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A SKETCH

OF

THE SIEGE OF MOOLTAN.

BY

JOHN JONES COLE, Esq.

ASSISTANT SURGEON, LATE IN MEDICAL CHARGE OF THE
ALLIED ARMY, MOOLTAN.

CALCUTTA :

PRINTED BY P. S. D'ROZARIO AND CO. TANK-SQUARE.

1849.



THE
SIEGE OF MOOLTAN.

MOOLTAN—A principal city of the Punjab, is situated on the left bank of the river Chenab, and distant from it about four miles, in Long. $71^{\circ} 40'$ Lat. $30^{\circ} 12'$. It is a very important, and strongly fortified place, and second only to Lahore in extent of trade, and number of its inhabitants. It is said to contain ten thousand houses, which are for the most part built of brick, and many of them two or three stories high; some of them contain good and airy rooms, and are capable of being made habitable for Europeans. As in native cities generally, there are many squalid hovels, close ill-ventilated holes, wherein the very poorest classes live. The streets are indirect, narrow, badly paved, and dirty. The

inhabitants, (Hindoos, Sikhs, and Mussulmans,) are estimated at 50,000. They carry on a brisk trade among themselves, and have large and well-furnished bazars. They also barter extensively in silks and cotton goods, with the inhabitants of the adjacent countries.

The town is surrounded on three sides by a high and well-built brick-wall, strengthened at short distances by semicircular bastions, and it has five covered and well-defended gateways.

On the fourth or north-western side it is bounded by the fort itself, at the foot of the glacis of which it terminates. Here there is some high and broken ground, across from wall to wall, and not more than an hundred yards from the ditch; this ground is completely built over, and it will be seen that during the siege it afforded strong and favourable positions for the British batteries.

The fortress of Mooltan is perhaps the strongest native fortification in India. It is a natural mound of earth, faced with walls one above and within the other. It is surrounded on all sides by a deep wide ditch, and a glacis sloping easily away to some distance. The depth of the ditch from the crest of the glacis is thirty feet.

There are three narrow bridges passing over it, slightly built, without parapets, and capable of being easily destroyed: two of these were blocked up during the siege. The counterscarp is for the most part built of mud, rendered solid and very durable by the admixture of chopped straw. The walls are wholly of massive brick-work, of great thickness, and neatly put together. They are raised against a high and extensive mound of earth, or *little* hill, and supported and defended, at equal distances, by well constructed bastions, pierced with three or more embrasures for cannon. The scarp wall is considered too low, in some places the guns placed on it scarcely overlook the crest of the glacis, and the curtain wall is said to be somewhat too high. The third, or mine wall, which encloses the citadel, is of lesser importance, and adds but little to the strength of the place. Immediately within this wall, and of which it forms a part, there is a chain of dome-topped buildings, consigned to the used of the soldiery; they are extensive, roomy, and capable of accommodating a large force; but they are neither shot nor shell proof, and were soon abandoned by the garrison. The

space within is in a great measure unoccupied ; it contains, however, in the centre, Moolraj's house and garden, the magazines and storehouses, and a few lesser buildings scattered about. It has also, on the north and south, a handsome mosque, surmounted by a noble dome. Here too there are high mounds or towers, (Dum-Dumers,) defended by long fourteen pounder guns. These cannons are capable of propelling shot to great distances ; and they command a greater part of the town and fort. They were not completely silenced during the siege, but were often obliged to alter the direction of their fire ; throughout they did but comparatively little damage. From the mosque on the south, which is by far the loftier, we get a pleasing and extensive view of the neighbouring country, the river Chenab, and, in the distance, the hills beyond the Indus. The country round and about Mooltan is thickly wooded. The Date, the Mango, the Peepul, and the Sheeshum tree, with others of lesser note, abound and flourish. There are many Mussulman and Hindoo temples scattered here and there : they look picturesque in the distance, but within themselves are worthy of little notice.

The Shums-Tabrez and Sawan-Mull's tomb, are perhaps worthy of consideration: the former is now partly a ruin, having suffered much from the enemy's fire; the latter is not damaged in its walls, but much of the ornamental work has been torn away. The Eedgah is now particularly deserving of notice, as being the scene of the unparalleled murder of our poor countrymen. It lies to the north, and is within range of the fort guns. It is a Mussulman temple, of considerable size, and surmounted by a dome. It was probably a place of some note in its day: it is now rapidly falling to decay, and would soon have been forgotten, had not the late tragic scene enacted within its walls, brought it prominently into notice, and given it a memorable name in history. There are many large and luxuriant gardens about the place, by no mean ineligible sites for European residences; at the present time there are houses being built in some of them, for the use of the civil authorities. In the suburbs, and close to the town wall, we meet with numberless smaller dwellings, most of them built of mud, and the majority of them falling to pieces. It is no easy matter to get through these villages now, in time of

peace; no wonder, then, our gallant fellows found it difficult, when defended by a desperate enemy. There are also, on the north and east, three high and extensive mounds of earth, (the remains of old brick-kilns) worthy to be mentioned, as being the scenes of much hard fighting, in the first and second advance upon the place. The country in the neighbourhood is flat and fertile, well watered by canals and wells, and producing an abundance of wheat, barley, gram, and Indian corn. Cotton and tobacco grow well also, and opium in small quantity is produced, but of inferior quality. Rhubarb, turnips, onions, spinach, and other vegetables are plentifully found. Large flocks of sheep and goats, with immense herds of cows and buffaloes, are seen in every direction, feeding in the jungles. Nevertheless the country is, on the whole, thinly populated, and badly cultivated; many fine tracts of land being in a state of naturalism, which a little labour and small expense, would render highly productive. The whole country is capable of being much improved (as I trust the people are), and made to yield perhaps ten times the annual revenue.

Much has been said about the unhealthi-

ness of Mooltan, and the heat is spoken of as approaching that of Tartarus. Unquestionably it is exceedingly hot at Mooltan for six months in the year, and doubtless the temperature is greater than that of some other stations; but there are many equally hot, and without the advantage of having (which Mooltan has) at all times more or less wind blowing; in the evening this most welcome breeze is cool enough to enable Europeans to sleep, and the nights are beautiful, and free from dew.

As regards the health of the climate.—I do most conscientiously believe there are few stations in the plains of India more salubrious and better fitted for European and native troops, provided at all times due care be taken in constructing large and well-ventilated quarters for the men. In choosing sites for barracks, it would be well to select the higher ground, for, be it remembered, Mooltan is not free from unhealthy periods, and these are when much rain falls; then fevers, sores, dysentery, and other diseases break out, and are very fatal to the inhabitants; happily, however, this seldom occurs, as the fall of much rain at Mooltan is a very unusual phenomenon. The natives assured me

on many occasions, that it had scarcely rained *at all* for seven years, and that for fourteen they had had very little. There are doubtless many good reasons for constituting this a station, and we think it likely to become an important one, its contiguity to the deep and broad river Chenab, is in itself a strong recommendation.

Before the execrable murder of our two unhappy countrymen, Mooltan was little known, and by the majority of Europeans scarcely heard of. The late Lieut. Christopher (I. N.) in his ascent of the Indus, in the year 1848, visited the city, and reported it to be a very strong, populous, and wealthy place. The natives themselves consider the fort impregnable, although it had once been taken, by Rungeet Sing, in 1818. It has however been considerably strengthened since his day, and Moolraj spared no pains or expence in rendering it completely defensible, and, trusting in its fancied impregnability, and in his secretly organized army, he dared to murder the representatives of Government, and to throw off his allegiance to his rightful Sovereign. This most savage, most *unpardonable* murder,—which (notwithstanding the morbid feelings of the public) *must* be laid

at Moolraj's *own* door—brought Mooltan prominently and painfully before the world ; and upon herself the severe punishment that has lately befallen her, and which we could wish to see consummated in the public execution of the murderer, Moolraj.

The late war in the Punjab may be said to have commenced at Mooltan, on the morning of the 20th April, 1848, when, by Moolraj's command, the fort guns opened on the Eedgah, in which the late Mr. Agnew and Lieut. Anderson were lying wounded, and in which they were, on the following evening, barbarously murdered.

The circumstances attending the death of these unfortunate officers, are too well known to need repetition, let it suffice to say, they were attacked and murdered, while issuing from the fort, where they had gone, on the 19th April, to take possession; and were killed by Moolraj's order, or connivance, on the evening of the 20th.

After the perpetration of this crime, Moolraj completely threw off the mask, and disallowed the authority of Dulleep Sing. He proceeded at once to strengthen his fort, to lay in munition of war, and to increase his resources, and already powerful army, by

appropriating the revenue of the country, by raising the inhabitants, and by offering rewards to all who would join his standard. Circumstances were wholly in his favour, and there was a fair open field before him, in which (as it appeared) he might have marked out his own ends, without fear of opposition. It seemed scarcely practicable to send an efficient British force against him, and hardly prudent to do so in the months of June and July. But happily Lieut. Edwardes was in the field, and about to meet the rebel, with a force as vigorous as it was unexpected. At this time Lieut. Edwardes was in the Derajat, on the right or western bank of the Indus, near Dera Fati Khan, with two companies of regular infantry, a few horse, one disaffected Sikh regiment, and two guns. In the month of April he crossed over to Leiah, (a considerable town on the left bank of the Indus,) and commenced collecting the revenue: whereupon Moolraj sent ten thousand men, and ten guns to attack him. The approach of this formidable force, necessarily compelled Edwardes to fall back, and recross the Indus, which he did on the 4th of May, taking all the boats with him. On the following day the enemy

entered Leiah, and fired a general salute. Previous to this Lieut. Edwardes had written to General Cortlandt (of the Sikh service) who was in the Bunnoo districts, to come to his assistance, and, expecting his arrival, he ordered two guns to be fired, as a signal, on the night of the 4th of May, which were soon after answered by the General, who was dropping down the river in boats from Dera Ishmael Khan. He joined Lieut. Edwardes, with one regiment of foot, a small body of horse, and four well-appointed guns, and marched in a few days, (having been joined by six more companies of regular infantry,) in the direction of Sunger, Lieut. Edwardes remaining to watch the enemy, and cover the passage of the river. The Sikhs, however, made a corresponding movement to that of Cortlandt, encamping opposite to him: and Edwardes dropped down the river in his boats. On the following day Cortlandt again marched, the enemy keeping time with him; and Edwardes joined in the boats as before. In this way, marching on alternate days, securing all the boats, and increasing and strengthening their army by every means the country could afford, did Lieut. Edwardes and General Cortlandt reach Dera Ghazee

Khan (the principal town of the Derajat.) Here they halted to levy more troops; and in five or six days found themselves at the head of an army of nine thousand men, and twelve good field guns.* Moolraj's army, as usual, had taken up a position opposite to them, on the eastern bank of the Indus.

In the mean time the Newab of Bhawalpoor—(a state of Western India) having been applied to for aid, sent ten thousand men into the field, two thousand of whom crossed the Junpund at Ooch, and threatened the enemy's rear, whilst eight thousand men, and eleven guns, passed over the Sutledge in the direction of Mooltan. Moolraj, now fearing for the safety of his capital, hastily recalled his army, which fell back to the left bank of the Chenab, between Mooltan and the Newab's troops.

By this retrograde movement the passage of the Indus being left open, Edwardes immediately brought over his forces, and hastened to throw them across the Chenab,†

* This march is unquestionably highly creditable to those who conducted it, particularly as, under very unfavourable circumstances, and in the face of a powerful enemy, they succeeded in raising a force, capable of meeting the Sikhs in the field.

† It must be remembered, that there are four rivers

and, if possible, join the Bhawalpoor army, before it could be attacked, as, singly, it was not much to be depended upon.

On the evening of the 17th June, he, with very great difficulty, for *want of boats*, got over three thousand Irregular Infantry, and a handfull of horse.

Early in the morning of the 18th June, Edwardes himself proceeded to cross the river (Cortlandt remaining to superintend and facilitate the transit of the artillery,) but he had not reached the opposite bank, when heavy firing in the distance announced that the work of destruction had commenced. At this time, not a gun had crossed, and there appeared but small chance of any being *soon* brought over, as the enemy had secured all the boats fit for the carriage of ordnance. General Cortlandt was doing what man could do, in procuring craft, and in the distance a few large boats might have been seen creeping slowly up the stream. Lieut. Edwardes had, therefore, no alternative, but to hasten to the field of battle, and, by his presence and example, give

here, all converging towards each other, and ultimately forming one with the Indus. They are—the Indus, the Chenab, the Sutledge, and, *below* the junction of the last two—the Junpund.

confidence to the army. Having reached the scene of action, and placed himself at the head of the troops that had already come up (3,000 *Irregular* Infantry and 80 horse mounted officers,) he took up a position on the left of the line in some broken ground, here and there covered with brush-wood and long grass.

The battle of Kuneyreh commenced between the hours of 7 and 8 on the morning of the 18th June, 1848, by a simultaneous discharge of cannon on the part of the Sikh and Bhawalpoor armies. Moolraj had about ten thousand troops in the field, including two thousand cavalry and ten guns. The Newab's force amounted to nine thousand men and eleven guns. The fire on both sides, was kept up for some hours, with great hardihood, when the Bhawalpoor troops, having suffered some loss, and beginning to slacken their fire, the whole of the Sikh line advanced, maintaining a heavy cannonade, and steadily closing on their enemies. This compelled our allies to fall back, and they soon after retreated to some strong ground in their rear, and withdrew out of range; leaving some dead upon the field.

The Newab's troops did not again take part in the action, but left Edwardes with his handful of men, to withstand the whole Sikh army, and to hold his ground as best he might, until Cortlandt could come up. The enemy now brought the whole of his guns to bear on Edwardes' position, and bore down in front with his artillery and infantry ; whilst his cavalry hovered on the flank and rear. This must have been a critical juncture for our gallant countryman : to have retreated, would have ensured a general defeat ; as the Bhawulpoor troops had already fallen back dispirited ; and Cortlandt's guns and men were coming—and *could only* come up singly, and in small parties. Lieut. Edwardes, therefore, determined to hold his ground to the very last, and wrote to General Cortlandt, at 8 A. M. saying that he *would do so* till 3 P. M. urging him to send up the guns by that time, or all must necessarily be lost.

He hastened to take possession of every strong and favourable post, ordering his men to lie down, and take cover in every possible way ; and not to fire a shot until the enemy were fairly within range of musketry. Edwardes was doubtless much favoured by

the nature of the ground, which was unfavourable to the advance of artillery, and to cavalry movements ; and served to screen his men from the enemy—who could neither ascertain their exact locality or number ; for it appears that the Sikhs imagined there was a much larger force opposed to them. Advance, however, they did, firing round shot, and when near enough, pouring in grape and musketry. Edwardes' men now returned the fire with great spirit, and under the eye of their brave leader stood manfully to their posts. This however could not last long,—the disparity of numbers was too great, and Edwardes was well aware that in a very short time, if some of Cortlandt's troops did not come up, his little band must be swept from the field. In his own words, "I did not think I had ten minutes to live."

The enemy now seemed to have discovered the weakness of their opponents ; and it was clear, that if something were not done, the battle would be irreparably lost. At this fearful moment the gallant Edwardes did not lose his presence of mind, but determined to make another effort to gain time. Accordingly he ordered the mounted officers (for he had no cavalry) to charge the fore-

most of the enemy, and most nobly did they obey his command, killing many of their foes, and losing many of their little band ; and by the desperate, and unexpected nature of their onset on Moolraj's cavalry, checking, for a few moments, the enemy's whole advance.

Short as this check was, it gave time for one gun to come up, which was immediately opened, and soon followed by another regiment of Cortlandt's foot, then another, and another gun came rattling in, accompanied by a second regiment of regular infantry, and a body of Markers. Soon, therefore, there were six guns upon the field, pouring forth grape and round shot, and between four and five thousand foot—falling in and delivering their fire as they reached the scene of action. Edwardes himself now hastened to every part of the field, encouraging his men, in which he was well seconded by his *native* officers. The men, fatigued although they were, and out of breath, fought with the spirit of British soldiers ; and poured in such vollies of grape and musketry, that the Sikhs were wholly unable to withstand it, and soon began to give way ; whereupon Edwardes commanded the

whole line to advance, and at its head, with sword and bayonet, he drove the enemy from their guns, from every position, and completely off the field.

For want of cavalry the pursuit could not be carried far, but the victory was in every way complete ; eight of the enemy's guns being captured, with all his munition and baggage. The loss of men (killed and wounded) was considerable, 200 on Edwardes' side, and not less than 500 on Moolraj's.

The Sikh army never halted until it reached Mooltan, whither the whole of the allied force followed, as soon as it could complete the passage of the Chenab, bury its dead, and doctor the wounded,—*without a doctor.*

This force now amounted to about 18,000 men, including 4,000 cavalry. General Cortlandt's regular troops; the irregulars (or Markers) raised by Edwardes on the right bank of the Indus; and the Bhawalpoor army, now under Lieut. Lake, who had come from Jullunder to take command. The artillery, including the captured guns, amounted to thirty-one pieces of cannon and three mortars.

The Sikhs retreated on Mooltan with pre-

cipitation; offering no impediment to the advance of the allies, until they reached Soorajkoond, a village to the south-west of the city. Running close to this village, and between it and Mooltan there is a deep canal (or nullah) with high and rugged banks, which for five months in the year, is abundantly supplied with water from the Chenab. The stream is rapid, and *not* fordable; it takes a serpentine course, passing near the fort, and stretching away in a south-westerly direction, for many miles into the country. Out of it many lesser water-courses run, for the purposes of irrigation.

This nullah when filled with water, offers a formidable barrier to the progress of a hostile force. At Soorajkoond, where the allies advanced upon Mooltan, there were two narrow bridges over it; and near the fort on the north-west a good brick bridge. Upon the two former bridges, the Sikhs had planted cannon, and seemed determined to defend the passage. Edwardes and Cortlandt, however, did not consider it desirable to cross the canal here, but marched in the direction of a village (called Tibba) to the north-west, keeping the canal on their *right* hand, and between them and the enemy.

The Sikhs now withdrew their guns, and moved in the direction of the last named bridge, with the nullah on their *left*.

On the morning of the 1st July, General Cortlandt had just encamped all the troops at Tibba, when intelligence was brought that Moolraj himself, at the head of his whole army, had crossed the nullah, and was bearing down in order of battle. The command was instantly given to beat to arms, and in a very short time, the whole allied force was ready for the field. There was but little time for deliberation; and it was at once determined, that Lieut. Lake, at the head of the Doudputrees, should advance on the right, and hasten to take possession of some high, broken ground, distant about half a mile, and towards which the enemy were said to be advancing. When Lake reached this position, the Sikhs were seen emerging from the jungle in front, and throwing troops into some small neighbouring villages; accordingly Lieut. Lake opened his guns, and the battle of Suddoyam commenced. In the mean time Lieut. Edwardes, at the head of his own men (Pathans), had swept round to the left, and threatened the enemy's rear: whilst General

Cortlandt, in command of two regiments of regular infantry, and seventeen guns, attacked the enemy's right. The battle now became general. Lake on the right had compelled the Sikhs to evacuate a village in his front ; and his men steadily held their ground, although they had suffered some loss, and had one gun disabled. About this time McPherson (of the Newab's service) was struck by a round shot, and killed upon the spot, whilst gallantly encouraging his men. A heavy cannonade was now kept up on both sides, without any apparent advantage to either, Edwardes hastened to every part of the field, whilst, Cortlandt engaged the enemy's centre ; assisted by Lieut. Lake, who most gallantly lead his Doudputrees through the broken ground, and materially aided in driving the Sikhs from their last position.

Moolraj himself had taken up a position in the centre of the field, under some date-trees, near which he had planted many of his guns ; he had also thrown out a strong body of infantry, along the banks of a small water-course, who, favoured by the jungly nature of the ground, made a stout resistance, and did some execution amongst our

men ; they were, however, dislodged by Cortlandt's sepoy, and compelled to fall back on the main body. We noticed a number of dead bodies lying here, and the ground and trees were ripped up and torn by round shot, proof sufficient of the hard contested fight. Cortlandt now opened all his guns on those immediately under the eye of Moolraj, and soon after *it is said* a cannon ball struck the howdah of the Elephant on which he was seated, whereupon he hastily retreated from the field. The enemy's fire having somewhat diminished, orders were given to advance, and the whole line pushed forward, firing volleys. The Sikhs now began to waver, and offered but a feeble resistance, and almost immediately fell back, and soon after turned and fled from the field. They succeeded, however, in carrying off all their guns but two, which were captured by General Cortlandt's sepoy, who cut down or shot every artilleryman belonging to them. On this spot we counted the carcasses of seventeen horses, and although most of the human dead had been burned, still there were many lying about.

The enemy hastily retreated across the canal into the immediate environs of the

town, planting cannon on the bridge, and making every preparation to defend it. Thus ended the battle of Suddozam, in which the Sikhs were a second time completely beaten.

After the battle of Suddozam, Moolraj withdrew into his fort, with a portion of his army; the main body encamping without the walls, and under cover of its guns; and we soon learned, he was actively engaged in rendering his defences as strong as possible, and in making every preparation for the coming storm. He had now evidently determined to abide the chances of war within his fortress, and not again to risk a general battle in the field.

He was not, however, disposed to leave his enemies unmolested, and it will be seen that, until the place was closely invested, he did all in his power to harass the British and allied armies.

Moolraj (although perhaps no soldier) showed much sound sense in regulating his army, and was careful to draw those men about him, upon whom he could fully depend, and who were more or less bound to him by ties they could not easily break. He was well prepared (and had for some time

been so) with money for the coming struggle, of which, there can be no doubt, he was well aware, and in which he had *schooled* himself to think he was about to engage with a fair prospect of success. We do not think Moolraj himself considered his fort impregnable; although it is well known that his people did: and the inhabitants of the city felt this so thoroughly, that they were content to remain in the place, and to carry on business as usual.

The inhabitants of the neighbouring districts, and the people beyond the Indus, were so confident it could not be taken by force, that for many months after its fall, they would not believe it, and now, when they can no longer doubt, they attribute our success to Satanic agency.

It is well this formidable place is in our hands, for with such a notion of its strength, no native power would dare to approach it: perhaps, indeed, defended by a British force, against the inhabitants of the soil it is impregnable. But *vice versa*, the notion is ridiculous, and ere this, had it been ten times as strong, it would have fallen before the British arms. Moolraj, unquestionably, had great hopes of being able to

repulse our forces, and he failed not to avail himself of every procurable means that bid fair to ensure success : but he looked further and depended more fully on the assistance he hoped to meet with from the large and powerful army now being raised by Chuttur Singh, and about to assemble on the banks of the Jhelum. Having induced, or, at all events, having been joined by Rajah Shere Singh and his troops, he urged him to hasten with his army to join his father, and he viewed with the greatest anxiety the operations of that force,—judging justly, that on its successes, his own mainly depended. In the mean time he resolved to hold out his castle to the last, and it will be seen that he did so, in a manner worthy of a better cause.

The allies, after the victory of the 2nd July, retired in triumph to their camp at Tibba ; and we can well imagine, it must have been a proud moment for Edwardes, Lake, and General Cortlandt, when having met after the fight, they congratulated each other on their successes. The happiness they felt, was alas ! however, soon to be forgotten in an unfortunate accident that befell Lieut. Edwardes. Soon after entering his tent,

word was brought that the enemy had again crossed the canal, and were preparing for another battle. Of course all was instantly bustle and preparation ; and Edwardes, in arming himself with a brace of pistols, one, which he was endeavouring to thrust into his belt, exploded, and the contents passed completely through his right hand, as may be supposed terribly shattering it.

He was, of course, wholly disabled for the field, but happily his services were not immediately wanted, for a party of cavalry, that had been sent to reconnoitre, brought intelligence that the Sikhs had not come out, and that only a few scattered horsemen could be seen.

For some days Edwardes suffered intolerable pain, but when this had in a measure subsided, he turned his attention to business, with his usual vigor, and although he could neither write, or leave his bed, he dictated his letters, and received the native chiefs, as he was wont, sparing no pains in conciliating them, and in furthering the business of the country. In this he was ably and energetically assisted by Lieut. Lake, and General Cortlandt, and also by Lieut. Lumsden—who had just joined, at the head of a troop of guides.

The position of the allied army was now (to say the least of it) a precarious one, and not perhaps without danger,—with Moolraj's own force on the one hand, and a treacherous ally on the other, what army would not have been in danger?

Of Rajah Shere Singh's intentions, Edwardes and his colleagues often expressed their doubts. Edwardes, however, took the greatest pains to re-assure the Rajah, and constantly talked of the coming siege as certain to end in the destruction of Moolraj, and the downfall of the Sikh nation, if they attempted any thing further. Personally we treated the Rajah with the greatest respect and consideration, and gave him all the honor due to his rank: not from any sentiments of anxiety for ourselves, nor from fear that he would take part with Moolraj against us, but (and I can most truly assert it) with a sincere wish to save him from the pitiable condition his defection would assuredly bring on himself and family.

It is idle to talk of fear, in men who had already done in the field, as much as *any other* three could do.

If Moolraj and Shere Singh had simulta-

neously attacked our army, doubtless it would have been a hard-fought battle ; we however had no doubts as to the result, and showed our willingness to fight on many occasions, by turning out the whole force in order of battle, and remaining for some hours drawn up, exposed to a July sun, ready to meet the foe. It was constantly announced, that Moolraj would again give us battle, and that this, or that, Saturday would be the day. He did come out on two occasions; but with a small force, and retired without firing a shot. If defeat had befallen the allies, in all probability no British officer would have survived it. Happily no such disaster occurred ; and the army was not called upon again to fight a battle, which could scarcely (under the circumstances,) have been decisive. But the fact of their being encamped for two months between two hostile forces, without changing their ground, and without losing (until the arrival of the British) a single man by desertion, is as creditable to the allied army, and the British officers who commanded it, as the battles they had so nobly won.

Lieut. Edwardes' army remained at Tibba, until the force under Major General Whish

advanced upon Mooltan. Then, in accordance with the request of the general, it changed ground, and took up a position at Soorajkoond, to the west of the nullah, encamping on the ground the Rajah had for some time occupied; Shere Singh moving the same day as we did, and exchanging camps with us. The two armies passed each other on the march, and exchanged salutations, apparently of a friendly character.

It will be remembered, that the village of Soorajkoond has a deep, rapid canal, or nullah, running near it. This nullah, at the time we speak of, was full of water, and only passable by bridges. The allied camp was, therefore, strongly defended in front by this canal, upon which cannon were planted, and a chain of sentries posted. Lieut. Lake's troops occupied the right, and Lieut. Edwardes' own men the left of the camp; the cavalry filled up the rear, having behind *them* some broken ground and small nullahs.

It is customary in all native armies, after victory, or on the eve of an expedition, or after a change of ground, to fire a general salute.

On the present occasion, therefore, the men were allowed to fire three rounds from each gun,—which, (seeing we had between thirty and forty pieces of cannon,) kicked up, as a friend remarked, “a very decent row,” and may well have been taken, as indeed it was, by the British (who were only two marches distant) for a general action; and General Whish, acting on this supposition, commanded his tents to be struck, and every thing to be made ready to move at a moment’s notice. The firing in the *allied* camp having ceased, orders were given to pile arms *on the British*, and the men directed to lie down near them; but scarcely had these orders been complied with, and quiet restored, when a sharp discharge of musketry, in the direction of the piquets, brought every one to his feet, and every soldier immediately stood to his arms. Intelligence was soon brought that the enemy were approaching in considerable numbers to attack the camp, whereupon troops were instantly ordered to advance to meet them, and, accordingly, a few companies of H. M. 10th foot, the 8th and 52nd Regements N. I. and also Wheeler’s Irregular cavalry, pushed forward in the direction of the fire.

The Sikhs opened a dropping fire of musketry, which was returned by our pickets, but after a few rounds, the officer in command thought it his duty to retire, and fell back on the advancing column, which, coming up, poured in such a rapid and well-directed fire, that the enemy immediately turned and fled ; leaving, it is said, between thirty and forty men dead upon the field. The British loss was very slight, both in killed and wounded.* Thus the discharge of a hundred guns in the allied camp, probably saved the lives of some of our gallant country men, and was often spoken of after as a friendly salute indeed.

The Sikhs, it seems, intended mischief, and were going to walk off with no end of guns. They had come provided with artillery horses, ready harnessed, to facilitate the little matter, but they found it a nasty business. It is a nasty business that of taking guns, very.

* It may be remarked that General Whish had arranged to encamp 3 or 4 miles short of Muttee Jeel, but afterwards altered his mind, and pushed on to that place (where the close affair came off.) Moolraj's people, therefore, stumbling as it were on the British camp, in an unexpected place, were completely surprised, and taken unawares ; hence their hostile attempt to do mischief.

General Whish's army reached Mooltan in two columns, on the 18th and 19th Augt. 1848, and encamped at Seetul ke Maree, in a fine open plain, to the north-east of the fort, and just out of range of its guns. We believe a shot or two did reach the camp, but the distance was so great they had no effect.

The General's force consisted of two troops of horse-artillery, one regiment of regular, and two of irregular cavalry; a corps of sappers and miners, with a large body of engineer officers; H. M. 10th and 32nd Regiments of foot, and four regiments of Native Infantry. The siege train (which had not yet come up) contained 6-24 and 6-18 pounder guns 12 large and small mortars, and six howitzers, with abundance of ammunition and all kinds of military stores*. This army, although not a large one, was exceedingly well appointed; the men were healthy, and in a high state of discipline.

The battering train having come up, and reconnoissances having been taken, orders were given for the allied army to move into

* The Siege Train was sent from Ferozepore, by water, to Bindsee Ghat, at Bhawulpoor, and was escorted thence to Mooltan, some 8 or 10 days after the arrival of the Brigades.

the suburbs, in order to co-operate with the British force. On the morning of the 1st Sept. the auxiliary troops crossed the above-named nullah, and drew up in line on the plain beyond ; the left resting on the nullah to the west, and the right stretching away north-and-by-east, in the direction of the British camp. About the hour of 8 A. M. the force began its march, and advanced upon Mooltan ; meeting no opposition, until it reached some small scattered villages, interspersed with mango and date trees ; here the Sikhs opened a smart fire, and threatened a stout resistance ; they were, however, speedily dislodged by a few companies of Cortlandt's sepoy, led on by Lieut. Pollock and the late Capt. Christopher, I. N. at the same time the whole line advanced, and the enemy fell back on a larger body of their troops, which was strongly posted in some neighbouring gardens. Here they made a short stand, whilst some of their guns opened from the city : these were immediately replied to on our part, and a heavy fire kept up for some hours on both sides. About the hour of 2 P. M. the enemy fell still further back to some high broken ground, immediately under

cover of the *city guns*, and the firing ceased for a time, the allies taking up a position at a place called the Jogmaia, planting cannon in the contiguous gardens and villages, and posting strong piquets some distance in advance.

On the morning of the 2nd the first attempt upon Mooltan may be said to have commenced by the British, and the first parallel begun, at a considerable distance from the city walls. This first approach can scarcely be called a siege, seeing that no guns were ever brought to bear fairly upon the defences of the place. The works, however, progressed favourably, and in a few days trenches were thrown up to a great extent, and batteries erected, at favourable distances, to cover the nearer advance of our troops, and drive in the enemy from the suburbs.

The Sikhs, however, defended desperately every inch of ground, and were only driven from one strong position to take possession of another still stronger, and these they readily found in the numerous villages, houses, Hindoo and Mussulman temples here scattered about. From one and all of these they were successively compelled

to retreat with great loss : these successes, however, cost us dearly, both in officers and men. On the 7th September, in taking possession of the Ramtarit we had six men killed, and Lieut. Drew, N. I. and many men wounded. In a most gallant attack made by H. M. 10th foot, and the 49th and 72nd N. I. on a strong position of the enemy's, Sept. 9th, we had no less than 17 men killed and upwards of 70 wounded, amongst the latter three or four officers severely. Here Lieut. Richardson, of the 49th N. I. in the most heroic manner burst open a door, and rushed, sword in hand, into a house, out of which the Sikhs were firing with great effect on our men, and defended himself for some time successfully against odds, but being surrounded, and in great danger of being cut down, he passed his sword through the nearest Sikh, and seizing his dying enemy in his arms, retreated towards the door, covering himself with the body, and at last succeeded in reaching it, but not until he had received ten severe wounds, which nearly cost him his life. He, however, happily recovered, and has been well rewarded for his gallantry. Brigadier Markham was also severely wounded on this occasion,

but recovered without any ill effects. Here it was, too, that the late Lieut. Christopher, I. N. received his mortal wound, whilst bravely leading two companies of H. M. 10th foot, to Colonel Patoun's assistance. The late Lieut. Lloyd also was killed here, under melancholy circumstances. A party of the enemy, who appear to have been cut off from their people, approached Lloyd's camp. His men would have fired; but Lloyd, hearing them cry out that they were Bhawul Khan's men, deterred his sepoys from firing. Whilst parleying with the scoundrels, one stepped forward and nearly severed poor Lloyd's head from his body, with one blow of his tulwar.

On the 12th September, a second attack was made on the above position, and although the enemy defended themselves to the last, and, firing through loop-holes in the walls, committed great havoc amongst our men, still the gallant fellows pressed on, led by Colonel Patoun and Major Montizambert, and carried the place by storm, putting every enemy within it to the sword. In this intrepid fight, in which both officers and men endeavoured to surpass each other in bravery, there were 23 killed and 145 wounded;

amongst the former—Lieut. Colonel Patoun, Major Montizambert, Lieut. Cutil, Ensign Lloyd, and Quarter Master Taylor; and amongst the latter, no less than thirteen officers were numbered.

The enemy is supposed to have lost 200 men on this occasion. In the house and enclosure which they defended so desperately their bodies were found lying in heaps.

The British troops now began to suffer from fatigue, and men could scarcely be found to defend the trenches; and the officers were constantly on duty, many being in the batteries for 48 and even 72 hours at a time. The allies also were almost worn out with fatigue, having a very extended front to defend, and being obliged to keep up a constant fire on the enemy's advanced positions. Their camp too was under the fire of the city guns, and the Sikhs were constantly throwing round shot and zumbora balls into it, killing and wounding men and animals.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the severe losses, and the formidable opposition the troops had met with, our gallant fellows pressed on without a murmur, fully determined to carry the place or die in

attempting it. General Whish, seeing the defences were much stronger than had been supposed, and that the number of his troops was scarcely adequate to the task before them, necessarily became anxious for his men, doubting nothing as to their spirit and bravery, but justly fearing that long continued fatigue, would ultimately wear them out. To relieve this, he commanded the auxiliary force to move nearer his own, and measures were being taken for a more concentrated approach, and a more immediate co-operation, when the defection of Shere Singh, on the 14th September, peremptorily put a stop to all operations, and the British and allied armies at once fell back to Soorajkoond. Major Edwardes' force took up its old ground at the above village, and the British encamped for a few days to the north-west ; but, the position not being considered a good one, the army fell back to a short distance, and pitched to the west of the Irregular force, its right being distant about 1,000 yards. *

* The enemy sent out a strong body of cavalry on the 16th, with a show of harassing the retiring columns ; however they did but look on, and were soon dispersed, by a few rounds from 9 or 10 of General Cortlandt's guns, under Lieut. Pollock.

In reference to the first siege of Mooltan (if siege it can be called) it may be said, that, as far as the operations went, they were satisfactory; and on every occasion, no matter how difficult the task, the General's commands were cheerfully obeyed, and carried out to the letter. The allies, too, in all fairness be it said, did their duty well, and took part in the proceedings with a will—doing good service, as far as an *irregular force could*, in conjunction *with a British army*.

It must, however, be remembered that regular and irregular troops cannot act well together. Differing in every essential point, in arms, accoutrements, officers, and customs, they never did, nor never will, pull together. Apportion them a task, and they will do it well, but mix them up with British troops, and they will do nothing. They feel their inferiority, but rather than show it, are content to look passively on. We had a fair opportunity of, and could not help, noticing this. Before the British troops reached Mooltan, Major Edwardes' forces put on a bold front, and, having to depend upon themselves, were fully capable, and always ready to defend themselves. But when the

British arrived, the case was wholly altered, and in a very short time, we should scarcely have recognised, in the irregular force at Soorajkoond, the fine army, which, two months before, we had joined on the field of Suddozam. Many of the irregular soldiers returned to their homes, and some were sent on detached service ; whilst those that remained thought they had done enough. The force had suffered much, too, in killed and wounded, and when, after the fall of Mooltan, this army was completely broken up, it was found to be but a small portion of that fine force, (irregular although it were) which Lieut. Edwardes and General Cortlandt had drawn together on the eastern bank of the Indus.

At Soorajkoond, General Whish determined to wait the arrival of reinforcements, from Bombay ; and *such* reinforcements as would ensure success, at least, with which there would be no more retreating, no more falling *back*. And every one felt that in the second siege the place *would* be taken, or the army left dead in the ditch.

NE TENTES AUT PERFICE.

“ But delay breeds danger and trouble,” and the present instance was no exception

to the rule. Three months and more is a very long time to wait, particularly for an army needing assistance in the field. Three months and upwards the army had to wait, and wait it did. It is, however, a long way from Bombay to Mooltan, and as there was no help for the delay, the General wisely resolved to fill up the time in preparing for *the* siege. He encouraged amusements amongst the officers and men, at the same time keeping up the discipline of the troops, and practising them in the art of siege operations, in throwing up trenches, erecting model batteries, sinking mines, &c. &c., and also in clearing the ground in front of, and rendering the camp as safe as possible.

These little &c. &c. kept idleness at a distance and the men in health, until the 1st November, when Moolraj bethought him of amusing us in another way, and having brought out six guns, and placed them in hastily constructed batteries on the eastern bank of the great canal, commenced firing into the allied camp. This canal or nullah, as before said, ran in front of Major Edwardes' camp. It had now become dry, and consequently not so formidable a defence

as when filled with water. Its course is north and south. On the north of the allied camp, and towards Mooltan, the enemy had planted his guns, and, giving them an oblique direction, brought them to bear on the left of our position, and kept up a continued fire for six days. Of all the positions a soldier can be placed in, I know of none more disagreeable than that of being in camp, under the fire of artillery. Every shot the enemy throws in has a good chance of doing damage. There is no safety for you any where except in the batteries, or trenches. As, however, all cannot take refuge here, some must necessarily be exposed ; consequently we had a considerable number of men killed and wounded during the week.

The allies opened between 15 and 20 guns, in reply to the Sikhs, throwing up a battery for six, 400 yards in advance, on the west of the nullah, and another battery for three guns, on the east. The British also erected a battery for four heavy guns to the north-west and about 1.800, from the allied camp. The Sikhs, however, were so effectually protected by the western bank of the canal, that, notwithstanding the heavy

fire that was kept up on them night and day, they could not be dislodged. Indeed their guns were so completely covered, that not one could be seen, and our shot either struck the first bank, or passed harmlessly over. The enemy now, emboldened by his success, brought some of his guns within 600 yards of our camp, and a large body of Infantry, which entrenched itself as it advanced.

The enemy now redoubled his fire, and having got the range of our tents, rendered it exceedingly dangerous to remain in them; our little party was more than once startled, by the shot passing within a few feet, and men were being killed whilst cooking their bread.

It was, therefore, high time to drive the Sikhs from their positions, and, if possible, capture their guns. Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th November, it was determined to attack the enemy, on the east and west of the canal, at one and the same time, and in the following manner: viz. 1st a British force would cross the canal, and draw up on the eastern side,—and then, having made a considerable detour to the right, would bring their right shoulders forward,

and wheel into line, parallel with the canal, having three guns on the right, and three on the left, with a body of cavalry on the right of all.

In the mean time Major Edwardes would hold his force in readiness, and as soon as the British advanced on one side, he would move down and attack the other, taking care not to allow his troops to cross the nullah. On the evening of the 6th, as a preliminary measure, Lieut. Pollock was ordered, with one regiment of Cortland's sepoy, and a thousand Doudputrees, to take possession of the British battery, from which the guns were being withdrawn.

About 7, P. M. Pollock proceeded to his post, and Lieut. Lake accompanied him, to assist in putting the irregular troops in order. A portion of these last named troops, not *being to time*, hurried down the dry bed of the canal, purposing to make a short cut, to join their fellows, and coming out of the nullah, abreast of our six-gun battery, and not answering to repeated challenges, Mr. James (now Ensign) immediately opened his guns upon them, at the same time the infantry poured in a sharp musketry fire, and before the mistake could be explained, some

ten or twelve men were killed and wounded. This unfortunate affair was the commencement of a night of troubles,—Major Edwardes who had been writing in his tent, in consequence of the firing, hastened to the trenches, and Lieut. Lake, too, (who in returning had learned the real state of things,) came in, justly much grieved for the loss of his men. A few regrets, however, an “impossible to be helped,” and all betook them to their blankets, tired, cold, and gloomy, determined to lie down, and get a little rest. To sleep, however, was almost impossible. The report of the enemy’s guns, and the heavy, dull sound of his shot, striking against the embankments at our heads, together with the noise of our own artillery, kept Morpheus effectually at a distance. General Cortlandt and myself were consoling ourselves with a cool cheroot, and meditating on the chances of success to-morrow, when a sepoy came running in to say, that the regular troops which had gone with Lieut. Pollock, to hold the British battery, had, to a man, deserted to the enemy. This most unpalatable news speedily brought all our little party to their feet but still unwilling to believe the intelligence. All

doubt was, however, soon removed, by the arrival of the native commanding officer, who said that he had gone out of the battery with his men, but seeing their intentions, hastily left them, and returned to camp. Major Edwardes, Lake, and Cortlandt were for a moment completely confounded, and I shall not soon forget the General's expressions of regret and mortification. It was however no time for either ; our own personal safety, and that of the camp, claimed immediate attention, and it was necessary on the instant, to send troops to Pollock's assistance, as he was now attacked in force, and in great danger of being cut to pieces. He, nevertheless, most gallantly held his ground, aided by Lieut. Burny, with two guns, who nobly declared, he would stand by him to the last.

The British advanced piquets were immediately ordered into the battery, and other troops coming up, the position was secured. Major Edwardes proceeded at once to the General, to consider what was best to be done under the circumstances, whilst Cortlandt and Lake hastened to every post to encourage the men. More irregular troops were ordered into the trenches, and every

preparation made to defend ourselves as best we might. It was, however, by no means a pleasant position, for who could tell, since treachery had crept in, who were friends and who were foes. The night was dark, cold, and apparently interminable, but morning did at length appear, and the sun had just begun to overlook the jungle, when Major Edwardes reached the trenches, bringing the welcome intelligence, that the British would attack, as before arranged, about the hour of 8 A. M. Scarcely, however, had he said this, when firing at our advance post in the canal, brought all eyes in that direction, and it was soon perceived that the enemy had attacked the position, and were driving back a party of Pathans who had held the post. The Sikhs now set up one fiendish yell, and, jumping out of their trenches, bore down manfully on our camp, turning the right flank of our six-gun battery.

Their success, however, was but short-lived, for the artillery men immediately withdrew the guns from their embrasures, and, bringing them to bear on the enemy, poured in a shower of grape so well directed, that they hastily took cover in the

nullah, along the dry bed of which they continued to advance, and, strong parties coming up, they renewed the attack, with redoubled vigor. Fresh troops were immediately ordered out to meet them, and Major Edwardes, seeing, from what had happened in the night, that he could not answer for the remaining regular regiments, sent word to the General that his camp was attacked in force, that he thought the issue doubtful, and that an immediate diversion was necessary. In the interim, General Cortlandt ordered his troops to advance, and urged them by their actions to show that they were free from the imputation of treachery. And he was not disappointed, for several companies hastily threw themselves from the trenches, and advanced manfully to meet the foe, gallantly led on by Mr. Quin (Major Edwardes' writer,) who, as usual, was first at the post of danger. But he had scarcely topped the nullah, when he was struck in the chest by a spent round shot, which for a time completely paralysed him, and he was carried to the hospital. I may here mention a singular proof of the genuine bravery of this man: about two hours after we were crossing some trenches

on the field, and again met Mr. Quin, who was with some difficulty making his way up a bank, looking as pale as a sheet, and in much pain, but with sword in hand, declaring he was ready to lead against the enemy.

Cortlandt's sepoy's now fought with their accustomed spirit, and met the Sikhs hand to hand, on the banks of the nullah, checked their advance, and steadily drove them back ; at the same time a body of Lieut. Lake's troops coming up, the enemy was beaten at all points, and compelled to retreat to their intrenched positions.

In about half an hour the fighting had ceased, and, the smoke clearing away, showed us the British column, moving down to our assistance under the command of Brigadier Markham. In a short time it crossed the canal, and drew up on the eastern bank, and soon after marched in open column, through the broken jungly ground, making a considerable detour, so as to over-look the enemy's position ; it then wheeled into line, with three guns on the right and left, and the cavalry on the right of all, under the command of Major Wheler. We watched from the high bank of the nullah these military movements with the greatest admiration,

and when, soon after, we saw the whole of the cavalry bearing down to the charge, at the very top of their speed, our enthusiasm knew no bounds. On! on! they came, driving every thing before them ; and, notwithstanding the heavy fire of grape poured into them by the enemy, charging up to their very guns ; then hastily re-forming, and dashing off to cover the right. By this brilliant charge the whole of the ground in front of the advancing Infantry was cleared, and we could see a long line of British bayonets, coming at a running pace, to finish the business ; and soon were they on the enemy, who, however, scarcely waited their approach, but, firing one last round, quitted their guns, and threw themselves over the bank into the nullah, where many of them were shot by the British ; and the allies, on their side, coming up, poured in a heavy fire ; the victory was complete ; and the Sikhs retreated out of sight, leaving five cannon in the hands of the victors.*

* It is said by many, that *all* the guns (5) were taken. This we venture to say was not the case, for we ourselves saw *one* gun withdrawn ; and more, we saw and heard it fire, just as Wheler charged. If we mistake not, it was a shot from this gun that killed Major Wheler's horse.

In this exceedingly well planned and beautifully carried out attack, every thing that could be wished for was obtained. The Sikhs were completely dislodged, and all their guns, with the exception of one, captured. The allied camp freed from a most harassing artillery fire, and confidence restored to the men, and we can conceive nothing more likely to do this last, than the gallant daring shown on this occasion by the British troops, both European and native. To Brigadier Markham, and all the officers and men under his command, too much praise cannot be given. And all could well afford to congratulate each other, when we met in the enemy's batteries—more particularly as the killed and wounded, on the part of the British, amounted only to 3 of the former, and 15 of the latter. Amongst the officers, Major Wheler only was hurt.—He had his horse killed under him, whilst leading the head-long charge, and, coming to the ground with great force, was severely bruised. The allies suffered severely during the week, having 76 men killed and 316 wounded, perhaps not a great number, seeing they were six days under the enemy's fire.

Thus ended the fight at Soorajkoond, than

which (although perhaps a small matter) there was not during the whole war a more successful or dashing affair. Moolraj did not again come near our own camps, but kept a strong body of men in the suburbs of the town, to guard every approach; and he was especially careful not to allow our reconnoitring parties to come within range of his guns. Our engineers, however, were not idle; they had satisfied themselves, by repeated observation, as to the most eligible point of attack, and were actively engaged in the construction of all kinds of *implements*! necessary to the rapid progress of a regular siege. The weather had now become cool and pleasant, and the men were in excellent health, and the best spirits. Horse-races, foot-races, throwing the hatchet, and playing at quoits, were introduced by the officers, and encouraged by the General. The best feelings of friendship abounded, and all appeared determined to pass the time as pleasantly as possible, until the Bombay troops arrived—which they did on the 15th of December, when these amusements were immediately forgotten in the all important preparation for the coming siege.

We cannot stop to enumerate the various

preparatory measures now taken ; suffice it to say, that the whole of the reinforcements having come up, and all the munition of war, General Whish resolved to lose no time in commencing operations. Accordingly, on the 25th and 26th of December, the combined army advanced to invest Mooltan, and encamped on the north-east in one extended line ; a noble force in all respects, excellently equipped, and well able to achieve the task assigned it. At one P. M. December 27th, 1848, the British commenced *the* siege, by a simultaneous attack on the suburbs, and carried, at the point of the bayonet, in one heroic charge, the whole of the villages, gardens, mosques, temples, tombs, mounds, and hillocks, extending from the north-east angle of the fort, to the great canal that bounds the city on the west. From one and all of these positions the Sikhs were driven in about two hours, and the British in some places advanced up to the very walls. At the same time the allied army swept round to the north-west, and opened a heavy cannonade, which drew in that direction, the attention of a part of the garrison.

These successes had scarcely been gained,

when six $8\frac{1}{2}$ -inch mortars were placed in battery, near the Shumstebray, and opposite the north-east angle, and immediately commenced throwing shell into the fort. Continuous with, and on the right of this, batteries were soon erected for breaching guns and howitzers, whilst trenches were being made, and sites marked out for other batteries. At the same time every favourable position was strongly garrisoned, and all the approaches to the city carefully guarded. On a large mound of earth, or old brick-kiln (Mundiara) on the east, opposite to, and distant about 400 yards from, the Hirun gate, two 9-pounder guns were planted, and opened with great effect on the city, distracting the attention of the enemy, whilst 18-pounder guns, $8\frac{1}{2}$ -inch howitzers, and $10\frac{1}{2}$ -inch mortars were being brought up. Soon after from all of these a tremendous fire was kept up, day and night, the destructive effects of which, was in a short time apparent in the shattered condition of the walls and houses. Whilst these rapid approaches were being made, General Whish had taken the most effectual measures to guard the whole line of operations. Strong bodies of infantry were posted at communi-

cating distances, and troops of cavalry drawn up near at hand, in rear of gardens, or shot-proof houses; here and there, too, three or more light guns were stationed, ready to be off in any direction at a moment's notice; and, under cover of mounds of earth, breaching cannon might be seen, ready to be placed in battery, surrounded by their destructive missiles, and all kinds of instruments of war.

The Bengal troops for the most part occupied the right, the Bombay forces the centre, and on the left the allied army held some old brick-kilns and gardens, from which Brigadier Dundas had driven the enemy. North-westward large bodies of cavalry patrolled, so that Mooltan may be said to have been completely invested, particularly when, in the course of a few days, a brigade of Bombay troops changed ground, and encamped to the north.

All these rapid successes were not, however, achieved without the loss of many fine fellows, (both officers and men,) as the enemy desperately defended every post, maintaining a tremendous matchlock and musketry fire, and opening every gun that could be brought to bear upon the works.

Notwithstanding, the British steadily and rapidly advanced, so that in a few days, it was wonderful to see the batteries, trenches, &c. that had been thrown up. Already our shot and shell had terribly shattered the enemy's walls and defences, some guns were silenced, and the fort was seen to be on fire in two places.

On the 29th December, General Whish, having approved of the Chief Engineer's (Brigadier Cheap) plan for taking the town *first*, ordered two eight-gun breaching batteries to be erected within a hundred yards of the walls, one opposite the Delhi gate, and the other between it and a strong bastion (Khoonee Boorj) at the north-east angle of the city. These batteries were completed in the short space of two or three days, and without much loss, although the Sikhs poured in, day and night, a frightful musketry fire, so that no one dared for a moment show himself above the works, or move out of the battery; if a cap were held above the trench but for a moment, a dozen bullets came instantly whistling in: every crevice in the face of the battery was a mark for a score of matchlocks; and it was curious to see (after the fall of the city) the effects of

the Sikh fire. We noticed a tree on the right, in an oblique direction between the battery and the wall, which was literally tattooed with musket balls; there must have been some thousands lodged in its trunk and branches. Almost every bag of sand, of which the battery was, in a great measure, constructed, had been perforated by a bullet, and indented lead balls could be seen lying about in every direction.

In these batteries 18-pounder guns were instantly ordered to be planted, which was not, however, done without much labour, and considerable loss; nevertheless our brave fellows soon overcame all difficulties, and on the 31st December the batteries were reported ready to open their fire. Accordingly, on the morning of the 1st January, they commenced the work of demolition, firing at regular intervals salvos of shot.

And now, whilst these guns are thundering away at the devoted city, let us take a look at what is being done elsewhere. Beginning at the north-east corner of the fort, and taking our stand in the mortar battery (near the Shumstebray) which has now the addition of two 24-pounders, and 10¹/₂ inch howitzers to the right, we are somewhat

Yes. 10 in howitzers were in position

startled to see the shattered condition of the walls of the fort,—walls which a few days before, appeared capable of withstanding any force that man could bring against them ; now, behold in ruins ; their defences and their parapets gone, their guns silenced, or withdrawn into positions from whence they can scarcely be brought to bear upon our works. Then look a little further, and see the pitiable condition of the houses, with fire bursting from a window on the left, and on the right thick smoke ascending from the ashes of consumed magazines. In the centre, too, we see, and somewhat higher up, the once handsome mosque, with its lofty dome now sadly shattered, and its ornamental work in great part destroyed : its roof perforated with many a shot and shell, and the whole structure apparently ready to topple down in heaps of crumbling rubbish. In front, and between us and the fort, the engineer is seen, throwing up trenches, erecting batteries, and, with his sap, steadily approaching the ditch, which, by and bye, he is about to blow in.

In the trenches we meet with large bodies of infantry and men at every crevice with pointed musket, ready to fire on the slightest

appearance of our enemy, a little to our left there is a second battery for lesser mortars, and still further on another, with 9-pounders and $8\frac{1}{2}$ -inch howitzers, playing with great effect on Moolraj's defences.

We now reach the Mundiava (a high mound) from the summit of which two 18-pounders are knocking to atoms the defences of the city, and assisting a gun in the left breaching battery, in dismantling the Koonee Boorj (a strong bastion at the north-east angle of the town) and $10\frac{1}{2}$ -inch mortars projecting their monster shells into the very heart of the place, scattering death and devastation around. Here, too, howitzers were planted, the shot from which, directed along the city walls, killed many of the enemy, and materially lessened their heavy musketry fire.

To the south-west the allies also had planted mortars and light guns, and were taking part in the destructive work, whilst the irregular cavalry scoured the country about, capturing parties of the enemy that attempted to escape.

It was said, but perhaps with little show of reason, that the Sikhs were preparing for a general sortie, and that they were using

most strenuous exertions to draw parties of the allied troops over to their side. It is *doubtful* that they attempted this,—*certain*, they did not succeed, for we do not remember a single case of desertion throughout the latter operations. As regards sorties,—Moolraj seems to have been fully aware, that any attack he could make on the British lines would inevitably fail, with the loss of many of his garrison. He did not therefore attempt it. It is true, that a body of Sikhs, under cover of the night of the 8th January, stole upon the head of the sap, and succeeded in upsetting a few gabions, and carrying off some half a dozen tools. At the time there was a party of Europeans in the trench, widening it, who, seeing the enemy coming, hastily threw down their pickaxes and shovels, and ran to their arms, which were some yards in the rear; they came upon a small party of natives lying in the trenches, who, seeing the *Europeans* run, naturally thought they had better run too, so off they went towards the Shumstebray, creating a belief that the enemy had attacked the works in force. In the mean time the Europeans, having recovered their arms, returned to the head of the sap, and the

Sikhs instantly retreated, having done little or no damage.

This was the only attempt made on the British works. On the extreme left, however, and on the position held by Major Edwardes, the enemy thought they had a better chance of success, and accordingly, on the 29th December, about 3 p. m. a large body issued from the town (it is said about two thousand men) and attacked the auxiliaries. Lieut. Lake, who commanded the right, at the head of his Doudputrees, had some sharp fighting, but, with his usual gallantry, and no doubt by personal example, succeeded in beating back the Sikhs. On the whole the attack was but a feeble one, and the enemy soon retreated without much loss on either side. The affair, however, offered another opportunity for the British officers to show their gallantry at the head of irregular troops, which, to say the least of it, is a dangerous service, and it afforded an unquestionable instance of genuine personal bravery. Mr. McMahan, late of the Marine Service, and a Volunteer in Major Edwardes' force, had command of a small party, which he was endeavouring to lead against the enemy, who were coming down a lane; finding his

attempts were vain, and seeing the Sikh chief flourishing his tulwar, with every demonstration of defiance, he immediately advanced to meet him, unsupported and alone. Our countryman, sword in hand, steadily approached his foe; whilst the Sikh rushed on with fury, and, levelling a tremendous blow at the head of his enemy, attempted to cut him down. McMahan, however, successfully covered himself, and, although driven back, and brought down upon his knee, with his sword bent, and wounded in the hand, he dealt the Sikh a hearty cut across the face, and laid him dead at his feet!

This little skirmish had no effect whatever on the British lines. The heavy guns still hammered away at the city walls, and, notwithstanding their great toughness and solidity, were rapidly opening a road into the town. The mortars, too, continued diligently at work; and shells could be seen falling in every direction on the fated place, with a report little less loud than that produced by the mortar from which they had just been hurled. Shells can be easily seen in the day-time, passing through the air, at night we used to watch their

ascent and descent, with considerable interest, noticing carefully the terrific effect of each as it burst in the midst of houses, and exulting in the destruction they were spreading around. Such we may here remark are some of the feelings, engendered by war, and such they will ever be ! It is, however, an anomaly, a strange mixture of contradictions ; at one moment creating in the soldier impulses unbecoming a savage, at another producing sentiments of the noblest kind.

To-night we sit calmly smoking our chee-root, safe from the enemy's fire ; and, whilst we sip our wine, we notice with delight, the devastating crash of shot and shell, hoping the next salvo will be more deadly than the last. To-morrow we are seen ministering to the wants of our wounded enemies, and giving ourselves no small trouble in alleviating their sufferings.

There is, however, something particularly ennobling in war, a grandeur about it that nothing else presents, a something in the mere detail of fight, interesting to the soldier.

To watch the progress of a regular siege, or an army going into action, would, we

think, create a sensation of warmth in the coldest breast ; and quicken the circulation in the veins of him whose blood is white. To notice the steady advance of the scientific engineer, whose care it is to save his men, and at the same time to push on (surmounting all difficulties,) up to the very walls of the besieged ; and, if needs be, under them, into the very heart of the citadel, which, at a moment's notice, he is ready to scatter to the winds.

The artillery, too, equally arrests the attention of the observer ; and we ourselves, (who spent hours daily in the batteries, witnessing the practice of the guns,) were completely astonished at the precision of their fire, and the certainty with which they could strike a given object, at the distance of many hundred yards.

The spirit and manly bearing of the artillery officers, is also worthy of notice, particularly as it appeared to us to keep up the courage of the men, and produced a kindly feeling in all. Thus let these falling quotations serve to show. The commanding officer is seen, standing with glass in hand, watching the effect of every shot. " Now, my men ! light port-fire ! ready !

fire! A little too low. A—— elevate your guns, if you please, and bring down those bricks, that seem glued to the top of the breach. That will do! You were, I think, an inch or so too high. Now bring Nos. 2 and 3 to bear on this point of wall, you see here; there are some fellows under it peppering us with lead: knock it down about their ears! Bravo! Excellently well done! You took it just in the right place. Hang it, they are going to open that gun again, on the right bastion! and here comes the shot! Look out there, men! Aye! aye! hiss away and be hanged to you. Give him No. 4 howitzer, 'tis but 600 yards, you can hit him easily. Fire bang into the embrasure. There! there! that's enough for him; he'll trouble us no more. And now let the men breathe, and come yourselves, and have a cheroot and a glass of sherry. Down! every man of you down! Faith that shell dusted our jackets! Is there any body hurt? Well! well! poor fellows! Sit a little closer, Dr. if you don't wish to have an ounce of lead in you, and hand us the weeds. We have done well to-day, and to-morrow we will do better. We shall be in the fort in six days. Here comes the relief! see that the men keep

close in getting out of the battery. So now off to quarters, and a nap."

Thus, day by day, with a cool determination and a gallant, cheerful bearing on the part of all, did the operations against Mooltan progress. Daily and hourly was there something lost on the part of the besieged, and gained by the besieging. On the 3d January one of Moolraj's principal magazines blew up with a most terrific report, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the stunning sound.—Over the spot where the explosion had taken place, a mighty column of smoke was seen ascending to the heavens—in form of a lofty tree, with branches of gigantic proportions, and thick dark foliage, covering, as with a canopy, the fort around—becoming more and more portentous, until at last, losing all form, it enveloped, in one thick cloud of acrid, pungent smoke, the whole of the city and its suburbs.

This having cleared away, the shattered remains of houses could be seen, and a heap of blackened ruins, that had buried many human beings in its fall.

On the 4th of January, the city trenches having been reported practicable, General

Which determined to assault, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made; accordingly, on the morning of the 6th, troops were told off for storming parties. On the right (a Bombay breach) H. M. 32d foot, the 49th and 72d Regiments of N. I. led by Capt. Smyth, would attack; and on the left (or Bengal breach) the Bombay fusiliers—the 17th and 4th (Rifles) Regiments N. I. The columns having surmounted the breaches, would turn to the right and left, sending parties into every street in the place. About the middle of the day these troops moved down, and drew up under cover, near the batteries. There they were ordered to rest for a time, and at a signal, given by the simultaneous discharge of all the guns, they would move out, with the European Regiments leading, and carry both breaches at one and the same time. Between two and three p. m. the troops began to move, and approached in the most gallant manner the foot of the deadly breach, up which *on the left* the Bombay fusiliers rushed, regardless of the enemy's fire, and, struggling through the barricades at the top, where they met the Sikhs hand to hand, after a short but gallant fight, they compelled

them, at the point of the bayonet, to give back, and soon, under a heavy fire, to retreat into the town, where they were immediately followed by both Europeans and Natives, and the war was carried into the very heart of the place.

On the right our gallant fellows behaved with equal bravery, and advanced to the foot of the wall, in which, however, there was no opening, *no breach* whatever. Above, the walls were knocked to atoms; below, and higher than man could reach, they were unbroken and entire. In front of the gateway there was a slight rising, and between this and the wall, a dip, a natural ditch, crossed by an arch leading to the gate,—these effectually covered the *real* foot of the wall, and led to the supposition that the breach was practicable, which indeed it *appeared* to be from the battery, out of which no one dared advance to get a nearer look.

Capt. Smyth having satisfied himself that there was no possibility of getting in, withdrew his men, with some loss in killed and wounded; he himself having received a severe contusion on the head; and, having reformed his troops, he hastily led them into the town on the left, after their more suc-

cessful comrades, and assisted in driving the Sikhs from every position. In about two hours there was not an enemy to be seen, and the city of Mooltan was wholly in the hands of the British, and the flag of England waved upon its walls.*

Hearing the well-known cheer in the midst of the city, we immediately proceeded to enter by the breach; up which we too rushed most manfully with only two orderlies at our back, and passed the barricades in safety. There were *no* enemies, however, either shooting at us as we ascended, or cutting and thrusting at us as we descended into the place. So we gave a hearty cheer, and looked with pride and exultation around. But these feelings were instantly changed for those of pity and commiseration, as we beheld the melancholy scene: right and left, before us and behind, the ground was strewed with dead; and arms and ammunition, no longer useful, lay scattered here and there. One gun that had been placed so as to bear

* Dera Ishmael Khan, April 18th The British standard, was planted on the walls of Mooltan by John Bennett, Sergeant Major of the Bombay Fusiliers. He has been rewarded with a cadetship, for his gallantry. —He had just called upon us here, on his way to Bombay. He speaks of his promotion with a soldier's pride and a soldier's gratitude.

upon the top of the breach, was partly turned, and, with elevated muzzle, looked as if it would willingly run away. The houses on all sides were much shattered, and the streets partly filled up, and in many places obstructed, by the carcasses of horses and cattle. Dogs were seen in numbers lying dead; and the living were already feeding on the bodies of man and beast. The streets were dirty and disgusting; few inhabitants appeared in them, and they that did, looked wretched enough. Numbers of wounded were found in the houses, stretched in agony on the ground. They were instantly conveyed to a large enclosure set apart for them, and, through the kindness of General Cortland, found some comfort, and the necessaries of life. Four or five guns were found in the place, with quantities of ammunition and grain.

The city having been taken, and measures to defend it at every point adopted, General Whish instantly ordered batteries to be made opposite to the fort, on that high ground (before mentioned) which runs from the city to the city walls; and then proceeded more closely to invest, and more vigorously attack the fort itself. The guns on the right still

kept up their fire, and the never-tiring mortars too played day and night. The works had progressed greatly, and the sap had almost reached the glacis.

On the 10th of January, a well-placed and excellently-constructed battery of six 24 and two 18-pounder guns, opened in good earnest on the already much torn wall; which battery on the 18th had done its work, and the breach was reported practicable. The Engineers, however, thought it better, seeing the great height of the ascent, to throw shells into the top of the breach, with lengthened fuses, which, bursting, would scatter the earth, and bring down considerable quantities of it. Accordingly 10½-inch howitzers were placed in position, in front, and to the left of the last named battery, which did such good service, that in a very short time, the breach was as complete as it could be made. At the same time that these operations were being carried on, the engineers in front had reached the crest of the glacis, and had sunk three mines, for the purpose of blowing in the counterscarp. On the morning of the 19th they were sprung at the same time, and a large quantity of earth thrown forward into the ditch, completely

filling it up. Nothing now remained to be done, but to knock down the scarp wall, and let in the gallant Infantry: to do this it was necessary to construct another, and a last battery, which was done on the very edge of the ditch, and light howitzers, and 9-pounders were placed in it, whose fire very soon finished the work, and the last inanimate obstacle to the ingress of our troops was completely cleared away.

On the city side the batteries did not open as soon as could have been wished, in consequence of the great difficulty of dragging the guns through the narrow streets. The batteries however were well placed, on the high ground before mentioned, which is within a hundred yards of the wall, and, playing at so short a distance, they soon opened a wide breach on the left, whilst the guns on the right beat down in every direction the defences of the beseiged. Howitzers here, again afforded their most powerful assistance; and the engineers, having blown in (on this side too) the counterscarp, declared there were two good roads into the citadel of Mooltan, and that the Infantry had nothing to do, but storm and take it.

Thus, Moolraj, with his houses in ruins,

and his magazines destroyed ; his guns silenced and his defences gone ; his ditch filled up, and two large practicable breaches in his walls ; on the morning of the 22d January, at the hour of 9 A. M. surrendered unconditionally to General Whish, and evacuated the place, at the head of his troops, who laid down their arms, as they issued from the gate. Our General immediately took possession of the celebrated fortress, and planted the British standard firmly on its towers.

And now once more, and for the last time, the mighty guns thunder upon the ear, announcing to the whole expectant army that Mooltan had fallen, and that Moolraj's power was gone.

Scarcely had the sound died away in the distance, when we proceeded to enter the place, and passed the fatal bridge upon which our countrymen were treacherously attacked. It was in part covered with the relinquished arms of the Sikhs, and beneath the gateway leading to it, swords and shields, spears and daggers, matchlocks, muskets, and pistols, lay in heaps, and scattered all around. Within the second gate-way, which leads through the curtain wall, there was an

abundance of offensive and defensive weapons, apparently thrown aside as useless. Within the body of the place, the sight was an unusual one, and calculated to produce a somewhat melancholy interest. It was curious to see the effect of shot and shell; here a cannon ball had struck a carriage and overturned a gun; there a large shell had burst, and blown to atoms the things around. Here another had smashed a great piece of timber, and remained unburst imbedded in it. The walls on all sides were more or less destroyed, and the houses, for the most part, levelled with the ground. Our 18 and 24-pound shot were lying every where, and a number of Moolraj's too were seen, mixed with large roughly rounded stones, many of which he had fired upon our works. Within the citadel, the ground, particularly Moolraj's garden, was literally strewed with fragments of shell; and looked as if all the wild hogs on the banks of the Indus had been diligently ripping it up. Moolraj's own house also had been struck by many a shot and shell, and rendered untenable. Indeed, the dilapidated condition of every thing about, showed to a demonstration the irresistible effects of the

British artillery, and proved unquestionably, that, sooner or later, the strongest fortress would go down before it. There were not many dead found in the fort, but that many had been killed was apparent from the numbers of spots where bodies had been burned. There were considerable numbers of wounded,—most of them in a dreadful state; however, they were not as numerous as *some* expected, or perhaps in proportion to the killed. But this is easily accounted for, in the fact that *round* shot and *shell*, in a very large number of cases, either kill on the spot, or produce mortal wounds, if a surgeon is not at hand to give immediate assistance. And we may here remark, that thus it is we have lost, over and over again, some of our finest men and officers, when we are convinced, had the surgeon been at hand, their lives would have been saved. It is not necessary that a medical officer should advance at the head of his regiment, but he should be amongst the men;—even if he *is killed*, the troops are no worse off than they would have been had he not gone into action with them, but remained some two miles in the rear, where another doctor could be easily found. And the *rule is*, that if a soldier

wounded in the field, survives after being carried a *mile or two in a doolie*, he will not *necessarily* require *immediate medical aid*. Many, too many! (with pity be it said,) die in being carried to the hospital, who, we repeat, would *not* have died, had the surgeon been on *the spot*. The medical officer should, from the nature of his profession, be a brave man, and he will not hesitate to go where his duty calls. He *should be sent*, no matter how great the danger, where his services are *most* required.

All the wounded found in the fort were sent to the hospital in the city, and this somewhat difficult business was rendered easy, by the humanity of Brigadier Markham, who, to a late hour in the night, collected people, and personally assisted in carrying out the sick. Another officer, too, kindly tendered the wine sent him for his dinner, and walked about for some time lending a helping hand.

After the capture of the fortress of Mooltan, General Whish delayed only to make the necessary arrangements, and secure his invaluable prize, when he turned from its proud walls, and led his victorious and still powerful army to the assistance of Lord Gough.

“ A victory is twice itself, when the
Achiever brings home full numbers.”

SHAKESPEARE.

General Whish did indeed bring home full numbers, and marched to join the Commander-in-Chief, with as fine a force as ever trod the plains of India ; containing within itself many of the bravest and the best of men, who in the field were the soldiers' comrade, and in the camp his friend. May the manly bearing, and generous friendship, so conspicuous amongst the officers of the Mooltan field force, ever exist in, and adorn, the British Indian Army.

But alas !—alas !—our great successes at Mooltan were not achieved without the loss of many noble officers and men ; and many a clump or solitary tree marks the spot where more than one poor fellow lies. To view these lonely sites, necessarily produces a shade of melancholy in all ; for our own part, whilst we bend in sorrow over the grave of a departed friend, we deem it not unbecoming our manhood, to shed a tear to the memory of the gallant dead.

It still remains for us to give a concise account of Lieut. Taylor's operations beyond the Indus, and to describe, in a few words, the siege of the fort of Lukhee.

It is possibly fresh in the memory of all, that in the month of October, 1848, Mr. George Lawrence was at Peshawur, surrounded on every side by enemies or doubtful friends. Mr. J. Lawrence wrote frequently to Major Edwardes at Mooltan, describing the increasing difficulties of his position. In one letter he announced that he had determined on sending Mrs. Lawrence, via Kohat to Lahore, and we soon after learned the attempt had been made, and that Mrs. L. had reached Bhuckawal, north of the salt range, guarded by Mahomed Khan, Sultan Mahomed Khan's son, and that there she had been deterred from proceeding further, by hearing of the distracted state of the country, and had retraced her steps to Kohat.

About this time the Bunnoo troops broke out in open mutiny, and murdered Futteh Khan, and Colonel John Holmes: and the whole of the force seemed inclined to march and join the main army.

Edwardes, fearing this outbreak, had made arrangements to guard, in some measure, the frontier of the Derajat against them, by sending native chiefs, on whom he could depend, into the Dera districts,

to raise as many men as possible ; and to occupy the Punneallah and Peygoo passes. In consequence of these preparations, the Sikhs crossed at Esakhyle, and did not attempt a descent on the frontier.

Things were in this state, when it was thought feasible, by Edwardes, Lumsden, and Taylor, for an officer to proceed along the eastern bank of the Indus, to the borders of the Dera District, and from thence communicate with Mrs. Lawrence, and if possible get her protectors, (who were supposed to be wholly in our interest) to escort her to Khala Bagh, from whence she could drop down the river; or the officer might be able to penetrate as far as Khala Bagh, and meet her there.

Towards the end of September 1848, Lieut. Taylor joined our party at Mooltan, having been summoned from Dera Ishmael Khan, in consequence of the defection of Rajah Shere Singh. Taylor at once generously volunteered to proceed, and endeavour to rescue Mrs. Lawrence, who was still supposed to be at Kohat, and he wrote to Mr. George Lawrence, describing his plan, and begging him to get the native chiefs to do their part.

Lieut. Taylor set out on his dangerous expedition on the 31st October, with 150 horse, and crossed the Indus on the 5th November, thus at once plunging into the enemy's country, and risking life and liberty, and also giving up all prospect of participating in the glories of the Mooltan seige, in his noble attempt to save a lady from falling into the hands of the Sikhs.

This really gallant, disinterested, act, powerfully reminds us of the Knights of old, who are said to have risked freely both life and limb, for the sake of ladie fair. Doubtless all we read of these doughty exploits is true, at least we hope and believe so, for the credit of history ; but we will not believe that history itself can show a more humane, a more manly, or, if you will, a more chivalrous attempt, than that made by Taylor, to rescue Mrs. George Lawrence.

Lieut. Taylor reached Dera Ishmael Khan on the 8th, where he heard that the forts of Lukhee, and Esakhyle, were occupied by the enemy's garrisons. On the 10th he marched to Punneallah, and there heard that the whole of the Peshawur troops had mutinied, and cannonaded the Residency, and that Mr. G. Lawrence and Mr. Bowie had, in conse-

quence, joined Mrs. Lawrence at Kohat: Taylor had, therefore, the greatest hopes of being able to rescue the whole party. He marched on the 12th into Esakhyle, the little fort of which had surrendered a few days before to Gholam Hassun Khan. But there all his hopes were suddenly prostrated, and he learned, that Mr. and Mrs. L. with Mr. Bowie had been given up by Sultan Mahomed Khan to Chutter Sing, and that they were prisoners in the Sikh Camp. Thus Lieut. Taylor did not accomplish the task he had assigned himself, but his failure in this matter only strengthened his determination to be of service, and he immediately turned his attention to the state of the country, which, at this time, appeared about to rise to a man against the British. Peshawur, Bunnoo, and Lukhee were in the hands of the enemy, and an Affghan mission was talked of and expected by the people. It is certain that the Affghan chiefs wrote repeatedly to the inhabitants, to say they were coming, and ordered them, on no account, to take part with Taylor, or assist him in any way.

Lieut. Taylor's interests were doubtless at Mooltan, and we know he was most anxious

to get back there before the re-commencement of the siege. But seeing that his presence on the western bank of the Indus had had the good effect of giving confidence to the well-disposed, and preventing the turbulent from giving trouble, he determined to wait and watch the course of events.

Previous to this, the fort of Lukhee had been summoned; but the garrison refused to surrender, and told the men Taylor sent to keep off, or they would fire upon them.

The fort of Lukhee is situate on the left bank of a small river (Khoodum) in a plain beyond the Peygoo Hills. It is about midway between Bunnoo and Esakhyle, and distant about 35 miles from the western bank of the Indus. It is built almost wholly of mud, made after the native fashion, exceedingly lasting and firm, by being mixed with chopped straw.

It has a deep wet ditch; the external walls are high, of some thickness, and strengthened by solid towers, which have two or more embrasures for guns. In the centre there is a keep, which contains a fine tank of water, capable of supplying the garrison for many months, and it has also grain, and powder magazines. When Taylor invested

it, the garrison numbered 460 practiced soldiers, many of whom were good artillery men. It had two excellent 9-pounder guns, and 8-inch mortar and zumboras, with plenty of ammunition and stores.

Lieut. Taylor's attention was more particularly drawn to the fort of Lukhee, in consequence of its being situate in a very fertile district, which it completely commands, and also as it in a measure guards the entrance to the Peygoo Pass. His means, however, were so completely inadequate to the task, that for some time he hesitated to attempt its reduction. Nevertheless he ordered up three guns from Dera Ishmael Khan, and went to Lukhee to be introduced to them. "When I saw the guns," says Taylor, "I was taken a good deal aback at their appearance, and particularly at the shot, which were scarcely *half* large enough. I now more than ever felt the inadequacy of my means, and again called the Khans together, and stated to them the difficulties of the case. I could get nothing out of them, except, that if I retreated they would all be ruined."

It now became a question with Taylor whether he should give up the whole affair, and return to Mooltan, leaving the fort in

the hands of the enemy, backed by the rebels at Bunnoo, or carry his crazy honey-combed guns up to within a hundred yards of the fort, and give them a chance of knocking a hole in it. He at length determined on the latter course, and immediately set about his work, with such good will, that, we take it, he rather astonished the weak minds of the natives; certain it is, that his little army, consisting of 300 sowars, and 1,300 irregular troops, of a month's standing, were so thoroughly encouraged, that they lent him willing assistance, working day and night in the trenches, and seeming indifferent to the fire of the garrison.

The siege of Lukhee occupied 28 days; during the whole time the enemy maintained a heavy fire, and burst many shells over the heads of the besiegers, killing and wounding 17 men, besides horses. Taylor, notwithstanding, steadily advanced, and, in spite of the extreme hardness of the ground, entrenched his troops very effectually. At length he erected a battery within 190 yards of the wall, at the same time carrying the head of the sap almost up to the ditch, for the purpose of mining, as he found his old guns were not capable of breaching. The

enemy had thrown up an out-work, to prevent this last remaining measure, and Taylor was preparing to dislodge them, when the garrison, having suffered much loss, on the 10th January made overtures for surrendering the fort, and having been promised their pay and safeguard to the Indus, they evacuated the place, and Taylor immediately took possession, and, without loss of time, set about repairing damages, and levelling his own batteries and works. Thus fell a strong outpost fortress, before the arms of a wild irregular force of raw recruits, led by a single British officer. We have the happiness to be acquainted with this officer, and if we did him *justice*, we should write many a sheet to his praise. We *know* him to be as remarkable for his goodness, and gentlemanly bearing, as he is for his cool undaunted bravery! Would we were so excellent a man!

Lukhee was taken on the 10th January, on the 11th Mahomed Azim Khan entered Bunnoo, with, it was said, 6,000 men and four guns, took possession of Dhulleepgurh, and sent on messengers to Lukhee exhorting the garrison to hold out, as he was coming to raise the seige. Taylor now made every preparation in his power, to *defend* the fort,

and to wrote Edwardes for assistance ; but Edwardes, with his usual foresight, had sent off from Mooltan a body of troops, consisting of 2 companies of infantry, 5 guns, and 1,100 irregulares, under the command of Lieut. Pearse, who disinterestedly undertook the distant and unpromising task, from a conviction of its public importance. Pearse made a quick march, and crossed the Peygoo Pass on the 22d January, thus relieving Taylor from some of the anxieties of his position. Taylor had now no fear of the Dost's son coming to attack him, but he thought there was considerable danger (seeing that the desperate struggles on the Jhelum had left the matter of British or Sikh supremacy undecided in the minds of the natives) of the Dost *himself* descending the Indus, and making war on the right flank of the Sikh army. To be prepared for such a move, Edwardes detached Lieut. Pollock, with 14 companies of Infantry, 5 more guns, and a thousand irregulares, to take up a position at Esakhyle, on Taylor's right flank, and to hold himself in readiness to co-operate with him, in a forward move on Bunnoo. Pollock made a most rapid march, crossed the Indus on the 12th

February, took up his position at Esakhyle, and in a few days, marched and joined Taylor. Almost immediately after our arrival at Lukhee, the Dost's son quitted Bunnoo, and Taylor took possession of that place too, and with it the whole of the neighbouring districts ; concerting the most effectual measures to guard this portion of the western frontier.

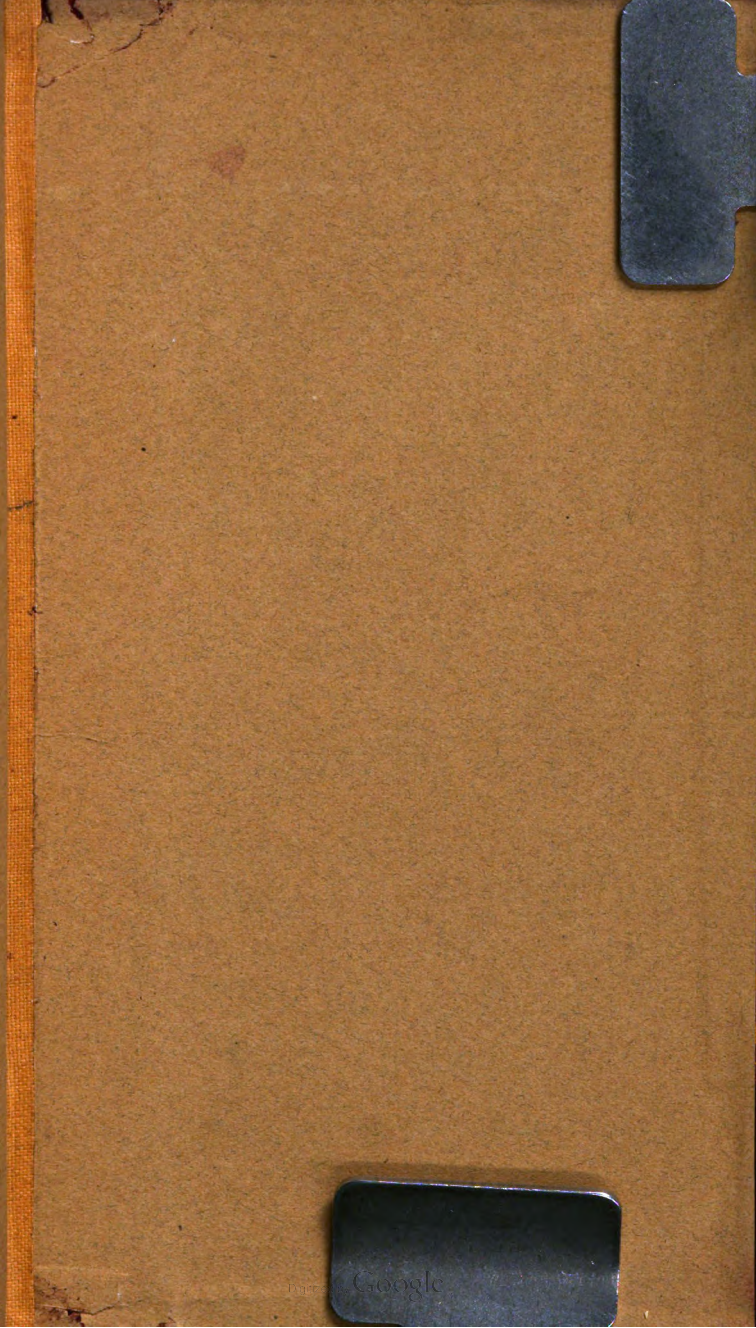
Some days after the above events, we learned that the fort of Hurrund, an important place about forty koss from Dera Ghazee Khan, on the right bank of the Indus, close to the Solamannee Range, which commands the Pass from Kandahar into the Derajat, had been taken by Lieut. Young (Engineers), who attacked the place so vigorously, that in a few days, the garrison was fain to surrender at discretion, and gave up the hopeless contest early in the month of February, 1849, which terminated the war in this quarter of the Punjaub.

*Pindeeolah, in a Desert plain,
East of the Indus. Temperature, 120°. }
June, 1849.*

THE END.



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