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A LADY'S DIARY  
OF THE  
SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE PERUSAL OF FRIENDS  
AT HOME.

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LONDON:  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.  
1858.

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## P R E F A C E.



THE writer of the following Journal arrived at Lucknow with her husband in March, 1857—only a few weeks before the Sepoy outbreak. The annexed extracts from a subsequent letter point out the precise circumstances under which this record, of events so painfully interesting, was kept. As no *lady's* diary has hitherto been given to the public, the friends of the writer have thought that it might

interest others, beyond the family circle, to communicate additional information on a subject in which the British nation feels so deep an interest.

“I have kept a rough sort of journal during the whole siege, often written under the greatest difficulties—part of the time with a child in my arms, or asleep on my lap; but I persevered, because I knew if we survived you would like to live our siege

life over in imagination, and the little details would interest you ; besides the comfort of talking to you. For the first month (July) we had so little hope of escape, that I did not feel as if you would ever receive it ; so you will find the records rather bare ; but such as it is, I shall send it, if possible, by post, for I know you will like to have it. I have found in my desk two June letters also, which I will send you."—*Allahabad, December 14, 1857.*



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A LADY'S DIARY  
OF  
THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

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La Martinière, May 15.

4 P.M.—SINCE writing to you this morning such awful news has come, that I still feel paralysed with horror. There has been an insurrection in Delhi, and the Chief Commissioner (Mr. Fraser), Captain Douglas, Mr. and Miss Jennings, have all been murdered in cold blood. The news came by electric telegraph. No particulars are known, nor even the extent of the insurrection; or whether it is the people or the Sepoys. They have cut the telegraph wires between Delhi and Meerut, and destroyed a bridge to prevent the passage of troops. At Meerut there has been a rising among the native troops, on Sunday evening, when several Europeans were

killed and wounded: the rebels showed fight till they had received a volley from the Rifles, and then they all ran away; but there are no particulars, so we know not how many English have lost their lives. There has been no post for four days from up country, and we are in complete ignorance of what horrors may be going on. Poor! poor Captain Douglas! —or rather, one's heart should bleed for his miserable wife, who little knows now that she will never look upon his face again in this world.

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May 16.

I was interrupted yesterday; but you may well fancy we can think of nothing but the dreadful tidings. No post in from Delhi, nor any further news by telegraph. I cannot describe our horrible state of anxiety, alarm, and gloom. These are fearful times, and it seems as if our tenure of India hung by a thread; for if the native army turns against us, nothing humanly speaking can save us. We must trust to God, and hope for the best. We are fortunate in having such a man as Sir H. Lawrence at the head of affairs here; and European artil-

lery as well as a Queen's regiment. The stoppage of post is most alarming ; no one knows what to think. Poor Miss Jennings ! she was by all accounts such a very nice dear girl, the comfort and delight of her father's life. I have heard it was beautiful to see the two together. Mrs. Jennings is in England, educating her younger children, and this poor girl came out to be her father's companion about a year and a half ago. . . . . I do so wish we could know about Mrs. Douglas : such a sweet creature, and so fondly devoted to her husband : how I do grieve for her ! he was such a noble-hearted Christian gentleman, respected and liked by all ; his valuable, useful life to be sacrificed to those bloodthirsty villains, it seems too dreadful. You must not feel over anxious . . . . . I don't think I should have told you all this, only you will see it in the papers. Every precaution is taken for our safety here, but at present all is quiet ; and we trust such a due degree of severity will be used, *in time*, as shall prevent further mischief : the great mistake has been not overawing the Sepoys at first. There have been three regiments disbanded, and the men turned loose on the country to foment ill-feeling ; whereas, if the *first* which

mutinied had been annihilated with grape-shot, there would have been an end of tumult, and many lives saved. You can only rule these Asiatics by fear: if they are not afraid, they snap their fingers at you.

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FROM THE WRITER'S HUSBAND.

Lucknow, May 18, 1857.

G. has I know written to you very fully as usual, but I wish to send a few lines also, particularly as I feel that the news probably taken home must make you all anxious. I really have hope we may ride over the crisis yet; there does not seem to be perfect combination amongst the alien troops, and hence the chance for us. It is certainly fearful to know that *this*, humanly speaking, is our only hope. The number of European troops in this country would, in case of a general insurrection, only go to swell the death list; yet, as I said before, it is hoped that this may be averted; our great trust is in prayer to the Almighty, who can help in time of peril, and save by few as well as by many.



Every human precaution has been taken here, and the troops are as yet firm; we cannot say what these horrible reports may do towards rousing their enmity. I imagine a few days must, at all events, put us out of this horrible suspense. We are concentrated as much as possible, and, being warned, shall, at any rate, not be surprised. As communication with other stations is cut off, we have no certain news of what is occurring elsewhere. I fear everybody at Delhi is murdered. Poor Mrs. Douglas! her being away has saved her child, which else would not have been—for children, women, and even half-castes were sacrificed. The insurgents were repulsed at Meerut, but in the first surprise many were cut off. You must all try and be *trustful*, as we do; God has given us a good chief in Sir H. Lawrence, and I believe everything is being done to avert peril. I shall try and get the people to come to morning-prayer at church. I went down to city church last night (Sunday), leaving G. much against her will with C., but am sorry to say the people congregated at the Residency did not come. I believe the Meerut massacre began as people left church, so, perhaps, this had

some effect in keeping them away, but there really was no danger to them, as the church is within the Residency compound, and there are one hundred and fifty Europeans on guard. I had to go through the crowded streets alone after dark, and met with no molestation, but I thought it best to refuse a guard which was pressed on me (and in whom, by-the-by, I had no confidence), and to *sneak* back to cantonments. You may be sure I will not expose myself to *unnecessary* danger, if only for dear G.'s sake. She is, thank God! well, and more resigned about her great sorrow.\* To-day ought to bring us our letters from home, but this awful state of things scarcely allows us to hope it. If the Europeans in this country now survive the insurrection, I should suppose the Government will at last see the NECESSITY of sending, *at least*, twenty thousand troops to keep the alien army in check—these have now felt their power, and can *never* be *trusted again*. God bless you all, and may He mercifully preserve us through this emergency, to meet you again in England!

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\* Her Father's death.

Cantonments, Lucknow, May 18, 1857.

How I grieve for the heartsickening anxiety I know you will all suffer on our account when the terrible news this mail will take home reaches you ! It seems so cruel to add to your *great* sorrow by telling you of our dangers ; but as you are sure to see all that has happened and is dreaded in the papers, we think you will like best to hear from us the worst as far as we know.

At Delhi the people rose in the city, and it seems were joined by the Sepoys ; so have murdered every European there, Captain Douglas, Mr. and Miss Jennings, Mr. Fraser (Chief Commissioner), the Judge, the bankers, post-office and newspaper people, shopkeepers, clerks, writers, even women and children, and half-castes—all who had European blood in their veins. Among the slain is a Mr. Mocatta, a very great friend of F. F.'s, who we met at Lahore, and who was staying with Mr. Jennings on his way to England, to join his wife and six children, whom he had sent home before him. Poor Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Douglas are both in England, and we fear there will be nothing

to soften the shock to them. Delhi is in the hands of the insurgents, and no post could go out from there, even if there were a survivor to write: all we know is from electric telegraph by way of Agra, so that if I were to write to Mrs. Douglas I could tell her but the bare horrible facts; and there is every aggravation to the horror of the awful affliction, for the dead bodies of our countrymen at Delhi are being exposed to insult in the streets, and there is no one to give them Christian burial. At Meerut last Sunday night the 3rd Cavalry and three native Infantry regiments rose, set fire to the officers' bungalows, and murdered them with their wives and children as they tried to escape: so utterly unprepared were they for such a catastrophe, that all the Native Infantry and Cavalry lines were in a blaze before the Rifles, 6th Dragoons, and English Artillery could be brought to the rescue. At the first volley from the Rifles the insurgents ran away to add to the horrors perpetrated at Delhi only thirty miles off. There are rumours of risings all over the country, at Benares, Allahabad, Ferozepore, Moulton, &c.; but these are only reports, and almost every hour we hear rumours of fresh horrors

to add to our terror. God only knows what the end will be, or if the lives of any English in the country will be spared. All this discontent and mutinous spirit among the Sepoys has been going on some time, but Government has shut its eyes to and laughed at it, till now it may be too late. As yet *everything here is perfectly quiet*, and every precaution, as far as human means, has been taken for our safety. The 32nd has been brought up to garrison cantonments, and all the ladies and children are come up here from the city; we came yesterday morning and are with C.\* The Sepoy regiments here are supposed to be faithful, and everything is being done to secure their allegiance. Sir H. Lawrence is a most able man—we could not have a better head, and every one is on the *qui vive*, but our best security is to pray that the danger may pass, and that the troops marched to the rescue of Delhi may take such signal vengeance as shall overawe any attempt at further outbreak; but there is no doubt that this is a most fearful crisis, and that the life of every European here is in

\* Her cousin, Lieutenant Barwell, 71st N.I.

great jeopardy: the city is quiet at present, but fears of a rising are great. The natives have all such a defiant, impertinent manner, as if they knew their power, and turn round and scowl at us as they pass.

Oh! mother, mother darling! these are fearful times. Pray for us, dearest. God only can help us. It is very awful to feel this terrible danger hanging over us; it may come at any moment. It would be impossible to describe the state of apprehension we are in and the gloom that hangs over us. Do not be frightened for us, you dear ones, but, oh, pray for us, that we be accepted for our blessed Saviour's sake, when he sees fit. It is a great mercy that we have warning. Darling mother, pray that we may be spared to come back and see you; but in any case, and above all, commend us to God. If it be His will, He can confound the devices of our enemies, and we shall weather the storm. I am so grieved for your anxiety—but you cannot be saved from hearing about . . . I am so loth to leave off writing and say good bye; but what more can I say? We are all well, and in as good and brave spirits as we can be.

Do not be very much alarmed if you do not hear

from us next mail, for communication is so uncertain, I cannot feel sure that even these letters will reach you. The insurrection has been put down at Allahabad, and we have just heard the Calcutta mail is in.

[Then follow greetings to many loved ones, both friends, relations, and servants, evidently thinking it might be the last letter.]

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Lucknow, May 20, 1857.

How anxiously will you all be looking out for the next mail! Thank God, all is still quiet, and the Sepoys *seem* to be faithful and well behaved at present, though, of course, no one can feel confidence in them, the disaffection seems so general; and their plots have been carried on so secretly, that till they broke out into open mutiny they were not suspected. It is a great blessing that we have such a firm, well-judging chief in Sir H. Lawrence, who is vigilance itself, and is doing all that *man* can do to ensure our safety: hitherto, by God's help, he has succeeded in preserving calm here in the midst of great danger. We are earnestly hoping now that the crisis may pass and leave us unhurt. An army of eight Eu-

ropean regiments and a large force of artillery, with the Commander-in-Chief at their head, was to assemble on the 18th at Kurnaul, and will arrive at Delhi to-morrow to take summary vengeance on the miscreants who are now triumphant masters of the city.

It is impossible to describe the horror of the last few days, every hour bringing dreadful intelligence. Poor young Campbell MacNabb was one of those murdered at Meerut, on Sunday, 10th, in the 3rd Cavalry; poor fellow! that was the first regiment that mutinied. Captain and Mrs. Macdonald and their children, 20th Native Infantry (we knew them at Peshawur), were murdered; the poor babies snatched out of their parents' arms, and cut to pieces before their eyes. This morning tidings came of the revolt of the Sappers and Miners at Roorkee, near Meerut, and of one of the officers, Captain Fraser (husband to her of the Bleuhcim), being shot through the head. Some of the officers and their wives in the cantonments at Delhi, it is hoped, have escaped; but no hope of those in the city. We saw a letter from an officer at Meerut, giving an account of the insurrection. General



Hewett, who commanded the division, is under arrest; he seems to have done nothing to stop it; and with 2500 European soldiers in the place, atrocities were allowed to go on from four o'clock Sunday afternoon till Tuesday morning, without any effectual opposition; and the insurgents actually permitted to march off with flying colours to Delhi on the 12th, where they went to the heir apparent, proclaimed him king, and being joined by the city people, and three regiments of Native Infantry, proceeded with their massacre. Yesterday there was a false report that the 71st had risen: the 32nd and Artillery were all under arms immediately; the Brigadier and Sir H. Lawrence went down to the lines in the heat of the day, but found all quiet. Overtures have been made from this place to the King of Oude, offering to restore him to the throne, but he very sensibly laid the whole before Government, for which he deserves to be well rewarded. If we can only hear in a few days that the wretches in Delhi have been punished, we may hope that, for the present, our fearful danger is over: but all say that our Indian empire trembles in the balance, and very, very nearly had we lost it:

such a combination against us has never been known in the annals of its history, and never again can a native army be trusted. The native corps will have to be reduced to a small number, and European regiments raised to take their place, as the only chance of retaining the country. Yesterday we had the great happiness of receiving our home letters.

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May 21st, Ascension Day.

There is terrible fear now that something is wrong at Cawnpore. The 2nd Cavalry have been some time suspected of disaffection; and last night Sir H. L. received despatches, which are kept a profound secret. No one knows what has happened, which makes us all the more anxious and nervous. Every time we hear the slightest noise—loud voices, a horse galloping by, a gun fired, or any calls to see C., and they speak in an under-tone—one's heart is in one's mouth. The excitement will be terrible if bad news from Cawnpore should be confirmed. The depôt of the 32nd is there, and most of the women and children; and the poor soldiers would be frantic if they suspected their families were in danger.

There would be no holding them. Their indignation already is intense at the murders of helpless women and children that have occurred at Meerut and Delhi. They are frantic to avenge them; so Sir H. L. is quite right to be close; but it greatly increases our suspense being thus kept in the dark. No news has come for eight days from Delhi; but it is known that several officers and ladies have escaped from cantonments; two arrived at Meerut disguised as natives. We saw a gentleman yesterday, Mr. Martin, who knew Campbell MacNabb, and told us every one liked him very much, and that he was the only officer who at the outbreak did his duty—he went down at once to the lines to try and bring the men to order, and was immediately shot.

This morning I went with J. to the Residency church in the city. The congregation consisted of *two* people besides myself, which just enabled J. to administer the communion. Is it not dreadful that in these times of terror and danger people will not come for help where only it can *surely* be found? The church is inside the Residency compound, in which all the Europeans of the city have taken refuge, with a battery of artillery and 150 of the

32nd to defend them, so that they could run no more risk in church than inside the houses, and yet none come. It was just the same last Sunday. At this church there were not above a dozen people. It does seem so very strange, and frightens one more than anything; for it seems almost daring the Almighty to show us how utterly useless all our human means of defence are, by thus *trusting* to them, and neglecting to seek Him who alone can succour us. The prayer in times of War and Tumult is now always used in church, as well as in our private devotions, and is most applicable to our present condition. It seems to come so much more home now than at the time of the Russian war, when I used to think it did not seem quite suitably expressed. Last Sunday James gave the Holy Communion in the barracks, Colonel Inglis having made an urgent request it might be administered there once a-month. The regimental school is much reduced, owing to the absence of the greater portion of the 32nd regiment. Mrs. Inglis took great pains with it, and had the children at her own house on Sundays. It is such a rare thing in this country to find ladies interesting themselves about the poor

women and children ; but the Englishes, from what I hear of them, must be excellent people.

This is frightful weather for Europeans to be marching on service. How I pity the poor fellows ! but they say excitement will keep them up, and prevent them suffering much. All the regiments from the hills are sent for, 75th from Kassowlie amongst others. They had just settled themselves, as they thought, for a three years' sojourn in the Himmalayas, and now most likely will never go back, as no regiments will be spared to recruit themselves in the mountains, at all events till very strong reinforcements come from England to keep the peace in the plains. So perhaps there will be no Dagshaie for us after all (supposing we are spared) ; but, indeed, one does not look forward for ever so short a time, much less months. Hour by hour none can tell what may happen. Sir H. Lawrence has been made Brigadier-General, so that in this emergency he may possess full military as well as civil authority. His post is a fearfully responsible one ; he must be nearly worn out, taking no rest, and his mind constantly on the stretch. Those who understand them say that his conduct and all his arrange-

ments have up to the present time been perfect, and as yet not a sound of disturbance has been raised in these parts. C. is nearly worked to death now as acting Brigadier-Major.

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May 22.

We were very much frightened last night by a fire, so very close to this house, that it seemed as if nothing could save it. The stables and outhouses of Captain Green, of the 48th, were burnt down; but, providentially, the wind, which has been blowing a gale this way all day, had subsided, and the flames were prevented extending. The blaze was awful, and it is supposed to have been done on purpose. Several bungalows were in great danger. The thatch is so combustible, the least spark sets it in a blaze. At Umbala incendiarism has been going on at a furious rate, and numbers of houses destroyed. J. went to the Residency this morning in the city: all the sick soldiers, the women and children are there, in a state of great alarm, poor things! so many false reports get about and frighten people more than there is cause for. There was a

placard stuck on to the Residency gates last night in Hindostanee, calling upon all true people to rise and exterminate the Feringhees, and invoking no end of curses on those who should help us. A pleasant sort of publication !

Everything, however, in city and cantonments continues outwardly quiet. The troops are expected to be at Delhi to-day. Queen's 84th have been sent up to Cawnpore from Calcutta in *post-carriages*, and will arrive to-morrow. There is no news to-day from any place. A company of the 32nd, some guns, and an Irregular cavalry regiment, were sent off to Cawnpore in the middle of the night before last ; so there must be mischief there, but we know no particulars. We are hoping in a few days order may be restored, and we able to return in peace to our quarters in the Martinière, and resume our quiet life. But can you conceive the folly of having no European troops at Cawnpore, and only one regiment in Oude—a country of which we have so lately taken unjust possession, and where a rebellion might have been expected any day ? Again, at Delhi, not a single European soldier within thirty miles. However, I should think the lesson now given won't

be forgot in a hurry, and that the defences of India will not again be confided to native troops.

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Tuesday, May 26.

Yesterday, at 3 o'clock A.M., we were roused by C. telling us to get up and dress ready for flight at the shortest notice. He had been sent for to the brigadier's, and great alarm prevailed, as the different guards were going to be changed, and then a rising was feared. Of course, we got up and dressed as expeditiously as possible, waiting C.'s return in fear and trembling. He came back at five with the longest and gravest face, announcing that it was Sir H. L.'s most peremptory order that every woman and child should leave cantonments immediately, and take refuge in the city Residency-house, which is fortified, barricaded, and *provisioned* for a regular siege. C. said the precaution was most necessary, as we were in frightful danger, and the horrors of Meerut and Delhi might at any moment overtake us, so we were not to delay. Poor Emmie was, as you may imagine, dreadfully upset at the idea of being sent away, and leaving Charlie



to encounter such peril. The officers of the native regiments are to remain in the lines, and do all they can to keep their men quiet; but, if the outbreak takes place, they are to retreat with the 32nd on the Residency; and here we are to try and hold out as long as possible, till European troops come to our rescue. I do feel so sorry for E. and C., and so thankful that my dear husband's duty does not separate him from me. We put together all the things we had with us, and Emmie all her valuables, as quickly as we could, and came down here at once. On arriving we found all in such confusion at the Residency, all the unfortunate ladies and children hunting for quarters, that we were most thankful to accept an invitation from kind Dr. Fayrer to come to his house in the Residency compound; and here we are an immense party of unprotected females, Mrs. Fayrer and I being the only ladies who have the comfort of our husbands. Besides E. and myself, there are here Mrs. Dashwood and her two children, Mrs. and Miss Halford, Mrs. Jermyn, Miss Schilling, Mrs. Thomas and child, Mrs. Anderson, and Mrs. Longueville Clarke. There are two civilians, Mr. Gubbins and Mr.

Ommaney, whose houses attached to the Residency are also full to overflowing, and all the other ladies, about thirty in number, with children innumerable, are in the Residency, which also contains the sick and women and children of the 32nd. We have two companies of the 32nd and a battery of artillery to defend us, besides barricades erected at all the entrances and guns mounted all round the walls. E. and I have a small room together, and think ourselves most lucky in being so comfortable. In the Residency there are as many as eight and nine ladies with a dozen children in one room, and the heat is awful. J. sleeps in Dr. Fayrer's study. The reason of our all being packed off here in such a tremendous hurry was that the news from Cawnpore and other stations round was so alarming. An outbreak was expected every moment, and the effect of revolt at Cawnpore would be instantaneous mutiny at Lucknow. Sir H. L. did not impart all he knew, and we are kept in utter ignorance of what is going on in other parts of the country, but I believe our condition is frightful, and God only knows what the end of it will be. The panic in Calcutta they say is terrible. Native regiments

there and at Barrackpore are mutinous to the heart's core; and if European troops do not soon come to our relief, there will be none perhaps left alive to tell the tale. Every station in the country is in equal danger. At Allyghur the 9th Native Infantry had the *consideration* to spare their officers' lives. They were permitted to escape, leaving all their property behind them. Lady Outram (the wife of Sir James, who is in Persia) was staying with her son at Allyghur, and obliged to run several miles, fleeing for her life. We are all most anxiously looking for news from Delhi: the army must have arrived yesterday, and we trust such a signal vengeance will be taken on the desperate wretches who have shut themselves up there as shall intimidate any from attempting to follow their example. This seems to be our only hope; and if General Anson does not act with vigour, we shall be at the mercy of our enemies. Oh, my darling sister! you can little imagine what an awful position we are in, but God can help us. He only can. Since we left cantonments there has been no disturbance. C. came over this morning to see E., and reported all quiet and news good from Cawnpore. They were

in hope the rising there would not take place; the troops had not actually mutinied, though in a very excited state. Part of the 84th (Queen's) will arrive this evening, and that gives us fresh hope and courage. The ladies at Cawnpore have taken refuge in the *church*, which is the only stone building, consequently not so easily set on fire. Oh! the accounts of the massacre and burnings at Meerut are something too horrible and make one's blood run cold. The murder of the unfortunate women was not enough; they were made to suffer worse than death, and numbers of little children were brutally killed. The Punjab seems quiet, and no alarm felt there,—at least so the papers say; but we have not had a line from any of our friends, and feel really anxious about F. F. at Lahore, for I think he would have written; but then the posts are so uncertain, his letter may be lost. I am in an agony of fright that our last letters home may have been lost. I shall send this by Calcutta. Nothing has been heard of the harmoniums, which are very likely lost, as neither property nor persons are safe travelling. If they don't arrive we shall be out of pocket 100*l.*, but one really cannot think of pecuniary losses now,

when if we only save our lives we must be thankful. Yesterday we were all a very sad, panic-stricken party, besides being completely overcome with the heat; but as no bad news came to-day, all are better, and the sound of the piano has been heard in the drawing-room. It is thundering, and if only rain would fall it would be a blessing, as if the thatched roofs of the bungalows were well soaked it might save the cantonment from fire. I shall never forget the alarm we had on Sunday night in church. Several shots were fired, and all felt sure the outbreak had come. Several officers left the church. J. went on with the prayers in a firm voice, though he thought, as we all did, that our last hour might be near. Soon all was quiet, and the fright we had was caused by the Mussulmans having seen the new moon, which terminates their long fast the Ramazan and commences a great festival. At the first glimpse caught of the moon they fire off a feu de joie. I hear such a storm now, the rain pouring; never was it more welcome.

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May 27.

Yesterday afternoon a telegraphic message from Cawnpore. Still quiet there, and some of the 84th expected that evening at Ferozepore. Two Native Infantry regiments had mutinied, but were instantly surrounded and overpowered by our old friends the 10th cavalry (Captain Harvey's regiment), who behaved right loyally. At Lahore a regiment mutinied and were marching off to join those at Ferozepore, but were fired into and disarmed by the other troops of the station, and no officers lost their lives. This news is cheering, as it shows the disaffection is not universal. Yesterday Dr. F. and J. rode to cantonments, and brought back news that three wretches had been captured in the 13th Native Infantry lines trying to incite the men to revolt. One of the native officers invited them into his house and kept them in talk while he gave warning to the European officer on duty, who immediately came and had them secured. They are emissaries from Delhi. I think they are all to be hung to-day, but there is some hesitation about it, for our position is so weak that they hardly dare do anything which might

provoke a rising, and at Cawnpore, where a villain was caught doing the same thing, they have not ventured to put him to death, for they knew his execution would have been the signal for an immediate outbreak, and the life of every European there would have been the forfeit. I think nothing speaks so much for our defenceless state as this! No news to-day—we are so anxious to hear of the fate of Delhi. This morning Miss Schilling, J., and I went to the top of the Residency to see the view, which is wonderful. I never saw a more beautiful panorama,—the whole of Lucknow, spread out below us, with its innumerable fine buildings, gardens, gilded domes, and tall minarets—it was an enchanting sight, and the air so fresh and lovely. Dr. and Mrs. Fayer, our host and hostess, are very kind people; they are quite a young couple and have one cherub of a baby boy eleven months old, who is the plaything of us all—he is the image of Murillo's St. John the Baptist in the National Gallery. The heat is so dreadful I cannot write more. The piano has been going to-day a good deal; several of those here sing and play well; I think I shall go and listen. I forgot to tell you that the harmoniums arrived

this morning from Calcutta and are stowed away in the church; I am so glad they came safe. We are awfully punished here by late dinners and noise; but the poor things in the Residency are miserably uncomfortable compared to us. We are close prisoners, cannot go beyond the walls, but as all continues quiet still we are hoping to be allowed this evening a drive to cantonments. It must be a tremendous expense to those kind Fayrers entertaining such a lot of people.

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May 28.

I must close this to-day, as I intend sending by Calcutta, not being sure of the up country post. I heard from —— this morning: she says the panic in Calcutta is frightful: what would we not all give to be safe in England! We drove to cantonments this morning, and took E. to pay C. a visit, but were not allowed to stay long. Our danger is still most imminent; the city is in an awfully excited state, and Sepoys ditto; but at present no open outbreak. All the officers and European soldiers are getting worn



out with the harassing duty, and as for Sir H. L. it is little short of a miracle how he keeps up, for he gives himself scarcely a moment's rest night or day. His measures are all to gain time for European troops to come up to our relief before anything occurs. Messages were received last night containing good news from Cawnpore and other doubtful places, which remain peaceful by the good providence of God, for no one can understand how it is that the threatened rising at Cawnpore did not take place. I grieve for your state of suspense and anxiety, but we are all hoping now that the fearful crisis is nearly over, and that He who has hitherto so mercifully preserved us will yet bring us safely through the danger. No English letters; we are beginning to get anxious for their safety; but there has been no post from Lahore for twenty days. No news yet from Delhi. The natives have a report in the city that we have been beaten; but this I doubt not originates in their own hopeful imaginations: most anxiously do we long for the real news. It is so painful to see that poor dog Bustle panting—he suffers dreadfully in this weather: poor old dog! I should be grieved to lose him; he has shared all our

joys, sorrows, travels, perils, and adventures the last three years.

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Whit Sunday, Lucknow, May 31.

I hardly know how to begin to tell you of the horrors of the past night, knowing how anxious and unhappy it will make you, but it is kinder, I think, to conceal nothing. The insurrection, so long dreaded, has taken place. Last night, at nine o'clock, the three Sepoy regiments stationed in the cantonment, the 71st (C.'s), 48th (Dashwood's), and the 13th, flew to their arms, and attempted to take the big guns, in which, however, they did not succeed. Poor Brigadier Hanscombe was killed, and Mr. Grant of the 71st, son of Sir Patrick, quite a young man, who was on station duty at the centre picket, was murdered—two bullets sent through him, and his head cut off, by his own men; and Mr. Raleigh of the 7th Cavalry, a poor boy who only joined two or three days ago—just out from England—was cut to pieces. These are all the deaths, but several officers are wounded: poor Mr. Langmore, a great friend of Charlie's, is dan-

gerously wounded; they say he will die. The whole of the cantonment has been burnt to the ground; some few houses have escaped burning, but every one ransacked and pillaged. The B.s have lost every single thing they possessed in the world, and our three large boxes containing all our worldly goods, with the exception of my mourning, and a dozen of linen we had with us, are all gone too; also 350 rupees, deposited by C.'s advice in the regimental treasury for safety; however, we cannot think of our pecuniary loss—ours is less than so many others. Poor C. is quite ruined, for they had furnished their house so nicely, and had so many beautiful things they brought out with them: but we can think of nothing but his merciful preservation. You know he's been Acting Brigade Major for some time, and his duty therefore was close attendance on the poor Brigadier. Volley after volley was fired at him, and he was close to the Brigadier when he fell, but, by God's great mercy, escaped without hurt. If Sir H. Lawrence had not sent all the women and children out of cantonments, we should inevitably, every one of us, have shared the fate of our countrywomen at Delhi and Meerut; and it

would have been scarcely possible for any of the married officers to escape, hampered as they would have been with the care of their families ; as it was, a poor sergeant's wife, and her two children, who happened to be in cantonments, were cut up on the road. Oh, mother! mother! how dreadful it is! We have just heard there is a rising in the city. God help us! Last night we were at dinner when the servants came running in to say there was firing heard in the cantonments : we heard it distinctly, and from the top of the Residency the whole place was seen in a blaze. We were all told to be ready to take flight if necessary to the Muchee Bhowan, a strong place which has been fortified, and in which we are to take refuge as our last resource, and try to hold out till European relief can arrive ; but, oh, when can that be? There is scarcely an available regiment in the country. The Governor-General has sent to stop the troops, on their way to China, at Ceylon, and bring them to India. There certainly is a disturbance in the city ; they have proclaimed the King's brother King. We sat up in our clothes all last night ; E. in a dreadful state of anxiety about C. ; messengers kept arriving from

cantonments with reports of what was occurring; firing has been going on all the morning. The insurgents have all decamped and spread themselves over the country; the troops have been pursuing them, but, having no cavalry, it was useless; only a few stragglers were caught. A poor half-caste has just been brought into the Residency, cut to pieces; he went down to his house in the city, and was murdered. Two companies of the 84th have arrived at Cawnpore, and they sent back the company of the 32nd which was sent over there last week. Cawnpore is almost sure to rise now. (Residency.)—I was interrupted in this by the alarm of the rising in the city, and we had all to leave Dr. F.'s house, and take refuge in the main building of the Residency. Here we all are—God only knows how it will end! Do not grieve very much, mother; we are in His hands, and He can take care of us, and preserve our lives if He will. I do try and pray to feel resigned whatever may happen. I know not if this will ever reach you, very likely not. There is such noise and confusion, and my hand trembles so I can hardly hold the pen. A gentleman is going to send all our letters to the post at once, so I can add no more. . . .

TO HER SISTER.

Lucknow, June 13, 1857.

I sent a scrap of similar dimensions to this yesterday in the hope of its going by the Calcutta mail, but, as I hear of another messenger starting for Agra this morning, I will not lose the opportunity of writing you a few lines on this your wedding-day, wishing you both many happy returns of it. You little dream the state we are in here, and our prospects seem to grow darker instead of brighter. I hope you will receive this note; I sent to dearest mother yesterday, to assure you of our present welfare and safety, for I fear you will all be very anxious about us. I pity poor Aunt Ellen with her three sons in this horrible country. We are very anxious about W. B.; his regiment is at Bareilly, and there is a horrible rumour that every officer there has been murdered, as well as those at Shahjehanpore. Of course C. can get no news of him, as all communication is cut off between ourselves and the rest of the world: it is more than a week since any certain intelligence has been received from Cawnpore, only 48 miles off. The insurgents are besieging the Europeans there, who have less than two hundred

English soldiers to protect them, but they are supposed to be still holding out bravely. Yesterday there was a small disturbance here. The military police mutinied and went off with their arms; they were pursued by a couple of our guns and two hundred of the 32nd; and I fear there never was a more mismanaged affair: the poor soldiers nearly died from exposure to the sun, and lost two men from apoplexy, without ever getting the chance of a shot at the enemy. Some Seikh cavalry went in at them, and behaved splendidly, killing between thirty and forty. One gentleman, a Mr. Thornhill (who says he has often danced with us at Kew, but I don't remember him), was wounded. I walked round our fortifications yesterday evening with James; they are wonderfully strong, and the engineers say we can hold out against any number as long as provisions last, and long before they are expended we hope for relief. As yet none of the insurgents have appeared in the neighbourhood, and I expect they are much too cowardly to make any attempt on a place so well prepared: it is only when they can take you by surprise and murder defenceless women and children that they dare attack Europeans. When you hear

of all the atrocities which have been committed, and the wholesale murderings and plunderings which have been and still are going on all over India, your blood would run cold. How it is all to end, God only knows; we do not dare look forward; but humanly speaking, all depends on an army being sent to our assistance from home without delay. We are quite well and keep up our spirits, trusting that our prayers will be heard, and that we shall be delivered from our dangerous position. I have very long letters written to you, but there is no chance of sending them at present. These notes have to be concealed about the person of the man who is to try and take them to Agra for the Bombay mail: it is very doubtful if he will accomplish his errand. Good bye.

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Lucknow, St. Barnabas' Day, 1857.

I sent off three letters to you and darling mother on the 9th, and have now little more to add, though I could not bear not to write, this day of all others, when we have so many thoughts and recollections in common. Some news came in from Cawnpore this morning, brought by two spies; they said 500 Eu-



ropean soldiers arrived there the day before yesterday, and that the insurgents had been driven back. They had been pounding into the unfortunate Europeans inside their intrenchments for three days with artillery and a twenty-four pounder: every house in the cantonment has been burnt; the blaze has been going on for days. No official news has come yet: the enemy has still possession of the road and river, so we can't tell when we shall hear anything positive. A letter came last night from General Wheeler, but it was dated the 8th: he described their position as nearly hopeless, but we hope he has had reinforcements. They had under two hundred European soldiers, and only a few nine-pounders, which were of no use, as they could not touch the enemy with them, whereas the insurgents were pounding into them with a twenty-four pounder; the casualties are not known, but are probably considerable, and what the poor women and children must have gone through is horrible to think of; still, if they are saved from falling into the hands of those wretches, any amount of alarm and suffering will be nothing. The bare idea of the fate of the unhappy ladies at Seetapore is too horrible; there was no

indignity that was not inflicted on all the women the wretches got hold of. The children were murdered, and thrown in a heap; one pretty little woman, Mrs. S., whom we knew at Peshawur, was shot down as she tried to wade through the river. Yesterday about six people, sergeants and their wives, who had made their escape, arrived: they contrived to creep into the jungle, where they wandered about for two days, when a native rajah had compassion on them, and sent them in here. One poor woman is badly wounded in the hip, and they are all in a dreadful state of illness and exhaustion. J. went to see them all, and he says the accounts they give of the dreadful scenes they witnessed, and what they went through themselves, are too horrible to be conceived. Many ladies and children have fortunately made their escape from different small stations in the district, just in time to save their lives, leaving all their worldly goods to be burnt and plundered. I am sure we should not think of our losses when there are such numbers here with families of children who have not so much as a change of clothes. A Mrs. Boileau, and her four children, are in this house:\*

\* Fayrer's.

from Secrora on an elephant, and was from 4 P.M. till 10 A.M. on the road; half of their escort wanted to murder them, but the other half was steady, and persuaded the rest not to molest them, so they came in safe. As the mutiny at Secrora had not taken place when the ladies were sent away, the officers were obliged to stay with their men, but on the 10th (yesterday) the outbreak came. They have got away in different directions: three officers came in here yesterday, but Captain Boileau is supposed to have taken refuge with a friendly (?) rajah, and his poor wife is terribly anxious, as they can have no communication, and she cannot even hear of his safety.

The fortifications here are now nearly complete, and the engineers say that, if the insurgents keep off only two days longer, they will not care how many come against us, as we shall be impregnable so long as provisions last, and we hope for relief long before they are expended. I have just heard of a lady, Mrs. Benson, who escaped with her husband (a civilian) from Harriabad: they were disguised in native clothes. She dressed as an ayah, and had to walk seven miles, when they found some ponies, which they mounted. Her feet, poor thing! are in the most dreadful state. They met some

Sepoys, who looked very suspiciously at them, and followed them some way, but at last thought better of it and turned back. We hear that most of the insurgents here are making off for Delhi: it is to be hoped they will meet with a warmer reception there than they will like, but it is strange that nothing has been known, or is known, of what our troops are about up there; we ought to have heard something long ago: now all communication between us and the rest of the world is cut off, and we know not what may be going on at other stations. At Benares, at Allahabad, and indeed every station in India, there seem to have been mutinies: we are so afraid the Government at home will be difficult to rouse from their usual state of indifference about this country, and if there be delay in sending out an army to our rescue, the native prophecy that this year the English will be driven out of India is pretty sure to come true.

If they will only let us depart with our lives, I am sure I shall be thankful *to quit*. I have such a dreadful cold I can hardly hold up my head, and feel as stupid as an owl; it is so odd to have colds with the thermometer at 93°, but they are going

through the house. The Sepoys in cantonments are not disarmed yet; they tried to get rid of them by offering them furlough, which they all refused. I will leave this open to finish to-morrow. Oh! how I do hope you will receive it, and the others sent on the 9th! Sir Henry Lawrence has been very ill: he was completely worn out in mind and body, and in danger of breaking down; but Dr. Fayerer insisted on his keeping quiet, and having forty-eight hours' entire rest, not even receiving a note, or being told a single thing. He is now much better. J. has been taking a census of all the people, European and native, inside the walls of this house, and including servants, punkah coolies, ayahs, &c., they amount to 110. There are eleven ladies and six children staying here. J., Dr. Fayerer, and a great friend of his, Dr. Partridge, are the male portion of the community. Dr. P. belongs to one of the Oude Irregular Cavalry regiments, and very narrowly escaped with his life when out in the district on detachment duty the other day; the men showed such a mutinous spirit, that the officers expected every moment to be murdered, but they succeeded in getting back and bringing them in here; and

after this you will hardly believe Sir H. Lawrence ordered them out again last night, and was going to send them to Seetapore, but, happily, changed his mind, though they are still under orders to be in readiness.

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June 13.

I have just got off a very *wee* note, darling, though doubtful if you will ever receive it. I wrote one to darling mother yesterday. They did not go by post; a messenger starts for Agra to-night with small documents concealed about his person, which he will try to convey to their destination in safety. This is your wedding-day, dearest, and many happy returns of it do I pray that you and dear Willie may enjoy. Yesterday we had a great alarm: the military police mutinied and made off with their arms. The guns and 200 of the 32nd went in pursuit, but never came near enough to get a shot. Some Seikh cavalry behaved well, and did a good deal of damage to the wretches, who fought well and executed a most masterly retreat. The poor European soldiers suffered dreadfully from their bootless exposure to the sun, and two of them

dropped down dead. We have a most imposing show of guns, and I cannot help thinking the villanous wretches will be afraid to attack us, for they are arrant cowards. There is no news again to-day from Cawnpore or any place. They say it is not true about the 500 European soldiers having arrived there; no firing has been heard in that direction for twenty-four hours. There is dreadful news, which is thought to be true, that all the English at Shahjehanpore have been murdered, without the escape of one, and that the mutineers proceeded to Bareilly, the next station. I went yesterday over to the Residency to see Mrs. Polchampton, who is getting much better. Oh! I do feel so glad now I have no children. Fancy the babies at Seetapore being dashed to the ground and bayoneted—one has no words to express one's horror and indignation. This house now swarms with children.

J. had no less than five funerals this morning. I am happy to say the church has not yet been blown up, and we hope it will not be necessary. Mr. Polchampton has lent us 12 vols. of Sharpe's Magazine, which is quite an acquisition in our dearth of

books, and it is delightful to me to meet such a dear old friend. Our life, as you imagine, is extremely monotonous. We get up at four and sit in front of the house, where we have tea and biscuits; at eight we go to our rooms. When Emma and I are dressed, we send for J., and read the Psalms and Lessons together, and he says prayers. At ten we have breakfast. We sit in the drawing-room working or playing with the children as the case may be. We dine at four, and if it be cool enough when the sun sets we go out again and sit in front of the house, where we have tea and ices; at half-past nine we come in to prayers and go to bed. The only change or excitement of any kind we have is in the shape of bad news or horrible alarms. The heat is greater than I ever felt it for so long together; in the drawing-room the thermometer is at 93, in our bedroom 97. When we are sitting outside the house we have many gentlemen visitors over from the 82nd. It is reported that one of those poor Miss Jacksons at Seetapore has been carried off prisoner by the Sepoys. This, if true, is a worse fate than her sister's, who fainted and was lifted up and thrown by the wretches into the middle of the



burning bungalow. The poor girls were so much liked, and admired, I am quite glad I never knew them. Their brother, Sir Mountstuart Jackson, is supposed the first killed.

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June 16.

Day after day has brought only bad news. I have really felt too downcast to write, having only horrors to record. The Shahjehanpore massacre seems worse than any one we have ever heard of yet. A survivor, Captain Orr, has written to his brother here. It seems the outbreak commenced on Sunday, and a few people were murdered in church; the rest of the officers were told they might go away with their families where they pleased, they did not want their lives. They all started immediately in every available conveyance, and had proceeded about six miles when they were overtaken and surrounded. The gentlemen were first bayoneted on the spot, wives and children looking on; resistance was useless, so they made none, and died praying with their hands crossed over their breast, like noble English martyrs. The ladies were equally calm and heroic; they knelt down with their little ones under a tree

praying, and as soon as their husbands were slaughtered their turn came. Captain Orr is half a native, was spared, and invited by the mutineers to take the command; but he put them off, and finally escaped into the jungle, where, after wandering four days, he met or heard of (I don't know which) Sir Mountstuart Jackson and one of his sisters, with a little child of Mr. Christianau's. They were all in the jungle, dependent for food on the Rajah, who says he cannot protect them, but daily sends them food. The sufferings of poor Miss Jackson and the little child must be extreme. Sir H. L. has written to offer the Rajah a handsome reward if he will protect and send the poor creatures safely into Lucknow, but one cannot tell if he will or can do it.

The idea that our rule in India is come to an end seems firmly to have possessed all the natives. The day before yesterday our bearer, who has been with us almost ever since we came to India, and to whom J. has been most kind, walked off, taking with him all his goods and chattels, and one of our punkah coolies to carry his bundle. We did not find out he was gone till some hours after his departure. A khitnutgar of Mrs. Boileau's, who had been sixteen

years in her husband's service, walked off to-day in the same manner. People's servants seem deserting daily. We expect soon to be without attendants, and a good riddance it would be if this were a climate which admitted of one's doing without them; but if they all leave us, it will be difficult to know how we shall manage. Their impudence is beyond bounds: they are losing even the semblance of respect. I packed off my tailor yesterday: he came very late, and, on my remarking it, he gave me such an insolent answer and look, that I discharged him then and there; and he actually went off without waiting, or asking for his wages. On Sunday we were able, thank God, to go twice to church, which was a blessing we had scarcely dared to hope. The artillery horses are picketed in the churchyard, and stores stowed away in part of the church. Vestries and outhouses are given up to refugee families, so it looks terribly warlike, but we hope to avoid the necessity of blowing up the sacred building: it would only be done in case of the enemy's getting possession of our outer defences—which God forbid! For some days it has been reported by scouts that a large force of insurgents are

within twelve miles of us, but they have not yet appeared, and we hope they will not dare come. A letter was received by Sir H. L. this morning, from Sir Hugh Wheeler, brought in by a trusty native : it was dated 14th. No reinforcements had come, and they were sore pressed, but still holding out : many lives lost ; and the top of their barracks blown off : the enemy had possession of the magazine and one of our 18-pounders. It is most despairing ; no troops having yet been sent up, we cannot but fear that all the country below must be in the same predicament ; and if they have to fight every inch of their ground on the way up, one does not see how we can escape, as it will be months before any help can arrive. There are great fears about Patna. Benares and Allahabad are known to have risen. On Sunday came the certain intelligence of the fate of those officers who were supposed to have been carried off to Delhi by their mutinous men : they were every one of them murdered—Captain Burmester and Mr. Farquharson of the 48th ; Captain Staples, Mr. Bolton, and Mr. Martin of the 7th Cavalry. The latter, such a gentlemanly<sup>d</sup> nice handsome fellow, who dined with us at the B.s' a few days before

our flight from cantonments: he was wounded, and rode for his life seven miles, when he was met by another party, who surrounded and cut him down. His brother is a civilian here, and has a pretty little wife: they are the sons of Dr. Martin, the celebrated Indian physician. This morning brought news to another poor lady, living over at the Residency, of the murder of her husband, poor Major Galle: he started from here on the 12th, disguised as a native, to try and carry information to Calcutta; it was such a perilous attempt, we all felt that it would be miraculous if he succeeded: he was accompanied by ten men from his own regiment (which since his departure has mutinied and made off for Cawnpore); he selected them himself, as those he felt confident he could depend upon; but, alas! people are being now taught by sad experience that no trust can be placed in one of the race. He was about eighty miles from this, on the road to Allahabad, when his faithful (?) followers betrayed him to some of the enemy they met: he was murdered at once. Five out of the ten men were Seikhs<sup>2</sup>, and they came back here and told of the fate of their master, pretending they stood by him and were true; but at all events

they did not shed any of their blood for him, as they were perfectly unhurt. It is beginning to be suspected that the Seikhs are playing a double game, and, if so, it is a great pity Sir H. L. trusts them as he does, and has brought so many inside this place. The remaining Sepoys of the three regiments in cantonments have been disarmed and sent away on leave; they did not at all approve of going, but made no resistance: all the officers, except the Colonels and staff, are come down here, and the rest are expected to follow in a few days; there are one hundred and fifty of the 32nd, and some artillery in cantonments, as it is necessary to keep possession as long as possible, for the sake of getting in supplies. Charlie, being Quartermaster and Acting Brigade Major, is obliged still to remain up there.

At Sultanpore, another of the Oude outlying stations, the officers have been massacred, but the ladies are safe in some fort. Colonel Fisher, one of the most splendid old soldiers in the world, whom one has always heard spoken of in India as quite a hero, was savagely murdered by his men, whom he trusted and loved like his own children. He was wounded first by the Sepoys of another corps, upon which he

rushed into the midst of his own lines, telling his men he had come to them for protection, as he knew they would stand by him to the last. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when three of his regiment rushed upon him with their spears and killed him.

Such an awful thing happened here yesterday! Because there are not murders enough done by the heathen, two Christian Englishmen quarrelled, and, in the heat of passion, one of them seized a pistol and shot the other through the body. James buried the murdered man this morning. He was the riding-master of the 7th Cavalry; so respectable a man that he was to have had a commission given him. His murderer, the Sergeant-Major of the same regiment, also bore the highest character, and was liked and respected by every one who knew him, and the two were bosom friends. It seems the quarrel began with the wives disputing about the drawing up of a curtain; this trivial matter led to words between the two husbands, and in an instant the dreadful deed was done. "The poor women are perfectly distracted. The poor wretch who killed his friend is a Roman Catholic. James was going to see

him this evening, but found the Roman Catholic priest with him. He was told that the poor fellow had lain all day hiding his face, and would not speak a word. The officers of the 7th Cavalry all went to the funeral this morning; they are dreadfully grieved about it—both men were such favourites, and thought so very highly of by all—it is very shocking. I earnestly hope when next I use my pen I may have something more cheering to relate; to-day has been nothing but horrors. The native report is that Delhi is again in the hands of the English. If we could only hear that this was true, it would indeed be good news. Charlie has heard that nearly all the officers effected their escape from Bareilly to the nearest hill station, so we hope poor Willie is safe.

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June 18, Waterloo Day.

How this reminds one . . . . .  
 Emmie is in bed to-day, feeling poorly.

No enemy has appeared to attack us yet, though we have daily rumours of their near approach, and that a powerful Rajah has joined them, and is lead-



ing them on. From Cawnpore no good news. It was reported European troops had got in there, but this was never confirmed. The last terrible piece of news was that all the English at Futtyghur had tried to make their escape, and that when they arrived as far as Cawnpore they found the insurgents lining the banks of the river. They were fired into, compelled to land, tied together, and marched up to the parade-ground in front of the barracks, where our poor people are intrenched, and grape-shot fired into them before the very eyes of their countrymen, who could not move a finger to save them. I think Mr. Thornhill lost an aunt, uncle, and two cousins, but I think it must be a mistake that they were killed in front of the European camp, for nature could never have stood it. There must have been a rush to their rescue at any sacrifice; but such is the story that came here. Yesterday brought the sad tidings of the murder of Mr. Longueville Clarke and Mr. Cunliffe as they were endeavouring to escape from Burrnitch; the latter was engaged to Miss —, and the 6th of this month was to have been their wedding-day; the other sister was to have been married on the same

day: poor girls! now all their happiness has been turned into mourning; their engagements were announced about six weeks ago, when we none of us suspected what a frightful time was coming upon us.

Mr. Schilling and the Martinière School were all ordered inside the fortifications this morning, so the Martinière is abandoned, and I suppose we shall lose all our remaining property, which we have been obliged to leave there to its fate, as nothing more can be brought in here; we got our small remnant of clothes, but furniture, harp, books, carriage, horses, &c., are left at the Martinière. The poor boys are all stowed away in a hot close native building, and it will be a wonder if they don't get ill. I am grieved to say there have been a great many deaths, and some of them from cholera, among the 32nd, but I trust it is not increasing; it is a great mercy the garrison is as healthy as it is, considering the immense crowd of human beings that are congregated in this small space. In the Residency alone there are upwards of one hundred ladies and children; there are, I think, sixteen hundred Europeans here altogether, and, amongst these, nearly

one thousand fighting men. They have taken the church for stores, and nearly filled it with grain. The top of the church is barricaded, and will be used to shoot from in case we are besieged; we shall have no more service in it, I grieve to say—is not this a horrible, terrible state of things? We are a very melancholy party here, as you may well imagine, and to-day that sweet little Bobbie Fayer is ill, which makes us worse. There are many sad and anxious hearts here; now scarcely a day passes without bringing bad news to some one or other. There is a poor lady at the Residency, a Mrs. —, whose brother, mother, and sister were all murdered at Shahjehanpore. Oh, how my heart aches to think of my darling mother's and all your anxiety! when you get no tidings of us, what will you think? If I could but let you know we are safe now,—but even if we are spared, it will be so long before you hear it; and as to getting your letters, we dare not hope for them for ages to come. There, it does not do to think of these things, it makes one too miserable. ' Good bye, my dear sister, &c. &c.

June 19.

I went yesterday evening with James to the Begum's house to see the poor women who came in from Seetapore, and gave them a few old dressing-gowns and things of mine which I thought would be useful, as they had lost all their own clothes. One of them is expecting to be confined immediately. They were very cheerful, and seemed quite to have got over their troubles. It is wonderful how little that class of people seem to feel things that would almost kill a lady. After our visit to them, James took me with him to see poor Mrs. Eldridge, the widow of the riding-master who was murdered three days ago by his comrade. I don't know when I have seen such a nice well-spoken respectable woman; she spoke most kindly and charitably of the wretched murderer, and seemed to pity him very much. I hear that the poor wretch has never spoken a word since he committed the deed, and will have nothing to say to the Roman Catholic priest who visits him. His wife, a most violent woman, who excited him to the fatal pitch of fury, is perfectly distracted and wild. Mrs. Eldridge has two children, a poor girl of thirteen

who is half-witted, and a fine little boy of six years old. She told me she had two daughters comfortably married at Jellunder, and that if she could get to them she should never want a home. All her things were burnt in cantonments the night of the outbreak. Dr. Fayrer has ordered us to-day not to go to the Residency any more, as smallpox has broken out there. Cholera, too, is raging in the city, and there have been several deaths from it among the 32nd. Intelligence reached this to-day that all the poor ladies and children from Sultaupore, who were thought to be safe in some fort under the protection of a Rajah, have been turned adrift and fallen into the hands of a party of the insurgents, and all been massacred.

James went this morning to see the soldiers in the Muchee Bhowan Fort: it is a very unhealthy place, and all tumbling to pieces, so they would never be able to hold it against an attack. They are moving all the guns, stores, and ammunition down here, and when that is done they will blow it up, and the garrison, 150 strong, will come in here: they have sent the baggage from cantonments down here, and the force is held in readiness to come away at the

first notice of the enemy's approach, but it is determined to hold the position there as long as possible; and also it is not advisable, till absolutely necessary, to bring any more human beings into this already crowded space. Charlie came down to see Emmie this morning, and is looking quite well. The nearest force of insurgents to us is said to be forty miles off: it is the general opinion that we are too strong for them to venture an attack; of course the longer they delay the stronger our defences will be. It is those unfortunate women at Cawnpore one trembles for, if aid does not speedily arrive.

The troops are to abandon cantonments at last, and all come in here this evening. Two children died of cholera at the Residency this morning, and a lady who came in from Secrora, Mrs. Hall, is dying of it to-night: James has been sent for to see her at the Begum's house.

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June 20.

I am extremely unhappy to-day at having been obliged to send away our dear old Bustle. Poor dear dog! I expect he will break his heart, for never did

I see such an attached creature ; he is always miserable when James is out of his sight. An order has been issued that all dogs seen outside the compound are to be hung, and, as it would fret poor Bustle's heart to be tied up, we have sent him down to the Martinière to be with the horses, and I trust the Syces will take care of him till we are able to have the fond old pet back again. Every child in the house is at this moment screeching, and we are all distracted : both the poor little D.s are ill and wearing their mother out ; they will go to no one else, so one cannot help her with them. I never heard such a chorus of squalling in my life. The heat seems to increase every day, and no signs of the rains yet. Dr. Partridge read out loud to us in the drawing-room this morning ' Guy Mannerling.'

A letter came to-day from General Wheeler to Sir H. Lawrence ; no reinforcements arrived at Cawnpore up to the 18th, but the brave people still holding out gloriously, and say they have provisions and ammunition enough for another fortnight ; their sufferings are extreme. General Wheeler says, " It is useless to state the extent of our losses ;" by which one fears they must be terrible. He says the

sun is their worst enemy. Their consolation in their distress is that their devotion may be our salvation. Dear, brave, generous creatures! how heart-rending it is that no aid can be sent them from here! if it were not for the river between us, it might be done. ——— was speaking at dinner to-day of the iniquity of the annexation of Oude, and thinks the tribulation we are now in is a just punishment to our nation for the grasping spirit in which we have governed India; the unjust appropriation of Oude being a finishing stroke to a long course of selfish seeking our own benefit and aggrandisement. No doubt it is a judgment of God, and that we have greatly abused our power; and, as a Government, opposed the spread of Christianity; while individually, by evil example and practices, we have made our religion a reproach in the eyes of the natives. God grant that this heavy chastisement may bring all to a better mind!

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June 21.

"The poor church is converted into a storehouse, so we had service in the drawing-room this morning



at 11 o'clock. James had a service at 9 in the hospital. Mr. Polehampton went to cantonments and gave the troops there an early service, and had one in the Residency at 11. There is to be a general one out of doors this evening at 7 in Mr. Gubbins's garden, where every one who likes may go. How little they are thinking at home how intensely applicable to us are those petitions in the Litany, From plague, pestilence, and famine, from battle, murder, and from sudden death, good Lord deliver us! It seems as if they never came home to one's heart before; indeed the whole of the Liturgy and the Psalms appear so wonderfully suited to our present condition, as if composed expressly for the occasion, taking in all our necessities and all our feelings. They are most comforting.

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June 21, Sunday.

Charlie came down to see Emmie this morning, and told us they had had an alarm in camp last night; some of the scouts came running in to say that a body of cavalry were seen, so they all got under arms, but no one appeared. Fifty of Captain

Weston's men (the City Police) deserted last night, with their arms. I wish every armed native would go; we should all feel much safer, for not one can be trusted. It is three weeks to-day since the memorable Whit-Sunday when we fled in such alarm to the Residency, expecting to be attacked immediately. Captain Weston was saying yesterday it was perfectly unaccountable why they did not molest us that day, when our defences could not possibly have stood an assault, but now we are so well prepared we could hold our own against any number of the enemy. What a merciful Providence it was that withheld them! Our great fear now is of traitors in the garrison. Sir Henry L. will go on trusting the Seikhs and a few others who have unfortunately not yet joined the rebels, and no one but himself has the smallest confidence in them. At Benares, Cawnpore, and other places, the Seikhs have turned against us, and it is not likely these will be better than the rest. At Cawnpore, where the garrison was entirely composed of Seikhs, they rose and murdered all the Europeans; amongst the rest Mr. Fane, a cousin of the D.s. The native artillerymen have been true, or rather stuck

to us as yet, and half the guns are manned by them ; but one feels very uncomfortable at the idea they are pretty sure not to fire on their countrymen if they appear ; and it is impossible not to be afraid of the mischief they may do us. But we have been so mercifully preserved hitherto we ought not to despond, especially when we remember those poor distressed people at Cawnpore.

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June 22, Monday.

Dear F. and G.'s wedding-day. Five years ago now, and how fresh every incident is in my memory ! I have been recalling every little circumstance, and living it over again in my mind. What a sad anniversary for poor F. !—the first he has passed alone since his darling was taken away. Their dog Toph died on their wedding-day last year, and they wrote to tell us how grieved they were about it, little dreaming of the great grief which was so soon coming. What would I not give to hear of the safety of F. and the children ! One trembles at the idea of what may be going on in the Punjaub if the Seikhs should have revolted. This uncertainty

about the fate of one's friends in other parts of India, and the impossibility of hearing of them, are very hard to bear. Charlie is very anxious about Teddie and Maggie;\* they are at Hansi, far from any European troops or place of refuge. There has been no news from any quarter to-day, except that twenty gentlemen-volunteers with thirty Seikhs rode out on the Secrora road last night to try and gain some intelligence of the insurgents. They came back about one to-day, having seen and heard nothing at all, but there is a strong force at Secrora. We had a very heavy shower of rain early this morning, and were in hopes it was going to continue, but all signs of it very quickly departed, and the heat is greater than ever. James took Mrs. Boileau and me this evening to walk round the fortifications of the P. O., which are very strong. Mr. Brice, an old Peshawur friend, has the command there. He told us half his native gunners deserted last night. I wish they would all go, we should be much safer.

\* Edward Barwell and wife, murdered at Hansi.

June 23, Tuesday.

James had fever on him all last night, and is very poorly to-day, but I hope will be better soon. A great many people are suffering from boils. Mrs. Dashwood's little boy and Mrs. Boileau's children are covered with them. I hear they are very common at Lucknow. I am thankful to say there have been no fresh cases either of small-pox or cholera the last few days. Charlie came down this morning. I have got dear old Bustle back. Mr. Schilling, who went down to the Martinière yesterday, told us such a touching account of the poor dog's misery and pining that J.'s heart relented, and he consented to his return. The order about the destruction of dogs has never been attended to, and while I see so many pariahs allowed to run about with impunity there is no reason for Bustle's exile. Dr. Partridge has been reading 'Guy Mannering' aloud to us the last three mornings, which passes them pleasantly, and causes Chip's frock to proceed apace. I wonder if the darling boy will ever have it when finished. All the officers have had their white jackets, trousers, and cap-covers dyed slate or

mud-colour, partly to save the washing and partly because that colour is so much less prominent a mark for the enemy. They look such queer figures.

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June 24, St. John the Baptist's Day.

Such terrible news from Cawnpore yesterday. It has made us all miserable again. General Wheeler writes to say the insurgents have got mortars, and are shelling the besieged in their intrenchments. They had thirty shells sent amongst them in three hours, and have lost a third of their number. They have retired under ground, and do not suffer so much from the sun therefore, but unless relief comes now in a few days they are lost. Oh God, help them! It is too agonizing to think of their perishing after all their bravery and devotion. And the poor women and children; how heart-sick it makes one to think of them! It is certain that an enormous force is gathering with the intent of coming down upon Lucknow. There are 15,000 troops they say now in Oude, independent of the Cawnpore force, which numbers about 5000, and which will join the rest if Cawnpore falls. They have eighteen guns,

but the shells are worse than anything. It was supposed, till General Wheeler's note came yesterday, that the rebels had none, and, if they had, did not understand how to use them. But, alas ! they have proved they know too well. They can shell from a distance of two miles, where our guns cannot touch them, which just suits the cowards. Poor Sir H. Wheeler is much to blame for not having removed all the guns and ammunition into the intrenched camp when there was time. They had a good three weeks after the first outbreak at Meerut before the troops mutinied at Cawnpore, and ample time for every precaution. We are indeed in an awful strait. It may be God's will that we should all perish, and that I should never see my darling mother and sisters again in this world. . . .

Meanwhile I will strive to bear all we may have to endure with patience and fortitude, and, as much as I can, help and comfort my companions and husband : he is still very poorly with a bad sore throat, and extremely weak and pulled down ; but I am thankful to say the fever has gone, so that I hope to-morrow he will be much better. There is a report among the natives that Delhi has fallen ; if this be

true, it will perhaps awe the insurgents, and prevent their venturing to attack us here. It is surmised the cause of the delay at Delhi was waiting for poor old General Reid to come down from Peshawur and take the command, as he is the senior General in the Queen's service out here. We imagine something terrible must be happening in Bengal which prevents European troops from coming up. We expected four regiments long ere this; they will now be obliged to wait for the China force, and send up a large army, for there are thousands in arms between Cawnpore and Benares, and two or three regiments would hardly make their way through them. It is all very, very dreadful, and one does not see a glimmer of sunshine in the dark clouds. The rain too is keeping off most unusually late: if that came down in torrents it would very much discompose the enemy, as niggers abominate wet weather. To-day is very blowing and dusty: I hope it is a sign that rain is not far off.

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June 26.

Good news has cheered us up to-day, for we have heard really and truly of the fall of Delhi from Sir



H. L., who received a letter this morning with the joyful tidings. Our army was in possession of the city on the 13th—dear G.'s wedding-day. The insurgents were still in the fort, so that had to be taken, but no doubt they have driven them out long ere this. A royal salute was fired from this place, the cantonments, and the Muchee Bhowan, with a view of impressing our triumph on the natives, and causing their hearts to melt into water. Positive news came yesterday too, that the 84th Queen's and Madras Fusileers had driven away the rebels at Allahabad and got possession of fort and cantonments; they were to proceed towards Cawnpore as soon as arrangements for carriage could be made. God grant they may be in time to save the unfortunates there. No news from Sir H. Wheeler for two days past. There are 10,000 of the rebels with 10 guns camped at Nawab Gunge, twenty miles from this; but it is hoped that the news from Delhi will deter their coming to attack us, and dishearten those at Cawnpore. We hear the post goes regularly between Allahabad and Calcutta, and that the telegraph is at work again and communication opened from up country till within twenty miles of Cawnpore,

and telegraphs working between Agra and Delhi ; all this cheers us, and gives us great cause for thankfulness. Mrs. Boileau has heard of the safe arrival of her husband at Goruckpore, where he has fallen in with some European troops. The officers of those regiments that have made themselves scarce are all learning gun drill, that they may serve as artillerymen in time of need ; there is also a volunteer cavalry corps formed of a select few ; numbers had to be rejected, from being such abominable riders. Captain Weston told us this morning, to our extreme dismay, that the little notes we sent on the 12th and 13th did not get far ; those going up country were destroyed, and those going down buried, and the man cannot recollect where their grave is ; so all the dear ones at home will be terribly anxious, not even getting a line to say we are alive : I hope though now we shall soon be able to write by post. Mr. Schilling's bearer followed the example of ours the other day, and decamped, robbing his master to the tune of 150 rupees ; ours took nothing with him ; fortunately the rest of our people are all behaving very well, and have not even plagued us for money, as some of them are doing. Our Syces come from the

Martinière every morning and report the horses quite well. All the clouds are gone, and the weather as hot as ever. I am making a flannel coat for little Bobbie Fayrer. Dr. Partridge has done Guy Man-nering, and begun Quentin Durward to us. Dear James is much better, though his throat and chest are still bad.

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June 27.

Little Bobbie Fayrer is a year old to-day. Sweet little fellow, I never saw a more lovely boy than he is. A letter from Sir H. Wheeler last night; they are still holding out bravely; but he says their sufferings have exceeded anything recorded in history. Nearly all the children and most of the women have died from the effects of the sun; and there is a fearful list of killed and wounded. The General's son, Mr. Wheeler, of the 1st N. I., who was our landlord, and lived next door to us the first six months we were at Peshawur, was killed by a round shot at his father's side as the poor old man was finishing his letter. The enemy have two 24-pounders, three mortars, and eight other guns, which

they fire on the besieged night and day. Ten days after the barracks were knocked down, the unhappy people had no shelter whatever from the sun. Ladies and children sat under tables and chairs out in the open. The General says they can hold out till the 2nd, by which time they hope to obtain relief from Allahabad. Two regiments of infantry and two guns, and 200 Seikhs, were starting from there on the 24th: oh, I trust they will be in time. They say our salutes yesterday put the insurgents at Nawab Gunge in a great state of excitement. News has been received that 11 persons, ladies and gentlemen, escaped from Seetapore, and are hiding in the jungles, protected by a rajah, who is very civil to them, and that the two Miss Jacksons and their brother are among them; it was positively asserted that they had been killed at Seetapore, the natives declaring they had seen their bodies, which leads one to hope that others reported dead may be found alive some day. There are 800 soldiers arrived at Allahabad, and two of the Persian Gulf regiments have returned and are started from Calcutta, so we may hope soon to have a sufficient number for our protection up here

Jan. 1858.

*Postscript.*—The man in the 7th cavalry who murdered his comrade was allowed his liberty during the siege, and behaved most gallantly; he was killed by a round shot at the Redan battery. One of his children was also killed, and poor Mrs. Eldridge's idiot daughter had her leg taken off by a round shot, and died in great agony. The D.s' cousin, Mr. Fane, whom I mentioned in a letter as killed, escaped, and is alive and well. Only one of the Miss Jacksons escaped, with her brother; the other was taken by a rajah, and has never been since heard of. Sir Mountstuart Jackson and his poor sister are still prisoners in Lucknow.

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## SIEGE COMMENCED.

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Lucknow, June 30, 1857, Tuesday.

A MOST disastrous day. Early this morning we were awoke by the sound of guns passing the house, and found that a small force of 300, with seven guns, were going out to meet the advanced guard of the enemy, which was reported to be at a place called Nawab Gunge, in hopes, by driving them back, of preventing the rest from coming on. When they reached the village of Chinhut, about five miles from Lucknow, instead of a small force they found the whole rebel army, amounting to between 12,000 and 15,000. Our unfortunate troops were taken at a disadvantage, completely surrounded, and obliged to fly back in terrible disorder, leaving nearly 200 killed and wounded, and five of our guns, one of them a howitzer, in the hands of the enemy. It was little less than miraculous that any of them came back alive. Poor Colonel Case, Captain Stevens, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Brackenbury, and Captain M'Clean, of the 71st N. I., were killed. Sir

Henry Lawrence and Colonel Inglis returned all safe. At nine o'clock we were in a state of siege, completely invested by the enemy, and tremendous firing commenced. A very fierce attack was made on the Bailee Guard Gate at the back of this house. No sooner was the first gun fired than the ladies and children were all hurried down stairs into an underground room, called the Tye Khana, damp, dark, and gloomy as a vault, and excessively dirty. Here we sat all day, feeling too miserable, anxious, and terrified to speak, the gentlemen occasionally coming down to reassure us and tell us how things were going on. James was nearly all the day in the hospital, where the scene was terrible: the place so crowded with wounded and dying men that they had no room to pass between them, and everything in a state of indescribable misery, discomfort, and confusion. The Polehamptons have left the Residency, and got a little room in the hospital to live in. Mrs. Polehampton will make herself useful there in nursing. I wish I could go too, but there is no room for us, and James says it is too great a risk for me going backwards and forwards under fire each time, so I must try to be of use here instead.

July 1, Wednesday.

Poor Miss Palmer's leg was shot off this afternoon at the Residency. Sir Henry L. too had a very narrow escape; a round shot passed just above his head through the room in which he was sitting. The firing has been incessant the whole day, and we have been close prisoners to the Tye Khana.

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July 2, Thursday.

Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded about half-past eight this morning, from the bursting of a shell in the Residency. He was on his bed, and Captain Wilson was reading some papers to him, when he was hit by an enormous piece of shell, and his left leg nearly taken off just below the thigh. He was brought over to this house immediately. James prayed with him, and administered the Holy Communion to him. He was quite sensible, though his agony was extreme. He spoke for nearly an hour, quite calmly, expressing all his last wishes with regard to his children. He sent affectionate messages to them and to each of his brothers and



sisters; he particularly mentioned the Lawrence Asylum, and entreated that Government might be urged to give it support; he bid farewell to all the gentlemen who were standing round his bed, and said a few words of advice and kindness to each. His nephew, Mr. George Lawrence, he blessed most affectionately, and told him he regarded him as a son. He spoke of his wife, who died about four years ago, most affectingly, and expressed the deepest penitence and remorse for his own sins, and most perfect trust and faith in his Saviour. James says he never met with such a humble-minded Christian, or attended a more truly beautiful and edifying death-bed. There was not a dry eye there; every one was so deeply affected and grieved at the loss of such a man, and we all felt as if our best friend and support was taken from us. I shall never forget the miserable feeling of despair which seemed to take possession of us, as if our last hope were gone. Poor Sir Henry's screams and groans of agony all day have been fearful to hear. He has named Major Banks, as his successor in the chief authority. This has been a wretched day. Lieut. Dashwood was severely contused by the falling of

bricks from the striking of a round shot at the Cawnpore battery. He was brought here soon after Sir Henry L. ; and Captain Power, an officer of the 32nd, was shot in the front verandah. The fire all day has been more tremendous than ever. The enemy seem to have found out that Sir Henry is still alive and where he is, for they direct their fire especially on this house. Last night we were very much startled by the blowing up of the Muchee Bhowan Fort ; the shock was terrific, and at first we did not recollect what it was, though we had been told what was to happen. The garrison arrived here quite safely, not a shot having been fired at them.

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July 3, Friday.

I was up stairs all day, nursing Sir Henry, who still lingers in extreme suffering ; his screams are so terrible, I think the sound will never leave my ears ; when not under the influence of chloroform, he is quite conscious, and J. has been reading to him all day psalms and prayers as he was able to bear them. He several times repeated them after him in quite a strong voice. Once we thought he was

going, but he rallied, and has taken an immense quantity of arrowroot and champagne during the day. Once when I was feeding him he looked at me so hard, as if he was trying to remember who I was. The firing has never ceased for a second the whole day.

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July 4, Saturday.

Sir Henry L. died at a quarter past eight this morning. His end was very peaceful, and without suffering. J. was with him. I came into the room a minute after he had breathed his last: his expression was so happy one could not but rejoice that his pain was over. Half an hour before he died, his nephew, Mr. George Lawrence, was shot through the shoulder in the verandah. I have been nursing him to-day, poor fellow; it was so sad to see him lying there in the room with his uncle's body, looking so sad and suffering. About twelve the smell became so offensive I was obliged to ask J. to have the body carried outside, so he called some soldiers to help carry the bed into the verandah. When they came in, one of the men lifted the sheet off poor Sir Henry's face, and kissed him. Last

night nearly all the servants ran away: two khitnutgars, five punkah coolies, three sweepers, four ayahs, and Mrs. D.'s baby's wetnurse, only remained behind. We are all obliged to put our shoulders to the wheel and divide the work between us. Mr. Schilling has sent us three little Martinière boys to help. A soldier of the 32nd, called Metcalfe, has taken charge of dear old Bustle for us. He was so much in the way down in the Tye Khana, and received such black looks from — and —, we were afraid we should have been obliged to condemn him to death as the most merciful way of getting rid of him, when this delightful man, who is on guard at this house, offered to take charge of him for us till better days should come. Mr. Ommaney, the Judicial Commissioner, was shot through the head yesterday, and is not expected to live. He came here to see poor Sir Henry, and was wounded on his way home.

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July 5, Sunday.

We had service, and all received comfort in the Holy Communion downstairs in the Tye Khana.

Work was portioned out, to each of us who are strong enough to do any, by James this morning. My share is to act housemaid, and keep the rooms we inhabit tidy and clean: I am also to nurse Mr. Lawrence, and any sick or wounded who may be brought to this house. ✕ We all sleep (that is, eleven ladies and seven children) on the floor of the Tye Khana, where we spread mattresses and fit into each other like bits in a puzzle, so as best to feel the punkah. The gentlemen sleep upstairs in a long verandah sort of room on the side of the house least exposed to fire. My bed consists of a purdah and a pillow. In the morning we all roll up our bedding, and pile them in heaps against the wall. We have only room for very few chairs down there, which are assigned to invalids, and most of us take our meals seated on the floor, with our plates on our knees. We are always obliged to light a candle for breakfast and dinner, as the room is perfectly dark. Our usual fare consists of stew, as being easiest to cook: it is brought up in a large deckger, so as not to dirty a dish, and a portion ladled out to each person. Of course we can get no bread or butter, so chapatties are the

disagreeable substitute. We have large stores of beer, wine, tea, arrowroot, sago, &c., which will last a long time. Our rations of meat, rice, wheat, dhol, &c., we draw from the commissariat. We are all kept close prisoners to the dismal Tye Khana, only Mrs. D. and I go upstairs at all during the day—she to see her husband and I to look after Mr. Lawrence. For about half an hour in the evening we are permitted to sit in the portico and breathe a little fresh air. After sunset the firing generally slackens considerably for a time, and it is supposed the sepoys are engaged just then in cooking their dinner. Mr. Ommaney died this evening: what a dreadful blow it must be to his poor wife and daughters!

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July 7, Tuesday.

Mr. Polehampton was shot through the body this morning. He was in his own room, shaving, and a musket-ball came through the window. I am delighted to say the wound is not mortal. The bullet entered his side and came out at his back, but no vital part was touched, and he is going on

well. Captain Francis of the 13th N. I. had his leg taken off by a round shot to-day.

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July 8.

Captain Francis died. A little girl at the Begum Kotee was killed to-day by a round shot. James has five or six funerals every night. He has very hard work of it now Mr. Polehampton is laid up; and going down to the churchyard to bury, he is exposed to a hot fire the whole time. I feel so terribly heartsick and anxious till I see him come back again safe; but God will, I trust, protect him in his perilous duties.

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July 9, Thursday.

This has been a dreadful day. Poor Lieut. D. died of cholera: he was taken ill about four o'clock this morning, and before two he was dead. His poor wife never left him from the time she was first called, which was about five. At first Dr. Fayrer was not alarmed, thought it a very slight case, and that he would recover; but he never

rallied at all. James said prayers with him and gave him the Holy Communion. His brother was with him when he died. My patient, Mr. Lawrence, went back to his own quarters this morning, convalescent.

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July 10, Friday.

Young Mr. Dashwood wounded himself in the leg while cleaning his own pistol this morning. He is likely to be laid up some time, as they cannot find the ball.

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July 12, Sunday.

We had service upstairs in the hall. Tremendous fire kept up all last night.

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July 13, Monday.

Mr. Charlton of the 32nd shot through the head.

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July 14.

Very heavy firing all day: ten Europeans wounded: five buried this evening.



July 16, Thursday.

Poor Mrs. Thomas died of small-pox. She was staying here before the siege began, and has since been living at the Begum Kotee. Mr. Lester, who was shot yesterday, died to-day. There were six funerals this evening.

I finished a flannel "jumper" for Captain Weston, and began a flannel shirt for Mr. Polehampton; his wife is so much engaged nursing him and other sick in hospital, she has no time to work. James had a most providential escape to-day. As he was going down to the graveyard a round shot fell between him and the dhoolie next to which he was walking, and threw up the earth all over him. Mr. Brice of the artillery, an old Peshawur friend, was wounded to-day. Little Mary Strongways died of cholera.

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July 17, Friday.

Four round shot came through the house to-day: mercifully none of us were touched.

July 19, Sunday.

Mr. Arthur of the 7th Cavalry was killed this morning, and two officers wounded in the Residency. Poor Mr. Polehampton was seized with cholera: James went over to see him, and found him as ill as he could be, and frightfully altered; he would hardly have known him. There is no hope of his recovery.

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July 20, Monday.

Mr. Polehampton died at half-past eight this morning. J. sat up all last night with him, and was with him when he died. His poor wife is stricken to the earth by this terrible blow. God help her! J. says she is wonderfully calm. This evening he read the funeral service alone with her over her husband's body, before taking it away with the others for burial. She was extremely anxious he should have a coffin, a wish it seemed impossible to gratify; but J. instituted a search, and found one stowed away with some old boxes under the staircase in the hospital; and he also

had a separate grave dug for him. Since the siege the bodies have always been buried several in the same grave, and sewn up in their bedding, as there are no people and there is no time to make coffins.

The enemy made a very strong attack to-day; it began at 10 o'clock and lasted three hours, when they gave it up. Two 18-pounders came through the room Em. B. and I used to sleep in, and where we have since always gone to perform an alarmed and hurried toilet; it was impossible to wash and dress down in the Tye Khana, so we have hitherto braved the danger. J. was in the room this morning at his ablutions when the roundshots came through; he was quite smothered with dust, as a great piece of wall and ceiling came down, but was most mercifully saved from hurt. I was dreadfully frightened when I heard the noise, for I knew he was in the room. I really felt paralyzed with terror, till I heard him call out he was "all right!" He was obliged to creep out of the rubbish almost in a state of nature, as he was just in the act of bathing when the shot struck the room.

We have by degrees crept upstairs during the day

and sat in the little entrance-hall, which is considered tolerably safe ; but this morning we were all hurried down to the lower regions in double-quick time. We dress now in a tiny barricaded closet out of the dining-room, where no balls have come yet.

We had two killed and nine wounded this morning during the attack. There were nine funerals to-night—the largest number since the battle of Chinhut. Mrs. Polehampton has left the hospital and gone to a room at the Begum Kotee, which she shares with Mrs. Barbor and Mrs. Galle, both widows, whose husbands were murdered by the mutineers.

We have had no less than eight round-shot through this house to-day.

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July 21, Tuesday.

Three weeks since the siege began. Poor Major Banks was shot this morning on the top of the Gubbins's house. There was a fierce attack made on that side to-day. Dr. Brydone of the 71st was wounded, but not mortally ; he was shot whilst at dinner.

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July 22, Wednesday.

Mrs. Dorin, one of the fugitives from Seetapore, was killed in the Gubbins's house to-day, shot through the head in her room. Two shells burst in the churchyard last night not forty yards from the grave where J. was standing.

Now that Major Banks is dead, there is no Chief Commissioner. Colonel Inglis of the 32nd is Brigadier, and commands the garrison, which is entirely under military authority.

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July 24, Friday.

No casualties to-day, and only one funeral.

Mrs. D. is very poorly, and quite unequal to the charge of her children; so I am now head nurse as well as housemaid, and find plenty to do, which keeps my thoughts from dwelling too much on the misery and horror that surround us. Ally D. is a dear little boy of two, and Herbert, the baby, is ten months old; their poor mother is expecting her confinement again before long.

I am making her a black dress.

July 25, Saturday, St. James's Day.

Poor Mr. Polehampton's effects were sold to-day, and realised 700 rupees (70%.)

Both the little D.s are ill with diarrhœa, and I am up half the night with them. The Boileau children and Bobbie Fayrer have it too; our rest is much disturbed; what with the frequent night attacks of the enemy, the crying and illness of the poor children, the rats and mice which run over us, the heat, and the sleepiness of the punkah coolie, unbroken sleep is a luxury we have long been strangers to. We take it in turns to watch during the night for an hour each; mine is the second watch, from 10 to 11. Mrs. Boileau takes from 9 to 10, and wakes me just as I am in my first slumber. I don't exactly know what is gained by these night watchings, except that we are all very nervous, and are expecting some dreadful catastrophe to happen, so that the rest go to sleep more easily, if one of the party is known to be awake. The ladies who are delicate, as Mrs. D., Mrs. Fayrer, Mrs. Anderson, and Emily B., are exempted from keeping watch.

July 26, Sunday.

The first news that greeted us this morning was, that a pensioner, Unget by name, who had been sent to Cawnpore with a letter, had returned with a despatch from Colonel Fraser Tytler, the Quarter-master-General of the troops under General Havelock, who is advancing to our relief with a large force, and hopes to be here in four days. These joyful tidings put us all in the highest spirits. It seems as if one could never be thankful enough for the deliverance which is at hand.

Smith, one of our little Martinière servants, was shot through the leg this morning, running with a note from Miss Schilling to her brother.

J. was sent for to see a lady at the Gubbins's house, dying of cholera (Mrs. Grant); her husband was on another bed in the same room, and one of their children died yesterday. The husband and wife partook of the Holy Communion together for the last time on earth. Mr. Lewin of the Artillery was killed at the Cawnpore gate; his wife is expecting her confinement; she has one little girl, the age of Herbert D.

July 27, Monday.

There was an attack in the night which alarmed us, but the enemy as usual were soon driven back. Captain Shepherd was killed. Mrs. Grant died this morning.

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July 29, Tuesday.

Colonel Halford died this morning; he has been ill with a carbuncle ever since the siege began, but we had no idea his end was so near.

J. said prayers with him this evening. . . .

The poor daughter is much to be pitied. . . .

There was great excitement in the garrison this afternoon; firing was distinctly heard, and we all came to the conclusion our much longed for relief was near; some of the soldiers began to cheer, and sentinels on the top of the house declared they could distinguish the advance of European troops in the direction of the Martinière park; time passed, nothing came of it, a reaction took place, our spirits fell to the lowest ebb, and at length we were told the guns which had so rejoiced our hearts were fired in honour of a puppet King of Oude, aged 11, who was proclaimed to-day. I have finished Mrs.



D.'s black dress, and feel rather proud of it, as I have done every stitch myself. Captain Grant died of his wounds to-day: he has been unconscious the last two days, and never knew that his wife was dead; the last time he spoke of her, he thought she was better, and was too ill to be told she had preceded him. The doctors forbade it; but I should think it would have comforted him.

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August 2, Sunday.

This is the Buckraeede, a great Mahomedan feast, and a grand attack was consequently expected from the rebel forces, but it has been instead an unusually quiet day, and we imagine therefore that many of them have gone off to oppose the relieving army. Poor little Bobbie Fayrer is very ill; I never saw such a sad change as there is in him from the lovely cherub of a child he was some time since; he is now quite a skeleton, and looks like a little old man. All the children are very bad; the want of fresh air and exercise, and the loss of their accustomed food, have made them all ill. Little Herbert D.'s wet-nurse is in such a bad

humour, and always threatening to run away, and declaring her milk is gone, so we have been trying to wean the poor child, and I feed him with thin arrow-root and sago mixed with a little milk, but he dislikes the change very much, and I fear it does not agree with him, for he has had diarrhoea, and now it has turned to dysentery. James has had some correspondence with Brigadier Inglis about the state of the churchyard; the smell there became so horrible, owing to the shallowness of the graves and the want of workpeople to make proper arrangements, that the medical men pronounced it positively dangerous for the living to go there, and J. for two nights read the funeral service over the dead in the hospital porch, and did not accompany them to the graveyard: having reported the state of it to the proper authority, it ended by the Brigadier giving orders that the graves should be dug the necessary depth, and a plentiful supply of charcoal spread over them. James considered that as he is the only Chaplain here, he must think of his duties to the living before the dead; if he were made ill by the noxious vapours rising from the graves, the former would be the sufferers.

One of the most serious inconveniences we endure in consequence of the desertion of the servants is the loss of a dhobee ; there is only one left, and he has neither soap nor starch. James made an arrangement with him to wash a few things occasionally, but he merely dips them in water, and brings them back no cleaner than he received them. I have washed some myself, but it is such dreadful hot work it half kills one.

Since Smith was wounded I have undertaken, in addition to my other work, to wash up the cups and saucers for the early tea ; and I find every hour of the day fully occupied. It is a great comfort to have so much to do, and to feel oneself of some little use, and helps one to keep up one's spirits much better than would otherwise be possible under the circumstances. Dear James is very hard worked, and does not spare himself the least, so we don't see much of each other.

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August 4.

One of the gunners was shot dead in the verandah this morning. When I came up stairs to dress, I saw the poor fellow lying there in a pool of blood.

August 5.

A soldier of the 32nd was shot in hospital this morning, while sitting on a comrade's bed.

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August 6.

Mr. Studdy, a 32nd officer, had his arm shot off by an 18-pounder.

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August 7.

Unget returned last night with another letter. General Havelock's force was obliged to return to Cawnpore to oppose the rebels, who were gathering in their rear, and will not be able to come to the relief of Lucknow till they get more reinforcements. Dear James is very poorly to-day, and indeed we are none of us feeling well. Hard work and want of fresh air, together with hope deferred, are beginning to tell upon most people.

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August 8, Saturday.

Poor Mr. Bryce died of cholera to-day, and also Dr. M'Donald. Mr. Bryce had nearly recovered.

from his wound. He was ill a very few hours. James was with him; but the poor fellow was in such extreme agony until the collapse came on, he could not speak or attend to anything.

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Aug. 9, Sunday.

Dear J.'s 35th birthday; and a little siege baby cousin came into this stormy world. E. presented Charlie with a small son and heir at eight o'clock this morning. She felt very unwell all yesterday, but until the evening we never suspected the cause, as she did not expect herself to be confined for another fortnight. I sat up with her all night, and was with her till master baby made his appearance. Dr. Partridge attended her, and was very kind. She suffered very much, poor thing! but bore it most bravely. Charlie went off at dawn of day, and got a very nice 32nd woman (Mrs. Roberts), who only just arrived in time.

Poor Mr. Studdy died to-day of his wound. Mrs. Hersham's and Mrs. Kendal's babies died. It is sad the number of children who are dying: they get diarrhœa, for which there seems no cure. We have

by mutual consent given up the night watchings. I suppose we are grown braver, so we voted there was no necessity for any one to keep awake, and composedly resign ourselves to the arms of Morpheus.

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August 10, Monday.

I was called up in the night to attend to my wee siege cousin. Charlie took Mrs. Roberts's place for some time, but could not manage to pacify his infant son, who was crying lustily, so at last came down to call me. I went up and found the poor little thing required dressing and feeding, both of which operations I successfully performed, and then put him to sleep. Charlie went off at daylight to find another nurse, and brought back a copper-coloured individual of the name of Scott, who seems a good sort of woman; and Emmie and baby are both flourishing to-day. Captain Power has died of his wounds. He was shot here the same day as Sir H. Lawrence. The enemy made two heavy attacks on our intrenchments—one in the middle of the day, and the second this even-

ing: it began just as we were kneeling down to prayers.

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August 11, Tuesday.

Part of the roof of the Residency fell in this morning, and buried six men of the 32nd: only two were dug out alive.

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August 12, Wednesday.

Major Anderson, our chief engineer, died: he will be a great loss to the garrison.

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August 14, Friday.

The smell in the churchyard is again so offensive that it has made J. quite ill; and when he came back he vomited about two hours incessantly, and frightened me very much.

Mrs. Fayerer is very ill. She had alarming choleraic symptoms to-day. They have barricaded the windows in Mrs. D.'s old room, and put her to bed.

August 15, Saturday.

Dear J. all right again to-day. Mrs. Fayerer very ill, and little Bobbie too. I fear little Herbert cannot recover! he seems to be sinking. It makes one's heart ache to look at his little suffering face. He is so weak he scarcely ever cries, and when he does, it is such a little feeble wail it is pitiable to hear. We are all coming to sleep upstairs in the dining-room to-night. The Tye Khana is so damp, every one is ill, and the dining-room is *tolerably* safe. Mrs. Clarke and I have been busy arranging beds under the punkah, and sewing on a good deep frill to whisk away the mosquitoes. This is the first night there has been no funeral.

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August 16, Sunday.

Emily's baby a week old. A shell burst in verandah outside Mrs. Fayerer's room. She was very much alarmed, and it is wonderful how she escaped being hurt. Dr. Fayerer carried her bed into Emmie's room, which, being quite in the centre of the house, is comparatively safe. Now the two invalids



are together in a sort of hospital. A letter was brought in from Cawnpore last night. General Havelock still waiting for reinforcements, and no hope of relief for us at present.

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August 19.

Dear little Herbert D. died at half-past three this morning. Yesterday he seemed so much better that Mrs. D. was quite happy about him; but fever came on in the night, and we were alarmed at the way he gasped for breath. Mrs. Boileau happened to wake, and heard him first. Directly she looked at him she saw he was dying, and woke his mother and me. I called up Dr. Partridge, who ordered a warm bath; and we sent the "dye" down to prepare some water, but before she came up with it the little spirit had fled. One could not grieve; he looked so sweet and happy; the painful look of suffering quite gone, and a lovely smile on his dear little baby face. We closed his pretty blue eyes, and crossed his little hands over his breast, and there he lay by his mother's side till daylight; then she washed the little body herself,

and put him on a white nightgown, and I tied a lace handkerchief round his face, as she had no caps. Charlie D. came over to see her, and we left her quiet with him and the dead baby till eleven, when I was obliged to go in and ask her to part with it. She let me take it away, and I sewed the little sweet one up myself in a clean white cloth, and James carried it over to the hospital to wait there for the evening burials. Poor little Ally is so ill, it prevents Mrs. D. thinking so much of the loss of Herbert as she else would. She is so anxious, poor thing, about her last remaining treasure. He has fever and dysentery, and his life seems hanging on a thread. Bobby Fayrer is just as ill, and his mother also, but the poor little fellow has found a most devoted nurse in Miss Schilling; and if he lives, humanly speaking, the Fayrers will owe their child's life to her unremitting care and attention. She watches him night and day, and never leaves his crib for a minute. The poor child is not allowed to be moved or lifted up. The only fear is Miss Schilling getting ill herself from over-fatigue and anxiety, and I wish much I could help her; but what with looking after Emmie's wants, and nursing

both Mrs. D. and Ally, besides my housemaid's work and washing up cups and saucers, &c., I have as much on my hands as I can manage.

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August 23, Sunday.

We had service, with the comfort of the Blessed Sacrament, at half-past three. Emily and Mrs. Fayrer came out to church, and lay on two sofas, looking very interesting invalids. Mrs. Polehampton, Mrs. Barber, and Mrs. Lewin came to the service. It was very affecting to see so many newly-made widows assembled together; with Mrs. D. and Mrs. Halford there were five in the same room.

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August 26, Wednesday.

Mr. Webb, an officer of the 32nd, was killed in Mr. Gubbins's compound by an 18-pounder. We are reduced from this date to half rations.

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August 27, Thursday.

A 32nd man badly wounded in the verandah this morning. There was an auction held to-day of

some stores which belonged to poor Sir Henry Lawrence. The price things were sold for was quite laughable. A dozen of brandy fetched 170 rupees; two small tins of soup 55 rupees; a ham 75; a quart bottle of honey 45; beer 75 a dozen, &c.

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August 29, Saturday.

The pensioner Unget returned again from Cawnpore last night, bringing a letter from General Havelock, still waiting for reinforcements. Oh! when will they come? Sir Colin Campbell is arrived in Calcutta. Delhi is not yet taken, but expected to fall in twenty days. The Rajah Patalia has declared himself on our side, and sent a large force to Delhi. The Punjaub is all quiet; the Seikhs prove faithful.

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August 30, Sunday.

This is the last day of the Mohurram, and there was a report that the enemy intended attacking us in force, but they must have changed their minds, for the firing has been less than usual. Our only two

kitmughars ran away last night, and great was the dismay in the household this morning when their desertion was discovered. No one to light the kitchen fire or boil the kettle for tea; we began to think some of us should be obliged to turn cooks, not at all a desirable office in such melting weather; but happily a friend indeed turned up in Mrs. Need, a woman Mrs. Boileau engaged some time ago to take care of her children, who volunteered her services in the kitchen. The new *chef de cuisine* served us up such a capital breakfast and dinner, we began to think the departure of the kits rather a good thing than otherwise, especially as we shall be saved paying them a large amount of wages due for the last two months.

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August 31, Monday.

Mrs. D. was taken ill this morning and confined in less than half-an-hour. I had just time to rush into the gentlemen's room and wake up Dr. Partridge, fly into Emmie's room and get a purdah, which we rolled her on to carry her into her old room where the shell had burst, before her third

little son made his appearance. I was never more astonished in my life. When we had set down the bed I ran to ask Emmie for some baby clothes, as there were none ready; before I got back again I heard a cry, and the first thing I saw was the little new-born; the very image of his poor father; every one who saw it remarked it instantly. Emmie's nurse came in to wash and dress the poor little thing, and James has been all day trying to find a nurse, but has not yet succeeded, so I have been in attendance when necessary; but poor little Ally is too ill to be left, so I hope we shall find some one to come soon.

After breakfast Emmie vacated the hospital-room, as she is now quite well enough to come out, and we have moved Mrs. D. into her place opposite Mrs. Fayrer's bed. I have not sat down to-day a minute; what with nursing and cooking for invalids, I never was so busy in my life.

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September 1, Tuesday.

I sat up with Mrs. D. and baby last night; both were very restless. The baby would not be quiet,

except in his mother's bed or my arms; the nurse came this morning, whom J. succeeded in getting yesterday. Her arrival was a great relief to me, little Ally requiring such constant nursing I could not attend to his mother and him at the same time. Two Martinière boys have been taken away to grind grain by order of the Brigadier; so we are again distressed for servants and obliged to work harder than ever.

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September 2, Wednesday.

J. engaged Mrs. Weston, the sexton's wife, a half-caste, to come and help in the kitchen, and wash up plates and dishes. A very sad thing occurred this evening: Mr. Birch was shot through the body by some fatal mistake through one of our own loopholes. His wife was the daughter of Colonel Brown, who commanded the artillery at Peshawur, and whose death-bed James attended a year and a half ago. She was only married last January, and escaped with her husband in here from the massacre at Seetapore a short time before the siege began. Her poor husband lived a few hours after he was

wounded, and James was with him when he died. Mrs. Birch is expecting her confinement ; her father-in-law, Colonel Birch, was murdered at Seetapore ; it is altogether a sad story.

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September 4.

Major Bruère, 13th N. I., was killed this afternoon on the top of the brigade mess ; he has left a wife and four children.

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September 5.

Mr. Graham, one of the officers who escaped in here from Secrora, committed suicide this morning ; he was quite out of his mind. His poor wife was only confined a few days ago, and has just lost one of her children. The enemy gave us an attack to-day about breakfast time, but it did not last long ; they blew up three mines, none of which did us any damage.

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September 6, Sunday.

It is four years to-day since we sailed from Portsmouth, and I looked my last on my own dearest



father's loved face ; shall I ever see Mamma and the other precious ones again ? God only knows, and I pray that His will may be done. Baby B. was christened this afternoon ; his name is Percy Arthur. I stood proxy for his godmother, who is Emmie's sister, Mrs. Fulcher ; Henry O'Dowda stood for his godfathers, Uncle Will and a brother of Emmie's. The dear little babe looked lovely ; he is so fair and white, and has such pretty blue eyes ; he should have been a girl.

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September 8, Tuesday.

Captain Simonds, of the artillery, died to-day ; he was wounded at Chinhut, and has been suffering ever since ; his wife and children went to the hills just before the disturbances began. Mr. Schilling is staying here for a little change ; he is very unwell.

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September 10, Thursday.

Darling little Mary Farrer's fourth birthday ; God bless and keep the dear child ! I long to hear she is safe and well. The enemy have been com-

paratively quiet the last day or two. The report is that many of them are departing towards Fyzabad, which makes us hope that Delhi has fallen. Mrs. Boileau's youngest child is very ill indeed; the others are all better—the two siege babies flourishing. The weather is much cooler, for which one can't be too thankful. I have the sole charge of little Ally D., and now he is getting better, but is not well enough to play about, nor ill enough to lie down as he used to do; I seldom have him out of my arms, and feel rather as if he *must* be my own child; he is getting such a darling.

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September 13, Sunday.

Poor little Ina Boileau died in the night; she was so very ill all yesterday, we knew she could not live; her poor mother, who had been watching her all night, had fallen asleep quite exhausted, and when she awoke she found the poor child quite cold in her arms; her cry of anguish awoke us all; poor creature! she is distracted, and reproaches herself with having gone to sleep; but of course she could not help it, and she would not allow any one else to

watch with her. Captain Mansfield of the 32nd was seized with cholera during the night and died this morning. This day year we started for Cashmere from Murrie : what a contrast to our present captive condition, and how little we then dreamt of what was coming to pass ! The service here was at half-past two, and we had the comfort of Holy Communion. Mrs. Polehampton, Mrs. Barbor, and a few outsiders came. James generally holds four or five services on Sunday in different parts of the garrison—this house, the brigade mess, the Tye Khana of the Residency, the hospitals, &c. Besides visiting the sick and burying, he administers the Holy Communion at one place or another every Sunday, taking the different houses in turn. A prisoner was taken last night ; he was a grass-cutter of the 7th Cavalry, found straying inside our intrenchments ; he gave information that news had been received in the city of General Havelock's advanced guard having crossed the Ganges ; that many of the Sepoys had gone off to their villages with plunder, and that the enemy now surrounding us consisted of the city people and zemindars of the country ; that the whole of Oude to a man was

hostile to us, but they were very much disheartened at not yet having been able to take us, and were of opinion now that if they besieged us for twelve years they should never succeed, which is satisfactory for us to hear at all events.

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September 14, Monday.

This evening, when James went over to the hospital, he was dreadfully shocked to find poor Captain Fulton had just been brought there killed by a round shot at Mr. Gubbins's bastion; his head was completely smashed, and nothing but the mask of the face left; he was the chief engineer after Major Anderson's death, and his loss to the garrison is irreparable; he has a widow and six children at Simla—poor things! Mrs. D. came out of her room this evening for the first time; she has got on famously.

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September 15.

Captain Fullerton died last night; he walked out of the hospital window in the upper story, whether in sleep or delirium is not known; he was taken up

insensible, and never spoke again. A round shot came through the hospital whilst James was there this evening and passed from one end to the other two feet above the men's beds, alarming the poor invalids most terribly.

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September 17, Thursday.

The eightieth day of the siege. We were all sitting out in the verandah this evening when an 8-inch shell fell and exploded in a lane opposite, not twenty yards off. No one was touched, but we all flew into the house like frightened sheep. Mrs. D. came back to the common sleeping-room to-day, and Miss Schilling and Bobbie turned into the hospital-room with Mrs. Fayrer. This entailed a fresh arrangement of beds, which took up some of my time this afternoon.

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September 18.

There was a partial eclipse of the sun between nine and ten this morning. The natives look upon it as a bad omen, and predict a famine, which, as the successor of war, is not unlikely to happen.

September 19.

James was sent for last night to see a poor woman, the wife of a writer, who was shot through the lungs as she was sitting at work in her room with her children round her, when a musket ball came through the window. With this exception yesterday was a white day in the siege—no funerals, and no admissions into hospital. The season is extraordinarily healthy for the time of year; there seems to be a special Providence guarding us from the usual sickness prevailing this month. Dr. Fayerer says, in his seven years' experience of India, he has never known so healthy a September. We have also been mercifully spared epidemics, which would inevitably have destroyed us, and at one time both cholera and small-pox seemed impending. There were several fatal cases both in July and the beginning of August, but they have since totally disappeared. An auction took place this morning on the property of a 32nd officer who had died. The value of things has undergone a curious metamorphosis; three very old flannel shirts sold for 105 rupees, while a handsome new uniform went for 12.

A pair of old boots sold for 12 rupees, and a bottle of brandy for 20.

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September 20, Sunday.

I was made quite miserable this morning by the loss of my dear little old Christian Year given me by darling mother on my seventeenth birthday, and which has been my constant companion ever since; I left it on the hall table for a minute, and when I came back it had disappeared, and, upon inquiry, I got out of Anna Boileau that Master Georgie had walked off with it: the little wretch, however, denied all knowledge of it, and after vainly endeavouring, by scolding and coaxing, to make him tell where it was, and searching every hole and corner of the house I could think of, I gave it up as hopeless, and felt quite unhappy all day. In the evening, just after dinner, up comes Captain Weston with my lost treasure in his hand. Something of his had fallen out of window, and in picking it up he discovered my dear little book among a heap of empty bottles, where the magpie boy must have hidden and forgotten it. We had service here with the blessed

Sacrament at half-past two to-day. It is little Georgie Farrer's first birthday—a sad anniversary for dear Fred. James and I did not forget the precious little one. What would we not give to know that both children and Fred are safe and well!

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September 21, Monday.

It began raining in the middle of the night, and we have had quite an English wet day, delightfully cool.

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September 22, Tuesday.

Rain all day. Poor Mr. Cunliffe died.

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September 23, Wednesday.

We were all awoke between one and two last night by the arrival of Colonel Palmer with joyful tidings that delightful old pensioner Unget, who has always brought us in the only letters we received from outside, has come back with one from Sir J. Outram, dated the 20th, in which he states that he crossed the Ganges on the 19th with a complete



army, and, by the blessing of God, will relieve us in a few days. Mrs. Boileau and Mrs. Anderson happened to be awake, and heard Colonel Palmer telling the gentlemen in the next room; they listened anxiously to every word, and then woke all the rest of us to impart the happy news. Oh, it seems really as if one never could be thankful enough! the looked-for relief will come just as all hearts are beginning to fail. There will doubtless be very hard fighting before our brave friends are able to raise the siege for us. The enemy seem as determined and active against us as ever, and not one whit daunted by the news they must have had that help for us was at hand. May God in his great mercy grant us the victory! Heavy distant firing was distinctly heard this afternoon. A round shot, 24-pounder, came through the window of Mrs. D.'s room to-day and filled our little dressing-room with dust, but did no other mischief, though the poor bheestie who was filling the water-jugs rushed out in a most awful fright, and could scarcely believe he wasn't killed.

September 24, Thursday.

Distant firing heard all the morning, and numbers of Sepoys seen flying in disorder from the direction of Cawnpore. The enemy round us have been remarkably silent. The excitement in garrison is intense. Dr. Partridge and Captain Weston went to the top of the Residency and distinguished plainly the smoke of the guns, which they fancied were about four miles distant. Unget, the bearer of good news, who has brought in all the letters, is to receive 500 rupees for each; he will get 1500 for the three. Well does he deserve it. We are indebted to him for every scrap of news we have been able to procure from the outer world during three weary months, so closely have we been invested. He stated in his last deposition that the number of the besieging army was 15,000, and the force with Sir J. Outram 6000, of whom 5000 were Europeans, and the rest Seikhs. Among the former are 200 gentlemen volunteers, who form a body of cavalry. Delhi has not yet fallen.

September 25, Friday.

The enemy made two attacks during the night. Captain Ratcliffe of the 7th Cavalry was mortally wounded at the Cawnpore battery by a round shot. He will be a terrible loss to his wife and a very large family.

Continued firing in the city all day.

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September 26, Saturday.

Yesterday evening, on the eighty-eighth day of the siege, our long-looked for and so often despaired-of "relief" arrived. Never shall I forget the moment to the latest day I live. It was most overpowering. We had no idea they were so near, and were breathing air in the portico as usual at that hour, speculating when they might be in, not expecting they could reach us for several days longer, when suddenly, just at dark, we heard a very sharp fire of musketry quite close by, and then a tremendous cheering; an instant after, the sound of bagpipes, then soldiers running up the road, our compound and verandah filled with our *deliverers*, and all of us

shaking hands frantically, and exchanging fervent "God bless you's" with the gallant men and officers of the 78th Highlanders. Sir James Outram and staff were the next to come in, and the state of joyful confusion and excitement is beyond all description. The big, rough-bearded soldiers were seizing the little children out of our arms, kissing them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and thanking God they had come in time to save them from the fate of those at Cawnpore. We were all rushing about to give the poor fellows drinks of water, for they were perfectly exhausted; and tea was made down in the Tye Khana, of which a large party of tired thirsty officers partook, without milk or sugar, and we had nothing to give them to eat. Every one's tongue seemed going at once with so much to ask and to tell, and the faces of utter strangers beamed upon each other like those of dearest friends and brothers. In the crowd I suddenly found myself caught hold of by both hands and warmly greeted by my old friend Walter Birch. Two old Peshawur friends also turned up, Captain C. and Mr. B. From the latter we heard the terrible fate of poor Edward and Maggie B. at

Hissar. They were both murdered in May, soon after the disturbances first began at Delhi. Edward was shot on the parade-ground, and Maggie cut to pieces in the house. Willie B. has escaped to the hills from Bareilly—he and a Mr. Hunter of his regiment (18th N. I.). The Punjaub has remained quiet—thanks, humanly speaking, to the vigorous and stern policy of Sir John Lawrence. Poor Mrs. Fayerer's brother was killed at Saugor. Dr. F. has not told her the sad news, as he does not think her strong enough to bear it. Mrs. Boileau has letters from her husband, who is safe at Benares.

The enemy's fire was very heavy all yesterday, as if in defiance, and just before dinner an 8-inch shell fell and burst in this house; the pieces were picked up in all directions, several in Mrs. Fayerer's room, yet wonderful to relate no one was struck. The "reinforcement"—for alas! "relief" is the wrong word—turns out to be very much smaller than we were led by Unget's statement to expect. They only started 3000 strong from Cawnpore. The force consists of parts of the 78th and 90th Highlanders, Her Majesty's 84th, 64th, 5th Fusiliers, and the 1st Madras Fusiliers, the Ferozepore regi-

ment of Seikhs, 200 volunteer cavalry, and some artillery. They had a tremendous day's fight to get in here ; every inch of the ground through the city was contended for, and the loss of life has been terrible, some 30 officers and 500 rank and file killed and wounded. The heavy baggage with about 500 men and a couple of guns were left outside the city at a garden called the Alumbagh, so that the force which reached us brought with them no stores or provisions of any kind. Sir James Outram has made this house his head-quarters ; he and his staff occupy the long room, in which the gentlemen sleep, and the drawing-room.

This morning a force was sent out to bring in the guns which were left outside the intrenchments last night, and Mr. Thornhill, who acted as guide through the streets, was dangerously wounded. Colonel Cooper, of the Artillery, one of the gentlemen who was drinking tea here last night, was killed. The guns, however, were safely brought in. The enemy's fire still continues very annoying, though it is now from a greater distance, as our troops occupy the ground immediately round us, and have taken possession of the Tyese Kotee, and

one of the palaces at the back of his house, about a quarter of a mile off, called Ferred Bux.

Our prospects to-day look gloomy enough. The disappointment is severe at finding the force which has arrived, instead of being strong enough to relieve, will in a manner increase our difficulties, by giving us treble more mouths to feed out of the scanty provisions left us. All at present is dire confusion and dismay, and faces in garrison longer even than before. Councils of war are sitting; as yet no line of action is decided on. Whether we are to evacuate Oude, and attempt a retreat on Cawnpore, or remain at Lucknow, and endeavour to obtain provisions by force, has yet not been determined—a retreat through the streets with so many women, children, sick and wounded, would be a terrible alternative, and I fancy would only be adopted as a very desperate measure. There was a little gleam, however, of sunshine in the shape of good news of success at Delhi. An extraordinary event happened to-day. Three prisoners were brought in, and undergoing a summary trial by drum-head court-martial, when a round shot struck and killed the trio. We heard that fifty people,

among whom were several ladies and gentlemen and native Christians, were murdered in the city at the approach of General Outram's force; also that a party of nine, four gentlemen and five ladies, tried to join the force on the road coming in, but were followed by some sepoys, and all cut up almost within reach of our troops. J. had nineteen funerals this evening. The hospital is so densely crowded that many have to lie outside in the open air, without bed or shelter. J. says he never saw such a heart-sickening scene. It is far worse than after Chinhut—amputated arms and legs lying about in heaps all over the hospital, and the crowd and confusion such that little can be done to alleviate the intense discomfort and pain of the poor sufferers.

I heard last night for the first time the particulars of the horrible tragedy at Cawnpore. (Then follows an account, which is here omitted, being already so well known in England.)

At Jhansi, where Louisa R. had been stationed, not a soul escaped.\* The account of that tragedy is still more dreadful—children were burnt before their parents; wives insulted, mutilated, and mur-

\* Yes, a few did, and Mrs. Ryves was one.



dered before their husbands, who were kept to the last and then bayoneted. The Futtyghur people were blown from guns, and those who escaped butchered at Cawnpore. How shall we be thankful enough for the mercy which has hitherto so miraculously been shown to us? I am very happy to hear that Simla has been quiet; so I hope the dear little ones up there are safe. At Murrie there has been disturbance, but it was soon put down.

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September 27, Sunday.

A sortie was made to take some guns on the Cawnpore side. The expedition was a failure—only 150 went out, not enough to do any good: lost many lives, and only spiked three guns, which will be unspiked as soon as their backs are turned. Our position seems more precarious than ever, as there is more danger now of starvation. The enemy surrounds us again on all sides, so that retreat from this dreadful place is next to impossible. One great danger the arrival of the reinforcement, however, saved us from, for which we cannot be too thankful. Three mines were discovered, which had

not even been suspected by the old garrison, and which, if completed, must inevitably have destroyed us: one was under the Redan battery, and two under the Treasury and Bailie Guard, close to the back of this house.

Mrs. D.'s baby was christened this afternoon Arthur Frederick; Charlie D. was one godfather; I stood proxv. There were twenty-five funerals this evening.

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September 28.

Our siege is as close as ever. The enemy have returned in great numbers and broken down all the bridges leading from the city, so that retreat for us is out of the question. A kossid arrived this afternoon with a despatch from Delhi. We have been victorious there, and taken every part of the city but the palace, which was expected to fall in a couple of days. The loss of life has been terrible. Colonel Nicholson, who commanded a brigade, is mortally wounded. It was only this time last year we were dining with him, and feasting on the delicious grapes he used to send us in Cashmere.

He was such a splendid soldier I am sure his loss will be severely felt; and how the death of such a very dear friend will grieve Colonel Edwardes! The troops have been resting to-day; they much needed. The enemy has been tolerably silent.

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Michaelmas Day, Tuesday,

Dear old B.'s wedding-day. God bless the dear old thing! I daresay she is anxious enough about our fate. A sortie was made this morning by a thousand of our men. They blew up four of the enemy's guns, brought two inside, and spiked others, besides blowing up about a dozen houses and killing many of the enemy. The loss on our side was thirty killed and wounded, among whom I hear five officers. We had the 'Home News' of the 30th August lent us to-day. We were all ready to devour it, so I read aloud all the morning to a most attentive audience of ladies. It is a comfort to know that there are 20,000 troops on their way out from England. I was so delighted to see in a bit of newspaper which came here, that both Mr. Ryves and Mr. Tyrwhitt had escaped the Jhansi massacre!

September 30.

Three months to-day since the battle of Chinhut and commencement of our siege. I finished my darling little nephew's frock to-day—oh, I wonder if he will ever have it! I have done a great deal of work during the siege; besides dear Chip's frock I made a flannel-shirt for poor Mr. Polehampton, two for Henry O'Dowde, a jumper for Captain Weston, a dress for Mrs. D., ditto for myself, besides baby-things for the siege babies born in this house.

We bought some very pretty cups and saucers to-day from a soldier of the 90th. The Ferreed Bux was full of china and all sorts of valuable things, and the soldiers are constantly offering articles for sale. I got a prize in the shape of seven pairs of thread stockings, which I much needed.

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October 1.

The volunteer cavalry went out last night, with orders if possible to cut their way back to the Alumbagh, and on to Cawnpore; but they were

compelled to return before they had gone a quarter of a mile. The fire which was opened upon them made it impossible to proceed. The enemy are all round us again in great force: they attacked our outposts in the middle of the night, and there was tremendous firing for about an hour. There are several officers here who were at Jellalabad, and they all say that *deceit was their chief's play to this*. The investment of this place has been so complete, that with the exception of the three letters brought in by "Unget," we have had no communication whatever with the outer world. Miran Singh, one of the most powerful of the Cude Rajahs, with whom Sir James Outram has been trying to negotiate, has declared against us, and is heading rebels; so no hope of aid from that quarter. We have heard that all the servants who ran away from the garrison and went into the city were shot, because they had served Europeans, and they offered a reward of five rupees for every servant's head: so the poor creatures gained nothing by their desertion.

Some troops made a sortie this afternoon to take the guns on the Charnock side. They went very

cautiously to work, first taking possession of the houses which command the battery, and were very successful: we only lost two men killed and two wounded. A soldier of the Madras Fusileers was discovered in a well, where the poor fellow had been hiding several days; he had fortunately some tea-leaves and biscuits in his pockets, on which he had managed to support life; he had heard the enemy all round him, and had not dared utter a sound; but his joy was great when he heard European voices, and he shouted loudly for help in spite of his exhausted state.

Bof  
 The poor Mrs. Ouseley's children died to-day, ten minutes of each other; the baby was the same day as little Percy B.; the other two years: they are first cousins of Sir Frederic's. We made another sortie, took three more guns, and blew up several houses. J. took me a little walk this evening, and I saw for the first time what terrible destruction has been wrought by shot and shell on all the buildings round. The Residency I should never have recognised: it is quite a ruin. This house is so riddled with balls at the back and one side, you could scarcely put a pin's head

between them. I had a visit this evening from a Captain Scott, 12th N. I., a great friend of Louisa Ryves'; he came to make acquaintance, having heard her speak of me. I heard from him of her safe arrival with her children in England, and her husband's escape from Jhansi: he fortunately happened to be out of the station, and made his way across country to Agra.

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October 4, Sunday.

A year to-day since dear G. F. died. I was glad the anniversary fell on a Sunday; and I had an opportunity of attending service and receiving the Holy Communion, and giving thanks for those dear ones who we trust are gone to their rest. There was a very large congregation at the brigade mess, and they nearly all communicated. It is a great blessing that now we can have a public service every Sunday. They arrange the mess-room very well, and it holds a good number of people. Walter Birch came to speak to us after church, and told us he was going out with a force this afternoon to try and reach the Alumbagh; and if he reached it in

safety he would be able to send a letter home, and would let dearest mother know we were alive and well. The expedition however was countermanded. A horrible report was published in Calcutta, that Lucknow had fallen and we were all massacred: if this goes to England it will be dreadful. I am so anxious they should hear the truth as soon as possible.

Afternoon service was held at this house at three, and a great many came. In the evening I walked with C. and E. to call on their regimental doctor's wife, Mrs. Brydon, at the Ommaney's house, where they have a snug little room to themselves, instead of living in public as we do here; they looked so cosey we came home quite envious.

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October 6, Tuesday.

The enemy attacked our outpost at the Ferreed Bux this morning, but were repulsed with great loss; we lost *ten*, killed and wounded. The troops have been withdrawn from the extended position they occupied down the Cawnpore road—we were not strong enough to maintain it. The loss in killed



and wounded since the reinforcement left Cawnpore was four days ago computed at 800 rank and file and 50 officers—nearly a third of the force. At the commencement of the siege there were 150 officers in garrison, out of which number there are 90 killed or wounded. The casualties at *this* post, from the 30th of June to 25th of September, were 13 killed and 30 wounded. Weston's (our clerk) child, Adolphus by name, was shot through the head in the verandah of the church this afternoon.

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October 7.

A 24-pounder came through the window of Mrs. D.'s room this morning. It was a spent ball thrown from a great distance, and did not penetrate the opposite wall. Sir James Outram received a letter from the Alumbagh this evening, with news of the safe arrival there of 60 carts of commissariat stores, escorted by 250 men with two guns. They had found the road perfectly clear from Cawnpore. The enemy have received reinforcements from Delhi. It is *now* generally acknowledged, that but for our reinforcement on the 25th of September, we

could never have held out against this tremendous increase in the number of besiegers: and it is very doubtful whether any natives would have remained with us after the 1st if no troops had arrived. In spite of excessively short commons, there is cause for great thankfulness for their timely help. Our rations are considerably reduced, and we often leave off dinner as hungry as when we began. The General has put out "an order," most lavish in praise of the Lucknow garrison, which he terms "more than illustrious."

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October 8.

A house blown up to-day, and a large number of the enemy destroyed.

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October 9.

James engaged a Madras servant, a smart-looking man in a very elaborate turban and yellow "choga," and speaks English: his name is Choonia.

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October 10.

News come of the complete fall of Delhi. King and queen in our hands, and complete possession of the place. It has been a dearly-bought victory—62 officers and 1300 men fallen; and when the news left Delhi there were 3000 wounded in hospital. A rebel force of 6000, with 18 guns, had escaped downwards, and are on their way to Lucknow; but Colonel Greathed with 3000 men was in pursuit on the left bank of the Jumna, and hoped speedily to overtake them.

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October 11, Sunday.

Service and Holy Communion at the brigade mess this morning. Afternoon here at three. J. also had service and Holy Communion at the Begum Kotee, for the wounded officers: this, with two services in hospital, besides visiting the sick and funerals, is hard work for one day, and he is quite tired out this evening. A letter came from Cawnpore this evening. Colonel Greathed's force had encountered the rebels at Allyghur, and given

them a thorough beating. We may look for his arrival at Cawnpore in a few days, and other troops from Calcutta are on their way; so our hopes are once more raised. The weather is getting quite pleasantly cool, and it is wonderful how all the children have improved the last few days; dear little Ally looks quite a different child, and is getting fat and rosy again.

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October 12, Monday.

Poor Mr. Thornhill died; he was wounded the day after the reinforcements arrived, and lost his arm and his right eye; his poor little wife only lost her first baby about a week before: they were married last January. Dr. Fayer is ill with fever.

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October 13, Tuesday.

The enemy made an attack on the 78th piquet this afternoon, but were soon driven back.

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October 14, Wednesday.

Cousin Emily and I took possession once more of the room we occupied before the siege. J. and Charlie have been hard at work getting the rubbish cleared out and setting it all in order for us; it has had four round shot through it, and was so knocked about I did not think it could ever have been habitable again; we only use it as a dressing-room, but it is a great comfort, having a private retreat we can be quiet in sometimes; the windows are barricaded with boxes filled with earth, to protect us from musketry, and all the guns on that side are gone; so we are supposed to be safe from round shot at that end of the house. A Seikh Sowar, who deserted from the garrison some time ago, returned this morning: he reported that many deserters in the enemy's camp wished to return to their allegiance, but I hope we shall have nothing to do with such double-distilled traitors. We had nothing for breakfast this morning but choppatics and boiled peas—very scanty fare. This evening dear James was coming out of the churchyard, when he saw a man in front of him tumble over;

he ran to him and found that a round shot had taken off the poor fellow's leg; if it had come a yard or two farther, it would have struck James instead. There was an auction held to-day: cigars sold for two rupees a-piece, and a very old flannel-shirt of poor Captain Fulton's, which had seen service in all the mines about the place, and was covered with mud and dirt, sold for forty-five rupees.

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October 15.

James was told to-day the sad details of the fate of the poor Moncrieffs at Cawnpore. They were murdered down the river. Mr. Moncrieff begged for a few minutes, and began offering up a prayer, but before he had said many words the butchery commenced. His wife, who had been dragged off with the other ladies, rushed across to him and clung to him so closely that the wretches could not separate them, so they were both killed together. Their little child had died before. We have provisions enough, according to the present rate of rations, to last till the 25th of November. Our store of wine and beer is come to an end, and I have finished my

last piece of soap, and am obliged to use some stuff called "basin," which is a sort of oatmeal, as a substitute.

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October 16.

We had a visit this morning from Mr. Delafosse, one of the two officers who escaped the massacre at Cawnpore. He gave us a long account of the horrible tragedy. . . . Out of 900 English at Cawnpore, 400 of whom were women and 200 children, only four people survived;—Mr. Delafosse, Mr. Thompson, and two soldiers, one of whom has since died of cholera. Three boats succeeded in getting away down the stream, but the enemy pursued them with two 9-pounders, and they were all sunk before they had gone a mile. Fourteen men saved themselves by swimming. They effected a landing, and took refuge in a tower, but were soon surrounded, and the enemy set fire to it and smoked them out. They then made a rush, and charged through them, but only four out of the fourteen reached the river. They swam six miles, and at last landed on the other side, in the territory of a friendly rajah, who treated them very kindly, and under whose protec-

tion they remained till they heard of General Have-lock's advance, and joined his force.

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October 17, Saturday.

Mrs. D. and her baby removed to the Ommaneys'. Mrs. Ouseley persuaded her to come and occupy a little room which was vacant just above her's, which she will have to herself. Ally is left in my charge, as she is anything but strong, and one child is quite enough for her to take care of at present. A letter was received this evening from Cawnpore, giving little information though about movement of the troops this way, and we are still ignorant when we may expect relief.

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October 18, St. Luke's Day.

We went to church at the brigade-mess this morning and had service here at three. Since the arrival of the reinforcements we have been able to get a few more servants. James has got me a bearer, who relieves me of the dusting, and now we have our Madras man and the B's have got a



kit there is no need for ladies to wash up cups and saucers, so I only superintend the general work and see that it is properly done. Ally takes up a great deal of time and attention. Now he is kept away from natives he begins to talk English and understand anything I say to him in his mother-tongue. He is a dear little fellow, and wonderfully improved. After he has gone to bed I go down and make tea in the Tye Khana. Mrs. Clarke makes it in the early morning, and Miss Halford for breakfast; so we divide the labour between us. It is a long time since we tasted milk or sugar in our tea; the goats have been dry for months, but Mrs. Ouseley sends Ally a little every day. I am quite used now to no sugar, and don't mean ever to take to it again.

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October 19, Monday.

The enemy gave us an attack last night, and kept up a tremendous fire for some time. I went to see Mrs. D. early this morning. She is very comfortable in her little room, and looks better for the change. An officer's servant found his way in

from Alumbagh last night with the 'Home News' of the 25th of August. We had only a glimpse of it here, and Captain Weston read out loud just the heads of news—Interest about the state of India in England intense—Troops started overland—A meeting in London and subscriptions made for the sufferers by the rebellion—The news of Sir H. L.'s death and investment of Lucknow had been received. The crisis of our fate is now approaching awfully near. We have only provisions till the 25th of next month, and no certainty yet of relief. The good health prevailing in the garrison now is quite extraordinary. This is generally the most sickly time of year, yet there are no cases of fever, and the wounded are the only invalids. Soldiers are all the better for having no grog, and there is no grumbling about the privation. They are all in excellent spirits, and the poor 32nd improving every day.

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October 20.

General Outram received letters from Cawnpore last night. A large force is assembling there fast. Sir Colin Campbell arrived as far as Allahabad.

The Delhi column was thirty-six miles from Cawnpore on the 17th. Maun Singh has been making offers of submission. There was a report in garrison to-day that the enemy intended making a desperate attack at 3 P.M. The troops were all under arms, but nothing came of it.

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October 21.

Maun Singh sent a letter to Sir James last night putting himself under his orders. He has been desired to send in a vakeel, or accredited ambassador, to-night. Heavy firing heard out at the Alum-bagh while we were at breakfast. A boy of the 32nd was killed by a round-shot at the hospital to-day, and a man of the 78th Highlanders at the Residency lookout-tower. Three natives were shot in Mr. Gubbins's compound. The enemy sprung two of their mines, but did no mischief.

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October 22, Thursday.

No vakeel from Maun Singh appeared last night. Very heavy distant firing heard; to-day some say

at Alumbagh, others pronounce it to be much farther off.

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October 23, Friday.

No news in, and no explanation of the distant firing. I had an escape this evening: a bullet went through the leg of the chair I was sitting on; it just glanced upwards and struck me on the side, but having expended its force on the chair, I was not hurt.

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October 24, Saturday.

A rumour is rife in the garrison that the English troops at Cawnpore have given the rebels another beating at Bithoor, the Nana's place, and also that two regiments have arrived at Alumbagh.

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October 25, Sunday.

A month to-day since the force which was sent to relieve us arrived, and here we are as closely besieged as ever. The distant firing we heard

the other day was an attack on the Alumbagh, but the enemy were easily repulsed. Maun Singh sent a letter to the General to-day; the purport of it has not transpired. We went to church at the Brigade mess, where we received the Holy Communion. Service here at 3 P.M.

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October 26, Monday.

Two letters were received from Cawnpore last night, and news good. The rebels had been defeated at Agra, all their guns and ammunition taken, and 1000 of them killed, with only the loss of six on our side. The Delhi column, under the command of Colonel Hope Grant of the 9th Lancers, was to arrive at Cawnpore on the 1st. An army of 6000 will be collected there on the 10th, and on the 15th we may expect relief here. A large quantity of supplies have safely reached the Alumbagh.

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October 27, Tuesday.

Another letter from Cawnpore during the night. Two officers wounded to-day—Captain Graydon

shot through the lungs, and Dr. Darby hit on the head by a piece of shell. Maun Singh's vakeel really appeared this afternoon, and was closeted for a long time with Sir James Outram's secretary, Mr. Money, but the nature of their conference is the profoundest of secrets. Captain Orr has had news of his brother and wife, Sir Mount Stewart Jackson and sister, and some other persons, fugitives from Seetapore, seven altogether, have been brought into the city loaded with irons, and are now prisoners at the Kaiser Bagh.

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October 28, Wednesday.

A letter from Cawnpore was received last night. The Delhi column arrived on the 26th. After Agra they had two fights with the rebels—Mynpoorie and a place near Cawnpore; at Mynpoorie we captured two lacs and a half of treasure. Charley Dashwood managed to get a small letter sent out last night concealed in a quill. He mentioned both of us in it, so if it ever reaches England the D.'s will be sure to let darling mother know

that we were alive at this date. I hope in less than a month we shall be able to write ourselves.

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October 30.

We have been besieged four months to-day. This morning an 18-pounder came through our unfortunate room again, which we flattered ourselves was so safe, and which we had made so comfortable. It broke the panel of the door, and knocked the whole of the barricade down, upsetting everything. My dressing-table was sent flying through the door, and if the shot had come a little earlier, my head would have gone with it. The box where Emily usually sits to nurse baby was smashed flat: fortunately she was spending the day with Mrs. Brydon, or she would probably have been in the room. There was a sale to-day of Colonel Halford's property, and James bought some plated dishes a great bargain: they will be very useful to us if we ever set up house again in India.

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Sunday, All Saints' Day.

Thought much of my dearest father and also G. Farrer. Church services as usual. Little Ally has a slight fever. I went to see poor little Mrs. Banks at the Brigade mess this morning ; she looks very sad. Her baby is immensely grown, and the picture of health.

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November 2, Monday.

The enemy's fire was very severe all day. An officer was mortally wounded at the Ferreed Bux. A letter was received this evening from Cawnpore. The Commander-in-Chief was to be there to-day.

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November 3, Tuesday.

Little Ally D. has a rash which is said to be chicken-pox. Dr. Partridge and Dr. Fayrer both say there is no use in sending Ally out of the house ; by this time the other children most likely have taken the infection if they are to have it, and the complaint is so trifling that it is of no conse-



quence if they do get it. I have therefore not urged Mrs. D. to take Ally away, and she thinks he had better stay here. As there are so many children in the Ommaneys' house, it would not be fair to take him there with the complaint on him, so the poor little man stays here.

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November 4.

The anniversary of my own dearest father's birthday. This day year we crossed the Cashmere territory in our way back to Peshawur, and I wrote to wish him many happy returns of the day, little thinking he would never see another in this world, and now it is nearly ten months since he was taken from us. He has been spared all the grief and anxiety I fear my darling mother must have suffered all these weary months.

We have been more shocked and grieved to-day than I can express. Poor Charlie Dashwood has had *both* legs taken off by a round shot. He was sketching in the Residency compound when the fatal ball struck him. James has been with him several times during the day. . . . Mrs.

D. went to him as soon as the sun was down. He knew her, but spoke little, and was so low. I fear he will not live through the night. He will be a sad loss to her. Ever since his brother's death he has been so good and kind to her; he was such a very nice boy, a favourite with every one, and such a tall handsome fellow. He was in high spirits this morning because he had heard of the safe arrival of his home letter at Alumbagh. What a dreadful shock it will be to his dear ones when they hear what has happened since he wrote it!

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November 5, Thursday.

The enemy attacked last night, and kept up a very fierce fire between nine and ten. Poor Charlie D. is better to-day, and there is just a little ray of hope that he may yet live to go home.

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November 6, Friday.

I went over to the hospital this morning with Mrs. D. to see her poor brother, but he was having his wounds dressed, and we could not see him, poor fellow. . . . Mrs. D. is looking

quite ill again; she is so knocked up with going to the hospital before breakfast, that J. has asked Dr. Scott to lend his palanquin, which is to take her over there in the middle of the day, which will be a much better arrangement for her. . . . .

Capital news has come at last. A letter arrived from Cawnpore this evening, and "by the 10th, *at latest,*" a force of 6000 men is to arrive at the Alumbagh.

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November 7, Saturday.

The weather has suddenly become quite cold. A 24-pounder came through the house again this morning, but did no damage, though Mr. Chamier, the aide-de-camp, had a narrow escape. I have got a little dressing-room to myself now; it is a passage-room, leading into Mrs. Fayrer's bedroom, but Ally and I are very snug in it. Emmie is gone back into our old room, which Charlie has doubly barricaded. They say that ball was a chance shot; but I did not like the idea of risking such a visitor again.

I went this evening to see poor Charlie D. Oh,

it was so sad to see him lying there with his two poor legs gone. They were taken off just below the knee. He spoke quite cheerfully, and is hopeful about himself. The doctors say he has done better than they could possibly have expected.

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November 8, Sunday.

Service and Holy Communion at the Brigade Mess; 55 communicants. After church we walked home with Mrs. Polehampton; she showed me the little sketch Mrs. Barbor has done for her of the church and churchyard, with her husband's grave. She is having a marble slab put over it. There is a stonecutter in the 90th, and he has got a bit of marble from the palace, and is doing it for her. She is so pleased about it, poor thing. Captain Maclean has taken some first-rate sketches of different places in the garrison; they are to be in the Illustrated News.

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November 9, Monday.

Poor C. D. took a bad turn in the night, and was quite delirious when J. went to him this morn-

ing. He has been wandering all day, but Dr. Boyd does not yet consider his case quite hopeless. It will indeed be wonderful if he lives, for not a single case of amputation during the siege has recovered.

The enemy have been annoying us all day with a 9-pounder. Two Europeans were mortally wounded close to our gate, and the compound and verandah are thought so unsafe we are not allowed outside the hall-door this evening.

Mr. Kavanagh, the head clerk in Mr. Cooper's office, disguised himself as a native, and went out to-night to attempt reaching the Alumbagh. It is a fearful risk, for the poor man is almost sure to be taken; but he volunteered, and would not be dissuaded. Should he get there safe, he will be able to give an exact account of our state, and show them the best way in.

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November 16, Tuesday.

Great excitement. Distant guns heard for several hours this morning. At half-past two every ear was listening for a salvo of artillery which was to be fired

from the Alumbagh as a signal that the relieving army had arrived. There was some mistake however about it; and though guns were fired, we remained in a state of uncertainty as to their meaning till eight o'clock in the evening, when a bonfire lighted on the top of the Residency was immediately replied to by a blue light from the Alumbagh; and the General announced that his doubts were satisfied, and our friends really there.

A flag hoisted at the Alumbagh this morning, which was the signal that Mr. Kavanagh had safely arrived there.

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November 11.

A very quiet day. No news from the Alumbagh, but the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief seems generally believed, so I hope it will be made certain to-morrow.

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November 12, Thursday.

There was a good deal of firing. A telegraphic communication has been established with the Alumbagh by means of semaphores, and conversations

have been going on continually all day. We have ascertained that Sir Colin C. arrived this morning, and intends advancing with the force on Saturday; that Mr. Kavanagh reached Alumbagh in safety; and that the enemy were so bold as to make an attack there this morning, and were repulsed, with the capture of two guns. Our meat out of the kitchen was stolen while we were at breakfast to-day, so we had none for dinner; but fared very well on an extra quantity of rice and peas, flavoured with a tin of salmon and a *bonne bouche* afterwards in the shape of a bottle of honey presented by Captain Weston. Mr. Gubbins wrote to ask James for a description of the Highlanders rushing in here on the 25th September. I believe he is writing a book, and an account of the gallant fellows' emotions at the sight of the ladies and children will form an interesting page of his volume, for it was indeed a most striking and affecting scene. They telegraphed from the Alumbagh just now that the force would advance to-morrow "*without fail.*" On to-morrow's success, therefore, hangs our fate! After the most merciful—miraculous way we have hitherto been preserved, it would be wicked to *doubt* for a moment

that our relief will be accomplished; and yet one cannot think of the *crisis*, now it is so near, without trembling; and it is awful to remember, too, how many precious lives must be sacrificed in order to ensure our *safety*. Colonel Campbell of the 90th died to-day. He was wounded very slightly the day the reinforcements came in with Havelock and Sir James Outram, but yesterday his leg was obliged to be amputated. I fear poor Charlie D. is sinking. Mrs. Ouseley is dangerously ill. The enemy has been wonderfully quiet to-day. They blew up a mine, and blazed away furiously for about ten minutes this afternoon, but very soon subsided into silence again. My dear husband had a merciful escape this morning. As he was going into hospital a round shot passed close over his head, and entered the wall *just* above him.

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November 14, Saturday.

A very anxious day. The Commander-in-Chief advanced on the Martinière, which he now holds. There was no firing heard till about eleven o'clock, when it continued very heavy for about three hours,



and totally ceased in the afternoon. A great many of the enemy have been seen from the "look-outs" making off in various directions. This evening a blue light was seen on the top of the Martinière. It is supposed that our force met with little opposition; but no messenger or news of any sort has come in. Mrs. Ouseley died this morning: she has been ill only a few days, but she had no strength left; her two children died on the same day, 1st October; and her poor sister, Miss Palmer, was killed by a round-shot at the beginning of the siege. Mr. Ouseley is first cousin of Sir Frederick; poor man! I pity him very much: his whole family has been swept away in this cruel siege. Captain Weston was telling me this evening, that of the garrison of this house, maintained at 45, there had been killed or wounded 47, that is the whole strength of the garrison and two over.

James, in reading over my journal, is quite affronted because I have omitted to record that since the 30th of May, the night of the meeting in cantonments, he has gone to bed in his clothes, or rather has not *gone to bed* at all. Ready for any emergency, until a few nights ago he slept on the floor, with a

wadded curtain or "purdah" to lie on. The gentlemen have lately moved their beds into the front verandah, and found "charpoys," or native bedsteads, to sleep on, which is much more comfortable.

When we slept down in the Tye Khana the first two months of the siege, we all used to lie down ready dressed, in case of any alarm; and it is only lately that we have regularly undressed and equipped ourselves for the night, as in ordinary times.

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November 15, Sunday.

We expected great things to have been done to-day; but the Commander-in-Chief seems to have stayed quietly at the Martinière, and very little firing at all has been heard. There are various conjectures as to the cause of his delay. One idea, which seems probable, is that they have been throwing a bridge over the river close to the Martinière; and a village on the opposite side was seen to be in a blaze, so that it is not unlikely that part of the force may have crossed this evening—but it is very tantalising knowing nothing positive. The enemy continues pertinaciously popping into us.

An ayah was shot in the eye this afternoon in this compound, and a shell burst on the roof of the Residency. This evening there is a great deal of firing going on all round.

Oh! when will it all cease?

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November 16, Monday.

Our troops have had success to-day; but as I cannot remember the names of the places they have taken, and am quite ignorant of the localities, I cannot attempt to describe the movements which have taken place. A force went out from this garrison and stormed some of the enemy's positions, and I hear our loss was as small as could possibly have been anticipated. The Commander-in-Chief's army is now within a thousand yards of our force; so to-morrow there will be a combination.

It was very exciting listening to the sound of the battle going on so near us. The gentlemen spent most of the day on the top of the house looking out; but could not distinguish anything clearly on account of the smoke. They saw our horse artillery and some of the lancers galloping about, which

must have been a truly delightful sight. Our artillery must have made tremendous havoc to-day among the enemy. The big guns have been at work incessantly.

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November 17, Tuesday.

Communication established to-day between the two forces. Sr Colin C.'s head-quarters are in the old 32nd mess-house, which was taken this morning.

We were astounded this morning after prayers by the news that *to-morrow night* this place is to be evacuated. We are all to leave it, with only as much of our worldly goods as we can carry in our hands. I feel utterly bewildered, and yet so relieved to think we shall both be together, and the dreaded separations between husbands and wives averted, that I cannot realise the utter ruin it will be to us all in the loss of property and money we must leave behind. It is such a dreadful thing too for the sick and wounded ladies, close to their confinement, like poor Mrs. Anderson, and little children. It seems such an extraordinary step, after holding

the garrison so long; no one ever dreamed for a moment of such a measure as evacuating Oude now. I trust it is all for the best. If we live to reach Calcutta, we shall be in a state of destitution. I think the best thing will be to return to our respective parishes.

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November 19, Thursday.

Left the intrenchments.

Yesterday the sick and wounded were all moved out to Dilkoosha, and to-day the women and children departed from the scene of our long imprisonment. J. and I started in a carriage of Dr. Fayerer's in company with Mrs. Anderson and Miss Schilling. We had a pair of starved horses of Mr. Gubbins's to drag us, but the wretched animals had been on siege fare so long that they had forgotten the use of their legs, and had no strength, so came to a stand-still every five minutes, invariably choosing the most dangerous parts of the road for their halt. At one place we were under so hot a fire that we got out and ran for our lives, leaving the vehicle to its fate, and two poor natives, who

were helping to shove it on behind, were shot. At the Ferreed Bux we had to wait a long time, as the carriage could not be got through a gateway till some stores were cleared away. Some of the officers of the 90th invited us inside, and gave us wine and water, which was very refreshing. We walked after that every step of the way to Secunderabad, where we all had to wait several hours till doolies arrived to take on all the women, and we proceeded under a strong escort to Dilkoosha. The road to Secunderabad was frightfully dangerous in places. In one place we were passing a 24-pounder manned by some sailors of the naval brigade; they all called out to us to bend low and run as fast as we could; we had hardly done so when a volley of grape whizzed over our heads and struck a wall beyond. At Secunderabad we found the place overflowing with women and children of the Lucknow garrison. We met several gentlemen, friends, belonging to Sir Colin's force—Captain Norman, Assistant Adjutant-General, and Mr. Roberts (two Peshawur friends), and Mr. Ryves. They were all very kind to us. Captain Norman gave me gingerbread nuts; Captain Ryves, biscuits; and Mr. Roberts, a

delicious cup of tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, and beef, all such long untasted luxuries. We made a regular feast, especially as we had not tasted anything since a scanty very early breakfast, and were nearly exhausted. About 9 o'clock P.M. we started again in doolies. Mr. Roberts lent me one, and J. walked by my side the whole way. The crowd and confusion were excessive, the enemy hovering round and firing occasional shots, and we were borne along in the most solemn silence; the only sounds were the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the dooly-bearers and the screaming of the jackals. It was an awful time; one felt as if one's life hung in a balance with the fate we had so long dreaded; but our merciful Father, who has protected us through so many and great dangers, brought us in safety to Dilkoosha, where we arrived, about 2 o'clock in the morning.

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November 20, Friday.

There were tents pitched into which, we all crowded, and found quilts spread on the ground, into which we rolled ourselves for the remainder of

the night. The officers of the 9th Lancers very hospitably had a supper prepared for our refreshment, and we very much enjoyed some tea and bread and butter before going to sleep. We had none of us tasted bread and butter since the 30th of June till to-day, so it was indeed a treat.

This morning we went into a small tent with Captain and Mrs. Edgell and their child, and Mrs. Anderson, which is much pleasanter than being crowded with such numbers of others in a large, public, open tent, as we were last night. We drew very liberal commissariat rations to-day, and Walter Birch lent us his khitmutgar to cook our breakfast and dinner, as Chunia did not arrive till late. Mrs. D. and her children have been left behind in the intrenchments, having no doolies to bring them on. Poor Charlie D., I grieve to say, is very much worse.

We had the inexpressible delight of receiving our home letters this afternoon. It seemed almost too much happiness. How can we ever be thankful enough for all the mercies so lovingly vouchsafed to us? Dearest mother and all of them were quite well to the 8th of September, the latest date. Of



course their anxiety for us has been terrible, but they have been, like us, mercifully supported through their trials. We had a perfect feast of letters, and felt regularly intoxicated before we had got half through them. I have found out that John Coles is with the 9th Lancers, and have sent him word to come and see me. Emily B. has got a nice little tent of her own, into which she has taken Mrs. Germon. The air out here is so deliciously fresh after the close unwholesome atmosphere inside the intrenchments, one feels like another creature.

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November 21, Saturday.

Mrs. D. and the children arrived in the middle of the night. Dr. Fayrer found her wandering about the camp not knowing where to go to, and dreadfully frightened by a drunken soldier, who would accost her. He brought her to our tent, and James got up and took her to another one, where she got shelter, as we are unfortunately quite full in this one and could not possibly make room for her with us, which I was very sorry for, as we

might help her so much if we were together. I wrote a short note home yesterday, as a post went out in the night. We received another budget of letters this morning, and besides English ones there was one from dear old Fred, who is at Simla safe and well, with both his darlings. Also letters from Captain Harvey and Mr. Wale. They had just seen the list of the survivors of the Lucknow garrison published in the papers. John Coles came to see us to-day. He looks just the same as ever. He intends to be useful in letting us have things from the mess. There are two clergymen here with the troops. J. found them out to-day. One a naval chaplain, and the other belongs to the Additional Clergy Society. The sick and wounded were all so delighted to see James when he went among them to-day. Poor Charlie Dashwood is as bad as can be. Major Stevenson, a Madras Fusileer, has died to-day. We have no news about moving from here, but all the treasure from Lucknow was brought in, and they have been blowing up guns in the intrenchments all day, which looks very much as if evacuation was decided upon. There are terrible reports that those unfortunate prisoners in the Kaiserbagh

have been murdered, and that Sir M. Jackson was hung. It is too horrible to think of their having been so near, and yet the utter impossibility of saving them. Mrs. Inglis came to tell me this morning Lady Thesiger had mentioned mamma in her letter, and desired her to let me know all my loved ones at home were well.

Poor dear Bustle was lost on the road, and I sadly fear we shall never see him again; it is heart-breaking after saving his life all through the siege.

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November 22, Sunday.

Bustle made his appearance this morning; we were so glad to see the dear old dog again!

We had prayers in our tent with just our own party, as there was no possibility in the utter confusion to manage a public service.

Dr. Darby died to-day. General Havelock is very ill, and they fear Mrs. Delafosse, who escaped from Cawnpore, will not live.

There was a sharp engagement with the enemy this morning not far off. The lancers and horse artillery galloped off, and we heard a tremendous

fire, but it did not last long. Ally D. came to spend the day with me; poor little man, he has got diarrhoea again, and looks sadly ill. Poor Charlie Dashwood died this evening. I went into the tent with Mrs. D. to see him about two hours before the end; he was quite unconscious, and did not recognise her; only when James was reading the commendatory prayer he opened his eyes, and for a moment seemed struggling to speak. I think he knew her, but it was only for an instant. J. went again before bed-time and found him just dead; he had his poor body prepared for burial, and went to tell poor Mrs. D. It was a mercy the poor dear boy was taken before the march to Cawnpore begins, for he could not have lived through the hardships he would have had to endure, and his sufferings would have been so terrible.

All the Lucknow garrison came out here to-night. The intrenchments are evacuated.

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November 23.

James found out this morning to his horror and dismay that the box containing the church-plate

and registers had been left in the intrenchment through the neglect and carelessness of Weston the clerk, who was left in particular charge, with orders to bring it out at any risk, if the place was abandoned. J. would not bring it away before, because, if Lucknow had not been given up, it must have remained there, and he would have had to return there himself, and stay there till relieved by another Chaplain; he is so vexed about it. Registers of course are of great importance, and it is shocking to think of the Communion-plate falling into the hands of the heathen enemy. The rebels went on firing as furiously as ever into the Residency till half-past eight this morning, before they discovered the place was deserted. All the guns were brought away, except the very heavy ones. Poor Captain Waterman of the 13th was left behind asleep in the brigade mess, and did not follow the rest for more than an hour, but he got out all safe. James and Mrs. Schilling walked to the Martinière this morning, Sir Colin's head-quarters for the day. They thought they might discover some débris of our property scattered about, but not a vestige of anything was to be seen, not even the leaf of a

book lying about. The clearance has been most complete; there is nothing left of the *Martinière* but the bare walls; every bit of woodwork, such as doors and window-frames, has been carried off, the beautiful marble pavement has all been dug up; and the place quite a ruin; no trace of course of the dear horses or carriage, or harp, to be found. General Martin's tomb has been broken to fragments, and his old bones dug up and scattered to the winds: I went with Mrs. Dashwood this evening to poor Charlie's funeral; the boy lies, with several other officers who have died out here, under a grove of small trees near the *Dilkoosha* hovel.

We are to march to-morrow.

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November 24, Camp, Alumbagh.

Arrived this evening tired to death. We have only come about four miles, but have been the whole day on the road; starting about eleven, we did not get here till it had been dark some time. The enemy did not fire a shot at us the whole day, for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful; it is most surprising how they came not to molest us;

no one expected we should get here without some trouble.

Mrs. Anderson, Miss Schilling, and I, started in the Fayrers' carriage drawn by bullocks, J. walking by our side; the road was frightful, and poor Mrs. Anderson very soon took refuge in a palanquin which somebody had lent her, or the jolting would have made her very ill; she is very soon expecting her confinement. The confusion of the march is perfectly indescribable; such a crowd of waggons, carts, camels, bullocks, elephants, loaded with baggage of every description, sick and wounded women and children, all moving along in one huge mass, without the smallest appearance of arrangement or order, could never be pictured by the wildest flight of imagination. Every ten minutes we came to a stand-still; and waited perhaps an hour before the mass was in motion again, without knowing what caused the obstruction; the dust was suffocating, the heat of the sun sickening, and when we reached the place appointed for encampment, where not a tent was pitched, and no prospect for the weary and hungry body presented itself, one felt inclined "to lie down and die" from fatigue and ex-

haustion; only it seemed ungrateful and wrong to grumble now at any hardships, after our merciful preservation, and before long our circumstances brightened; the camels arrived, and we found our tent, got it put up, and while that was doing received an invitation to the Artillery mess, which made quite new creatures of us; and though the ponies with our bedding had not found us out, we were so tired that we slept very soundly on the ground, and had quite wraps enough to keep us from feeling very cold. Poor General Havelock died this morning of dysentery; he has been very ill for some days.

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November 25, Camp.

Breakfasted at the Artillery mess, where they are most kind and hospitable, and asked us to dinner, which, as there was a delay in drawing our rations this morning, and we did not get them till very late, we accepted. J. has discovered an old school-fellow, a Mr. Bunney, who greeted him very warmly last night at the mess. John Coles and Mr. Ryves came to see me. We halt here to-day. The enemy



continues marvellously quiet. I suppose they have not recovered the punishment they got at Secunderabagh, the day the junction between Sir Colin's force and the Lucknow garrison was effected. Our brave troops surrounded the building, which was full of the rebels; the wretches resisted to the death, and no less than 1600 of them were cut down, fighting like demons. After they had buried 500 bodies, Captain Green told me the number seemed not at all diminished. Among those who were caught in the garden were sixty Sepoys N.I. They were all stood up in a row, and a volley fired into them; twelve dropped dead, and then the officers and men rushed upon them, shouting out, "Cawnpore!" "Cawnpore!" and killed every man of them. There are different reports about the unfortunate prisoners in the hands of the enemy:—Sir Mount Stuart and Miss Jackson, Captain and Mrs. Orr and their child, Mr. Byng, and one of the poor Christians' children from Seetapore. One report says they have all been beheaded, and Sir M. Jackson hung. Another rumour, which I pray may be the true one, is, that they are still alive, and removed from the Kaiser Bagh to the Dowlat Khana.

Mr. Jackson, the uncle of Sir M. J., and his sisters, has come out from England, and is with the force to try and recover them; but he is very out of heart about it, and fears the worst. The eldest Miss Jackson, who escaped from Seetapore with Captain John Hearsay and party, has never been heard of, and they can get no trace of her whatever.

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November 26, Thursday, Camp, Alumbagh.

We halt here again to-day. Breakfasted, by Captain Green's invitation, at the mess of the Punjaub Infantry. Mrs. Polehampton, Mrs. Gall, and Mrs. Barbor have a beautiful tent lent them by Mr. Fisher, the second in command; so I spent the day with them, and we dined with the Punjabees again in the evening. Their mess is a very good one; they have everything of the best.

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November 27, Friday, Camp at Buunee.

We were warned to start this morning at seven. I got up at five, made every preparation, as in duty

bound: when we were nearly ready comes an order that we don't move till eleven—so we had time for a second breakfast at the Artillery mess. Our carriage, by James's capital pioneering, got at the head of the ladies' column, immediately behind the advance guard of the infantry. We had a very tedious march; our progress necessarily so slow. We crossed the Bunnee bridge, and reached our encamping ground at sunset. The road, for India, was pretty. Oude is certainly much more fertile and pleasant-looking than any part of the country between Calcutta and Peshawur.

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November 28, Saturday; 4 miles from Cawnpore,  
Camp near the Ganges.

Started at seven this morning, and did not reach our place of encampment till nearly midnight. Our pace can have been little faster than two miles an hour. We were obliged to make a forced march of nearly thirty-eight miles to-day, as the Cominander-in-Chief got news on the road of the Gwalior rebels being in force at Cawnpore. We have heard heavy and continued firing the whole day. A part

of our force has been sent on across the river to the assistance of Brigadier Wilson at Cawnpore. The enemy are in possession of half the city. There must have been a great deal of hard fighting to-day, to judge by the tremendous firing. This has been a very weary march: if James had not galloped off to the Commissariat and seized some loaves, we should have starved. Mr. Inglis gave us a tin of oxtail soup to-night when we arrived, so we did very well.

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November 29, Advent Sunday, Camp near Ganges,  
opposite Cawnpore.

After breakfast this morning we were ordered to strike tents and move on a mile and a half nearer Cawnpore. The firing is horribly close—we see the smoke of the guns plainly just across the river. All the troops have gone on, with the exception of one brigade, under Brigadier Inglis, left for our protection.

In the action yesterday poor Brigadier Wilson was killed, and we lost five officers and ninety men of the 64th: we took five of the enemy's guns.

This encamping ground is very nice, on some beautiful soft turf. We are near the 9th Lancers' mess; so I mean to invite myself to John Coles for some dinner to-night.

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November 30, Monday, St. Andrew's Day,  
Cawnpore.

Here we are in this fatal place; and most thankful must we be to have arrived so far on our perilous journey in safety. We got the order to move onwards between 7 and 8 p.m. yesterday. The distance was not great, but it was past midnight before we reached the place of refuge appointed for us in the old dragoon barrack-yard, where we were so fortunate as to find our little tent pitched and ready, our servants having most cleverly managed to push on and get in advance of the rest of the baggage. We had great trouble on the road; our carriage stuck fast in the sand; the bullocks lay down, and seemed as if they were going to die; and we were left miles behind every one else, and were contemplating abandoning the turn-out altogether; but at last, with the help of

some sailors of the naval brigade, we contrived to get into motion again, and by a short cut rejoined the line, and by great good luck found Miss Schilling and Bobbie, whom we had lost in the confusion when we had to get out of the carriage. Just as we were crossing the bridge of boats over the Ganges, a tremendous fire opened on the Cawnpore side. We were told it was principally our own men firing at the enemy afar off; but it sounded most awful, and I never, during the whole siege, more thoroughly realised such an extreme sense of nearly-impending danger, and how very close death might be: one felt as if the very next instant perhaps might be one's last. I shall never forget the crossing that river. The firing ceased as suddenly as it began. I suppose it did not last a quarter of an hour, though it seemed an age to us. The enemy is all about in great strength: they say there are 17,000 in this Gwalior force, and an immense number of guns. They are in possession of the city and great part of the station, and there is no disguising the fact that our troops got the worst of it on Saturday. We have heard great guns and heavy firing all day: a round shot

whizzed just over our tent this morning,—it is dreadful being again in the midst of war and fighting. This place, with all its horrible associations, is a very painful one to be in. I trust we shall soon be sent off to Allahabad ; but at present the enemy occupies the road, and posts are stopped both up and down, so I fear my letter to dearest mother I posted at Dilkoosha is lost.\* There is not the faintest hope of our being able to get up to Dagshaie for ages to come.

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December 1, Tuesday, Cawnpore,  
Artillery Barracks.

We were all transferred from the dragoon to these barracks this morning at daybreak. Mrs. Edgell, Mrs. Anderson, and I, have a little corner-room, besides the tent ; and I suppose we are likely to be here some days, as they will not send us on till the road is safe. We still hear constant firing, but no news of what is going on has reached us. Yesterday there was a report that Sir J. Outram's

\* No, only delayed a mail.

force from Lucknow had arrived, but it has not been confirmed. J. tried to make his way this morning to the entrenched camp to see Mr. Moore, the chaplain, and inquire for letters at the post-office; but so many round shot were flying about, he thought it advisable to turn back. I never saw such a sad scene of desolation as this station. There is not a house left standing; it is enough to make one cry to look at the blackened ruins of what once were beautiful bungalows, and then to think of the awful fate of all those who so lately inhabited them—a fate too which we so narrowly escaped, and which even now we can hardly feel safe from; for with the enemy in such overwhelming numbers so close to us, there can be no safety until we reach Allahabad. It is quite uncertain when we shall leave this, but the Commander-in-Chief is sure to get rid of us as soon as he can, for we must be greatly in his way. I went to see Emmie B. this morning. Charlie has been appointed Brigadier-Major to Brigadier Walpole. We have received no more letters since we came here, which is a dreadful disappointment.



December 2, Wednesday, Cawnpore.

James rode to the entrenched camp before breakfast, and came back with beer, soap, ink, and other prizes he succeeded in getting there. We had to draw eight days' rations for the road, which looks as if we were to start soon. I wrote a few lines to-day to dearest mother in the faint hope of its ever reaching her. J. and I walked this evening with Mrs. Case and Miss Dickson to see poor Sir H. Wheeler's entrenchments, where he held out twenty-one days against the enemy. The only wonder is how a single person came out of them alive; and far better would it have been if they had all died there instead of suffering as they did a worse fate. The barracks in which they took refuge are perfectly perforated with round shot. The unhappy creatures could have had no possible shelter either from the sun of an Indian June, or the murderous fire which never ceased day or night. It made one shudder with horror to think what their sufferings had been; and yet they were nothing in comparison of what the hapless survivors who left the entrenched position afterwards endured. I

picked up the leaf of a Bible, and brought it away as a relic. We saw some writing in pencil on some of the walls. In one place there was a cross drawn with a great number of initials underneath, and the date June 16th. On another part a poor fellow had written, "Dear Jesus! have mercy on us, and deliver us not into our enemy's hands," and signed "James Tyrrel." The entrenchments by way of a defence are quite laughable: a very narrow ditch, not knee-deep, and a low bank of earth, over which we stepped with the greatest ease, was all that divided them from the enemy, and yet the cowards never attempted to come over. We had a visit from J. Coles after we came home; he very kindly brought us some sherry, and James a few cigars, to console us on the march. The B.'s got some English letters to-day, and Emmie sent me one from Aunt Ellen to read, in which she mentions dear mother and all at home being well. I cannot think where our letters can be.

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December 3, Cawnpore.

We were warned last night that we should probably get the order to start before morning; how-

ever, none came, and here we are still, but may have to start at any moment. There seems to be a good deal of fighting going on to-day. The Gwalior force still holds the town, and the Nana is said to be with them. Yesterday three English officers were seen *hanging* outside one of the enemy's batteries, near the place where the women and children were massacred. J. Coles came to see us this morning, and brought us some delicious fresh butter. I have got my child Ally back. Mrs. D. sends him to spend the day with me whenever we halt.

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December 4.

We are 24 miles from Cawnpore, on our road to Allahabad. The order to march came last night, and we started at ten, and did not reach this place of encampment till between twelve and one in the middle of the day. We are to get to Futtypore (48 miles) in two marches; but how the poor tired animals will ever manage another journey of 24 miles to-night I know not. Our escort consists of the 34th regiment, two guns, and some native cavalry. We breathe more freely now we are out

of that mournful place, Cawnpore; and as the whole road between it and Allahabad is lined with our troops coming up country, I trust it is pretty safe. We met the 42nd Highlanders, the 38th, and some of the Rifles this morning, and yesterday the 85th and some artillery arrived at Cawnpore. C. Barwell is left behind as Brigade Major to General Walpole. It is very sad for him and Emmie being separated. I can't be thankful enough my dear J. is able to come with me. We were all very tired and knocked up when we arrived to-day, especially the gentlemen who had been riding all night and had no sleep; but after some breakfast, a wash, and a snooze, we are considerably better. We have picked up another Madras servant, Peter by name, to help Chunia, who has turned out a regular trump on the march, and cooks and works most willingly for our whole party. J. has mounted himself on a lean old grey mare, about 100 years old; which he bought at Dilkoosha to carry baggage. It is a wretched old beast, but saves him walking. Dr. Fayerer has bought a buggy: so Miss Schilling goes in it now with Mrs. Fayerer; and Mrs. Anderson, who was obliged to

give up her palanquin at Cawnpore, comes in the carriage with me. I make room for J. to squeeze in between me and one corner to get a sleep when he gets very tired. We start again to-night at nine o'clock.

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December 5, Saturday.

We came a march of 13 miles last night, and got here about eight o'clock this morning. The camping-ground is very pretty, with a great many trees round it, which, as many people are without tents, is a great advantage. We have been mercifully protected on the road so far; not a shot has been fired, or an alarm of any kind given, since we left Cawnpore. If it were not the fear of enemies, which we cannot help feeling, I should enjoy this out-of-door, picnicking-life excessively, in spite of all the inconveniences and roughing it we have to put up with. The fresh air and open country, and feeling of liberty, are so intensely delightful, after our six months' close confinement to Dr. Fayrer's small narrow strip of compound, with nothing to look at but a high stone wall, to remind us still

more that we were prisoners. If it had lasted much longer, and I had not had plenty to do, I should have gone melancholy mad.

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December 6, Sunday, Camp.

We started last night at seven, halted this morning at ten; no adventure to record. Captain —— chose a horrid place for our tent—on rough dirty ground, with no shade. Every one else is under beautiful trees, on turf, at a little distance; but when we arrived all the camels were unloaded, so we could not move. The marching arrangements are very bad. J. found some wounded today, who said that they had not seen a doctor or had their wounds dressed since leaving Cawnpore. Then he met two doctors, who had been, they said, hunting the camp for two hours in search of their patients and could not find them. The sick are scattered about in all directions instead of being together in one place, and the confusion is extreme. We hear that the Gwalior rebels evacuated Cawnpore and made off for Bithoor the day after we left. We met more troops this morning on their way up. Sir

Colin will soon have 14,000 with him, and be able to do great things.

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December 7, Monday, Fort Allahabad.

We reached the railway station at Ranee Gunge this morning at sunrise, and were immediately requested to take our places in the train, where we sat in very uncomfortable 2nd-class carriages crowded to suffocation (with ten people in a place for eight) for at least two hours before starting, having had no breakfast or refreshment of any kind. When once we were off, however, it seemed delightfully home-like and natural to be once more on a railroad, and we came along at a good rate, arriving at Allahabad (40 miles) in about two hours, which was very quick for India, and the train tremendously long and heavy. When we arrived at the terminus we found it crowded with gentlemen and soldiers, who all cheered the poor Lucknow garrison most enthusiastically; and indeed the kind and hearty welcome we received at Allahabad—the first place of safety we have rested in for many a month—will not soon be forgotten by any of us. We found beautiful

tents pitched in the Fort for our accommodation. They are the Governor-General's own tents. We share ours with the Edgells, but it is large; we have each a private bedroom, and large centre room to sit in. We were regularly knocked up when we arrived; we had had nothing to eat since the night before; but Mr. Spry, the chaplain here, took us off to his quarters in the fort, where we were regaled with a luncheon that revived us considerably. To-night, for the first time since the 24th May, J. and I enjoy the luxury of a room to ourselves. Nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality we meet with here. Furniture, in the way of beds, chairs, and tables, is provided for our tents, and there is a table-d'hôte, at which we may all take our meals, furnished by the relief fund. Mr. Spry is the manager. There are no steamers here yet to take us down to Calcutta, so we may be detained here some time, and the idea of *rest* in a place of security is very pleasant. Mr. Spry is very hard-worked here, and has applied for a second chaplain; we may be ordered to stay here till we can proceed to Dagshaie in safety. Mrs. D. and Emily B. are gone to Dr. Irvine's in cantonments; they



are the only ladies not in the fort. Nearly all the bungalows in cantonments here were destroyed. The Sprys lost the whole of their property. There has been telegraphic news of great successes at Cawnpore since we left; no particulars yet. No English letters for us here.

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December 8, Allahabad, 4, G.-G.'s Tents, Fort.

Mrs. Spry kindly sent her dhobee over to me this morning, and we gave him an accumulation of unwashed clothes. We breakfasted at the Sprys', and found Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Polehampton there; after breakfast we assisted Mrs. Spry in distributing shoes, stockings, pocket handkerchiefs, combs, and hair brushes, &c., sent up by Lady Canning for the ladies of the Lucknow garrison. We dined at the table-d'hôte at three o'clock, and had tea in our own tent; our camp is really very pretty, beautifully pitched in a square, with the large dining-tent in the centre, on a lovely piece of turf, with trees all around. Allahabad Fort is very strong, overlooking the Jumna. The station looked very pretty indeed as we saw it yesterday from the

railway. J. telegraphed to Sir J. Colville this morning to write home by the mail which leaves to-morrow, to tell dear mother of our safe arrival here.

The luxurious feeling of rest and peace and safety here is perfectly indescribable; one can scarcely realise it or know what to make of it after the excitement, anxiety, and turmoil of the last six months.

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December 9.

Mrs. Spry asked me and Mrs. Polchampton to assist her in the distribution of Lady Canning's gifts, so we were busy all morning going round to different tents and supplying people's wants. We dined to-day in our tent: the table-d'hôte is given up, the Khansamer having struck work, so people are now requested to cook for themselves.

J. walked to the post-office this evening and found the English mail just arrived, and coaxed the post-master to let us look over all the Lucknow letters, but alas, alas, in vain! After diligently inspecting two large packets we found not a single letter addressed to one of the Lucknow garrison: they were

all to officers belonging to General Havelock's force. It seems evident that we have been given up for lost by those at home.

The kind way we are treated here is most touching. People seem as if they could not do enough for us: we have the most beautiful flowers, and vegetables and milk, and all sorts of good things sent us every morning.

Mrs. Fayerer had a little son this morning—prematurely.

James has undertaken to superintend giving out the rations, and was very busy this morning. We are fed at present entirely by the Relief Fund, but it is too heavy a pull on the charity, and I believe the Commissariat is to take us back again.

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December 10, Fort Allahabad.

Mr. Schilling dined with us. We luxuriated in a table-cloth, and presented such a wonderfully civilized appearance he was quite struck. The rest and comfort here is something too delightful; we seem as if we could not be thankful enough for the great mercy which has placed us once more in

safety and peace. We only now seem realising all we have suffered. If only now I could hear from home I should be so happy.

Two people of our old garrison died to-day. Mr. Gubbins has been dangerously ill, but he is better.

The news from Cawnpore is capital—27 of the enemy's guns taken.

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December 11, Friday.

Mrs. Polehampton and I went round the barracks and took down the names of all the widows belonging to the Artillery and 32nd, for Mrs. Spry, who is going to give them each a black dress from the relief fund. Some of the poor things are in great distress, having come out of Lucknow with only the clothes they wore. Such numbers of children were running about wild, Mrs. Polehampton and I thought it would be a good plan if we could get them together and keep a sort of school while they are detained here. We are going to ask Mr. Spry about it. Mrs. Fayer's little baby died this afternoon. Mr. Schilling started for Calcutta

by mail cart. We engaged Ramsay, Mrs. D.'s African servant, as she does not want him any longer; he attended Mr. Polehampton and poor Charlie Dashwood in their last illness. Dear old Bustle has arrived with the sweeper quite safe. We left him to come by the road when we took train.

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December 13, Sunday.

At eleven o'clock this morning we had service in the garrison chapel, where all the Lucknow refugees attended and returned public thanks to God for our merciful deliverance. The appropriate psalms were 34th, 71st, and 92nd; lessons Exodus 15, Romans 12, and a special thanksgiving prayer. Nearly 100 partook of the Holy Communion. The offertory was given to the asylum founded by Sir H. Lawrence for soldiers' children in India. The collection was 250 rupees. After church I went with Mrs. Polehampton to the barracks and collected between thirty and forty children in a large empty room where we opened our school. We have no books or any school appurtenances to help us, so it is rather difficult to manage. We divided the scholars into two classes,

those who could read, and those who could not. I took the big ones, Mrs. P. the little ones. Considering how long they have been running wild, they are more tractable than one could possibly have expected. In the afternoon we drove down three in a buggy to the cantonments, which are extremely pretty. There are only about a dozen houses left. The bungalows were all destroyed by the mutineers, and no less than thirty-six officers murdered. The church is left standing, and is used for divine service, but all the interior fittings are destroyed.

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December 14, Monday.

J. has been on the sick list to-day. Mrs. P. and I kept our school and got on very well—began a home letter. Mrs. Birch confined last night of a boy.

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December 15, Tuesday.

The Sprys lent us their buggy, and we drove out to see Emma B. and Mrs. D. Poor darling little "Chota Loll" is so dreadfully ill, I am sadly afraid he will not live; he is the colour of

an orange, constantly sick, and no bigger than when he was born.

It is settled that we stay here till the roads are safe for us to go to Dagshaie.

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December 18, Friday.

Sent off our English letters. The steamer Madras started with a large number of wounded, and seventeen ladies, for Calcutta. Mrs. Dashwood came to see me this afternoon. The dear baby is better.

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December 20, Sunday.

Church in the garrison chapel at ten A.M. Mrs. B.'s baby baptised Frederic William. We dined at two. At half-past four went to church in cantonments. The interior was entirely destroyed by mutineers — seats, pulpit, altar, rails, &c., all torn up and smashed, and windows broken.

J. had the kindest letter I ever read from — this morning. He begs us to make him our banker if we want money, and offers to do anything he possibly can for us. He says Dr. Leckie, secretary to

the relief fund, has portioned *me* 1000 rupees to enable me to refit. I shall come out like a butterfly *some* fine day!

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Thursday, Christmas Eve.

We have given the school children a holiday till Monday. I walked round the ramparts this evening. Mrs. C. told me that the last news which had been heard of those unhappy prisoners at Lucknow was that Maun Singh had planned their escape, and had the ladies dressed as native women, and the gentlemen disguised in the same manner. They were on the point of getting away, when some Sepoys discovered them, and they were carried off again to the Kaiser Bagh; and nothing has since transpired, so whether still alive or not is unknown.

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Christmas Day, Allahabad.

The services of the Church are all we have to remind us of this joyful season. It is less like Christmas time than any I have passed even in India—not the least cold, and not even the ghost of a mince-pie. That we should have been spared to see



Christmas in safety is a great cause of thankfulness and joy ; but it is good to fix *all* our thoughts on the *real cause* we have for rejoicing at this season, and one must do so to feel in any degree glad. The church was very full. Emmie and Mrs. D. came from cantonments. The poor widows all looked so sad and tearful, there will be little *mirth* anywhere this Christmas, I fancy.

We had a narrow escape from great danger coming home this evening from the cemetery, where J. had been for a funeral. The horse shied at something going over the drawbridge ; his feet slipped on the iron nails, and he fell, with his head and fore-legs over the side of the bridge. Had he been a few inches more forward, his own weight must have dragged buggy and all down to the bottom of the moat. We jumped out at once, and some European soldiers came to the rescue. With a good deal of trouble, the poor horse was got on his legs again.

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December 28, Monday.

The band of the 79th Highlanders played this evening in front of the barracks ; it was quite a

treat. Emmie and Mrs. D. came from the cantonments, and we walked together. A *flaming* order about J. has come out in General Outram's despatch, and he has received the *warm* thanks of the Governor-General for the second time, which is very gratifying.

A writer of Dr. Fayer's has made his appearance here; he says he has been a prisoner with the rebels during the siege, and just made his escape; his account of what went on outside among the enemy is very interesting; he says every single thing which occurred in the Residency was known outside; the rebels were thoroughly acquainted with all that occurred among us by our *faithful* (?) *Seikhs* and *servants* in the garrison. They knew everything about Sir H. Lawrence, and the exact moment of his death, and about Miss Palmer and Mr. Omaney, only they mistook the latter for Mr. Gubbins. The Baboo says rewards were offered for every European head; 100 rupees for an officer, and 16 for a seldier; and that a head which the wretches gave out was that of Captain Carnegie (the cantonment magistrate), who is alive now and well, was hung up in one of the public gateways for a long

time. There were strict orders to slay every man, woman, and child who fell into their cruel hands, and every servant caught was immediately killed. Every native Christian, or person connected in any way with us, was murdered in the city: The wretches did not find out for many hours that we had evacuated the Residency. They have levelled it, houses, church, and all to the ground, and are preparing to make a tremendous stand there; but I think they will find we shall retake it very much sooner than we lost it, strong as they may make it. If they had had the smallest particle of courage, they could have walked in with the greatest ease; but God turned their hearts to water for our deliverance.

By the last accounts, Miss Jackson and Miss Orr were still alive, confined in a small den, where they could not stand upright; but Sir M. Jackson and the other gentlemen had been put to death.

HERE THE JOURNAL ENDS.

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[The following letters—by the husband of the writer—are added with a view of completing the narrative.]

Allahabad, December 17.

A short time since I had little hope of ever writing to you again, but here we both are safe and sound, mercifully preserved through innumerable perils, and enjoying such rest and peace as has been unknown to us for six months past. . . . My duties, as you may imagine, were never-ceasing; and the trying part of all was that we got so little rest though so sorely fagged, until I reached this. I had slept in my clothes (rolled in a rug on the ground) for more than six months, and subject oftentimes to be roused two or three times in the night by a general call to arms, when an assault was either made or threatened by our fiendish foes. In our small and open position no soul was safe from shot, shell, or musketry fire; and those whose duties took them out of their several posts and garrisons had to run the gauntlet of as murderous a shower of *all* as can be conceived. My preserva-

tion I look upon as miraculous, for I was more exposed than almost any one in the place; but it must have been rather for the sake of others than my own deservings. I buried some five hundred during the siege: many will, I fear, be bitterly disappointed who think their dear ones preserved. The list first published was painfully incomplete, and numbers have fallen since Outram and Havelock forced their way in and were shut up with us. My poor brother chaplain was shot through the body, and died of cholera, just at the commencement of the siege. I was then left single-handed in my most painful duties. We stay here until the roads leading up country are safe enough to travel. Allahabad is a nice place for the plains: the chaplain requires help sadly, owing to the number of wounded coming in, and the increased amount of duty arising from the accumulation of troops. It is not time to speak of losses, though ours have been heavy indeed—everything gone but a few clothes: carriage, horses, furniture, books, all. Our losses could not be repaired at the least under 1,200*l*. I grieve for my books: they are things one gets to love from old associations.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Allahabad, January 2, 1858.

It never was intended that last mail should leave without a few lines from me to you. Dear G. promised to leave me room in her letter, but finished and sent it off before I knew of it. We had just arrived, and I was at the time incessantly employed with our poor wounded, and in distributing immediate and necessary relief from the fund available in this place. Thus it came about. But I am sure you will have attributed it to some such reason as this. I rushed to the telegraph as soon as we arrived, and sent you a fitting message through Sir J. Colvile, which it is a comfort to us to know will have gladdened your anxious hearts long before you had a real letter. We have so constantly grieved about your imaginary trouble. What a mercy it is that we have been preserved amongst the few who lived to see the triumphant end of that dreadful siege! I do pray it may have been so ordained in great mercy to both of us, and that we may henceforth be more earnest and faithful. It would be very dreadful if the lesson should be lost to us.

My dear G. behaved splendidly—never gave in—

and constantly occupied herself in doing acts of kindness to others less able than herself. It pleased God to give us both good health: thus we were able to forget ourselves very much in going about our several duties. It was a painful thing that we never could be alone together all those weary months; but we managed to read the Psalms and Lessons together daily in a comparatively retired corner. and that was a great thing, for of course I was one of the few who had constantly to go about the position, leaving the cover, such as it was, of our several posts. I never did so without the chances being many against my ever coming back to her again. But God's mercy has been great, and here we are safe and sound, and very happy, inasmuch as New Year's Day brought us a budget from all our dear ones. G. kept a sort of scrambling journal during the siege, which I hope to send you soon; it was written under difficulties, with little hope that you would ever see it. Not that we ever utterly despaired, for a protecting Providence was in so many things apparent that we felt it wrong to be distrustful; though as our garrison daily diminished, and help seemed ever farther off, the last resource of

blowing up the magazine was talked of and tacitly resolved on in case we could no longer protect our women and children. They never would have boasted of another Cawnpore. I rejoice now very much that I never took one of their wretched lives, although constantly under arms. I resolved not to shed blood unless in extremity; that is to say, unless the enemy actually got a footing in our position. This they never did, so they had their practice at me gratis. You may imagine what work it was, when I tell you that many of our little garrison have each, during an assault, to their own knowledge, killed their ten and fifteen men. Well, it is over now, and I think the neck of the mutiny is broken. Retribution is now the thing; and I trust the punishment dealt will be severe, but not merciless. The garrison of Lucknow are, here in India, perfect lions; and, really, it was a gallant defence. We have been stripped pretty bare, but shall no doubt be able to get on. They talk of distributing lots of rewards, but that can't come to me. I cannot look for more than the satisfaction of having tried to do my duty—imperfectly at best—but it was hard work single-handed. General Havelock's reinforcement re-



lieved almost all but me, who had some 300 wounded added to my former cares. The appointment to Dagshaie is the best thing for us now, and if it please God to spare us, we shall, after service there, be brought close on our furlough, and hope to see you all again. Will you tell the rector of W. that I received his kind letter in the middle of the fight at Cawnpore, and was quite refreshed by his mention of old times and people, of which we had so often talked in our troubles. I will write to him soon.

Kindest love, &c.,

JAMES P. H.

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TO MY SISTER.

Allahabad, January 3, 1858.

Who would ever have thought six weeks ago that I should now be wishing you a Happy New Year? Poor girl! I am so distressed to find by your letter, dated Oct. 17, that you have been so miserable about us. Well, indeed many a time did we despair of ever seeing any of your dear faces again; we used to wonder whether you really knew and understood

what a position we were in ; and now we gladly find you did not realise it. Dear Aunt G. says it " was a comfort to you all to know that, although closely beset, we were in an impregnable fort ! " We were in no fort at all ; we occupied a few houses in a large garden, with a low wall on one side, and only an earthen parapet on the others, in the middle of a large city, the buildings of which completely commanded us, and swarming with thousands of our deadly foes, thirsting for our blood. God gave us protection and pluck, the former in a wonderful degree, or not one of us would be here to tell about it. This you will see when you get G.'s journal. It is short, written under difficulties, but will give you some idea of our position. She put down what she could day by day as it occurred, just on the *chance* of its ever reaching you. The Engineers calculated that all those months never one second elapsed without a shot being thrown in at us, and at times upwards of seventy per second, besides round-shot and shell. Every house was shattered ; every single building seemed to be marked with severe small-pox ; and yet, notwithstanding this, and the number of killed and wounded, the brutes never dared come

and fight us hand to hand. They tried hard a few times, but were killed round our earthworks by hundreds; so they took to shooting us down by degrees, and this they would have done, humanly speaking, if those brave fellows under Havelock had not come in. Even then, after losing 1000 out of 2800 in doing it, the rest were shut up with us for six weeks, fighting with us day and night, till old Sir Colin came with 10,000 more, and with great difficulty and loss got us out of it. Well, thank God! now we are all right.

We got your letter New Year's Day—a delightful gift—and truly thankful are we to find that my dear father and all of you were pretty well, except being bothered about us. Fred Baily came to Lucknow with Havelock's force, not looking well, poor fellow; he stayed with Sir J. Outram's force in the district of Oude—at the Alumbagh and the open plain—about 4000 men, and they have not been molested to speak of. He had left his property in Cawnpore. I meant to have got it sent to him; but on getting there we just came in for the battle in which General Windham was defeated; and though Sir Colin's force soon set him right again, all the

baggage, stores, &c.—amongst them poor Fred's belongings—had gone to the natives or been burnt. Your letter, and R.'s and W.'s, have just reached us. Poor things! how sad it was for you to hear, after all, that the relief of Sept. 25 was no relief at all! They did relieve us, though, of incessant work and watching by bringing more to take the duty; and they also brought us some meat—precious tough too—for we eat all the old bullocks that dragged in their heavy guns. We had scarcely any provision left when Sir Colin came. Had he delayed a fortnight, we should have had to cut our way out, to the probable loss of all the lives of women and children, if not men: we were however saved that terrible alternative in God's great mercy.





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