. Marriott, the Pensioner Pay-Master's wife, has lost everything belonging to her—she says 50,000 rupees worth of property, for the bungalow was their own and being stationary at Lucknow they had everything in the greatest luxury—she had an immense amount of jewellery. Miss Nepean spent the day with us—it passed off without alarm.

Saturday, June 6th. Another quiet day. I had a great fright in the afternoon for a fire was seen in *cantonments*—however I got a note from dear Charlie saying all was quiet—the 71st Lines had been burnt down—the night passed quietly too.

Sunday, June 7th. Rose at *gunfire* and went to Church with nearly all our party—for Sir Henry said it was quite safe—the Church is in the compound. We stayed for the Sacraments and it was quite comforting. The day passed quietly and most went to Church again in the evening for there were sentries around the Church, but the heat was so extreme I felt I could not go.

Monday, June 8th. A quiet day—firing has been heard for two days at Cawnpore—in the evening a Mrs. Apthorpe of the 41st Native Infantry, a fugitive from Seetapore, called and gave a description of the mutiny

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there and a Mr. Vickers came in and reported he had seen the bodies of Mrs. Christian and the two Miss Jacksons lying in the road. The night passed quietly.

Tuesday, June 9th. Another quiet day—no news. I went to see Mrs. Aitken who had been very ill but was better. Mrs. Fayrer went to see some of the Secrocra ladies in the Begum Kotee (another house in the Residency compound for the accommodation of the ladies) and told me she had seen Mrs. Bartrum and Mrs. Kendall and they were without even a change of clothes. I think they came in from Secrocra with the Seetapore party. Mrs. B. had not even a change for her baby—they are still going on making our entrenchments stronger than ever and two eighteen-pounders have been put in position for the insurgents have guns at Cawnpore from the Rajah of Bhitoor who has joined them. We dine now at four o'clock and have tea and ices in the garden in the evening—we are in luxury compared with most.

Wednesday, June 10th. Went out in the garden early and heard that some women and children had been brought in from Seetapore in *doolies* led by a Sergeant who had his arm in splinters. They brought a frightful account of the atrocities committed there—too barbarous and inhuman to be mentioned. I have sent plates, cups and saucers, etc., to the Secrocra ladies and linen to poor Mrs. Bartrum. We were told at breakfast we must not be alarmed if we heard a great explosion—for they were going to [blow-up] a gateway near us—they are clearing, as much as they can, a space around us so as to give as little cover as possible for the enemy to fire at us in case it comes to a siege. In the evening I

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and some others went over to the Begum's house and saw Mrs. K. and Mrs. B.—the place was very dirty—but the room good. Mrs. Fayrer brought away Mrs. Boileau and four children to our house.

Thursday, June 11th. The atrocities committed at Seetapore are beyond belief—a whole heap of babies was found, the poor little creatures just bayoneted and thrown on a heap—the ladies from Denorbad all came in and Mrs. Bonum from Secrocra. His [Captain Bonum] artillery men made him come in and gave him 50 Rs. for expenses on the road, so the rebels have his guns. A Sergeant-Major from Seetapore brought news that the Treasury had been plundered there and that they were all off to Goudah to loot that also—the poor ladies from Seetapore and Goudah were in a dreadful state about their husbands—I settled my *Kitmutgar's* accounts and paid a few rupees to each of the servants. Mrs. Fayrer was taking in stores all day in case of a siege—the explosion was expected this day as it was a failure yesterday. In the evening I went over again to the Begum's house and got some things out of a drawer in a table that I had lent Mrs. Bartrum.

Friday, June 12th. Captain Wilson came in and said the sepoys were to be sent to their homes and the officers from *cantonments* come down here—it was such good news. Mr. Gubbins sent over to say that a Messenger was going off in disguise to Benares and would take a letter for each of us and try and post it as our overlands were still in the *dawk*—we all set to writing immediately our sheet each and when this was sent over, Mr. Gubbins to our great disgust said they were all too large and said we could only send a piece the size of a

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quarter of this, so we all set to work again and the puzzle was to fold such a small piece for overland passage. My *dhobie* came and I took my *Kitmutgar's* account for May and while I was doing it there was a great commotion and I heard two muskets fired and some of the great guns gallop off—I could hardly sit still but I did not like the men to see me frightened. I finished the *Kit's* account and paid it though I must own he might have cheated me. When I went back into the drawing-room I found it was the police had mutinied. Soon after the gentlemen came home saying the police had all bolted but that two guns and a company of Europeans had gone after them and also a body of gentlemen on horseback. We all sat down to dinner and in the evening I went over to Mrs. Aitken who was up for the first time. On my return we all sat in the garden and had tea and ices and [in a little] while the guns and Infantry returned bringing news that forty of the enemy were killed and many prisoners, three of the Europeans had fallen out on the way from the intense heat and one had died from apoplexy, two of our Sikhs were killed and Mr. Thornhill, one of the gentlemen on horseback, had been wounded with a bayonet in his shoulder—he walked in while we were there and Dr. Fayerer took him into his room and dressed the wound. We all went in and to bed. Mr. Edmonstone 82nd Irregulars came in for a moment in passing but appeared quite knocked-up with the sun—he just sat down and had a glass of soda water and told us they and the guns had not been able to get up with the enemy—he told us afterwards he had been obliged to have leeches on his temples that same night.

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Saturday, June 13th. I got up early and wrote to Charlie and expected my piano up from *cantonments* as Mrs. Fayer had offered to take it in. About seven I went in to dress and while bathing Captain Wilson sent to say he must see me—no one could give me the message, he must see me himself—so I partly dressed and threw on a shawl and went into Mrs. Fayer's little room and there he told me Charlie would be down about half-past four as the regiment was coming, but I was to say nothing till they arrived. After that they brought me news that my piano was not allowed to pass the gate. I wrote to Captain Green who refused to let it pass. I then sent to Major Anderson—he said it was a peremptory order but sent me a very fine note offering to take it into his own house in the Teree Kotee—however, I sent it to the Martinière. The day passed quietly and about six o'clock came my old Charlie—he could not stay long being engaged to dine with Sir Henry—however, he first sent off the buggy and two great boxes of property to the Martinière.

Sunday, June 14th. I got up early to see Charlie and then went to Church at seven—the day was quiet but word was brought that Captain Burman and Mr. Fergusson of the 48th Native Infantry and Captain Staples, Mr. Martin and Mr. Bolton of the 7th Cavalry all out in one detachment had been murdered by their men. Charlie came again in the evening and I had a nice chat with him.

Monday, June 15th. Charlie came again and we had a nice chat and he promised to come again in the evening. My *ayah* also came and seemed overjoyed to see me and it was agreed she and her family were to have

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a home in the bazaars. The only drawback was that now the poor doggies must be done something with, as they were under their charge—poor Prince had such a sore back with the heat living in tents with Charlie that C. had bought strychnine to give them before he came away, but had not the heart—well at eleven o'clock in he came most unexpectedly to say he had been ordered off to the Muchee Bawun with his Sikhs. I was so disappointed hoping to have him here and it was agreed the poor pets were to be sent to him at the Muchee Bawun to be killed. I felt so wretched all day and the heat was intense. There was no alarm.

Tuesday, June 16th. The first news we heard after we got up was that Major Gall who had gone off in disguise with despatches had been betrayed by his men, ten of his own selecting, and killed at Bareilly and while we were at breakfast Captain Weston brought news that a letter had come by a *co ssid* from General Wheeler at Cawnpore dated the 14th, eleven o'clock. They had held out till then but had lost a great number of men. Captain W. would not say how many so I fear it was very bad news. The *Ayah* came and the poor doggies were taken to Charlie, I had not the heart to take a last look at them. C. and the cook drowned them in the river—poor Charlie it was hard for him to have to do it. The day passed quietly but bad news was arriving from all parts of the district—Mr. Black and some others killed at Sultanpore—she in a Rajah's fort, but one hears now of nothing but wholesale massacres. Charlie came in the evening and it did my heart good to see him.

Wednesday, June 17th. We heard today of Mr. Cunliffe,

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the civilian, being killed—he was engaged to Miss Ommaney—all her wedding things had arrived just before these troubled times and their marriage had been postponed. We all heard that Mr. Bax of the 48th having been shot in the trenches at Cawnpore—his servant brought in the news—news was also brought that the Futtenghur people 160 in number were murdered on the parade ground at Cawnpore in sight of our people—they were going down the river in boats but were stopped and taken to Cawnpore and there blown from guns. The day was quiet here—they are building a wall all up against our windows to keep off musket shots—it is a loophole also for our troops in case of necessity. The Fyzabad Regiment has joined the rebels and is said to be very near us with his guns. Charlie came early in the evening and it did my heart good to see him.

Thursday, June 18th. I paid my Bearer his account and he went off to be with Charlie. Major Brien kept coming in—all garrison officers were ordered to their posts this morning to receive orders what they are to do when the enemy arrives. The Martinière boys were all brought in—the syce just before breakfast brought me 7 Rupees saying he had sold the poor Buggy horse. I felt much inclined for a good cry—I have driven him myself so often, poor old creature. Charlie came about half-past six, one of his Sikhs had run amuck as the saying is, taken an immense amount of “churrus” and became quite frenzied and then stabbed another Sikh—they called on him to put down his arms or he would be shot so he threw his musket down with such force that he broke it in pieces—the other poor man died.

June: Preparing for the Attack

Friday, June 19th. A quiet day, no alarm but Charlie could not come to see me, he was on duty at one of the gates of the Muchee Bawun—there are five gates, and four officers to each gate. Charlie takes it morning and evening while the officers are at gun-drill—all nearly have to learn the gun-drill from some Artillery sergeant to be ready if wanted. Our entrenchment they say is now very strong—we have several mortars and two eighteen-pounders are placed at the entrance to the Cawnpore road. A reconnoitring party went out and returned in the evening saying there was not an enemy to be seen for miles round. This evening there was a fire seen in *cantonments* but it was only stables and accidental but they got an alarm in the night—several *sowars* were riding about then—they also had an alarm at the Muchee Bawun. Captain Carnegie woke them up and said a party of the enemy were coming but it all ended in nothing.

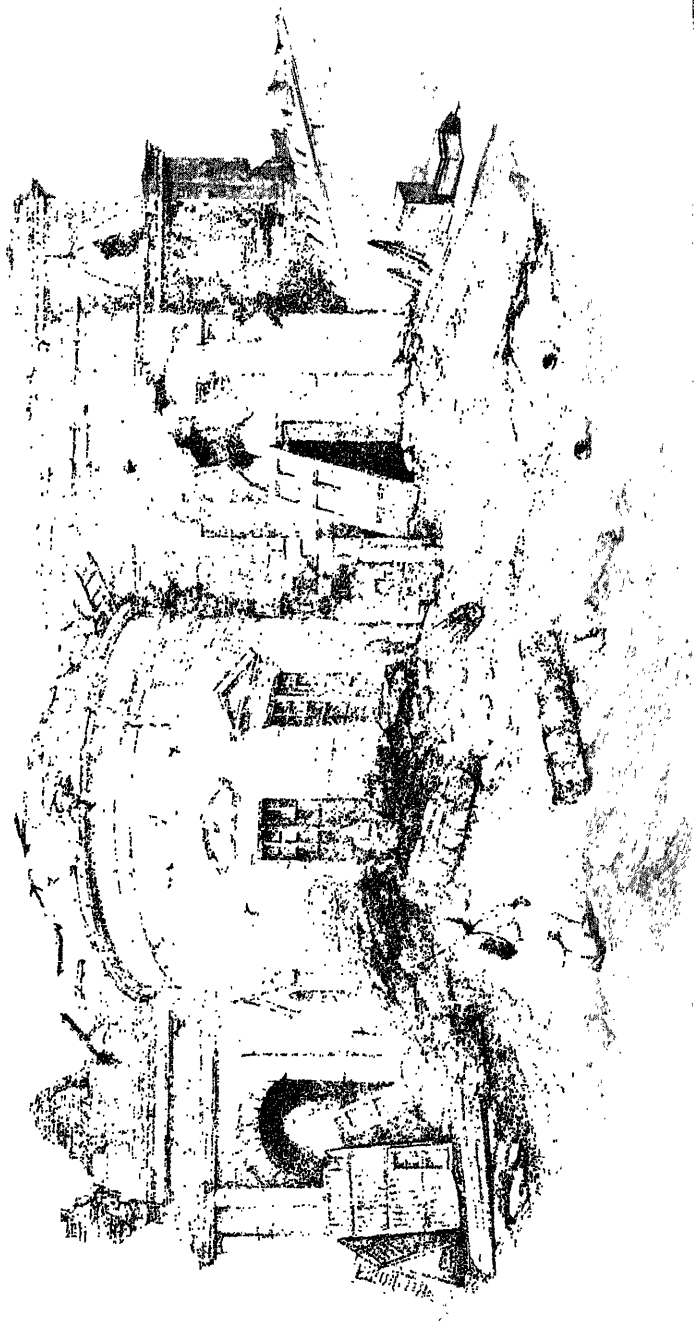
Saturday, June 20th. I got up early and Charlie came about half-past seven and stayed nearly an hour—after breakfast Dr. Partridge read *Guy Mannerling* to us while we worked. I cut out and made a flannel shirt for Charlie as I could get no *durzie*. We are forbidden now to go over to the Residency or the Begum Kotee as there is small-pox in both, in the former Mrs. Bird had it and one of Mrs. Brien's children. Mrs. B. is removed into a tent in all this heat. Today a letter came from General Wheeler at Cawnpore saying they still held out and had provisions and ammunition for one fortnight more, that no reinforcement had reached them, but that their greatest enemy was the sun—more had died from sunstroke than by the enemy and

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that their greatest consolation was that they were keeping the enemy from us. It is most distressing that we cannot send them any troops but if even we could spare them, they would never get across the river at Cawnpore—the enemy have both sides of it. Firing, both musketry and great guns were heard all day in the district. The landowners are fighting amongst themselves to get back what was taken from them at the annexation—a fire was seen burning in the district all night.

Sunday, June 21st. I got up at day-break and went out in the garden as usual as the heat is so great at night. Charlie came about half-past seven and had a nice chat—he is looking better—he is not so exposed at the Muchee Bawun as he would be here—still he has never taken off his clothes at night since he went on guard the week I left *cantonments*. He is always sleeping at some gate or other but he looks better than would be expected and he says his appetite has come back—we had service in the drawing-room, Mr. Harris performing it for the Church is filled with stores. We passed a very quiet day and, in the evening, service was performed in Mrs. Gubbins' garden, the Padres reading and preaching under a tree, but the heat was so great I could not go. In the night we had the first fall of rain and welcomed it accordingly.

Monday, June 22nd. I went and sat in the verandah as it was raining; however, it cleared about seven for dear Charlie to come and I had a nice chat with him—the day passed without a word of news or any alarm. Dr. Partridge went on with *Guy Mannering* and I worked at C.'s flannel shirt. Miss Nepean came over in the even-



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ing and said Sir M. Jackson and his sisters were hourly expected. I heard from Mrs. Kendall at the Begum's house. Her child was very ill with dysentery and she said the room was so filled with ladies and children with fever that when the poor little thing wanted to sleep it could not and that she felt the anxiety for her husband's safety and her child's illness were almost too much for her.

Tuesday, June 23rd. Charlie came as usual, he had been to two hangings—the day passed without news good or bad.

Wednesday, June 24th. Charlie came late, I showed him his flannel shirt of which he seemed very proud and sent it to him to try on—I went down with Mrs. Fayrer to her *godown* and saw all her stores in case of a siege. Rice and flour all in large earthen jars that put in mind of the jars the forty thieves had in Ali Baba. We had certain news today that the enemy are closing round us—there are eight regiments with six guns at Nawab Gange twenty miles from here—it is said they intend coming here and encamping in the Dil Koosha.

Thursday, June 25th. Another day without a word of news good or bad, even gentlemen begin to croak.

Friday, June 26th. The first news in the morning was good. Mrs. Boileau heard of the safety of her husband, that he had got down to Garruckpore on his way to Allahabad. I went in as usual at seven to take my bath and be ready for Charlie and Miss Schilling came running in with the good news just sent from Sir H. Lawrence that Delhi had fallen on the 13th and that Futteygurh, Mynapoor and Etawah were quiet, the telegraphs open to Delhi and the *dawk* to within twenty

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miles of Cawnpore. Glorious news—a salute was fired. Charlie came but would not stay—he wanted to take back the news to the Muchee Bawun and have a salute fired from there before ours. We cannot be too thankful the insurgents at the best are cowards, and this news will quite quell any spirit in them [this, unluckily, was a false report]. Charlie came late this morning for he had to go from five to seven to gun-drill—everyone throughout the garrison has to learn it. The rest of the day passed as usual, Dr. Partridge reading to us till four o'clock dinner, after that I generally manage to lie down till six and then go and sit in the compound—at eight they bring tea and ices and then Mr. Harris reads prayers and we all go off to our rooms.

Saturday, June 27th. I got up as usual—it was Bobby's birthday—he was one year old. Charlie came about quarter to eight and told us Captain Hayes's murderer had been captured at Allyghur, also that he had heard the 12th Native Infantry had mutinied at Jhansi and killed every one of their officers—a letter came from Colonel Wiggins at Cawnpore with a list of the killed—about half their number—he said that their sufferings had been beyond anything ever written in history and their greatest enemy had been the sun—many ladies and children had died from it. But now they had dry underground places and put the women and children in. Brigadier Jack and his brother had both died from sunstroke. In the course of the day came a pencilled letter from a Mr. Master at Cawnpore to his father, Colonel Masters, here saying they were treating with the enemy—this threw us all into consternation for we thought General Wheeler would have stood out

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to the last. However, it turned out to be the Rajah of Bhittoor who had commenced treating with them—a lac of rupees has been set on his head if brought in within a week. I suppose he had heard of this and got frightened for he offered General Wheeler to conduct them all down to Allahabad safely if they would lay down their arms and give him a lac of rupees. This Rajah is a Mahratta a notedly treacherous race, so that we were very pleased to hear firing had commenced again at Cawnpore—proof that of course General Wheeler would not agree to such a treaty.

Sunday, June 28th. The rain had been pouring down all night, the first regular rain we had had, it had only been a storm before and now I was rather disappointed at its coming just at the time, for Charlie had promised to come at half-past five and take me to Mr. Innes's home to get some things out of my *almirah* there and he was to be back in time for service at seven at the Muchee Bawun; however, he could not come and we could not go to service here in the Mess house on account of the rain. About two we got a slight alarm from hearing that two guns, a lot of Europeans, some 28th Sepoys and 71st Sikhs had been ordered off somewhere—however, it turned out that they had been sent to the king's palace for all his jewels. Two Nawabs were sent with them (I forgot to say we have five Nawabs prisoners at the Muchee Bawun), two sons of the king of Delhi, the Tulse-pore Rajah and two very mischievous ministers, and they were made to understand that if there were the least disturbance they were to be shot. A disturbance was rather expected as there were armed men in the palace. Charlie came about

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three not knowing anything about this and left at four, dinner-time—about six as we were going to Church we saw all the party returning—the carts filled with great boxes and the golden throne, said to be worth a crore of rupees. Captain Weston told me some of the king's crowns were most elegant—the designs really beautiful and some of the necklaces—one, the diamonds are set in rays—one crown is silver set with amethysts—he [the King of Oude] kept his own European jeweller, a man from Hamilton's in Calcutta. We set off walking to Church which was held in the *thug* hospital belonging to the *thug* jail—it is now the Mess for all the Infantry and Cavalry officers. We had to enter by so many curious little arches and up and down lots of steps and through two courtyards and then came in front of what looked like a *musjid*, the whole side open with beautiful arches. They had begun service—rows of chairs placed on either side of the Mess tables—the reading desk had been brought from the Church. All round appeared to be little dark rooms in which the officers' beds had been placed, also the large platform outside was filled with chairs and officers' beds were standing about in all directions—such an extraordinary [sight] for the whole place was crammed with ladies and gentlemen, an immense congregation. Mr. Polehampton read prayers and Mr. Harris preached, the poor people at Cawnpore were prayed for and Dr. Scott of the 32nd, who is very ill, and all in hospital sick and wounded and those who had lost their relatives in these frightful massacres. It was an imposing service and one could not but feel thankful for having been so mercifully preserved—some

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officers came in late, all booted and spurred, I fancy from the party that had just brought in the jewels. We had a thunderstorm during service and at the end were rather alarmed at hearing three guns fired but it must have been in the district—they are fighting and quarrelling amongst themselves. It rained when we came out of Church and it was pitch dark and I and Miss Schilling stumbled on the best way we could over the steps and uneven ground—hardly knowing which way to take—however, we got home all safely under my little blue umbrella, and soon after we were home it poured down famously—we had tea and ices and then Mr. Harris read prayers and we went to bed.

Monday, June 29th. I got up early thinking Charlie might come. Sir H. Lawrence and his staff came in to see Dr. Fayrer's defences and just as I was taking my bath at seven came Charlie. However, I dressed quickly and went with him to Mr. Innes's house to my *almirah*. I could not recognise it for our old guard house where I had been so often with Charlie on City duty—all the buildings are thrown down round it—it is in the outer entrenchments—the compound filled with tents. The day passed off without alarm.

Tuesday, June 30th. As soon as I got up I found Dr. Partridge all booted and spurred for service and I then heard a detachment had been ordered off to meet the enemy who were five miles off—300 Europeans, 9 guns and an 8-inch howitzer. I sat out till seven and then went in to bathe to be ready for Charlie; however, he never came, to my surprise, and I sent off a note to the Muchee Bawun asking what kept [him]. While the man was gone with it, some came flying in saying our party

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had been surrounded by the mutineers who were in great numbers and that several of our officers had been killed and just then to my horror came back the note I had sent with a message from Captain Francis that my husband had gone out with the detachment. I never shall forget that dreadful suspense, as the news was brought in that Colonel Case, Captain Stevens, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Brackenbury of the 32nd were killed, the latter always paid us a visit in the mornings and evenings. At last came Dr. Partridge saying they were sorely pressed by the enemy but that he had seen my husband all right—soon after came a sepoy saying Charlie had sent him to say he was all safe and immediately after a 13th sepoy came to tell me Charlie was coming in on a gun as he was very faint and that Major Brien was wounded—of course I was frightened thinking Charlie had got a sunstroke. He told me afterwards he had had a very narrow escape as he was far back in the retreat. It had proved far different to the glorious expectations that had been excited on first starting, for the Native Artillery proved faithless and the enemy being in far greater numbers than the spies had led us to expect, our little party was surrounded and it was only a wonder any escaped to tell the tale. The sun also was so overpowering that many fell down from sheer faintness without a wound and were cut to pieces by the enemy—for few had any horses to return with—they, the officers, had dismounted to fall in with their men and the horses disappeared—either the enemy or the servants made away with them—poor Charlie's charger amongst them (the poor old horse that was shot in the nose the night of the mutiny). It

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was a fearful morning never to be forgotten, this affair of Chinhat—another wonderful escape for dear Charlie for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful. The enemy began firing on us as they followed the retreating party—our gates were closed and the siege commenced. We got a cup of tea and something for breakfast as best we could sitting behind the walls to escape the balls, not that I fancy any of us had much appetite. At last the balls came so thick that we were all ordered down into the *Tye khana* [underground room] and kept there—towards evening the firing ceased a little and we sat in the portico to get a little air—there were twenty-four of us in the house, eleven ladies, six gentlemen and seven children. Captain Weston was the Commandant of our garrison which consisted of an officer and some twenty of the 82nd Queens with some native pensioners and a mixed party of men to work the eighteen- and nine-pounder guns in the compound. At night we proposed sleeping in our own rooms, but Dr. Fayerer considering it not safe to do so we all stretched our bedding on the floor of the *Tye khana*—those in the centre getting the benefit of the *punkah*—we took it by turns to watch for one hour.

CHAPTER THREE : JULY

The Siege Begins

On July 2nd Henry Lawrence was hit by a shell and died two days later. He was succeeded in his civilian authority by Major Banks, while Colonel Inglis took over command of the troops. For nearly three weeks the mutineers were content with artillery bombardment, making no attempt to launch an attack. On July 20th an assault was made and repulsed. On July 22nd Major Banks was killed.

Wednesday, July 1st. We just managed to get to our rooms and wash and dress when the firing got very sharp—round shot and shell—already we began to distinguish the different sounds as they whizzed past. In the afternoon the enemy got into a building very near and fired away at us till evening when they slackened again. I got a note from dear Charlie saying he was all right again—I was so thankful—shortly after came Captain Wilson to whom I read it—he begged me to copy it for Sir Henry as there was more news in it than in any that had been received from the Muchee Bawun—also that they had paid 100 Rupees for getting a note carried there. I copied it and he told me I should soon see Charlie and we heard the garrison had been ordered to come in that night at half-past twelve, evacuating the fort as silently as possible and blowing it up—we all expected they would have to fight every

inch of the way in and were in great anxiety in consequence. However, we went to bed and I even slept, when about half-past twelve we were awoke by the most horrible explosion—it shattered every bit of glass in the house—there were four doors to our *tye khana*, half glass, and the concussion covered us with the glass and shook one of the doors off its hinges. I believe we all of us thought our last hour was come—each started up with a kind of groan, for we had been expecting the enemy were arriving, as we fancied we had each night heard strokes of a pick-axe, about half a dozen strokes at a time and then a stoppage as if they feared to make too much noise. The gentlemen had been down to listen and heard it distinctly, so that when the explosion came I certainly expected to go up in the air and the inexpressible relief it was to hear Dr. Fayrer at the head of the stairs calling out—“it is all right, the whole party are all in safe from the Muchee Bawun and it is blown up”. No wonder the explosion was so great—there were upwards of 20,000 lb. of powder besides a vast quantity of musket ammunition.

(Miss Palmer had her leg taken off by a round shot this day in the Residency—she only survived it one day.)

Thursday, July 2nd. The attack at the Bailey Guard gate and our compound was tremendous and while we were at breakfast we were all inexpressibly touched and grieved to hear poor Sir Henry had been mortally wounded—a shell from the very eight-inch howitzer the enemy had taken from us at Chinhat had burst in his room in the Residency and given him a fearful wound in his thigh—he was brought over to our

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verandah and Mr. Harris administered the Sacrament to him. Sir Henry then sent for several whom he fancied he had spoken to harshly in their duty and begged their forgiveness and many shed tears to think the good old man would so soon be taken from us, our only earthly hope in this awful crisis. Sir Henry then appointed Major Banks his successor. The firing was fearful—the enemy must have discovered from some spies that Sir Henry was at our house for the attack on the gate was fearful—we all gave ourselves up for lost for we did not then know the cowards they were and we expected every moment they would be over our garden wall—there was no escape for us if they were once in the garden. We asked Mr. Harris to read prayers and I think every one of us prepared for the worst—the shots were now coming so thick into the verandah where Sir Henry was lying that several officers were wounded and Sir Henry was obliged to be removed into the drawing-room. We gave out an immense quantity of rags to the poor soldiers as they passed up and down from the roof of the house wounded. Towards evening the fire slackened but we were not allowed to leave the *tye khana*—at night Mr. Harris came and read prayers again and then we all lay down on the floor without undressing.

Friday, July 3rd. When we awoke we found all our servants had bolted excepting my *kitmatgur* and Mrs. Barwell's and one or two *ayahs*—the Fayers had not one servant left, so we were obliged to get up and act as servants ourselves and do everything except the cooking—even to wash up plates and dishes, etc., and perhaps it was a good thing, it kept our thoughts from

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dwelling on our misery. Dear Charlie came to see me in the afternoon and brought a jug of milk for the poor children. I was so glad to hear he had had a good *tiffin*, for the day before when he came he said he had had nothing but *dal bat* for some days. We happened to be at dinner and I gave him a piece of meat but he seemed too much done up to eat and actually carried it away in a piece of paper to some other gentlemen who could get none—no arrangements had been made for messing as yet and no one knew where to get anything.

Saturday, July 4th. Firing had been going on all night and it continued all day, but we were so engaged in kitchen duties we scarcely noticed it. Poor Sir Henry died in the morning—he had been in great agony from his wound—he was buried with the rest at night but even he did not have a separate grave, each corpse was sewn up in its own bedding and those who had died during the day were put into the same grave.

Sunday, July 5th. The firing was still incessant—after breakfast Mr. Harris arranged all our duties as up to this time I, Mrs. Anderson and Miss Schilling were the only ones who had done anything. After that we had service in the *tye khana* and the Communion was administered, I so wished dear Charlie could have been present—it seemed so solemn and yet so comforting while the firing was going on above us. Charlie came afterwards and sat for an hour—nothing more occurred of moment.

Monday, July 6th. The insurgents filled Johannis house and kept firing into our compound—we fired a number of shrapnel into the house without dislodging them

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—we fancied they must be getting short of ammunition for they fired all sorts of strange missiles such as nails, pieces of ramrod, etc.

Tuesday, July 7th. Charlie came after breakfast and told me that a sortie was to be made into Johannis house—this was done between 1 and 2 p.m. Two officers and some men of the 32nd with Mr. Green and some of our Sikhs. A hole was made at the Brigade Mess through the wall opposite Johannis house—an eighteen-pounder firing all the time down on line to distract the enemy's attention. A rush was then made and every native in the house was killed, numbering some thirty or forty. In the afternoon we had the first really heavy fall of rain and the enemy's fire slackened in consequence. Poor Captain Francis this night had one leg taken off and the other shattered by a round shot while sitting on top of the Brigade Mess. Mr. Harris saw him after the amputation had taken place and he said he was very composed. Mr. Ommaney died this day from his wound received at the Redan battery.

Wednesday, July 8th. Poor Mr. Polehampton was hit in the body by a musket shot—fortunately the ball made a circuit round the body instead of touching any vital part. He received the wound in the hospital, the firing was very sharp. I felt quite knocked up after my morning duties. Charlie came after dinner and sat with me about an hour, he then went over to the hospital to see poor Captain Francis—he found him insensible and very restless and the doctors said he was not going on well. About nine o'clock he died. He and Mr. Ommaney and two others were buried in the same grave—they are always at night as the fire slackens a little—some-

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times Mr. Polehampton and Mr. Harris have had to dig the graves themselves. Soon after we lay down for the night we were roused by an alarm—it was false and had been caused by a soldier dreaming—but towards morning we were alarmed again by the enemy making an attack on our gate. We all got up and prepared in case we had to run to the Begum Kotee for there had been a hole dug in the wall opposite one of our doors for us to escape by in case the enemy should pass the gate.

Thursday, July 9th. I was obliged to get up and make all the teas by myself, Mrs. Anderson not being well. While I was doing it an order came down for hot-water bottles, Mr. Dashwood being taken with cholera—after breakfast he seemed a little better but it did not last—about twelve Mr. Harris administered the Sacrament to him and about one he died. Mrs. D. seemed wonderfully calm. After making the evening tea I went and lay down on my bedding in the *tye khana* and fell so fast asleep that they came down and had prayers without my knowing it.

Friday, July 10th. We were ordered to sit as much upstairs as we could as the *tye khana* and *godowns* being considered unhealthy. Fortunately the firing was wonderfully slack so that we could sit at the front door—it was quite delightful to have a little cessation from the constant noise. Mrs. Dashwood came and sat with us and seemed quite calm and cheerful. Charlie brought over six bottles of mustard as we had run short and were in great demand in cases of cholera. In the afternoon he came and chatted. Mr. Harris had only one funeral this evening.

Saturday, July 11th. There had been an alarm in the

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night but I had heard nothing of it. I got up and made the tea and while carrying a cup to Mrs. Fayer slipped down some steps and sprained my instep. It got very bad so Dr. Partridge recommended my fomenting it with hot water and laying it up, so I was *hors de combat*. Charlie sold poor Captain Francis's property and made 500 Rupees of a box of second-hand clothes, such a great demand was there. He afterwards brought a little box of his papers and rings which I locked up. Very slack firing all day—the enemy occasionally firing pieces of wood shaped like ninepins and bound with iron—there was a report that the Nana was this day coming to join them. There were five funerals this evening.

Sunday, July 12th. We had slept in the dining-room for the first time but the mosquitoes were fearful as the *punkah* was too heavy to be of any good. About half-past ten Charlie came, and stayed to prayers at twelve—after that we had a nap in the *tye khana*, Charlie was so sleepy it did him good. Dr. Fayer made us all dine again in the *tye khana* as the dinner upstairs brought such swarms of flies. In the evening the ladies sat out in the entrance and sang very prettily, Captain Weston joining. Just as they had sung one verse of the evening hymn the enemy commenced firing so sharply that all the officers rushed to their posts. The attack was first on Mr. Gubbins' house and came round to us. We went to bed but the firing being very bad and the mosquitoes lively we slept but little, in fact we all wished ourselves down in the *tye khana* again.

Monday, July 13th. Got up feeling wretched, my face is becoming covered with boils, but hardly any one is

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without them. The firing still very sharp and a European soldier was wounded at the corner of our verandah. The enemy were said to be again in Johannis house. A native was shot dead coming from the Begum Kotee to our kitchen, altogether eight were hit in our compound during the day. Charlie could not come till the evening and then stayed only a few minutes. Mrs. Thomas very ill with small-pox at the Begum Kotee.

Tuesday, July 14th. Dear John's birthday. I had slept soundly though the firing was very hard all night. The 17th Native Infantry had been seen with their colours amongst the rebels—there were all kinds of reports of relief, none true. Charlie came over about dinner time and sat some time but I could not offer him any. I drank John's health in sherry and Charlie said he would, in his bottle of beer at dinner. An attack was expected at night and all preparations were made. We ladies were sent down into the *tye khana* to sleep. The rebels had placed an eighteen-pounder in position for our house—however, the ammunition for the gun was blown up so we passed a quiet night with the exception of a slight skirmish with the *punkah coolies*.

Wednesday, July 15th. Charlie came soon after breakfast and told me the narrow escape he had had from the careless firing of a nine-pounder by a sergeant who had been instructed by an artillery officer to fire shrapnel into Johannis house. Not having laid the gun properly he fired one into Captain Carnegie's quarters which Charlie had only a minute before then vacated—he had been dressing on the very spot where the shrapnel burst. There was very little firing about us during the

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morning but Lieutenant Lester was shot on the roof of Mr. Gubbins's house. Captain Forbes came for Dr. Fayrer in the afternoon—they could not find the ball but fancied it had touched the spine as all the lower part of the body was paralysed. Our party sat in the verandah singing songs and glees and it made me quite melancholy for the round shots were whizzing overhead and no one could tell but that the next might bring death with it.

Thursday, July 16th. We heard that our troops had had a fight with the insurgents at Futtehpore who had come from Cawnpore to meet them and that we had taken four guns—no one knows if this be true but it is possible, and that our troops were waiting there for reinforcements. Charlie came and sat some time. Mrs. Thomas died of small-pox. The heat and flies were dreadful—no *punkah* for we sat in the entrance. In the evening Mr. Harris had five funerals, one was Mrs. Thomas—he said he had a most narrow escape, a round shot struck the ground directly between the two *doolies* carried in front of him and covered them with earth. That night I rebelled against watching—we had had quite a fight about it during the day.

Friday, July 17th. The enemy had an eighteen-pounder in position to fire on an angle of our house. Mrs. Strangways's eldest child died of cholera. Charlie came about twelve and sat some time. The enemy did not fire the eighteen-pounder—it was considered that they had no ammunition—the firing was slack during the day. The heat during the day being intense the soldiers were allowed to lie down in the drawing-room. Mr. Harris had three funerals this night. Lieutenant Alexan-

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der of the Artillery and Captain Barlow were both wounded by a mortar that the former was superintending the loading of. Lieutenant Bryce, Artillery, was wounded yesterday. About 11 p.m. we were aroused by very sharp firing, an attempt made again at the Bailey Guard gate unsuccessfully. Still I got up and put on my shoes in preparation for a rush to the top of the house as they say that is our safest place if the enemy get in—the gentlemen can defend us up there.

Saturday, July 18th. I will write exactly my employment this day to show how each day is passed. Rose a little before six and made tea for all the party, seventeen—then with Mrs. Anderson gave out *attah*, rice, sugar, sago, etc., for the day's rations. While doing it a six-pound shot came through the verandah above broke down some plates and bricks and fell at our feet. Mrs. Boileau and some children had a very narrow escape—they were sitting in the verandah at the time but no one was hurt. I then rushed at the *bheestie* who was passing and made him fill a tin can with water which I lugged upstairs then bathed and dressed. It was about half-past eight when I was ready so I went to the front door to get a breath of fresh air—at nine down again to make tea again for breakfast which consisted of roast mutton, *chupattees*, rice and jam. I then sat and worked at Charlie's waistbands till nearly dinner-time when I felt very poorly but it passed off.

Sunday, July 19th. The firing was very sharp, there had been an attack during the night—early in the morning two round-shots came into the long room through the drawing-room. (I forgot to say that yesterday as the ladies were sitting in the long room a nine-pound

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shot came in through the drawing-room and slanted through a side door breaking down the door post and covering some of them with dust.) Charlie came in just in time for prayers which Mr. Harris read at twelve in the entrance hall. We had been kept down in the *tye khana* till then and by dinner time I got very ill. Charlie had given me a bit of ration biscuit so I had that with a glass of port instead of dinner. This afternoon two eighteen-pounders came into the drawing-room—we were all sent down to the *tye khana* in a great hurry. It was after dinner this day that Captain Weston gave us the particulars of the Cawnpore massacre. It was Thursday, June 25th, when they began to treat—the Nana required that they should leave everything—arms, ammunition, etc.—and he would provide them boats—some lady in a *doolie* was carried over to the Nana, it is thought to have been Lady Wheeler. Well [on] Friday lots of *hackeries* were sent down to the entrenchment to convey the party to the boats but were returned and Saturday a lot of elephants were sent instead and the party mounted them. The sick and ladies who were not equal to it were carried in *doolies* and the whole party escorted by the Nana's force to a *ghaut* about a mile from the entrenchments, where the boats were waiting. However, it was discovered that there were no oars or ropes to the boats, or boatmen. Nevertheless they were told to get in and drop down the stream and two boats filled and got away ahead of the others—the remaining eight were loading when a battery masked behind some trees opened fire on them and the sepoy's rushed down and bayoneted the women and children, selecting fifteen or eighteen of the young

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ladies who were taken off to their camp. The two boats that had gone ahead were fired into from the opposite bank of the river and sunk. At this juncture they say some of the 56th Native Infantry rushed to their rescue and a few escaped. Dr. Fayrer had given me medicine this morning as I had a touch of diarrhoea and I was better till night when the pain came on violently. Dr. F. gave me another opium pill and dose with a great deal of ether in it; however, I was very ill all through the night and fainted—they had to call Dr. Fayrer to me and he gave me another dose of the ether medicine and ordered a mustard poultice on the stomach. I went up and lay down in Mrs. Helford's room, the only safe one upstairs.

Monday, July 20th. Towards morning the round shot began flying about thickly—two eighteen-pounders came into Mr. Harris's room where he was dressing. They came in high and covered him in a cloud of dust—he was covered with bricks and mortar but escaped unhurt. Soon the attack became tremendous all round us—round shot flying in all directions, musquetry on the roof of our house incessant—strange to say I never winced or closed my ears. However, I and Miss Schilling, who was fanning me, decided we had better go down to the *tye khana* breakfast. However, all were too much engaged to come to it. The attack lasted more than four hours. They say, at the least, we were surrounded by 4,000—six of their guns were pointed at our house. About half-past twelve Dr. Fayrer called down to us that all was right and one by one the gentlemen came down to breakfast, saying the enemy had been beaten back with great slaughter—one 32nd sergeant shot

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fourteen of them—one had seen twenty killed from another thirty there. I continued very faint and weak with the diarrhœa. While dinner was going on about five Charlie came over—I was so thankful to see him safe, one more providential escape he has had and I felt so thankful—a bullet had entered his helmet at the side and went out the top carrying the ventilator with it. He and his Sikhs are in a large house—Mr. Ommaney's *kutcherry*—and in a little bit of a verandah that they occupied, twenty-two round shot had come in. Charlie said they had attacked with the spirit of Europeans. Some Mussalmen *sowars* carrying a green standard had tried to cross the stockade close to his post. The leaders of the party were all killed and the flag left in the brushwood. At this crisis a plucky man rushed up and, although his right arm was broken by a musket shot, he continued to extricate and carry it off with his left. After that an attack was made at the same point by sepoy with muskets and bayonets, but also unsuccessful. Another account he gave of Mr. Longman commanding at our old guard house—now known as Innes's post. They had the hardest work to keep it—Mr. L. considers at that part alone 100 of the enemy were killed, so that all agree their loss must have been very great, whereas we had only two killed and very few wounded—amongst the latter Mr. Edmonstone of the 32nd at the Redan and Mr. Healy, 7th L.C.—the 13th Native Infantry at the Bailey behaved splendidly. (They opened the attack this day by springing a mine at the Redan but without harm to us.) (I forgot to say that in the morning we heard Mr. Polehampton had died of cholera.) Towards night the fir-

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ing had nearly ceased. Mrs. Boileau fancied her child had cholera so we were kept awake the greater part of the night.

Tuesday, July 21st. I got up early feeling better and dressed. While sitting at the entrance Major Banks came and talked and Dr. Fayrer gave him a dose of medicine. Dear Charlie came at breakfast to see how I was, he came again at our dinner bringing me a saucepan of soup and a bottle of port wine. Just after he left the enemy made an attack principally at Mr. Gubbins' house and word was brought that Major Banks had been shot through the head on the roof of the house and Dr. Brydon wounded—the times are getting awful. Major Banks is indeed a loss. A tremendous attack was expected at night but it passed off quietly—perhaps on account of the heavy fall of rain we had. The siege has lasted now more than three weeks.

Wednesday, July 22nd. I made the early tea and breakfast—hardly any firing going on. Charlie came over and read some of my journal. When he left he sent me over a saucepan and one of his ration biscuits. About one o'clock Captain Edgell came running over from the Gubbins' for Dr. Fayrer as Mrs. Dorin had been shot through the head as she was sitting in a bedroom just off the Gubbins' dining-room—her death was instantaneous. In the evening Mr. Harris had nine funerals.

Thursday, July 23rd. The first news we heard in the morning was that a native pensioner had come in from Cawnpore with news that a large body of Europeans were at Cawnpore—that they had about ten guns, they had had three fights with the Nana and had

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burnt his house. Everyone believes this and we may expect them by the 1st prox. It is glorious news indeed—the pensioner was sent off again with a letter and only one rupee (as he himself requested) but if he brings an answer he is to have 500 Rupees and a double pension for life—the man's name was Ungud. Dear Charlie came while I was washing my clothes after a scrimmage for water, Mrs. Helford's *ayah* having run off with my can after I had had the trouble of bringing it upstairs. Charlie sat some little time—firing slack today—it is supposed many of the enemy have gone to meet the reinforcements. Today we spoilt the bridge of boats over the Goomtee by firing round shot at it. Night quiet.

Friday, July 24th. I made the early tea and breakfast. Had a grand scrimmage about the goats and the milk for the children. The reinforcements said to be fourteen *coss* off. A round shot took off portion of the roof of our house this day but the enemy's firing was generally slacker—a number of them are evidently gone off to meet our reinforcement. Last night as I was making tea in the store room I had the largest rat running through that I ever saw. At night the *tye khana* was so disagreeable that we burnt camphor and paper in it.

Saturday, July 25th. Got up and made early tea and after bathing had a great wash of clothes. (I have always to take up all the water I require and carry it down again when done with.) Then made the tea for breakfast. Charlie sent his flannel shirt for me to mend and then came himself—he had been at Mr. Polehampton's sale. I told him how badly off Mrs. Kendall was at the Begum Kotee—no one to get or cook her rations for

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her and the day before yesterday she had only a few *chupattees* and a cup of tea without milk or sugar. The enemy are shelling today and sent one into the *dawk* office. It made a hole through the roof and falling on the table smashed it—but not bursting it did no other harm. Some of Mrs. Polehampton's things came round for sale and I bought a silk dress as I have lost every one of my own, 26 Rupees. Mr. Thain came with the order books today—it was the first time I had seen him since the mutiny in *cantonments*. Mr. Aitken came also in the afternoon—both seemed pleased to meet me again.

Sunday, July 26th. A letter arrived from the Quarter-Master-General of the Relieving Force saying that two-thirds of the force had crossed the Ganges and would soon come to our relief—that they had quite demolished the Nana's forces and burnt his house and that their force was strong enough to bear down any opposition—glorious news. The Brigadier sent down an order for the officers to be more watchful than ever, so that they are not able to quit their posts. Charlie has to ask leave to come down to see me for half an hour—an attack is expected as a last attempt from them. Lieutenant Lewin of the Artillery was shot through the head at the Cawnpore battery—he had just stepped aside to escape a puddle of water and was shot through the head from a loop hole. Mr. Harris was sent for to the Gubbins' to administer the Sacrament to Mrs. Grant who was dying of cholera, when he returned we had service in the entrance hall. Heavy rain today—service was at 6 p.m. in the Brigade Mess house. The enemy were discovered mining today towards the Cawnpore battery—so we commenced

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to countermine—our people could hear the enemy working a little above them. A luckily-thrown shell of ours fell on top of their mine and broke it in.

Monday, July 27th. There had been a sharp attack during the night and Lieutenant Sheppard, 7th L.C., was accidentally shot by one of the Europeans. Charlie came in for half an hour soon after breakfast—he had a boil on his knee—he said our mine was progressing well—twenty-seven feet a day. Dr. Partridge was busy all the morning getting his Galvanic battery ready to blow up Johannis house—he had had fever for the last two days. No news from the relieving force though they said they should send a letter—it is supposed that all the approaches to the City are strictly watched. Charlie said a plan had been sent out during the night of the entrance to Lucknow by the Dil Koosha as it is considered a more practicable route than the regular Cawnpore road. The firing was very thick throughout the day. Mr. Harris had two funerals this night.

Tuesday, July 28th. Got up, made early tea and had a clothes wash, made breakfast—no news from the relieving force—firing slack. We left off the Cawnpore battery mine as the enemy had stopped again and we commenced one in the Sikh when we found they had commenced one. In the evening our people managed to dig direct into theirs which we destroyed with a small charge of powder. Colonel Helford, who has been laid up with a carbuncle all the siege, was much worse tonight. In the midst of the prayers tonight there were several volleys of musquetry so that there was a call to arms and Captain Weston and the gentlemen rushed off to their posts—nothing however followed. During

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the night Colonel Helford died—he has been in a small tent in the garden all through the siege.

Wednesday, July 29th. I was awoke by a mouse running over my neck with its nasty little scratching feet—still no news. After breakfast I helped to wash up as Miss Helford could not. Charlie paid me his half-hour visit—I am so thankful each day to see him once again. After dinner just as we came upstairs guns were heard firing from the Martinière. From the top of the house the smoke was seen from two batteries—a regular royal salute was fired—twenty-one guns. All became excited in the greatest degree, considering it was our relieving force; however, we were doomed to disappointment, no one knows what it was for—but there is a report that it is in honour of a boy who has been placed on the throne by the soldiery—an attack expected at night but all was quiet.

Thursday, July 30th. Nothing of importance today—no news of the reinforcements and I felt very disheartened in consequence. Two officers of the 71st came on Colonel Helford's Committee of Adjustments and they told us many wounded men had been seen brought into the City.

Friday, July 31st. Another most disheartening day—no news.

CHAPTER FOUR : AUGUST

The Siege Continues

There had, in late July, been rumours of Havelock's approaching forces, but the force was small and his strategy one of caution. On August 10th the mutineers mounted a major assault, but after bitter fighting they retired, attacking again in strength on the 18th. Supplies began to run out. Deaths from disease increased. On the 28th a letter from Havelock came through saying that he would not be able to relieve them for twenty-five days.

Saturday, August 1st. Firing slack and no news.

Sunday, August 2nd. No news again. Mr. Healy, Vet. 71st L.C., died today. The relieving force ought to have been in three days ago—God grant it may come to our assistance shortly. The poor children feel the want of fresh air and proper food sadly, but still we have much to be thankful for, we have as yet endured no hardships and my dear Charlie so far has been spared to me.

Monday, August 3rd. Still no news. Firing during the night sharp—the enemy threw several shells some of which exploded in the Begum Kotee but as yet without injury to anyone. Dear Charlie came and gladdened my heart. About sunset the shelling was very sharp again—one burst over Dr. Partridge's head in the air as he was going into the Gubbins'. In the afternoon

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about 200 of the enemy's cavalry were seen moving, which caused a little excitement—by no means unpleasing to us in our present inactive condition—we feel now like a ship becalmed. The future is a perfect blank, we are not able even to give a surmise as to what our fate may be—but we have all made up our minds never to give in, but to blow up all in the entrenchments sooner.

Tuesday, August 4th. Another day without news—firing sharp during the night. Our only consolation is that no news is good news for if any reverse happened to our reinforcements the enemy would quickly let us hear of it and be back upon us immediately. A fine young man was shot today at the nine-pounder in our garden—he was shot through the lungs—he has left a wife and four children. Charlie came for his half-hour's visit, the only delightful part of the day. I had an enormous rat in my bedding when I unrolled it in the *tye khana* at night.

Wednesday, August 5th. No news whatever, but very few of the enemy to be seen around us. While Charlie was with me today it came on to such heavy rain that I got more than my half-hour's chat and then sent him home in my blanket shawl tied in a knot on his head and hanging all round like a cloak. Some of the enemy's Regiments, Infantry and Cavalry, were seen to parade in the front of the Redan and then go off to the Cawnpore road. Very little firing during the night.

Thursday, August 6th. Another night without news from the relieving forces. Poor Mr. Study of the 32nd had his arm broken in three places by a twenty-four-pound

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shot and his side hurt so much that they fear he will not recover. All are to vacate the Residency today.

Friday, August 7th. We were cheered by the news that a sepoy of the 1st Oude Infantry who had been sent out by the Brigadier had returned. He had lost the letter from the relieving forces but had been in their Camp and seen General Havelock. He said they had four European Regiments and one Sikh one, that one European Regiment had a curious *baja* played in front of them, meaning the bagpipes, that our force had a fight with the enemy the first march out of Cawnpore in which they took eighteen guns. A little further on they had a fight with villagers who soon decamped leaving five more guns in our hands and then our troops hearing the Nana was collecting a force again in their rear returned to Cawnpore. However, the Nana took fright and was off and away so they got fresh supplies and were coming on again. He also said Shereef Dowlah was head of the rebels in the district. There were 200 Cavalry with our force principally volunteers and officers who had lost their own Regiments. I trust all this may be true—but it is impossible to say when they may be in. About 3 p.m. the sepoy came to see Mr. Clarke and told us all his tale. After dinner whilst we were sitting in the long verandah room a call was passed from outside, "Stand to your arms", and the gentlemen went off to their posts. I at once went off to fetch the things I should require at night, knowing that if there were an attack I should not be allowed to go into the room where I dressed. A few rounds from the guns fired and the supposed attack subsided.

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Saturday, August 8th. No more news in. Mr. Harris went over to baptise Mrs. Kendall's child as it was dying. Mrs. Bartrum and her child are also very ill—indeed all in that room at the Begum Kotee. Dr. Macdonald, 41st Native Infantry, and Lieutenant Bryer, Artillery, both died of cholera.

Sunday, August 9th. Mrs. Barwell taken ill during the night, at 8 a.m. a fine boy made his appearance. I thought of poor Mrs. Darby who we were told was confined in the open at Cawnpore in the rear of a gun—she and her child were both massacred afterwards. Mr. Study and Mrs. Kendall's baby died today. Mrs. Helford very angry at being turned out of her room to give place to the new baby. Mrs. Dashwood, who is expecting her confinement, had a fainting fit—a nice commotion in addition to a sharp attack with heavy firing from some of the guns close to us. A nine-pounder shot came into Mrs. Clarke's room and just as we were talking of coming up to sleep again in the dining-room two bullets came in quite hot, which settled the matter.

Monday, August 10th. A Sikh came in during the night—he said he had been prisoner at Chinhat—however, he is thought to be a spy and is confined—his account of our reinforcements agrees with what we have previously heard. About 11 a.m. Lieutenant Birch, A.D.C., came round to warn all the garrisons to be on the alert as some Regiments had been seen with their colours flying marching from *cantonments*. As they crossed the Cawnpore battery we fired on them and the attack then commenced and the firing was very sharp—shell, shrapnel, round shots, gingalls and

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musketry—I now can distinguish each. Of course, I feel very anxious always before the list of casualties comes round after an attack. Today two Europeans were killed and five wounded—wonderfully few considering the firing was incessant till about 2 p.m. Two of the enemies mines were exploded but without doing us any harm. Just as we were coming up from dinner about five, dear Charlie made his appearance with some clothes for me but could not stop as he said he had seen another little army coming up to the attack consisting of two Regiments of Infantry, some Cavalry and five guns—he hurried off and the firing commenced. I was troubled on his account as his house had lately been battered a good deal by round shot—however, Dr. Fayrer told me he had seen him all right. One of the mines exploded in the morning, destroyed a room of the Martinière school without injuring anyone, but it sent one of the heavy timbers of the stockade on to the roof of the Brigade Mess (an upper storied house) much to the alarm of the ladies residing there. We heard Mrs. Brady, 48th Native Infantry, had had a little boy during the night. Just as we were going to bed another attack commenced—it was pitch dark but we were providentially preserved in all.

Tuesday, August 11th. All quiet. Got up then washed-up last night's tea things—made early tea and then washed clothes—made breakfast and Charlie came—felt so thankful to see him safe again. He told us the enemy, about thirty, got into the compound next to us last evening but were driven out by hand-grenades, etc. During the forenoon we heard a rumbling noise and on enquiry found that one wing of the Residency had

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fallen and buried six men—two were dug out alive but only one survived it, the rest could not be got out till later in the day. Charlie told me that the day before, when the enemy's mine exploded at Saya's, two Europeans were blown out into the road with their muskets in their hands, but being unhurt they got up ran in through his gateway and through the stockade to their own post. From this you may imagine our defences were but slight.

Wednesday, August 12th. There had been incessant firing all night—no news whatever brought in. Charlie came as usual and gladdened my heart, but I must say here our hope of the relief was going.

Thursday, August 13th. Native reports that our forces are near and firing has been heard distinctly in the district from the Redan for two hours, so hope revives. We countermined and blew up a mine of the enemy's at Saya's, it was well down and it is supposed numbers perished including the miners who were heard at their work just before. Several of the enemy rushed down to dig out their comrades and of them four were shot.

Friday, August 14th. No news. A sweeper came in during the morning. Charlie caught him near the hospital and took him to Captain Carnegie—he told them a great deal about the enemy but of course nothing could be relied on—he said the native report was that one force was at Bushire Gunge. Mrs. Fayrer very ill and removed to Mrs. Dashwood's room.

Saturday, August 15th. No news from without. We had our beds brought up and put in the dining-room and for the first time during the siege were to sleep on

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*charpoy*s—the last three nights in the *tye khana* I have slept on chairs to escape the rats, for the last night I slept on the floor I felt my bedding heave up and a large black rat ran from under it. This is the third time we have tried to sleep in the dining-room—twice we have been driven out by shot—this afternoon a shrapnel burst on the roof wounding two native pensioners and a European sentry—an eighteen-pound shot also came in.

Sunday, August 16th. The first news we heard was that a letter had been brought in from the relieving forces, but to our disappointment it proved to be a very old one, the man having been imprisoned. After his release he had returned towards Cawnpore to get further news but found with the exception of a small force entrenched on this side that they had re-crossed the river—the Nana having collected a fresh force. He also said numbers of troops were on their way up and that when a sufficient party had arrived, which would be about the 20th, General Havelock would again advance. In the afternoon a shrapnel burst in Mrs. Fayerer's verandah close to her present bedroom and some of the pieces passed over her and Mrs. Boileau, passing through the venetian and setting fire to the chinks—she was brought out and placed in Mrs. Barwell's room with the new baby. I fought against sleeping in the dining-room as I considered it dangerous but being the only one I was obliged to give in.

Monday, August 17th. We passed the night without an accident—though the roof was hit by round-shot. Mrs. Fayerer with her little boy Bobby very ill—he looks a perfect skeleton—as for Mrs. Dashwood's baby, you

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can count its bones—they are all just covered with skin. It is a terrible time for poor children, they pine for the want of fresh air.

Tuesday, August 18th. We were awoke by an explosion of one of the enemy's mines in the Sikh square—no one knew they were mining there—it buried six half-caste drummers and a sepoy and blew two officers into the square who escaped with slight bruises. This made a great breach in our defences and the enemy might have come in easily if they had only had a little pluck—three of the leaders tried to induce a party to make a rush but failed and two of them being shot the affair ended—there was a great firing of round shot and shell but only one of our men was killed and none wounded. Bobby had been very ill all night and Miss Schilling sitting up with him and so at five I got up and relieved her—after breakfast I bathed, dressed and had a wash of clothes. No news of our reinforcements—during the day a sortie was made and Johannis house blown up—they found eleven men in it who were bayoneted—they also blew up a lot of houses in the neighbourhood. A shell had gone through the roof of one of them making a large hole and underneath this was a large pool of blood. Two of the enemy's mines were destroyed with their own powder and one by pouring a quantity of water down it—so they are paid off for the morning. At sunset Mrs. Fayrer was brought out on her bed into the verandah for air. At night, as we were all sitting in the entrance, we heard a peculiar cry three times repeated and thought it might be a signal—sure enough it was—there was a cry at once, "Stand to your arms"—immediately followed by a

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great discharge of musketry and great guns—all the posts had been warned to be on the alert but the attack did not last long. About three in the morning Mrs. Dashwood's baby died.

Wednesday, August 19th. No news—after breakfast Mrs. Harris sewed up Mrs. D.'s baby in a clean table cloth first having dressed it in a clean night dress and linen cap and crossed its arms on its breast and the little thing was carried away to the hospital to await its burial at night—the day passed as usual.

Thursday, August 20th. No news again. The night had been very quiet—as I was sitting at the front door making a petticoat a European was shot at the gun in our garden, right through the head—Mr. Cunliffe was wounded. I had a very bad boil on my hand for which I made an *attah* poultice—our dinner this day was stew—*dal* and rice and *chupattees*. We were told before going to bed that Johannis large house was to be blown up at day-break.

Friday, August 21st. We had had a most disturbed night—an attack about twelve—I heard “turn out” called out from the gentlemen's room and being half asleep and half awake out I and Mrs. Anderson rushed from our beds over two other ladies in our haste and much to our amusement several of the ladies abused us for making a rush, for surely we might leave our beds when we chose especially as we had been put in the most dangerous corner of the room—this amused us much and we lay down again in a fit of laughter. I heard almost every hour strike during the night. At daybreak Johannis [large] house was blown up—it shook us a little but not so much as we expected. Got

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up and washed tea things, made *chota-hazree*, gave out stores, bathed, washed clothes, then made breakfast and arranged stores' room. While Mr. Clarke was in the gentlemen's bath-room a round shot came in and covered him with bricks and mortar but did him no injury. This morning a sortie of about 100 men was made, they blew up some houses, spiked three guns and killed many natives with the loss of one killed and five wounded, two they fear mortally—the rest of the day passed quietly. Charlie came as usual—dinner today was roast mutton but as there was very little we opened a tin of salmon and Mrs. Need (an English woman who cooks for us, our only two *kitmitgars* having bolted) made us a roly pudding of *attah* and suet—to us a perfect luxury.

Saturday, August 22nd. Nothing particular occurred.

Sunday, August 23rd. I always try to get some clean things to put on on Sunday as one way of recognising the day—service at the Brigadier Mess at noon and in our house at 3 p.m. Mrs. Fayrer and Mrs. Barwell came out to it and lay on couches. Colonel Palmer brought over Mrs. Polehampton, Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Lewin—Mr. Dashwood and Charles also came. Mr. Harris administered the Sacrament—it was placed on a small round table covered with a white cloth—it was an affecting meeting, so many new lost friends—poor Mrs. P. was sobbing all the time—Mrs. Lewin had lost both husband and child.

Monday, August 24th. I got up with a bad headache from the heavy constant firing during the night—the enemy sent three round shot into our house and the guns in our compound returned the fire. Mrs. Clarke

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ill with erysipelis. A *kitmutgar* came into the entrenchment today but was put in confinement on suspicion of his being a spy. Mr. Green came about 4 p.m. for our two doctors to go to the Post Office with their amputating instruments and chloroform as Mr. McCrae C.E. had been shot in the arm—however, they did not consider amputation necessary. I could hardly recognise Mr. Green—he looked so much older with a beard and the effects of his late fever.

Tuesday, August 25th. A sharp attack on the Bailey Guard gate kept us awake the first part of the night—I got up and dressed as I usually do—though it is perfectly useless for we have no safer place to go to. Mrs. Boileau's child kept us awake the latter part. No news of our reinforcements, very little firing today. Mr. and Mrs. Huxham came in the afternoon so well dressed you would fancy there was no siege.

Wednesday, August 26th. Dearest Mother's birthday. We had had a wretched night with Mrs. Boileau's children and the firing, I actually lay till seven. Dear Charlie sent me a beautiful bouquet of roses, myrtle and tuberose. I went down and got my mug of tea without sugar and milk (I use Charlie's silver mug as cups are scarce) and a *chupattee*, then went and sat at the door for a little air, went and had a wash of clothes. Today our rations are reduced—gentlemen get twelve instead of sixteen ounces of meat and we six instead of twelve—with rather less *dal*. A sentry was shot through the leg in our verandah in the night and Dr. Fayrer was hit by a spent ball. After breakfast I mended a pair of Charlie's unmentionables with a piece of Mr. Harris's habit presented for the purpose. Charlie came for a

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little chat but a note from the Brigadier called him away. A little milk punch is doled out to us every day about one and I drank dear Mother's health in mine. I afterwards sat at the door making a flannel waistcoat for myself—at four we had dinner, after dinner the invalids came out and took the air on their couches at the door—at seven I went down and made tea for all, then sat at the door till half-past eight when we had prayers—then to bed and I had a good night's rest, though the children were rather squabbly. Lieutenant Webber, 32nd Queens, killed by a round shot today at Mr. Gubbins'.

Thursday, August 27th. No news today—the enemy fired an immense number of round shot and shell—one soldier wounded in our drawing-room verandah but it was his own fault as they are forbidden to go there, it being dangerous. Sir H. Lawrence's stores were sold today and they fetched enormous prices—a bottle of honey 42 Rupees and upwards, a dozen of brandy 107 Rupees, a ham 70 Rupees, two tins of soup 55 Rupees, a small bottle of pearl barley 16 Rupees, twenty bottles of sherry 110 Rupees, people seemed to bid recklessly, Charlie said—he would buy nothing. They were to be paid for on the first issue of pay which many I suppose think they will never live to receive. Charlie bought a pair of soldier's highlows for 8 Rupees from a sergeant—more useful than truffled larks, etc.

Friday, August 28th. No news again—this is very trying—the siege has lasted more than two months now—everyone agrees that blowing ourselves up is our only plan in case our reinforcements do not come in time. I got up early as Mrs. Anderson was ill and having a

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deal of work to do, did not sit down till nearly twelve. I am going to have some things washed by a *dhobee* whose charge is 25 Rupees a hundred, more than eight times the usual charge. We expected an attack tonight as the *Mohurram*, a Mussulman fast, is just over—it did not, however, take place.

Saturday, August 29th. Got up and did all Mrs. Anderson's work again. A pensioner came in during the night with a letter direct from General Havelock dated August 24th saying he was waiting for more troops and could not come to our relief under twenty-four days—that Sir Colin Campbell had arrived in Calcutta as C.-in-C. and was sending up troops as quickly as possible, that Lucknow would be his first care—also begging us on no account to treat with the enemy, but rather to die at our posts. The man who brought the letter said while he was in General H.'s Camp a man had come from Delhi who told him we had an immense army, partly composed of Bombay troops before Delhi. The day passed quietly with only the usual firing—no attack.

Sunday, August 30th. When we got up we discovered the two *kitmutgars* had fled (many half-castes and natives left the entrenchment last night—having heard our relief was not to take place for some time). Mrs. Harris and I had to boil the kettles in addition to our morning's duties. Dr. Fayrer has just packed up lighting the fire for us. We all had to help in getting breakfast and dinner and washing up. We had no service till late in the evening as Mr. Harris had one at the Brigade Mess, another at Mr. Gubbins' and a third at the hospital. I got quite tired with running up and down stairs but

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am thankful to say I am in capital health and thoroughly enjoy my meals.

Monday, August 31st. We were awoke at daybreak by Mrs. Dashwood being taken ill—I was sent off sharp to light the fire and boil the kettle—the former was the most difficult. Before the water was ready down came Mrs. Clarke saying the baby was born—they only just got her into her room in time—Dr. Partridge said he had never known such an expeditious affair. Mrs. Clarke finished boiling the kettle while I prepared the early tea things—had to work hard this morning in the kitchen and store room—it is no joke this hot weather to have to stand before the fire fanning it to get the kettle to boil—I was quite tired before it was all over. Mrs. Barwell and her baby have been turned out to make room for Mrs. Dashwood and hers. Great scrimmage with Mrs. Boileau about her European servant being allowed to cook for us—we carried our point—the cooking establishment now consists of Mrs. Need slightly assisted by Mannel and two little boys from the Martinière school—the latter are useful in the washing up departments. The enemy quiet during the day—no shells till 9 p.m. when there was rather a sharp attack but not of long duration.

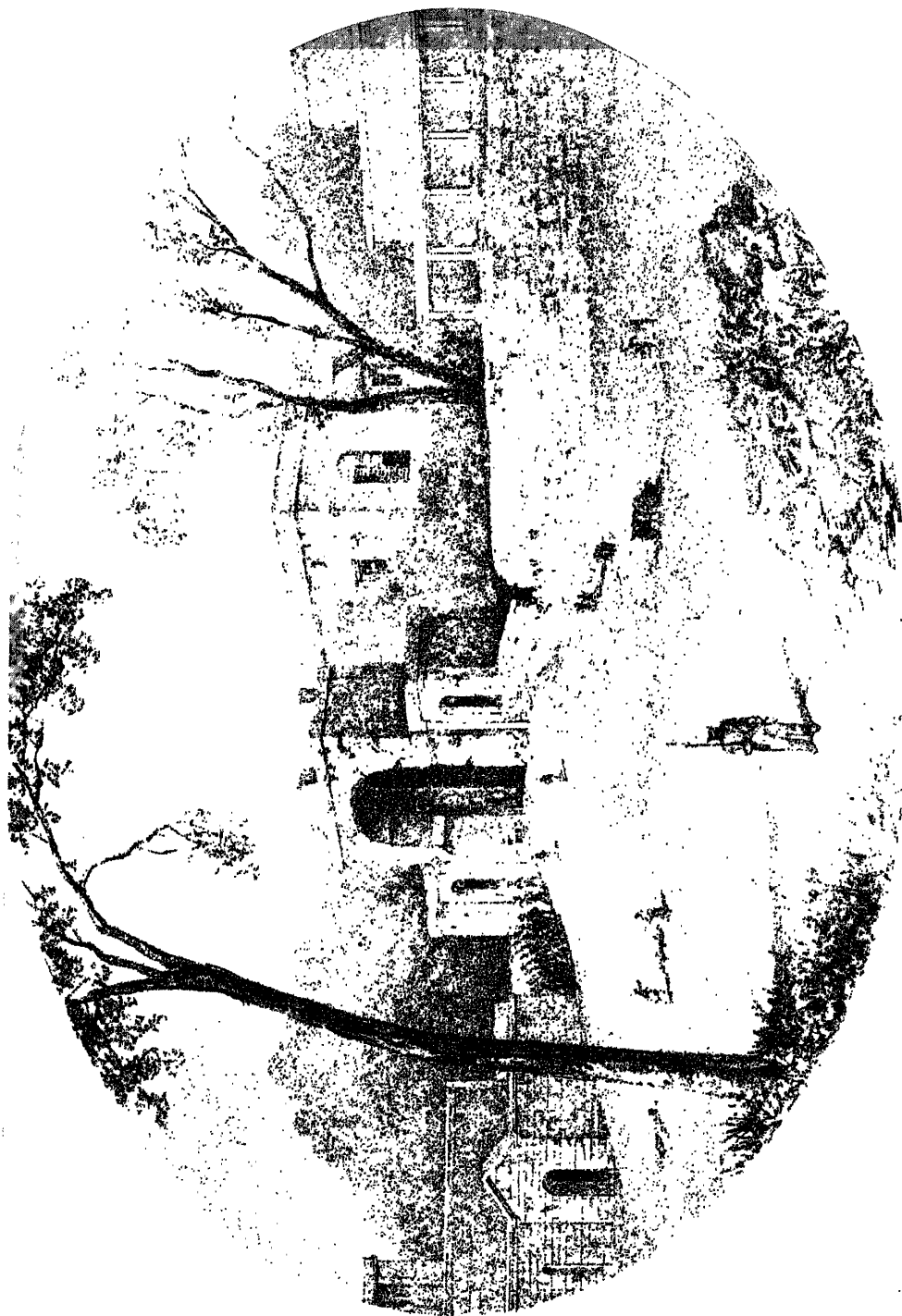
CHAPTER FIVE : SEPTEMBER

The First Relief

The situation was now serious. The defenders were surrounded with the debris of destroyed buildings. On the 23rd the relieving force reached the outskirts of the city and on the 25th broke through in the Residency area. The force was so small it could not break out again—the relief had become a reinforcement. At the beginning of the siege the defenders numbered 927 Europeans and 765 natives, 68 European women and 66 children. By September 25th, 577 Europeans and 402 natives survived. Seven women and 23 children had died.

Tuesday, September 1st. Got up and to my regular work and found the Martinière boys were to be taken from us, so there was a great scrimmage about washing up plates and dishes. The enemy brought a gun to bear on the Baillie Guard gate again. Today our miners discovered a mine of the enemy's close to them, so Mr. Fulton sat nearly the whole day pistol in hand in our mine waiting for them to pick into it—however, they stopped work so we broke in and blew up their gallery. Lieutenant Bonham, Artillery, was shot in the chest while sitting in the portico of the *dawk* office along with Charlie and some others.¹ This day, Tuesday, two artillery men were shot in the *dawk* office compound while standing by the eighteen-pounder—the ball, a

¹ This occurred on the 30th ult.



September: The First Relief

round shot, ricocheted from the hospital—it was quite a chance shot. One had some property in his box and though the officer sent for it immediately the box was missing—however, it was recovered before the thief, a brother gunner, had had time to break it open. The looting now is something dreadful—most of the Crown jewels have been stolen and a bottle of brandy will now purchase a lot of precious stones. Charlie told me he had seen a small handful of pearls one of them very large and many as large as peas which had been purchased for 20 Rupees.

Wednesday, September 2nd. We got the Sexton's wife to help Mrs. Need. The enemy were discovered mining close to the Financial [Commissioner's House] garrison so we countermined and blew them up—several of the enemy were seen rushing to the spot to try and recover their blown-up comrades. A sad occurrence took place today—Lieutenant Birch, Assistant Engineer, was shot by one of our own sentries while searching some ground just outside our works in the dusk of the evening, to see if there were any mining going on. He was taken to the hospital in great agony having been shot through the stomach. Mr. Harris took his wife to him—he died during the night.

Thursday, September 3rd. Got up and worked till breakfast time—nothing particular occurred today.

Friday, September 4th. A day without news and tolerably quiet. Poor Major Brien who while trying to get a shot at the enemy from the top of the Brigade Mess exposed himself unnecessarily was shot through the lungs and survived it only about ten minutes—those who went up to fetch his body had to crawl on their

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hands and knees—at night his own sepoy carried him to his grave.

Saturday, September 5th. Much firing in the early morning. The 13th Sepoy made a battery from eighteen-pounders at the Treasury with which Lieutenant Aitken made some good shots at the clock tower. The firing ceased a little when all at once we felt a mine sprung and immediately an attack was commenced by the enemy—the firing then on both sides was incessant—in the midst of it we felt another explode which we thought was our own but it was not—we did, however, spring one during the day. Mr. Fulton and a 32nd man not having had sufficient warning were blown up but not hurt. In this day's attack 10,000 men were said to be around us, still they did not get in and we had only two natives killed and two Europeans wounded, one losing an arm and the other a leg—it was only Providence who could have saved us with so little loss—we have great cause for thankfulness. Our sepoy are delighted at having a gun at their guard—they say, "We load it and Aitken Sahib fires it"—they are behaving beautifully—at night there was another attack and the fire lasted about an hour. A row between the Padre and a lady—clerical victorious and the lady going off into hysterics—the rest of the gentlemen were out digging to repair the defences at the Baillie Guard gate.

Sunday, September 6th. Several explosions during the morning as our people were blowing down walls. Dear Charlie came in while we were at dinner. At half-past five we had service and Mrs. Barwell's baby was christened in a little silver font—Mrs. B. was

September: The First Relief

churched. In the night we had another attack, the musketry was incessant and the big guns shook the house again—Mrs. Anderson and I got up and sat till it subsided—when the mortars in our compound begin shelling them the attack begins to subside and all settles down again.

Monday, September 7th. A very quiet morning and a quiet day after—nothing particular occurred.

Tuesday, September 8th. Captain Simons, Artillery, died about 4 a.m.—he had been severely wounded at Chinhat and never recovered it. No news from without.

Wednesday, September 9th. I was awoke by our great guns firing at the clock tower—at ten we sprang a mine at the Cawnpore battery. Mrs. Aitken came and had a long chat—dear Charlie came while we were at dinner and was much amused at my enormous appetite. We had a dreadful night with Mrs. Boileau's youngest child and Bobby.

Thursday, September 10th. Tremendous firing at the Mosque by the clock tower—two or three eighteen-pounders at it and shelling also, as the enemy have lately occupied it with their sharp shooters, much to our annoyance—all quiet afterwards. About 2,000 men were seen to leave the City towards Cawnpore in the evening and at night a number of *hackeries* followed—it is supposed with their baggage. Prices are rising—20 Rupees given for 2 lb. of sugar and 1 Rupee per leaf for tobacco.

Friday, September 11th. A tolerably quiet day, but a discovery made of Light Infantry [lice] in a lady's head. Mrs. Boileau's baby very ill—large ulcers all over its body and inflammation in its throat. We destroyed two

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of the enemies' mines today and in some of them men were heard to screech.

Saturday, September 12th. More dreadful discoveries of Light Infantry—a noise was heard during the night a humming as of sepoys turning out of their Lines for a march and many were seen in the morning dressed in marching order—they say the Nana is here and is sending off his baggage to Fyzabad. Mrs. Boileau's child very ill, mortification must have commenced—I was obliged to sit outside, I could not bear to stay in the room. Mrs. Helford's Bearer wounded.

Sunday, September 13th. Captain Mansfield, 32nd, who commanded our guard died of cholera—he was taken ill at half-past eleven last night. Nearly all the ladies in great tribulation about the discoveries in their hair. We had service at half-past two and Charlie came. Mrs. B.'s baby died in the early morning. A spy was caught in the entrenchments who said it was reported outside that several of our Regiments had crossed at Cawnpore. A very quiet day.

Monday, September 14th. Another spy caught who said the Nana was still here and that there is to be a grand attack tomorrow. Captain Weston made a speech at breakfast about ladies going into the cook-house. I forgot to say that on Sunday we were treated to a quarter of fat mutton of Captain W.'s and suet pudding and treacle. More discoveries of Light Infantry. Captain Fulton killed by a round shot while examining the defences at Mr. Gubbins'—he is an indefatigable engineer and a great loss.

Tuesday, September 15th. Some sharp firing but no attack. Lieutenant Fullerton who was sick in hospital and

September: *The First Relief*

slightly delirious walked over the parapet of the portico—he died shortly after. In the afternoon a large round shot came in through the top of the house passing through two walls and cutting a belt hanging there clean in two—it then rolled along the roof without doing any damage.

Wednesday, September 16th. Sharp firing at 6 a.m.—a shell came into the Treasury Guard wounding two 13th men severely and one slightly. Only two ladies of the garrison found free of Light Infantry. We have two people in the garrison who were in the siege of Jellalabad, one the celebrated Dr. Brydon, who says that was a gentlemanly business compared with this—the other a queer old dilapidated half-caste—a corporal at Charlie's post—who was, some say, a spy then and he says that was a trifle to our siege. 'Dear Charlie had four round-shot into his house this morning in a quarter of an hour—he has certainly been most mercifully preserved. The rest of the day quiet—in the evening some horrible smells came from the buried animals, etc., that we could not sit at the door as usual to take the air.

Thursday, September 17th. No news—we are beginning to get very anxious again—they say our beef will only last till the 10th prox. The enemy are throwing up another battery which they say will sweep the whole garrison except our house—we try with our shells to prevent their working at it. We had a quarter of mutton again today for dinner and a suet pudding afterwards with some of Captain Weston's patent sauce. Mrs. Clarke having begged a little sugar about a quarter of a pound, this made twenty people as merry as formerly a

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dinner with the Governor General would have done. Our allowance of beverage for twenty is two bottles of indifferent champagne, one of claret, a pint of sherry and two pints of beer for two sick ladies. Yesterday Mr. Dashwood gave a bottle of brandy and a bottle of sherry for twenty-five cheroots. Mr. Harris found a soldier of the 32nd with his head knocked off by a round shot lying in the churchyard when he went to his funerals so he buried him at once (queer things happen sometimes, as I could testify about a Roman Catholic and a Protestant who had to be buried the same night—on arrival at the yard it was doubtful which was which but it was settled summarily by an officer present).

Friday, September 18th. We had a slight attack in the night. While dressing this morning a bullet came into the outer room with such force that it struck off one side of the frame of a picture, leaving the glass whole. My labours increased every morning by my having to wash my hair and a greater number of clothes than formerly. An eclipse of the sun visible between nine and eleven. A tolerably quiet day spent by me in making night-caps to keep my head from contamination as all lie so close together at night, fifteen under our *punkah*. As we were talking in the evening I ventured to say I thought we had never passed a single hour day or night since the siege began without some firing. I was immediately laughed at and told not *five minutes* even. If this ever reaches my dear ones at home they will wonder when I tell them that my bed is not fifty yards from the eighteen-pounder in our compound—only one room between us and yet I lie as quietly when it

September: The First Relief

goes off without shutting my ears as if I had been used to it all my life. Eighty days of siege-life does wonders. This getting a most anxious time, if our relief does not come within the next twenty days we must look for no hope in this world and we have heard nothing of them yet but God is above all and nothing happens by chance—I commit all to Him and if He spares me and my beloved husband to see our dear ones once more in our own beloved country I will indeed be thankful, but it is a fearful suspense.

Saturday, September 19th. A tolerably quiet day but I became very ill with diarrhœa.

Sunday, September 20th. I still very poorly—no news whatever—we had service and communion at our own house. Charlie came to see me twice as I was so unwell.

Monday, September 21st. No news. I obliged to keep my bed. I had had a wretched night [and] it set into heavy rain—we had a slight attack during the night. Dr. Fayerer told me on no account to stir from bed—there I was in the dining-room all open to the public, our gentlemen passing and repassing the door, but there was no help for it—it was the only room we could have a *punkah* in. Charlie came and sat with me some time—he got Dr. F. to write a certificate for me to have a little sugar from the Commissariat and a little sugar which was kept for the sick—he also brought me a bottle of port wine from the Brigade Mess but Dr. F. said I must not take it till I was better.

Tuesday, September 22nd. Still obliged to keep my bed—no news.

Wednesday, September 23rd. Still in bed—no news during the day but at eleven at night came Colonel Palmer

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cheering us all with the news that a letter had just come brought by Ungud the same faithful spy saying that our reinforcements crossed the river at Cawnpore on the 19th, had a fight at Enown on the 20th, another at Bushir Gunge on the 21st and were hastening on to us—the heavy rain we are having must detain them—what glorious news.

Thursday, September 24th. Guns distinctly heard about ten or twelve miles off—firing for a length of time so that the troops must be nearer than was expected. I cannot describe one's feelings at our present hope of relief—all are in the height of expectation. Being a little better Dr. Fayrer allowed me to get up—the guns of our force heard approaching nearer and nearer. Oh, the thankfulness one feels at the certainty of relief—I think if were stronger I should feel more joyous—the smoke of the guns seen from the top of the Residency—oh joy! They say they are only four or five miles off but they have to fight their way in—15,000 went out to meet them it is said, but from the heavy rain took no guns with them. We had a very disturbed night—the rebels made two furious attacks and came up a third time about 5 a.m. but were soon silenced.

Friday, September 25th. The guns of our reinforcements commenced again and our heavy gun kept firing for an immense time—they say they are on this side of the Chah Bagh which is about two miles from us and the smoke and flash of the cannon may be seen from the top of the Residency. Musketry heard plainly. If they have sent any messenger in to us none has arrived—it is a most exciting time—the first feeling is gratitude to

September: *The First Relief*

God for deliverance from the horror of famine which was staring us in the face and apparently not very far in the future. I lay in bed till after breakfast, as the disturbed night had not done me much good but I enjoyed two sugar biscuits dear Charlie had sent me as a present the night before for my *chota hazree*, with my tea sweetened with sugar which I had not tasted for many weeks—these sugar biscuits ladies in this house are buying at 5 Rupees a pound. I must here put down a purchase I have made on account of the siege—a small tooth comb for which I had to pay 5 Rupees—but I am in such a state about keeping my hair free from Light Infantry—poor Mrs. Fayrer a little delicate creature was reduced to tears yesterday by having more discovered in her hair. My longing now is to get a *dhobee* and an *ayah*, for I feel so helpless with not a single person to do a thing for me and am unable to do anything for myself. About twelve we heard that the rebels had broken the bridge near the Chah Bagh so we decided our troops could not be in for some time—however, all of a sudden I heard our soldiers shout out “they are coming”, their caps could be seen and we found they had crossed by the Martinière bridge. Immediately a fierce firing commenced and they said the rebels were flying off to the Fyzabad road, so commenced shelling them. There was a tremendous day’s firing nevertheless and the troops had a terrible day’s work—about 5 p.m. we heard cheering and immediately saw the troops rushing in—the 78th Highlanders foremost and our house being the first our compound was instantly filled and the officer heading the Highlanders rushed up and shook hands with us

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ladies all round and then threw himself into a chair quite exhausted and in an instant our whole compound was filled with them and it was as much as we could do to supply them with water. It was the most exciting scene I ever witnessed—the Piper sprang on a chair and he and Mrs. Anderson claimed acquaintance—he asked her where she came from—she said “Edinburgh” and he answered “So do I and from the Castle Hill” and then they shook hands and he sent round the word that there was a lady from Edinburgh and then gave another tune on his bagpipes. The Sikh Ferozepore Regiment accompanied them, as also some of the Madras Fusiliers. The confusion and excitement was beyond all description—they lost a great number coming through the City. General Outram then came in—he had been wounded in the arm slightly, Dr. Fayerer dressed his wound. He and his Staff took up their quarters in our house—strange to say none had brought any provisions though they confessed they expected to find us in a worse condition than they did—they said they had hurried on because they had seen five ladies and four gentlemen on their way attempting to join them and feared they were some of our garrison—the poor creatures had all been cut up by the rebels. The news they brought in from all parts was far more horrible than we had expected—at Jhansi the brutes had burnt the children before their poor mothers’ eyes and then killed the wives and then the husbands. At Cawnpore they found only two living beings and a heap of dead women and children, being those who had escaped the massacre at the boats. They say the place where the murders took place was a horrible

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sight—not a soldier left it with a dry eye—we heard also of the Barrets of our Regiment having been murdered at Hissar. Every one was trying to get news of his friends, hardly one but heard bad news. A detachment with some guns was left at Allum Bagh in charge of the baggage and stores, the men and officers had only what they wore. During the night I heard the soldiers conversing in the drawing-room where they lay—one man said they had made a high-caste Brahmin sweep out the *godown* where the massacre took place.

Saturday, September 26th. Several parties sent out to take the guns on the Palace side of us—portions of the force are also occupying the Ferard Bucksh—the Teree Kotee and Jail formerly occupied by the enemy. Tremendous firing all day and I not seeing my husband became very uneasy and found he had been sent out on duty at the Ferard Bucksh—I passed a wretched night.

Sunday, September 27th. The first thing I heard on awakening was that a Sikh was waiting from my husband asking me for tea and that he had had no food since yesterday morning so I sent him a bottle of tea and some *attah* for *chupattees*—I was thankful to find he was alive and well. He afterwards sent me a glass jug he had plundered and then came himself but lame from the boils on his knee. A party went out to take some guns, led by Mr. Anderson, but unfortunately did not succeed. Dear Charlie came again in the afternoon but appeared quite done up—he is now on the sick list. Miss Nepean came over and several ladies were walking about—I walked down nearly to the gate of our compound the first time since Chinhat June 30th. We had

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service at three in the *tye khana*—Mrs. Dashwood's baby was christened.

Monday, September 28th. I got up feeling so wretched and weak. This was to be a day of rest for the troops—however, we rather expected an attack as it was the *Dussereh* a very warlike festival and numbers were seen crossing the bridges but it passed off quietly. About 2 p.m. came a messenger from Allum Bagh with news from Delhi that our flag was flying on the Cashmere gate and that we were in possession of five gates, the Church, Magazine, Mr. Skinner's house, the College and had fixed a battery at each gate of the palace where the king who had determined to fight it out was—of course, a day or two must finish it. The messenger also brought a letter from the detachment at Allum Bagh saying they were all right then but that the enemy had broken up the bridges between us and them. Dear Charlie came in the dusk as he is on sick leave and brought some of his loot—numbers of “big dogs” assembled in our house planning with General Outram the attack tomorrow, I imagine.

Tuesday, September 29th. A detachment of 800 men went out into the City at day-break and we were continually hearing explosions from the blowing up of houses—one shook us like an earthquake. They took nine guns and did their work well, although we can scarcely call this a relief seeing we have to feed the new troops on our own scant rations and have them in consequence still further reduced, still they are able to make sorties now and have discovered three mines under the Redan that would have done us awful damage, we cannot be therefore too thankful that they came in. A piece of

September: The First Relief

shell today passed through Mrs. Fayrer's little room and struck the wall by the gentlemen's dressing-room.

Wednesday, September 30th. A letter in from Allum Bagh saying they were all right there and had not been attacked. Great consultations going on in the General's room with all the "big dogs" and much sending off of despatches. Charlie came after dinner—his knee very bad. In the night the Cavalry were all started for Allum Bagh but the firing was so sharp they were obliged to return.

CHAPTER SIX : OCTOBER

From Defence to Attack

On September 26th Sir James Outram assumed command and extended his perimeter. The defenders now began to attack in an endeavour to open the road to Cawnpore. On October 9th the news reached them of the fall of Delhi nearly a month before. Outram miscalculated the quantity of stores in the Residency area and this alone persuaded Sir Colin Campbell to march on Lucknow instead of attacking the rebel leader, Tautia Topi.

Thursday, October 1st. No news—they were trying to batter down a set of houses near the iron bridge all the morning and making a tremendous noise. Two parties went out, one to take the guns about the Cawnpore battery and the Sikhs to take a bazaar—they were out all day, going on slowly but surely. At night the Sikhs had got as far as the Painted Magazine at the corner of the Kerse bazaar and the other party had got into some houses close to the Cawnpore road where they meant to remain the night—the General and “big dogs” were out all day at the top of the Brigade Mess watching their movements. Dear Charlie came quite lame (the Doctors say we must all get scurvy living on the same food so long and without any vegetables). He brought me some beautiful china and a splendid punch bowl, his own looting.

October: From Defence to Attack

Friday, October 2nd. Dear John and Lorry's wedding day—where shall we spend our own? Nothing done this day, but a rumour went about that all the native troops were to be sent out to Allum Bagh—of course their officers would go with them. If true I think it very cruel to separate us after enduring our three months misery together.

Saturday, October 3rd. They say our troops are still gaining ground in the City—several of the enemy's guns were blown up today. Miss Nepean came over in the evening and dear Charlie bringing some more china.

Sunday, October 4th. We all came out in clean or new dresses that we had kept for the Relief. Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Barwell went to the Brigade Mess to Church. We had service in our own house at 3 p.m.—several gentlemen came and Charlie amongst them. After dinner I went over to his garrison with Dr. Partridge—was perfectly thunderstruck to see it such a mass of ruins, not a portion on either side of it that is not riddled with round shot and bullets—the verandah all knocked down, it is impossible to tell there had been one. There are large pieces of masonry lying about—from the outside you would not think this house at all habitable and even the centre room that Charlie occupies has immense holes in the walls made by round shot. He took me on the roof as the enemy are too far off to be dangerous now—I could hardly tell which were the houses that had been occupied by the enemy and which by us—there was merely a bamboo stockade between us and the marvel is they never got in. I was told, "Just down there a nine-pounder was firing into us night and day and a little further off a smaller one". Charlie's

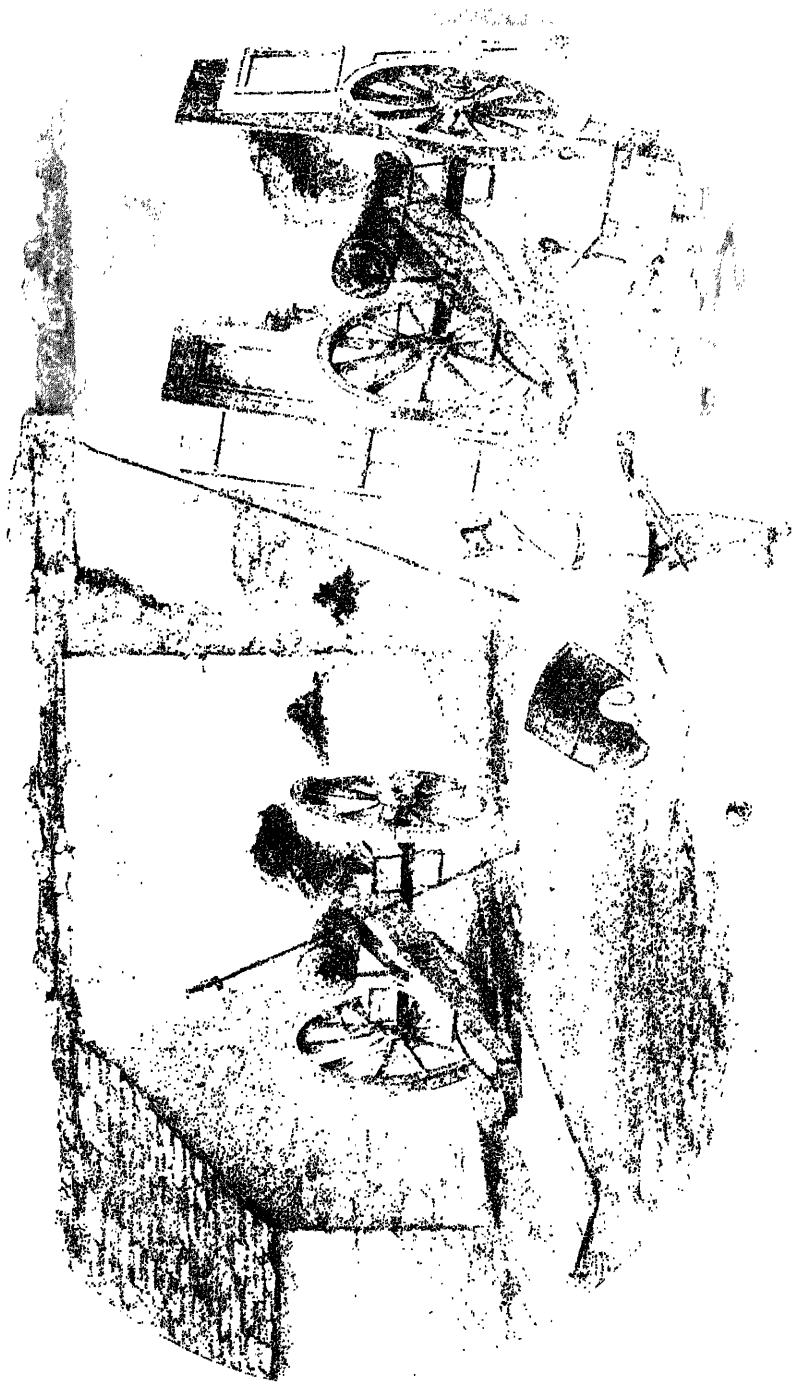
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post was fired into day and night and I could only feel thankful for his wonderful preservation through it all. I little thought the fire he had been always under—but, thank God, so far without wounds. I enjoyed a cup of tea with him—of course without milk and sugar but it seemed Paradise to be alone with him again. He gave me a beautiful manuscript worked in small green and white beads on pink and gold paper—Dr. Fayrer said, no doubt, by the ladies of the Court. At night a letter came in from Allum Bagh saying they were all right but surrounded by the enemy's Cavalry.

Monday, October 5th. The day passed as usual—after dinner we had such a heavy storm that I could not go to Charlie—he came to see me instead.

Tuesday, October 6th. We had a grand attack—the enemy actually got into the Ferard Bucksh but were killed in great numbers. Our troops were drawn in a little as it was not considered safe for them to be out so far as they were. We had got as far as the Delhi Bank on the Cawnpore road—but the enemy have it again now and also Metaz ud Dowlah's house which was said to be filled with jams and pickles, so that our visions of delicacies were doomed to be blighted.

Wednesday, October 7th. The Anniversary of my arrival in Calcutta—an eighteen-pound shot came in—the guns are farther off now but I think more dangerous for we never know their range now and two or three round shots come into the house every day on all sides. In the evening the General came and sat out with us and while chatting a despatch came from Allum Bagh. These despatches are written on thin paper and rolled up so small that they are put into a little piece



October: From Defence to Attack

of the quill of a pen. This brought good news—that 250 men had arrived at Allum Bagh with two guns and fifty Commissariat carts and had met with no opposition on the road. The bridge at Bannee was broken but the river was fordable.

Thursday, October 8th. I have resumed my labours and the whole morning was taken up with receiving the rations of *attah*, rice, salt, etc., and seeing them weighed. Poor Mr. Green of our regiment died this day.

Friday, October 9th. I took possession of my *godown* and was made mistress of all the provisions. Captain Andrew Becher died—Dr. Brydon brought the news and went with Mr. Harris to his funeral. A letter came from Cawnpore in the evening saying Delhi was entirely ours, but that several Regiments of the enemy with eighteen guns had escaped and were coming to Lucknow. However, a large force of our troops was pursuing them and hoped to intercept them before they could reach us.

Saturday, October 10th. A letter from Allum Bagh saying they were all right—they are 700 strong and have nine guns—they have sent out a foraging party and brought in lots of provisions. We had a quiet day.

Sunday, October 11th. A busy day with me for I had to take in the rations for all for three days—in rice we were reduced to two *seers* fourteen *chitacks* for all our party. Charlie came to service at three. No news till night when another letter came from Cawnpore saying the Delhi column had fallen in with the Jhansi mutineers—killed 150 and dispersed the rest on I *think* the 4th and were coming on to relieve us and might be expected the end of the month. We had two attacks during the night—musketry sounded all round us.

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Monday, October 12th. Dr. Fayrer taken with fever. Three sales of deceased officers took place, Mr. Green's amongst them—Charlie said 260 of his small cheroots No. 3s fetched 500 Rupees. I heard today an officer in our Regiment had given a bottle of sherry for a cake of soap. No news.

Tuesday, October 13th. We had had a great deal of firing during the night—the day passed quietly—no news.

Wednesday, October 14th. Another day passed as usual—in the evening came a letter from Allum Bagh, all right there but the servants were running away not being able to get provisions—reinforcements expected here about the 25th. A Sikh came in who said other Sikhs wanted to come back—he had deserted from us at the commencement of the siege—he was told they might occupy and keep a house outside the entrenchments.

Thursday, October 15th. A quiet day but all officers are ordered to keep to their posts till further orders or until the *Dussereh* is over, as they say they intend to make a grand attack. The Sikh yesterday said the enemy knew they could not take our position but meant to storm us out, considering all the reinforcements that could come in time to save us had already arrived. In the evening came another letter from Cawnpore and I understood the messenger brought a letter from Lady Outram at Agra for the General in which she said they still drove out and took the air as usual.

Friday, October 16th. All delighted at getting a grand breakfast of beef-steaks, a little rice, *dal* and *chupattees*. During the morning Mr. Delaforce of the 53rd Native Infantry who had survived the massacre at Cawnpore called and gave us full particulars of the whole affair.

October: From Defence to Attack

Poor Mrs. Jellicoe 53rd Native Infantry died in the entrenchments and he was killed in the boats, he knew nothing about their children. At the commencement of the siege they had only 300 fighting men, soldiers, shop-keepers and all, 400 women and about 200 children. General Wheeler did not make the entrenchment at the Magazine because he had no idea there was any ammunition in it whereas a great deal of what has been fired at us came from there, in addition to what was expended at Cawnpore. Mr. D. was in the only boat that got away—the enemy pursued and fired at them—then the boat struck a sand bank and they took to the water and their numbers were eventually reduced to four who were sheltered by a small Rajah until General Havelock's force arrived at Cawnpore when they joined it—he said he had to swim six and a half miles after leaving his boat.

Saturday, October 17th. My busy day. We had had a slight attack during the night. Two letters came from Cawnpore giving account of our reinforcements—they will not be here quite so soon as was expected—the 93rd is to be at Cawnpore on the 23rd and the 23rd on the 2nd of November. Sir Colin Campbell is coming over here with the troops—I trust they will not delay it too long for famine is too horrible to contemplate—our rations are 12 oz. for a man, 6 oz. for a woman, and 2 oz. for a child, bone inclusive which is sometimes nearly one half. Seventeen of us get 15 lb. of flour unsifted for our *chupattees*, 3 *seers* of grain for *dal* (private store), 1 lb. 12 oz. of rice and a little salt. We usually make a stew of the meat and rice and a few *chupattees* and eat it with *chupattees*—we have still a little tea but no sugar, milk,

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wine or beer—our beverage is toast and water, a large jug of which is always put on the table. All horses under 150 Rupees value were by orders destroyed at the river today, as they were eating up the grain.

Sunday, October 18th. Charlie came at 3 p.m. to service and was amused to hear we were going to have a sparrow curry for dinner. Dr. Fayrer had shot 150 sparrows for it—most pronounced it very delicious but I could not be induced to taste it. I agreed with Charlie to pay Mrs. Brien a visit as I had not seen her since the Major's death, so I went with Dr. Partridge to the Brigade Mess and Charlie met me there. I also saw Mrs. Pitt who looked very haggard and worn, worse than Mrs. Brien. The ladies in the Brigade Mess are all living in little dirty rooms round a large square. Mrs. Pitt's had only one opening serving as entrance, door, window and all. They say the rats are horrible and I should think centipedes and scorpions also. Mrs. P. told me her husband sent her all his dirty linen to wash and she had to do it without soap. I think he might manage that for himself, Charlie always washes his own. At night we had a grand attack principally at the Cawnpore, Mr. Gubbins' and Brigade Mess. The firing made much more noise than I can remember—the air now is so clear it being the commencement of the cold weather, that the guns reverberate tremendously.

Monday, October 19th. No news till the evening when letters came in from Cawnpore saying the Delhi force were within five miles of Cawnpore but were fighting with Fulleygore mutineers and that the 93rd and 23rd Queens were very near Cawnpore also.

Tuesday, October 20th. Very busy day for rations. I also

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cut out a coat for Charlie's Subadar and was fully occupied all day.

Wednesday, October 21st. Our wedding day so I must give full particulars of it. I got up at half-past six and had a cup of tea and a *chupattee* and then went to my *godown* and received and weighed the *attah* brought in from grinding and gave out the wheat for the next day, also our daily rations of *attah*, rice, grain, onions and salt and spices. I then went and bathed and dressed and washed three pocket handkerchiefs, etc., etc. At ten had breakfast, afterwards finished putting the Subadar's coat together for him to try on, then cut out and made a black silk neck-tie for Charlie. He sent over a lot of rupees for me to keep for Mr. Green's estate. I then read till dinner at four. It was composed of stewed meat, a little rice and *dal* and a *chupattee* and toast and water. After dinner Charlie came for me as we were to spend the rest of the day together. I carried over a cup and saucer, teaspoon and wine-glass, the Subadar's coat and a book I had borrowed for Charlie. I found he had got a pint bottle of champagne, his rations for four days from the Brigade Mess (as sherry and port were all out). He would finish drinking it to our "noble selves" and to our dear ones at home and he had made me with his own hands some sugar cakes, the remains of some sugar I had indented for when I was ill—he had not been very successful but they were very sweet coming from his dear old hands. He then went and begged a little milk from one who possessed that luxury. I had had two lumps of sugar given me as a present and having a little cocoa left of days gone by I set to work and made us each a cup which we

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thoroughly enjoyed. Charlie pronounced it capital and I enjoyed it much with the little cakes. We then chatted cosily till half-past seven thinking of the grand dinner we had eaten at the Barrackpore hotel that night six years ago and comparing it with our half rations in a battered garret. But I don't think it made either of us discontented, only thankful that our lives had been so mercifully preserved through such awful scenes. No one can see the battered condition of Charlie's house, an outpost, without feeling that he has been almost miraculously preserved. He walked home with me and about half-past eight I went to bed.

Thursday, October 22nd. While dressing this morning distant firing was heard most distinctly—no news in.

Friday, October 23rd. Distant firing heard again about eight in the morning. A messenger came in without letters, he had been obliged to put them down a well—he said the enemy had captured nine of our elephants at Allum Bagh. The day passed quietly.

Saturday, October 24th. No news. After dinner Charlie came for me and I went back to his house with him. I had no sooner arrived than a twenty-four-pounder came in. I stayed on however and had tea with him—he begging a little milk for it. Afterwards came Captain Weston and they examined a native who had come in. Captain Wilson also came. I returned about eight.

Sunday, October 25th. The General came and told us that he expected the Madras Column was close to Allum Bagh—he had received no letters but a native had come in. Charlie came to service at three. The day passed quietly.

Monday, October 26th. Letters had come in in the night

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with capital news—the Delhi column had beaten the Futteyghur mutineers and taken all their guns and were coming quickly to us and that 6,000 troops would be at Cawnpore the 10th of next month and here about the 15th. Still, they cut our rations down again to 14 oz. of wheat a day for a man and no grain for *dal* for any one and a smaller portion of rice. We have only 14 oz. of rice a day for our whole party, so that we can only have it at dinner now. Just before breakfast I went and sat in the verandah and Colonel Napier came up and chatted with me—he had just been visiting the outposts and said he had not till then had a full idea of what we must have suffered and then added, “I understand your husband has been acting extremely well all through the siege”—I had no idea till then that he even knew my name amongst so many ladies. I, of course, said I was very pleased to hear such praise but I went down to breakfast as happy as a queen—to think that my dear old boy was duly appreciated and to hear his praise from such high quarters. His position has been a most dangerous one—a very exposed outpost as the walls show. This was the day for the prize auctions—the property that had been collected from the palaces. I knew Charlie was going but had no idea he meant to purchase; however, while I was in my room Mrs. Clarke came running to tell me he had arrived with a most beautiful Cashmere shawl for me—I ran out and Charlie threw it into my arms—this seemed one of the bright days of the siege. He came over again for me after dinner and I went back with him to tea—a shell had burst in the compound just below his horse.

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Tuesday, October 27th. Letters had come in again during the night saying the Delhi column was expected at Cawnpore on the 28th. Mr. Graydon was mortally wounded at the new battery on the mound behind Mr. Innes' house. Dr. Darby was struck by a piece of shell as he was walking down to the Ferard Bucksh.

Wednesday, October 28th. Letters had come in again during the night from Cawnpore saying the Delhi column had arrived there—they had had three fights with the enemy, one near Agra, one at Mynpoorie and one nearer Cawnpore and that they had routed them each time well and taken their guns and that by the 7th of next month 2,500 of the troops coming up country would be arrived at Cawnpore and that altogether we should muster 8,000 strong. The day passed quietly. I went to tea with Charlie and while there the enemy gave a slight attack.

Thursday, October 29th. No news in—a very quiet day.

Friday, October 30th. No news. I went to tea with Charlie and while there a round shot came in and one of the garrison was wounded in the arm by a brick striking him.

Saturday, October 31st. After breakfast Charlie came and put up my mosquito curtains and I went back with him and had a delightful morning—I altered a jacket for him and returned about half-past three. Everyone thinks it very dangerous my going to his house but his room is tolerably safe, at all events as safe for me as him and it is so delightful to have a nice chat together for we know not how soon we may be parted. After dinner the Aitkens called.

CHAPTER SEVEN : NOVEMBER

The Second Relief

On November 6th Sir Hope Grant encamped on the Lucknow side of the river awaiting the arrival of Colin Campbell. Outram decided to send someone through the rebels' lines to guide the relieving force. A clerk in one of the civil offices, T. H. Kavanagh, a Eurasian, volunteered, and got through disguised as a native. For this he was awarded the first civilian V.C. On the 16th Colin Campbell entered the Residency area after bitter fighting in the city. On the 20th the evacuation began.

Sunday, November 1st. Commencement of another month of siege, where will the 1st December find us? It is coming to a crisis now, but the Almighty has spared us through so much danger, I trust he will bring us out of it. My hope now is strong. We had a quiet day—no news.

Monday, November 2nd. The enemy threw several shells. I went nevertheless to Charlie's quarters and had a cosy evening with him. On my return as we were sitting in the verandah a messenger came in from Allum Bagh with a letter and the General after reading it said he must tell the ladies the news—the C.-in-C. was to be at Cawnpore this day and that part of the force was already sent on to Allum Bagh and that the rest remained to escort the C.-in-C. who, it was conjectured, would push on to Lucknow immediately. The General

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said he did not like part of the force being sent to wait at Allum Bagh as it would give the enemy the idea that they were afraid to enter Lucknow. The old gentleman then became very facetious and asked us if we would take the C.-in-C. into our Mess in our *tye khana* and other little jokes. I learnt afterwards that the arrival of the troops at Allum Bagh was signalled by three salutes of four guns each.

Tuesday, November 3rd. The enemy had been firing tremendously all night and this day an attack was expected so all were ordered to keep to their posts and as Charlie could not come to me I got Captain Weston to escort me over to his post and spent a most agreeable morning with him, I working at a cloth jacket. No attack was made. Charlie went with his men for a few minutes to help to put up the Semaphore intended for the Residency to telegraph with the Allum Bagh. The enemy sent a number of round shot and shell in during the evening and night.

Wednesday, November 4th. After breakfast I went over to Charlie's house escorted by a sepoy whom he had sent. I must not forget to say that in my *godown* I had a very advantageous deal with Mrs. Schilling, five *seers* of green *dal* and five *seers* of wheat for ten *seers* of rice, so that now we can have a little rice with our breakfast as well as dinner. I made great progress with my cloth jacket made out of the surplus part of a habit. No news in. Mr. Dashwood had both his legs taken off by a round shot while sketching in the Residency compound.

Thursday, November 5th. Gunpowder plot—we had had an attack during the night and a great deal of firing but

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it was quieter during the day—no news from without. I went over with Charlie after dinner.

Friday, November 6th. A messenger had come in and told the General that Man Singh had gone off with his men to Chinhat—I suppose he wishes to be neutral. I spent the morning with Charlie. A twenty-four-pounder came in and wounded a poor woman by the bricks it dislodged. I completed my cloth jacket and Charlie gave me some blood-stone buttons for it. In the evening after Mrs. Anderson and I were in bed Mrs. Harris came in to tell us that a letter had come from Cawnpore saying 5,000 Infantry, 800 Cavalry and 36 guns with 400 of the Naval Brigade would be at Allum Bagh by the 10th at latest—glorious news for us prisoners.

Sunday, November 8th. A quiet day, no news. Charlie came to prayers and I went over and took tea with him.

Monday, November 9th. A quiet day. I spent the morning with Charlie.

Tuesday, November 10th. A great deal of firing at Allum Bagh, several considered that four salvos were fired, the signal of the arrival of the troops but others thought they were only single guns. Mr. Kavanagh, head writer in the Chief Commissioner's office had gone out during the night to Allum Bagh disguised as a native and during the morning the General sent to his wife to tell her his arrival had been signalled. At 8 p.m. a tar barrel was lighted at the top of the Residency for some signal or other and it was answered from the Allum Bagh.

Wednesday, November 11th. There had been a good deal of firing during the night—no news in a very unexcit-

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ing day—they tried to work the Semaphore but from some mistake it did not answer.

Thursday, November 12th. I spent the morning with Charlie arranging and packing our worldly goods for if the troops come in we may be hurried off at a moment's notice. We could see the Semaphore working famously today for full three hours and afterwards were told that Sir Colin Campbell had arrived at Allum Bagh, Mr. Kavanagh was all right there and that they did not intend commencing operations till Saturday the 14th—all glorious news. While I was with Charlie there was a native report that the troops were already coming in and the enemy fleeing, so several officers came to Charlie's to go on the roof and see if it were true—it turned out all false. After dinner Mrs. Brien and Mr. Chambers called—the latter I had not seen during the whole of the siege—he was looking better than I expected but his knee was much contracted from the wound he received the night of the mutiny in *cantonments*. About 7 p.m. there appeared to be an attack commencing but the firing did not last long—however, all the officers were ordered to remain at their posts till the troops came in.

Friday, November 13th. I spent the whole morning packing and after dinner went over to Charlie—we had a very quiet day. In the evening a messenger came in from Allum Bagh but he had lost his despatch so he was packed off to the guard house immediately—for considering that it had been telegraphed from Allum Bagh that the troops would move without fail the next morning the letter might have been of infinite importance.

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Saturday, November 14th. The troops moved from Allum Bagh—it was a very exciting day to most people but somehow or other I felt very tranquil. I spent the morning with Charlie—the troops took possession of the Dil Koosha and Martinière and by evening our flag was waving on the latter building.

Sunday, November 15th. The General went out with his Staff at 10 a.m. but from some cause unknown to us neither our troops made any sortie nor the reinforcements any advance. I went to Charlie after dinner.

Monday, November 16th. A most exciting day—the troops moved from the Martinière at half-past six—we heard the guns firing tremendously. I went over to Charlie about 11 a.m.—the roof of his house was crowded with spectators—they had just seen some of our Cavalry and Artillery take two of the enemy's guns on the road to the Motee Mohul and plant two of ours in their stead, drawn by grey horses. Some of the Lancers were distinguished by their peculiar caps. Our own force from entrenchments moved out also from the Ferard Bucksh and took the Engine House and King's stables and all the buildings up to the nullah. About half-past twelve I went on the roof (or rather I stood at the head of the stairs looking through a hole in the parapet that had been made by a round shot) and saw the mines sprung and the batteries firing furiously behind the Chutta Munzel—it was a most extraordinary scene—shells were bursting in the air above them, fired I suppose by the enemy and every few minutes a new mine was sprung sending up a thick yellow smoke and dust quite different from the smoke of the batteries. We saw our round shot strike a bungalow on the banks

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of the river and some figures spring up from the verandah and make off with their bundles of bedding. Many rockets also were fired, which set fire to several buildings and then columns of thick smoke and flame arose. At one time a mine was sprung far out in the distance, conjectured to be some Magazine of the enemy—very few were seen running away. Every now and then two or three would swim the river having first stripped and tied their clothes on their heads—a few ran away in our direction through Phillips' garden so Charlie placed a rifleman to pick off any who might be seen fleeing in that direction. He would not allow more than fourteen on the roof at once as his house is in such a battered condition, it was not safe to have more—it was doubtful even if the concussion from the mines might not shake it too much so a Crannee and a Sikh were placed to keep too many from going up and when some parties had been long enough they were sent down and others took their places—there was always a party of European soldiers waiting to go up. I stayed till dinner time and then was quite sorry to leave. About six the General and his party returned—our troops had got up to the Motee Mohul on that side and as our own party had seized all the buildings intervening between General Havelock's position and the nullah, the two parties were only separated by a few hundred yards.

Tuesday, November 17th. The General and his Staff went out early to meet Sir Colin Campbell. I went over to Charlie but there was not much to be seen from his house and there was a twenty-four-pounder in the *dawk* office compound just below which when it was

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fired regularly blew a blast into the room, much to my annoyance. I returned to dinner and when the General came home in the evening as he passed in to the house he said, "Ladies, I have seen the C.-in-C." Some of the Staff remained talking with us and we heard that Colonel Napier and Mr. Sitwell A.D.C. had been wounded. The General had rushed across to the C.-in-C. through a heavy fire; however, the communication was opened now with our troops. After evening prayers the General called Dr. Fayrer and said a few words to him and when Dr. Fayrer came back to us he said, "All ladies and the sick and wounded are to be out of the garrison before tomorrow night and are only to take what can be carried in the hand"—it came like a thunderbolt and we were told not to move that night out of our own garrison or else I should have gone off to Charlie at once—we hardly knew what to set about first. (I must say the report was that all the old garrison was to move out.) Several of the ladies sat up all night stitching things of value into their petticoats, making pockets, etc. I sat up a little while but got such a shivering and pain in my body with the start it had given me that I thought I had better go to bed or I might get another attack. Of course we could not sleep much.

Wednesday, November 18th. I got up at day-break and went over to Charlie's. I found him sound asleep so I awoke him with the news which he would not believe—however, he got up and gave me all sorts of instructions how to manage and said he would set off and see if he could contrive anything for me. I went home again to stitch my valuables around me and by dinner time he had got me two old men, fathers of sepoys—one of

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whom was to carry a bundle of bedding and the other my dressing-case, our only servant, a coolie, was to carry a Petarrah—he had also got leave to go with me as far as Secundarbagh as I must walk, having no carriage. However, out came an order that we were not to go till the next day. I was thankful for I was quite worn out with preparations, Charlie also was quite tired—he had been over so often to help me and we are none of us strong after all—he brought me a *seer* of sugar, a great treat for we had tasted none for weeks. We went to bed all worn out, C. sending word the last thing, that I was to have the Subadar's horse to ride next day and the Sikh cook was to carry a *banghy*, so I set to work and packed up my little portmanteau—so at night all these things went off with Herar Singh, a Sikh sepoy in charge. C. had given him a chit to Colonel Biddulph to take charge of them until I arrived next day, but the Colonel was killed that afternoon so Captain Norman, Assistant Adjutant General, took charge of them instead.

Thursday, November 19th. Charlie came over the first thing and said Captain Waterman had lent him a coolie so I had to pack another box and as Herar Singh had invested 35 Rupees in a pony (without orders) for me to ride, I got a side-saddle from Mrs. Fayrer and then came the news that the Brigadier had cancelled Charlie's leave as so many had been applying for the same—it came like a blow for this may be our parting in India. However, it was no time to give way, so I dressed in all the clothes I could, fearing I might not be able to get the others carried on from Secundarbagh. I put on four flannel waistcoats, three pairs of stockings,

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three chemises, three drawers, one flannel and four white petticoats, my pink flannel dressing-gown skirt, plaid jacket and over all my cloth dress and jacket that I had made out of my habit—then tied my Cashmere shawl sash-fashion round my waist and also Charlie's silver mug and put on a worsted cap and hat and had my drab cloak put on the saddle. I forgot to say I had sewed dear Mother's fish-knife and fork in my pink skirt and had put a lot of things in the pocket of it. I had also two under-pockets, one filled with jewellery and cardcase, the other with my journal and valuable papers. I then filled my cloth skirt pocket with pencil, knife, pin-cushion, handkerchief, etc.—all my lace was sown up in a bag which I wore also. At half-past ten Charlie and Captain Weston, with great difficulty, got me up on my pony which was no joke dressed and laden as I was and with no spring in me. Captain W. and a large party were in fits of laughter. At last I succeeded and Charlie took me out to the Baillie Guard gate and there we parted with a shake of the hands not knowing when we should meet again. Herar Singh led my pony very carefully—at last we came to a part that was dangerous from the enemy commanding it from the Kaiser Bagh and the musket balls were whistling about—so some soldiers advised my dismounting and walking through the trench—I did so. When I came out at the Engine House an officer came forward to meet me and offered to assist me. I said I was waiting for my pony so he offered me his *charpoy* to sit on till it came and sent his orderly to look for it. At last it came, he took me through some barracks to meet it and then attempted to mount me

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but of course without success; however, at last with his assistance and that of a tall soldier and Herar Singh and a chair, I was got up—then he begged to know my name that he might tell my friends he had sent me on safely and I asked to whom I was indebted for so much kindness—he said Mr. Frazer of the Artillery and when I named Captain Germon he said, “Oh I know G. very well and will be sure to tell him you are all right.” So on I went steadily till I came to another dangerous part when a soldier told me I had better dismount but I thought of my former difficulties, so I made Herar Singh double the pony across—the balls whistling over our heads. When we got to Secundarbagh there was the Naval Brigade mounted on some of the great guns and the 93rd Highlanders in their kilts and bonnets, a novel sight for India. I spoke to one of the sailors on a twenty-four-pounder and asked if there were any places appropriated for the ladies. He jumped and said yes he would show me the way and congratulated me on getting out of Lucknow and asked if he could do anything for me—he said his name was Mr. Henry of the Shannon and that he might be found at any time at that gun if I sent for him. He then told me of the fight they had coming in and that 1,842 natives had been killed in that very garden—the bodies were counted as they were buried—he said they lay in heaps breast high. I took up my position in the corner of a verandah as being cleaner than the house. Only Mrs. Boileau had arrived. Herar Singh drew me some water and I took out a ham sandwich Charlie had given me in the morning—for they had had a ham at the Brigade Mess, one that had been kept in store to be eaten as a treat when

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the relief came. While I was eating it Captain Carey came up and offered to do anything for me, so I asked him for a *hackery* to take on my baggage and he said he could get camels, but I preferred a *hackery* as I might be able to sit on it if my pony broke down. He gave me some sherry and said he would send some bread and butter—a great treat—he left and then came Mr. Henry again, asking if I wanted anything and sent me a loaf of bread. I asked him to get me some ropes in case my baggage had to go on camels, which he did and then came Captain Carey again with his pillow for me to sit on and his *kitmutgar* with bread, butter, cold mutton and a bottle of beer. I ate a little and asked him to cut sandwiches for me for night, which he did and I put them in my basket with the bottle of beer. About the middle of the day came Miss Helford and Mrs. Scott, they had walked all the way—I gave them some bread, etc. About an hour after came Mrs. Barwell and Mrs. Helford in a buggy—they came to my corner and our party remained together all day. Every other place was filled with ladies and children, soldiers' wives and *crannies'* wives. We were to move on to Dil Koosha in the evening—about dusk they began to make preparations and the place was one mass of camels, bullocks, carriages and human beings—the same outside in front of the entrance gateway. So great was the confusion that Captain Carey who had been ordered to keep the road open gave it up in despair and came and said it was utterly impossible—he had left a string of camels entangled in a ditch and the road was a mass of entanglement—he was obliged to go off again. It became pitch dark and then we were left to our own devices

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—how we were ever to get on none of us could tell. At last I decided my best plan was to load my pony with my bundle of bedding and walk myself and the rest of my baggage must take its chance. The coolie, who has night blindness, and one of the old men must remain with it and get Captain Carey to send it on the next day. I got a soldier of the 9th Lancers named Mitchell to load the pony for me—he was very civil and did all he could for me—we then sat down in patience in the dark till we got our orders to move, for the enemy were out between us and Dil Koosha and we were not to go without a large escort which was to be ready at eight. A little before came Captain Edgehill to say the enemy were out so strong that no carriages of any kind were to go on that evening, we must hurry with all speed to the Dil Koosha, we must go a round-about sandy road and must not run the risk of being hindered by carriages sticking in the sand. As many *doolies* as could be procured would be in readiness for the ladies and those who did not get them must walk—soon after fortunately came up Mr. O'Dowdeh who said our only plan would be to go and take possession of empty *doolies* ourselves—so off we set, he almost dragging us through the mass of entanglement far worse than any London mob and got into four *doolies* nearly all separated. I called to my old man to bring the pony and bedding but that was utterly impossible for the time. We waited for some time in the *doolies* and then mine and Miss Helford's were ordered somewhere to the front—but in quite a different direction to what I considered the right road to the Dil Koosha—we heard the enemy firing in the distance. There seemed

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to be miles and hours of confusion that night and all in pitch darkness, for even when Mrs. Barwell had a candle lighted thinking her baby was dying (its breath having been caught by the cold air) it was ordered to be put out immediately on account of the number of ammunition waggons. I think we must have started about nine—we went on steadily for some distance and then some of the advance guard came riding back telling the *doolie* bearers not to speak a word, the enemy were near—so nothing was heard but the tramp of the bearers. After a time we were all halted and not allowed to make any noise—the enemy were so near. After a time we were taken on again in silence, a very round-about way and when I looked at my watch after our arrival I found it had stopped at ten minutes past two. We certainly had been kept waiting on our arrival some time, for they said there was no place ready for us. We were turned back from the house as there were already 1,100 sick there—after waiting about an hour in the cold, I seized a gentleman with a lantern who was passing and asked him where we were to go—he pointed to some tents a long way off. After tumbling over a lot of tent-pegs and ropes we reached them and lay down on the ground for the night, it was utterly impossible to find my pony with my bedding, but we got a *duree* to lie upon and I put my head on my basket—the tents were so open that I of course got a cold—however, day-light soon appeared.

Friday, November 20th. I went in search of my pony. I found several ladies had passed the night in their *doolies*. Mrs. Barwell fortunately had a little tent so she went to the Commissariat officer and he gave her a place for it

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and she kindly asked me to share it—it was such luxury to get in by ourselves. I had found the pony and we spent the rest of the day quietly. In the afternoon to our delight Mr. Cubitt brought us overland letters—July, August and September. I was indeed thankful to find my dear ones were alive and well up to September 18th. My *hackery* now arrived with my worldly goods so I began to feel more comfortable. We went very early to bed, I on the ground.

Saturday, November 21st. Got up early to take home some newspapers that had been lent me in which was an account of poor Mrs. Barrett's murder. When we came back we drew our rations, bread, meat, tea, sugar, rice, *dal* and salt. Sent off the coolie to Charlie with a chit and he sent me back a *charpoy* and some other things so I had no longer to lie on the ground.

Sunday, November 22nd. A quiet day—no service though there are half-a-dozen Padres in the camp. In the evening we heard the old garrison were leaving Lucknow and might be with us that night. Mrs. B. and I sat up till Dabie came and said they would not be here till tomorrow.

Monday, November 23rd. Got up early and went out to inquire for our husbands and found they had arrived but were kept in a camp about a mile off. We waited impatiently till 4 p.m. when Mr. Barwell appeared—he said he had waited all day to ask the Brigadier's leave to come up but the Brigadier had been away with his wife all day so he set off without leave and just met him returning. About sunset in came dear Charlie limping with a sword, carbine, haversack and can bottle and stick to help him along—he had gone on the sick list

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for he did not feel equal to marching with his bad knee. He had tea with us and then stretched his bedding outside our tent—I so longed to give him shelter it was so cold. We packed all ready for starting as we were told we were to march in the morning but the hour was kept secret on account of the enemy.

Tuesday, November 24th. Charlie called us at six thinking we should be off early; however, we did not start till twelve. All the ladies were ordered to collect at the C.-in-C.'s camp, where all those who had private carriages and buggies were shoved in covered *hackeries*—the *doolies* were all kept for the sick. We were late, for Mrs. Barwell would not leave in her buggy till she could get the *bheestie* to accompany her. I mounted my pony and we tried with Charlie's assistance to make our way through baggage, *hackeries*, camels, bullocks, etc. Never I believe was such a scene—the whole army marched excepting a few to keep the Dil Koosha for a short time. One thousand sick were taken in *doolies* and 467 women and children in any kind of conveyance that could be got for them—*doolies* were not even allowed to ladies who were hourly expecting their confinement. Sir Colin said the wounded men must be first thought of as they had saved our lives. Never shall I forget the scene—as far as the eye could search on all sides were strings of vehicles, elephants, camels, etc. The dust was overpowering. We went across country to avoid the enemy—our road lay over cultivated fields and such ups and downs it was a wonder how the vehicles got over them. Most of the carriages were drawn by bullocks as most of the horses had been too much weakened during the siege to be of any use.

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Being such tremendous lines we were frequently stopped by entanglements and though we had only four or five miles to go we did not get to our ground till dark. The number of guns with the force added immensely to the number of the vehicles accompanying us as we had nine batteries including the Naval brigade, and the artillery park and magazine attached is tremendous. There were also innumerable commissariat carts and many with treasure from Lucknow—the C.-in-C. with one division and General Outram with another. General Havelock died this day of dysentery. We heard distant firing nearly all the way and hoped it was not our little party left at Dil Koosha. I could not possibly describe the confusion when we arrived at our encamping ground for the night. I had been obliged to get off my pony as the sun was so powerful and get into a *hackery* and squat down on the straw like most of the other ladies, but when we got up to the ground all we could do was to call out and hurry about for our luggage—the little we had brought with us. Luckily Charlie got hold of our baggage *hackery* and got down a *charpoy* for me to sit on but it was bitterly cold so that Mrs. Barwell took her baby into some officer's tent till her own could be found. We had brought a little bread and milk in a cooking pot—our day's rations—also tea and sugar and I had purchased some cheese at Dil Koosha, so Mrs. B.'s *ayah* a Mussalmannee woman set to work and boiled the kettle on the ground and then fried the beef in a little frying pan I had brought so we had a grand tea—beef and bread and cheese and tea with milk and sugar. It revived us a little but poor Charlie seemed quite done up and Mrs.

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B. had been nursing her baby all day without anything to eat or drink—luckily up came Mr. Barwell with her camels and tent—he had been searching for them. It was soon pitched and we were in luxury compared with most—for many poor delicate women and children passed the night on the ground by the side of their *hackeries*. The nights are bitterly cold now. Charlie put his bedding partly under the awning of some tent so as to escape the dew which is very heavy and it is very dangerous sleeping in it.

Wednesday, November 25th. We halted and really we needed it. I had the luxury of a good wash after the dust of the previous day—for of course I could get none the night before, I was only too glad to lie down any way. Charlie drew his own rations and we had all our meal together and got on very happily although not in great comfort. Mrs. B.'s *ayah* did all the cooking for us and made some delicious *pourries* for tea. We went to bed about eight very tired. Charlie slept this night in a *doolie*.

Thursday, November 26th. We expected an order to march but did not get it—a party of the 8th Queens and some Engineers went on ahead to repair the Bunnee bridge for us so we halted this day also.

Friday, November 27th. An order was given for us to march at 7 a.m. but just as we had prepared everything for starting we were told we were not to go till after breakfast. About eleven we started and went about thirteen miles encamping for the night two miles the Cawnpore side of Bunnee. I was very tired with the jolting of the *hackery*.

Saturday, November 28th. While we were still in bed came

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an order to strike tents and be off—it seemed almost more than one could do. We hurried and dressed and had a little breakfast and I was in the *hackery* by eight—we had tremendous work to get out of the smash of *hackeries* and get into line and it was half-past nine before we really began our march. We heard very heavy firing at Cawnpore all day, so that the Chief ordered us not to halt at Enown but march the whole way to the banks of the river, thirty miles. He himself hurried on to Cawnpore and it was fortunate he did so for the Gwalior mutineers had been at Cawnpore three days and this day the 64th returning from spiking some guns lost seven or eight officers, indeed all that went out with them—an officer of the 70th had to bring them out of action. Well, I jolted on in my *hackery* from eight in the morning till twelve at night—the life almost jolted out of me—luckily we had bread and cheese and a bottle of beer with us. Charlie dragged on first walking and then going in the *hackery* but he was quite done up at last and yet when we got to the encamping ground we were two hours more searching for Mrs. Barwell's tent. It was two o'clock before I got in—then of course our baggage *hackery* never arrived till late the next day—so we had to contrive and boil a little water in a *lotah* so as to have a cup of tea and then we lay down, Charlie outside and I in the tent with Mrs. Barwell.

Sunday, November 29th. We, of course, hoped to halt but an order came that we were to go two miles nearer the river and form a very compact camp on account of the enemy. Well, we set off again and got to camp in the middle of the day—had the tent pitched in a nice turfy spot and were having dinner all comfortably when

another order came to march across the river that night. We afterwards heard the enemy intended firing on the bridge of boats. Luckily Sir Colin had a battery up close to it and kept them off—no doubt it was an anxious time for him though we did grumble as he did not appear to think much of our comfort. At 8 p.m. we started. All the baggage *hackeries* were to be stopped for us ladies to cross the bridge but in consequence of some of them having dodged into the line it took us eight hours to do the three miles—fortunately it was a splendid moonlight night. Just as we were on the bridge of boats there was a sudden discharge of musketry which gave us a fright. I thought for certain we were going to be attacked but it turned out to be our own men firing in the entrenchments. We were stuck just at the time that we could not have got away, the bridge of boats is very narrow—however, we got safely to the Artillery barracks where we were to halt. Some very dirty *crannies* had taken possession of a portion of our land where we had to lay our bedding—which we had brought with us in the *hackery*. We lay down in our clothes and slept till 8 a.m.

Monday, November 30th. We waited on in misery till the tent came up, which was not till late in the day and then we found the *bheestie*, our factotum, had fever and could not work. However, Charlie managed to get it partly put up when we got an order to move to some other barracks half a mile off. Some started and we were preparing when a counter-order came that we were to wait till morning so we got our tent up and slept in it.

CHAPTER EIGHT : DECEMBER

The End of the Adventure

The evacuation continued and the survivors were moved down country, sometimes in danger from roving bands of mutineers. The back of the mutiny had been broken.

Tuesday, December 1st. We had *chota hazree* and then went to our new quarters where we pitched our tent and made ourselves comfortable and we were actually allowed to rest in peace the remainder of the day.

Wednesday, December 2nd. We hoped to remain in peace and the Brigadier asked Charlie what sort of an appointment he would like but unluckily he was not fit for work. About sunset came an order for us to set off that night (we had just returned from looking at General Wheeler's entrenchments). No gentlemen were to accompany us but Captains Edgell and Boileau—Charlie had not yet got his certificate, Dr. Campbell having delayed it, so I was in a great state of mind. We set to separate our clothes fearing we might be separated altogether, but we were both excessively tired. I did not lie down till twelve and then did so in my clothes with a distracting headache—expecting to be ordered off every moment.

Thursday, December 3rd. I woke Charlie at day-break and

December: *The End of the Adventure*

he went off to the superintending surgeon to see if he could sign his papers and then was told to come at noon. He went at twelve and did not return till four when he said he had got his certificate—I was overjoyed. We started at 10 p.m. I in a *shigram* with Mrs. Ruggles, Charlie seated on the step and Mr. R. in front. We went twenty-five miles and I slept nearly the whole way.

Friday, December 4th. All rather fatigued, Mrs. Barwell especially so. We got a couple of delicious chickens and some eggs for dinner, such a treat. We were ordered to march at 9 p.m. Mr. Ruggles had had fever so I gave up my place in the *shigram* to him and Charlie and I travelled in the *hackery*, but found it uncommonly hard and jolty. We went thirteen miles this night.

Saturday, December 5th. I felt quite stiff and bruised by the jolting in the *hackery*. We asked Mr. Chambers to bring his rations and cooked them with ours as he has no servants and got hardly anything yesterday. He says the amount of misery experienced by the wounded travelling in the rough *hackeries* is hardly credible—many did not get their wounds dressed or have anything to eat the whole day—there is a sad want of servants and arrangements. We started again at 7 p.m. having had our *hackery* well littered with straw and went twenty-four miles, not stopping at Futtehporé which was half-way.

Sunday, December 6th. We got to camp about 9 a.m.—the tents were pitched in a *tope* of trees. We were ordered on again at 9 p.m. and had rather a long march—the last mile of it we turned off the trunk road over a rough track to the railroad—of which we knew nothing as

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we both slept and on awaking found ourselves at the temporary terminus.

Monday, December 7th. We hoped to breakfast before we left the ground but no, we were packed into the railway carriages and then were kept three hours waiting for the baggage to be loaded. Charlie gave up all hope of being able to accompany—it was such a time before he could get hold of the *hackery* and then get our little baggage into the train—but it was done at last. We took three hours getting to Allahabad, stopping once to water the engine, which in this enlightened country is done by coolies with waterpots—the apparatus not being ready. We luckily had a bottle of port and some ration biscuits so we kept up till we arrived at Allahabad at 3 p.m. where we met with a most unexpected reception, the whole station being lined with gentlemen and soldiers who cheered us most lustily—it was almost overpowering—they had done everything they could for our comfort. All sorts of vehicles had been lent by their owners to take us from the Station to the Fort where a large suite of the Governor-General's tents, about fifteen in number, had been pitched for us—the uncovenanted were accommodated outside the Fort in smaller tents. We shared a double-poled tent with Captain and Mrs. Ruggles—it had two private and one public apartments. It was great luxury to be quite by oneself after the many months we had been herded together. Captain Davidson sent us over a splendid dinner and some beer. We met Dr. Hutchinson and Sam Houlton at the railway—all the former could do was to squeeze my hand almost off and say "poor thing, poor thing". Our tents were very com-

December: *The End of the Adventure*

fortably furnished for us, so after having tea with the Ruggles' we went to bed very tired.

Tuesday, December 8th. It was such luxury to lie in bed and have *chota hazree* brought to me after having had to make it for a large party almost the whole time of the siege and it was such delicious bread and butter. Mr. Spry and some gentlemen came round to all the tents early, bringing cakes of soap, and the night before all our tents were supplied with oil lamps. We went over to breakfast in the Mess tent—an immense tent, being the Governor-General's Durbar tent—we had a delicious breakfast, coffee with rich cream—I enjoyed it much after our siege fare and was as pleased as a child. We telegraphed to Captain Parish to write to Piccadilly and say we were all safe and well. Drs. Beal and Hutchinson called and Major Tombs. After this our days passed quietly at Allahabad. Christmas Day we dined with Captain Innes of the Fusiliers and Monday, January 11th, left Allahabad in country boats to join the Steamers at Sirsan as they none of them could come up on account of the shallow water on the Flats. We had a narrow escape as our boat was alongside the *Charles Allen*, another Steamer passed having several native boats attached, its flat one came with great force against ours and everyone expected we were done for as those native boats generally crush up and go down instantaneously. There was a cry "save the women and children" and we were dragged up on top of the paddle-box by our arms—however, our boat did not go down or some must have gone with her. Captain Fox of the *Charles Allen* afterwards told me he expected to see us go down and thought the poor

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creatures had escaped Lucknow only to meet with another horrible death. We had a pleasant trip down the river and reached Calcutta Thursday, January 28th. We slept that night on board and the next morning took up our quarters at 3 Harrington Street one of the houses prepared by the Relief Fund committee for the Lucknow refugees, where we found everything provided for us in the most luxurious style.

Epilogue

Fierce fighting continued around Lucknow until March 1858. In Central India the war was continued until April 1859. In November 1858 a proclamation of Queen Victoria ended the rule of the East India Company and the Crown assumed the government of India. Old India was dead. The new was to live for another ninety years.

