




SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS
OF THE
SIEGE OF LUCKNOW
BY
LIEUT C. H. MECHAM.





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1859

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TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY has shown, by many munificent donations in behalf of the sufferers by the disasters in India, and still more by the personal sympathy so feelingly and graciously evinced in what may truly be called a national calamity, the sorrow and interest with which YOUR MAJESTY regards the trials and hardships which have been recently undergone by your subjects in the East.

It is to you, MADAM, therefore, under the permission so graciously accorded by YOUR MAJESTY, that I venture to dedicate these imperfect Sketches of various points in a position held for eighty-eight days by a mere handful of Britons against myriads of Asiatics,—a feat which will always remain on record to tell how Englishmen can fight, and how English men and women can die for their Queen, their Country, and their God.

I remain, MADAM,

With the most profound respect,

YOUR MAJESTY'S most devoted and most humble
Subject and Servant,

CLIFFORD HENRY MECHAM,

Lieutenant, Madras Army.

CAMP, ALLUM BAGH, NEAR LUCKNOW.

December 26th, 1857.

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of these Sketches, in submitting them for the approval of an indulgent Public, begs to state that, in the descriptive observations attached to each, no attempt whatever is made to give either a military or a political history of the Siege of Lucknow.

He hopes, moreover, that it will not be supposed that the posts of defence which these drawings represent were the only positions of importance, or that the officers to whom he has, without their knowledge, introduced his readers in the following pages, are the only men who distinguished themselves during the operations. He has merely endeavoured to delineate scenes and occurrences which came under his own personal observation; but there were several other positions equally difficult to hold, and commanded by men whose gallantry was to the full as conspicuous, as those which form the subjects of these illustrations, which find no place in this work. Some of these interesting spots the Author had not time to sketch, owing to the sudden evacuation of the garrison; and others were so exposed to the fire of the enemy, that he would probably have dropped his pencil for ever had he attempted to delineate them.

“ And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odd
For the country of his fathers,—
And the Temples of his God;
And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest;
And for the wife who suckles
His baby at her breast?”

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No. 1.—The Baillie Guard Gateway.

No. 2.—The Baillie Guard Gateway, from the Nobut Khana.

THE Baillie Guard! How the name at once conjures up that of its gallant defender, the bold and burly Jock Aitken, who, with his devoted band of sepoys of the 13th regiment Native Infantry, held the place throughout the entire siege! Although one of the most dangerous, it was perhaps the pleasantest post in the garrison. No amount of fire could ruffle the imperturbable good humour and *sang-froid* of Aitken, who had apparently imparted some portion of his own disposition to his grinning Jacks, as they cared as little for musketry, round shot, and shell as their jovial commander himself. The Baillie Guard, which owes its cognomen to Colonel Baillie, a former Resident of Lucknow, is situated at the entrance into the Residency. The building on the right is the Treasury,—a fact well known to the sepoys, who had often assisted in guarding it; and hence their desperate efforts to storm the place. To take the Baillie Guard was, in their opinion, to carry the whole position; and at last the entire line of defences was included in the general name of the Baillie Guard. On the right of the gateway, in the hollow of the wall just in front of the palanquin, was posted an eighteen-pounder, which was worked by Aitken and his light-hearted Jacks against a thirty-two-pounder of the enemy, which was placed under a ruined pillar behind the Clock Tower, about one hundred and fifty yards from the Baillie Guard, and played into "Sanders's Post" (which forms the subject of a subsequent sketch) at a distance of barely sixty yards. The enemy, providentially for us, generally fired at the tops of the houses, in the hope of killing individual marksmen; and in the proximity of their guns therefore lay our greatest safety. They would have been much more destructive four hundred yards distant; and had they been directed lower, it would have been impossible for us to have held the position. Fortunately, however, the rebels had not sense enough to perceive that if they battered to pieces the lower story of a building, the upper must inevitably fall with it, and so they directed their shots chiefly against the tops, from which they experienced the most mischief, and the shattered and ruined condition of which is a sufficient proof of the accuracy and precision with which they served their guns; though, from their extreme proximity, and the elevation with which they were compelled to fire, many balls, of course, went over the post for which they were intended, and fell into the enemy's own intrenchments, where it is to be hoped they inflicted much damage.

The archway itself is the principal entrance into the Residency, and it was through it that our gallant deliverers marched on the evening of the 25th of September, with General Outram at their head, who, though wounded very early in the day, kept in his saddle, and at the post he had chosen for himself at the head of the advancing column. He was the first man into the position. I wonder if he will ever forget the cheer with which he was received. It came loud and long from the hearts of his rescued countrymen. But there were others whose gratitude, though silent, was not the less felt;—men who experienced for the first time that blessed sense of security, which only those who have undergone similar horrors can appreciate, that their wives and babes were safe at last, and saved too from a fate far worse than death;—men who themselves and whose families will bless the names of Outram and of Havelock long after the former shall have followed his companion in arms to his honoured grave.

The building behind the gateway and to the left of the Treasury is the house occupied by Doctor Fayrer, the Civil Surgeon. It was to this house that Sir Henry Lawrence was removed after he received his death-wound in the Residency, and here he breathed his last. Owing to the fact of Sir Henry having been carried thither, the place subsequently became a special mark for the round shot and bullets of the enemy; and the only spot where the female inmates were in security was in the Tai Khana, beneath the building.

No. 3.—The Residency, from the Water Gate.

THIS is a view of the Residency from the Water Gate, so called from its being the entrance nearest the river. Shattered as it was on the arrival of Sir James Outram's force, it yet failed to give an adequate idea of the battering it had sustained, owing to the right verandah, which the reader will perceive is wanting, having been completely knocked away; and as this bore the brunt of the cannonading, the building does not now present so desolate an appearance as it did while the outer works were in ruins. The verandah in its fall buried under it seven soldiers of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot; two of whom were, after desperate exertions, brought out alive; but the remainder had expired before assistance could reach

them. The rebels were not idle the while. The crash of the fall had put them on the alert, and the comrades of the poor sufferers, as they plied their willing spades, were subjected to a very heavy musketry-fire.

Sir Henry Lawrence was in the room on the second story just above and a little to the left of the palisades in the foreground of the sketch, when he received his death-wound. Every survivor of the Lucknow garrison will remember the consternation and grief caused by that sad event; nor will any one who stood by the bedside of the dying hero ever forget that trying and solemn scene. Notwithstanding the agony which he endured, he took no heed of himself, but his last hours and his last thoughts were devoted to directing, animating, and instructing his sorrowing and despairing subordinates, who stood around with those involuntary tears in their eyes which men can only shed under the sternest trials.

He had a kind word of adieu to say to each, and his last request was that nothing should be inscribed upon his tomb except the words, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul."

When one considers all that he did for his country, and how entirely the surviving garrison of Lucknow owe their lives to his prudence, energy, and foresight, perhaps there is nothing more touching on record than the humility of this great man, a purer Christian than whom never passed into the presence of God.

No. 4.—Mr. Gubbins's House.

This sketch illustrates Mr. Gubbins's house, the private residence of the Financial Commissioner of Oude. It was a critical and important position, and was heavily cannonaded by the enemy, as its ruined condition testifies. The garden all round it, too, was commanded by houses, from which the insurgents kept up a very destructive fire of musketry. It was at this post that the enemy exploded a mine, on the day of their last assault on the place. They then came desperately on to the attack with scaling-ladders, and for a moment actually gained a footing within an embrasure, from which, however, they were speedily dislodged by the bayonets of the 32nd Foot.

It was here that the popular and gallant Lieutenant Fulton, of the Engineers, was killed by a round shot, while reconnoitring the enemy's position through one of the embrasures. It was at a loophole here, too, where that true gentleman and soldier, Major Banks, received a ball through his brain. The house itself was no less exposed; for in one of its most sheltered rooms Mrs. Dorin, a poor lady who had escaped from the horrors of Seetapore, and reached Lucknow in a native dress, was shot dead on the spot; and Dr. Brydon received a bullet through his back, while sitting with the rest of the garrison at dinner, with a lady on either side of him. The post was commanded by Major Apthorpe, of the 41st regiment Native Infantry. The garrison, however, were the guests of Mr. Gubbins; and many sick and wounded officers still survive, who will testify with me to the hospitality of their gallant host, and their kind hostess, Mrs. Gubbins.

No. 5.—Sanders's Post.

This was, in the days of tranquillity, the office of the Financial Commissioner of Oude. It was a most uncomfortable position both to hold and to approach; for the only way of reaching it was by sliding down a steep and slippery descent in the rear, which was completely exposed to the rifle and musketry fire of the rebels. It was still more dangerous to leave; as the noise made by the falling stones, displaced by the departing soldier as he scrambled nimbly up the ascent, attracted the attention of the enemy, and a shower of bullets was immediately sent at the unhappy victim, who deemed himself fortunate if he reached the top with no other loss of breath than that caused by his physical exertions. Not a few men were killed and wounded on this path. The house was in the same line as "Germon's Post," which forms No. 11 of these sketches, and was to the full as much battered, and as ably defended by its gallant commander, Captain Sanders, of the 41st regiment Native Infantry, from whom it derives its name.

No. 6.—Front View of the Residency.

This is a representation of the front of the Residency; the principal entrance to which was under the portico in the centre of the building. I have endeavoured to convey as shattered an appearance as possible to the poor old ruin; yet every one who has seen the original, tells me that the sketch fails to give an accurate notion of the condition to which it was reduced by shells, round shot, and musketry.

That edifice to the left of the picture is the Tai Khana, the underground portion of which was the safest place in the position, and here lay the women and children of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot. It was in the upper story of this building that poor Miss Palmer, the daughter of Colonel Palmer, of the 48th regiment Native Infantry, was killed by a round shot. It was always a matter of danger to go to the Residency, as bullets flew over the compound from all sides; and it was across the piece of ground between the portico and the Tai Khana gate that the enemy rained their heaviest fire at the commencement of the siege. The moment a man left the entrance-pillars he became visible, and from thence, until he reached the gateway, he led the life of a rabbit. But even then his troubles were not over. A road had still to be traversed, across which the fire was hotter than ever. The enemy could see their victim the whole way, and it was not uncommon for a portly individual, "fat and scant of breath," to pause for shelter at the gateway to recover wind, preparatory to making his final dart across the road. While so occupied, the enemy ceased firing; but the instant he made his bolt, he was received with a storm of bullets. This game must doubtless have been the source of much amusement and excitement to our rascally foes; but to a man whose duty, in the early days, called him frequently to the Residency, it was the reverse of pleasant, although undeniably exciting.

On the highest turret to the left was placed the telegraph, with which we conducted our communications with the Allum Bagh. It was on the top of this building that a telegraph was constructed before the siege, to correspond with our other post, the Mucchee Bhawn, which was blown up the second day after we were invested. Not, however, before the officers and men who worked the telegraph had formed a pretty good idea of the fate which would have been theirs had that means of communication been kept up; as the fire of the enemy was so close and severe upon the machine, which they regarded as some piece of necromancy on the part of the Europeans, that the ropes were actually severed in several places by bullets.

No. 7.—The Church.

THIS is a view of the Church, and that portion of the enclosure where so many of the kindest, bravest, and most devoted hearts that ever beat in human bosoms now rest from their labours. Here lies Lawrence, and near him sleeps the gentle and good Polehampton, who, by his patient and calm endurance of the most dire sufferings under wounds and cholera, illustrated the truth of those divine doctrines which he was wont so earnestly and so eloquently to set forth from the pulpit of the building close to which he reposes. Here, too, in the same grave with two brave privates of the 32nd Foot, lies Banks, who, during the brief period he held the office bequeathed to him by Sir Henry Lawrence, had won the respect and regard of every man in the garrison. Here slumber many women, and more children, brought to an untimely end by wounds, disease, and privation, all of which were borne with a resignation so touching, that it aggravated the grief of the sad witnesses of so much innocent suffering. There are few surviving members of the garrison who have not lost a child, or been made widows, widowers, or orphans, during this long season of almost unparalleled misery.

Many men fell in the churchyard itself, which was a most exposed position. That loopholed wall on the right was held by the enemy, and overlooked the Church, at a distance of little more than a hundred yards. The consequence was, that men passing through the compound on their way to other positions, were subjected to a galling fire of musketry, which occasionally, especially during an attack, was very severe and destructive. Prior to the siege, the Church had been turned into a magazine for the reception of commissariat stores. After the fight had commenced, however, it was found impossible to continue it as such, owing to the loss inflicted by the enemy upon the officers and men while dealing out the provisions. The greater part of its contents were consequently removed at night by fatigue parties, composed principally of officers from the Brigade Mess garrison. This harassing and dangerous duty, owing to the hearty good-will and readiness with which it was undertaken and carried out by the amateur coolies, became the source of much merriment. The chief difficulty was experienced in removing the oil, which was stowed away in jars almost as large as those in which Morgiana buried her forty thieves, and under one of which an officer might be seen staggering, stripped to the waist, and with the oil and perspiration pouring down his gasping cheeks, who only a month before had perhaps been the greatest "swell" in his regiment.

No. 8.—The Redan Battery.

THIS is the Redan Battery, and it is quite unnecessary for me to inform any member of the Lucknow garrison that that individual looking out of the tent, so thoroughly perforated with musket-bullets,—evidently on the watch to offer a passing friend the best of everything his scanty means may afford,—is its gallant commander, Sam Lawrence, of the 32nd Foot. It is impossible for me to call him "Captain," although he has since obtained that rank, which was never more hardly or more honourably earned. Strange to say, Sam, although commanding one of the most dangerous posts; a volunteer, too, upon every sortie; and one of the biggest men in the garrison, escaped throughout without a scratch. Some of his comrades aver that he principally exposed his burly personage upon these desperate sallies in the hope of obtaining the wherewithal to replenish a stomach which, he alleged, suffered sadly from the uncompromising diet furnished by the Commissariat. How far this may be true I cannot tell; but it is certain that he was ever foremost on these occasions. The bridge to the left is the celebrated iron bridge leading to cantonments, which was within the range of our guns, and consequently not much frequented by the enemy. The post was exposed to a very heavy musketry-fire from the rebel sharpshooters stationed in the adjoining houses and mosques. Many men were hit in the battery by bullets that came through the loopholes. It was under that tree to the right that poor Mr. Ommanney, the Judicial Commissioner, received the wound which ended in his death.

It was with the object of destroying this position that the enemy sprang their first mine on the memorable 20th of July. The attack, too, which they subsequently made upon the Redan was very determined. In fact, they evidently would have liked extremely to carry the battery; but Sam Lawrence and his band were in no mood to humour them, and their loss was always very heavy.

No. 9.—The Baillie Guard Battery and Hospital.

THIS is the best obtainable view of the Hospital,—that large building on the right of the picture. It lies between the Residency and the Baillie Guard gateway, not fifty yards distant from either, and consequently it was impossible to make a more prominent sketch of this scene of Christian endurance of every trial which it has pleased the Author of all Good to inflict upon frail humanity.

It was in itself a most dangerous position. Round shot and shell crashed into it from all sides, and the upper story, the only portion visible in the sketch, was in a few days rendered entirely untenable. Into the basement rooms, therefore, were crammed, to languish and die amid all the miseries engendered by wounds, disease, foul atmosphere, and confinement, the devoted sick and wounded of our feeble garrison; and even the lower story was not secure from

round shot and musketry. The sufferers were constantly shot on their beds. In fact, there was no spot, either in this sanctuary or throughout the entire defences, where a dying soldier or an ailing woman or child could feel an instant's security.

It was an affecting scene to walk through this Hospital. The poor soldiers, and other wounded combatants, destitute as they were of everything that renders pain and disease endurable, were so patient and cheerful under their agony and afflictions, which the pitying beholder could only sympathize with, while powerless to alleviate. All ranks, from the general to the soldier, were animated with the same feelings. All were bound to die—and all felt that they were bound to die—for the helpless women and children intrusted to their care. No murmur, no grumbling was ever heard. If there was any complaint, it was that the sufferer had been incapacitated from taking further part in the desperate and holy struggle. If there was any expression of regret, it was that his fall had entailed additional duty upon his remaining comrades.

The example of Miss Nightingale in the Crimea was not inaptly followed by the women of Lucknow, some of whom devoted themselves entirely to the holy duty of nursing the suffering soldiery.

No. 10.—The new Cawnpore Battery.

THIS is a faithful representation of the Cawnpore Battery, when strengthened by the reinforcements under General Havelock. The reader must not, however, suppose that this strong position gives him an idea of what this post was before the arrival of the relief: there was then no woodwork, and no man could have walked unscathed to the place occupied by those guns and palisades in the illustration. The sentry on that post had to crawl to his position, and many men were shot while doing so, and also when on the look-out, as round shot kept continually crashing through the miserable earthwork which formed our sole defence. The fire was so hot as to render it impossible to strengthen the position, and whatever repairs we contrived to make during the night were demolished by the enemy during the course of the following day. It was emphatically the most dangerous and desperate place to hold in the whole line of defence; and, as the necessary consequence, many lives were lost. Here fell dead at his post, on the extreme front, where the palisade now stands, that gallant and promising young officer, Lieutenant Arthur, of the 7th Light Cavalry. Here, too, fell, pierced through the brain, Lieutenant Lewin, of the Artillery; and here, on the 25th of September, the very morning of the day upon which succour arrived, Captain Radcliffe, of the 7th Light Cavalry, received a mortal wound from a shot from an eighteen-pounder. Poor Radcliffe! it was a sad, though not an unbecoming, ending of his glorious career. Throughout the siege, whenever a dangerous or a laborious duty was to be undertaken, Radcliffe was the foremost to volunteer. He was ever the first, whether with sword or with spade. As true a Christian as a soldier, he has gone to his reward. But even the sound of the approaching relief did not suffice to dispel our sorrow on hearing of his wound, and it was with very heavy hearts that we laid him in the grave.

The large aperture in the foreground is the mouth of a mine which was sunk to meet and blow up similar works on the part of the enemy, who were supposed to be pushing offensive mines towards the battery. If they had commenced any such works, however, they were abandoned on the approach of our miners, who, although they carried on their gallery to an unusual length, could not detect them.

No. 11.—The Judicial Commissioner's Cutcherry.

THIS post was commanded by Captain Germon, of the 13th regiment Native Infantry, and garrisoned principally by Seiks of the same regiment. It was almost battered out of the perpendicular; and the walls were so crumbled away and eaten into by the incessant rain of bullets, that it is hardly too much to say that this position was breached by musketry. There was not a single spot on the face of the outside walls where a thing the size of a sparrow could have remained throughout the siege and escaped perforation by a bullet.

The enemy's position was only just across the road, about twelve yards distant, and they used to assault Germon from thence with great determination and obstinacy. More hand-to-hand conflicts, I believe, took place here than in any other post in the defences. They also commenced an elaborate mine for the destruction of the building, but were quickly detected. A counter-mine was sunk, and about twenty of the enemy,—sepoys, miners, and all,—ascended into the air together, amid the rapturous cheers of the beleaguered garrison.

No. 12.—Rear View of the Residency, from the Churchyard.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the battering which this side of the Residency underwent. Formerly a handsome two-storied verandah extended along the whole right of the building, which looks so bare in the sketch. This was first knocked to pieces, and then razed altogether, by the enemy's round shot; and it is quite out of my power to give in words a conception of the utter desolation which it presented while hanging in ruins, prior to its final fall. It served, however, to protect the main body of the building, which, without this bulwark, would probably have come down altogether. As it was, it by no means escaped scathless, as the reader will perceive. It was from round shot sent into the Residency, from this side, that so many men—poor young Studdie, of the 32nd, among the number—were killed and wounded in the centre of the building.

The road between the figure in the foreground and the tower was exposed to the enemy's musketry. They could see our fellows crossing; and a man could seldom get over without having his movements accelerated by a heavy fire.

No. 13.—The Seik Yard Breach.

THAT part of this position which, the reader perceives, is protected by doors and shutters, was formerly occupied by a large terrace-roofed building, on the top of which was constructed a parapet, through which we used to fire on the enemy, who were stationed in the opposite houses, which were only separated from our wall by a narrow lane.

It was here that Captain Orr and myself, with ten Christian drummers who formed part of the garrison, were blown into the air by the explosion of a mine. I can assure my readers that an involuntary ascent of some twenty or thirty feet in the form of a spread eagle is by no means an agreeable sensation; and I was very thankful when I kissed mother earth again, albeit I should have certainly considered it rather too warm a maternal embrace on any other occasion. My brother officer had an equally providential escape, but the poor drummers, who had been sleeping a few yards off, were not so fortunate. One of them was blown outside our defences, and was immediately decapitated by the enemy; and, with but one exception, all the others were buried under the ruins, where they lie to this day. In the mean time the Seiks had fled, and there was no one to defend the breach which had been caused by the explosion (and which was so practicable that a lady could have walked into our position without soiling her dress) except Colonel Master, who commanded about a dozen riflemen and musketeers stationed on the top of the "Brigade Mess," a two-storied building which commanded the breach on the left. If the enemy had advanced in anything like form, nothing could have prevented the capture of the place; but as they had not heart enough for this, and as the more adventurous who crossed the road were instantly struck down by the deadly rifles, under Colonel Master,—himself not the worst or the least active shot,—Brigadier Inglis had time to bring up his reserve, and the position was saved. The enemy, however, kept up such a heavy fire on the breach that it was impossible to make any attempt to rescue our buried comrades. It was not till nightfall that we could approach the place, and then, alas! all was still. The shutters were afterwards put up as some protection against musketry-fire, although the breach still continued to be perfectly practicable.

On the other side of the Brigade Mess, in the same line of defences, the enemy had on a former occasion effected a similar breach, which was defended by the same garrison. I believe it is always considered a proof of extraordinary resolution on the part of a beleaguered force if they succeed in holding a practicable breach for a reasonable time. In fact, no quarter is usually given to the besieged if they persist in prolonging the defence after a practicable breach has been effected. Our garrison, although it is a very low estimate to say that it was outnumbered at least twenty to one by the enemy, held two practicable breaches for an indefinite number of days. On one of these we could bring no guns whatever into play, and it was only defended by the bullets from the top of the Brigade Mess; while on the Seik breach, the subject of the present sketch, we could only bring two nine-pounders to bear. I submit, therefore, that this fact alone renders the defence of the Residency of Lucknow unparalleled in the annals of warfare.

No. 14.—Interior of the Residency Billiard-room.

THE Billiard-room was in the upper or third story of the Residency, and so unfortunately situated that round shot and shell could enter it from both sides. It was consequently sadly dilapidated. The table itself was knocked to pieces. It was an old wooden one, that had been handed over by each departing Resident to his successor for the last half-century. How little any of them anticipated what would be the ultimate fate of the ancient piece of furniture! From the verandah a magnificent view, only second to that from the turrets of the building, is obtained of the "Chata Munzil" and the surrounding city.

No. 15.—The Seik Yard Battery.

THESE are the two nine-pounders which were brought to bear upon the breach in the Seik Yard, which formed the subject of Sketch No. 13. The embrasures were made in a wall about fifty yards in rear of the breach; and as the guns completely commanded it, and were always kept double-loaded with grape, the enemy would have been sure of a warm reception. It was their knowledge of this fact that probably prevented their making any further serious attempts to storm the breach.

No. 16.—The Nobut Khana Gateway.

THE Nobut Khana gateway was situated about sixty yards in front, and to the left of the "Baillie Guard." It was formerly an extremely handsome archway, and of great strength. After the mutiny in cantonments, Sir Henry Lawrence perceived what a dangerous post this would be in the hands of an enemy, and gave orders for its destruction, provided that the operation could be effected without causing an explosion sufficiently loud to arouse the inhabitants of the city, who were, at the time, in a state of the greatest excitement, and ready to rise at the slightest signal. The arch, however, resisted the feeble efforts that were made to blow it down, and when the siege commenced, many of our garrison fell victims to the enemy's riflemen stationed in the upper story.

No. 17.—The Clock-tower Gateway.

This building was right in front of the Baillie Guard gateway, about one hundred and fifty yards distant. There was formerly a sham clock above the archway, placed there in the time of the King of Oude, for what purpose it is difficult to conjecture.

The ruinous condition of the arch was occasioned by our round shot, which were poured into it to drive out the enemy, who had dug a traverse across the archway and formed a very strong post in the rear. It was behind the right pillar that they brought the thirty-two pounder to play into Sanders's position, to silence which the heavy gun alluded to in the "Baillie Guard" sketch was placed in that position, and worked by Lieutenant Aitken and his Sepoys.

The enemy's riflemen and sharpshooters, stationed in the upper story, caused much annoyance to several of our posts, and the Clock-tower and its vicinity were therefore very heavily visited by our guns. The ruin on the right was formerly an extremely handsome mosque, an edifice of much greater pretensions, both as regards size and architectural beauty, than the Clock-tower itself. It was, however, completely battered to pieces, and is now as complete a heap of ruins as any building inside our own defences.

No. 18.—View from the Residency Look-out Tower.

This is a view taken from the top of the Residency, of that part of the city through which the survivors of Lucknow forced their way. The pillars in front are the ruins of the "Nobut Khana" gateway, which forms the subject of a previous sketch. The lofty range of buildings beyond is the "Chata Munzil," which was occupied and so gallantly defended by the relieving force under Sir James Outram. The most distant edifice, slightly to the left of the Chata Munzil, is the Mess-house of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot, which the enemy had strongly fortified, and from which they opposed the forces under General Havelock, and under Sir Colin Campbell. The farthest building on the left is the "Mootee Mahul," from the loopholes of which so destructive a volley was kept up upon the advancing column under Havelock; and the house to the right of it, in the very centre of the illustration, is "Martin's Bungalow," close to the bridge of boats, which was one of the enemy's most important positions, but from which they were speedily driven in confusion.

There is, perhaps, no more beautiful prospect, either in the Eastern or the Western world, than the view from the bridge of boats, looking up the river towards the Chata Munzil at sunset. The banks of the stream are green and velvety as those of England, while the magnificent piles of buildings rising sheer out of the river almost remind the beholder of the canals of Venice. The distant foliage too, for which Lucknow is famous amongst the cities of the East, and the glorious hues of the setting sun, gilding dome, minaret, and spire, combine to form a picture which may perhaps be rivalled elsewhere, but can hardly be surpassed.

The open space to the left was out of range of our guns, and consequently was thronged with the enemy. It was here that they formed their columns preparatory to attack; and here too they used to drill their recruits, who, considering the indifferent example which has hitherto been invariably set them by their veteran comrades, are hardly likely to turn out good soldiers.

No. 19.—View from the Highlanders' Post.

The accompanying illustration depicts a view of the advanced post of the position carried and occupied by Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders shortly after the arrival of the force under Sir James Outram. The building on the left is Anderson's House, and that on the right the post held by Captain Germon, inside the old intrenchments, and facing the Cawnpore road. By holding this post, therefore, the road was commanded on both sides, and the barricade represented in the sketch was thrown across it. It was an unpleasant place, however, as the enemy's round shot used to come skipping down the road and into the defences from guns situated in gardens two or three hundred yards distant.

The edifice in the background is the "Begum Kothee," which means the "noble woman's dwelling." It was the centre of the Residency position; and partly from that circumstance, and partly owing to the mark afforded by its two lofty minarets, it suffered severely from round shot and shell. As the reader will perceive, one of the spires themselves was knocked away by a cannon-ball.

No. 20.—Anderson's Battery.

This is a sketch of a battery erected subsequently to the arrival of General Havelock's force, under the direction of Lieutenant Thomas, of the Madras Artillery, between Anderson's House—that building on the left—and the Cawnpore battery. The guns played up the Cawnpore road, and upon the positions from which the enemy so indefatigably annoyed the defenders of Anderson's House and the Cawnpore battery. The front of Anderson's House is in a line with the guns. I was unable to sketch it, as to move outside was of course certain death. But with the exception of a building to the right of the Cawnpore battery, a small portion of which is visible in the sketch of that position, and which was altogether knocked to pieces, this post, commanded by Lieutenant Anderson, the Assistant Commissioner of Lucknow, was more seriously handled than any other in the defences.

No. 21.—Havelock's Grave, and the Allum Bagh Picket-house.

HERE, in the Allum Bagh, a garden just outside the city, from whence he rescued so many of his beleaguered countrymen, repose the remains of the brave and devoted Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B. It was not until the sick and wounded, and the women and children, had been escorted safely into the camp of the Commander-in-Chief without the city, that the gallant spirit sank under the ravages of physical disease. He was at his post, performing all the duties of his high command, and, to the casual observer, apparently well on that day. He lived, therefore, to see the consummation of the object for which he had fought so nobly and so long; but in less than a week, on the very day after the last of the besieged had evacuated the Baillie Guard in safety—Havelock was dead.

No. 22.—Interior of the Allum Bagh.

THIS sketch is a view of the interior of the "Allum Bagh," into which the enemy's round shot are plunging, as I write, from positions about twelve hundred yards distant. About one hundred balls fall into the garden daily, but as yet (Christmas Day) they have only succeeded in killing a horse, a very thin one, and wounding a single soldier. I must digress here in order to wish my future readers many happy returns of this festive season. There will be warmer rooms and better-provided tables in most houses at home this evening than our tents and commissariat can afford. We are far away, too, from fathers and mothers, wives and children, and from every domestic tie, to whom many of us will return no more. But, nevertheless, the hallowed festival will be right joyously celebrated in Sir James Outram's camp to-night; nor will Her Majesty, the old country, or our absent friends, be forgotten in our toasts, albeit the libations of most of us will have to be poured in a no stronger beverage than the ale first brought into repute by that most ancient of toppers—Adam.

No. 23.—Jellalabad.

ON the extreme right of General Outram's position was the fort of Jellalabad, which was occupied by our troops, and formed a very strong post. It is almost surrounded with lakes and marshes, from which the markets of Lucknow are supplied with wild-fowl. The officers stationed here picked up a kind of punt, in which they used to make expeditions over these extensive sheets of water in search of game; and on more than one occasion an adventurous party have narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy's sowars, who rode into the shallow water, and pursued the flying sportsmen at a pace far superior to that at which their utmost exertions could propel the wretched old punt.

No. 24.—The Mosque Picket.

THIS mosque is just outside the Allum Bagh, and formed our extreme advanced post in the direction of the city. Its size and prominent position made it an easy mark for the enemy's shot, from which, however, it did not suffer materially. It is a handsome edifice, and as such I have transferred it to paper; but in other respects it was not an object of much interest.

MINING OPERATIONS.

No. 25.—Listening for Miners. No. 26.—Lying in Wait. No. 27.—Sinking a Shaft.

I HAVE often thought, if a stranger had been suddenly dropped into the Baillie Guard defences, how bewildered he would have been by some of the scenes and actions going on around him.

For instance, a casual visitor might have gone into the Brigade Mess, or into the Seik Yard, and entered into conversation with the officers on duty. How inexpressibly amazed he would have been to see his interlocutor, who up to that minute had probably been discussing passing events with the utmost equanimity, suddenly throw himself violently down, and apply his ear to the mud, his countenance assuming at the same time an expression of intense interest and excitement, only, I should imagine, to be rivalled by the looks of a lover, who, having put the momentous question, is anxiously awaiting a reply. It would have been to catch no honeyed accents, however, that the soldier had placed himself in that un-swanlike attitude. His practised ear had caught the dull sound of the fell pickaxe. The hostile miner was beneath; and probably, in less than an hour, himself and a dozen willing comrades were hard at work at the shaft of a counter-mine.

Each officer as he came off duty, moreover, had to proceed to the extremity of the mine, and listen for the approach of the enemy. One gradually became accustomed to this subterranean work; and if the doctrine of Pythagoras

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

be correct, there is not a member of the garrison who will not make an excellent mole, if he be destined to pass the next stage of his existence in that capacity.

A more serious operation, however, was to lie quietly at the end of the mine listening to the enemy's miner coming closer and closer, until his pickaxe actually pierced the gallery, and exposed the disconcerted workman to the view, and to the ready pistol of the gallant solitary sentinel. To perform this exploit was the glory and delight of the much-lamented Fulton. For hours together he would remain at the post, regardless of the intense heat, of the excessive discomfort, and careless of the extreme danger, "like a terrier watching at a rat-hole," as the private soldiers, who adored him, were wont exultingly to observe.

It was not a very easy matter for an unpractised hand to reach the end of a mine in a dark night. The shaft itself was generally not less than twelve feet deep, and the usual means of descent was a rope. It was not, therefore, without considerable loss of skin, caused by the backs of his hands being smartly rubbed against the sides, that the neophyte reached the bottom. He had then to crawl some distance on his hands and knees amid utter darkness, and in silence, only broken by the buzzing of the swarms of mosquitoes, which had apparently entered the mine with no other object than dining off him. These malignant insects, I am quite certain, must have been aware of the utter helplessness of their victim in a mine, and announced, by their triumphant buzzing, that they knew how impossible it was for him to spare a hand to scratch, or to make desperate and futile blows at his face, and other assailable portions of his person. After a while, the adventurer ascertained by the simple, though not entirely painless, process of butting his head sharply against some obstruction, that the gallery turned to the right or left; and, at the same time, the grating of his back against the ceiling, owing to the increasing narrowness of the passage, would probably admonish him to abandon the hand-and-knee mode of progression, and adopt the more snake-like process of writhing onwards upon his stomach. In fact, he practically illustrated the truth of the theory that man is but a worm. Having at length reached the end, he composed himself to listen, although for a time he would probably hear nothing but his own gasping and the sound of the heavy falling drops of his own perspiration. But when his ear became accustomed to the unwonted stillness, he might next hear a cock scratching, or one of our own men chopping wood, or some other harmless noise, which, however, would appear ominous of danger to the inexperienced watcher, who would then wriggle out of the mine considerably faster than he entered it, and report the suspicious sounds which he supposed he had heard, much to the disgust of a more practised hand, who, of course, was immediately sent down, to return with the information that there was nothing going on.

Perhaps there was no operation throughout the siege in which officers and men more cordially united than in the work of mining. There could scarcely be a better opportunity for the observation of personal character, and for the formation of warm private friendship with the brother soldiers and civilians, who handled pick and shovel so cheerily at one's side. Fulton and Radcliffe, the head to design, and the heart and hand to execute, now sleep near each other. But other good and true men still remain; and if, brother miners, we ever meet again in our happy island home in the far West, the grasp of the hand, and the hearty, honest friendship with which we shall greet each other, will be mellowed into affection by the reminiscences of all that we underwent together during our subterraneous operations in the Baillie Guard.

DEDICATED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Sketches & Incidents
OF THE
SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

FROM DRAWINGS MADE DURING THE SIEGE

BY

CLIFFORD HENRY MECHAM,

LIEUTENANT MADRAS ARMY.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE NOTICES BY GEORGE COUPER, ESQ.

LATE SECRETARY TO THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF OUNDE.



NO. 1 BAILLIE GUARD GATEWAY

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№ 2 THE BAILLEU GUARD GATEWAY FROM THE NOBUT' KHANA (MUSIC HALL).



№ 3 THE RESIDENCY FROM THE WATER GATE.



Nº 4 MR GUBBINS'S HOUSE



Nº 5 SANDER'S POST



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F. James, lith.

Nº 6. FRONT VIEW OF THE RESIDENCY.



№ 7 THE CHURCH.



№ 8 THE REDAN BATTERY.



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№ 3 THE BAULIE GUARD BATTERY AND HOSPITAL.



Nº 10. THE NEW CAWNPORE BATTERY



Nº 11. THE JUDICIAL COMMISSIONERS' KUTCHERY (COURT-HOUSE)



№12. REAR VIEW OF THE RESIDENCY FROM THE CHURCHYARD.



№13. THE SEIKH YARD BREACH.



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№ 15. THE SEIKH YARD BATTERY.



№ 16. THE NOBUT KHANA GATEWAY.



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3.

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N° 19. VIEW FROM THE HIGHLANDERS' POST.



№ 20. ANDERSON'S BATTERY



№ 21. HAVELOCK'S GRAVE AND THE AIR-RAID BUNKER



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Lansdowne & Co. Lithographers to the Queen, City Street, Lancaster, Eng. Printed.

E. Walker, Lith.



Painted by G. H. M. Williams del.

London, Day & Son Lithographers to the Queen, View Street, Lancaster Lane, City of London.

E. Whittier sculp.

Nº 25. JELLALAEAD.



Nº 25 LISTENING FOR MINERS



Nº 24 THE MOSQUE PICKET



Nº 26. LYING IN WAIT.



Nº 27. SINKING A SHAFT.