

*Presented  
from the Author*

Seven Years Military Life

IN

*24<sup>th</sup> July 1867*

SOUTHERN INDIA:

**A LECTURE**

DELIVERED IN CANADA WEST, IN 1867,

BY

CAPTAIN BRIDGEWATER, C.A.F.,

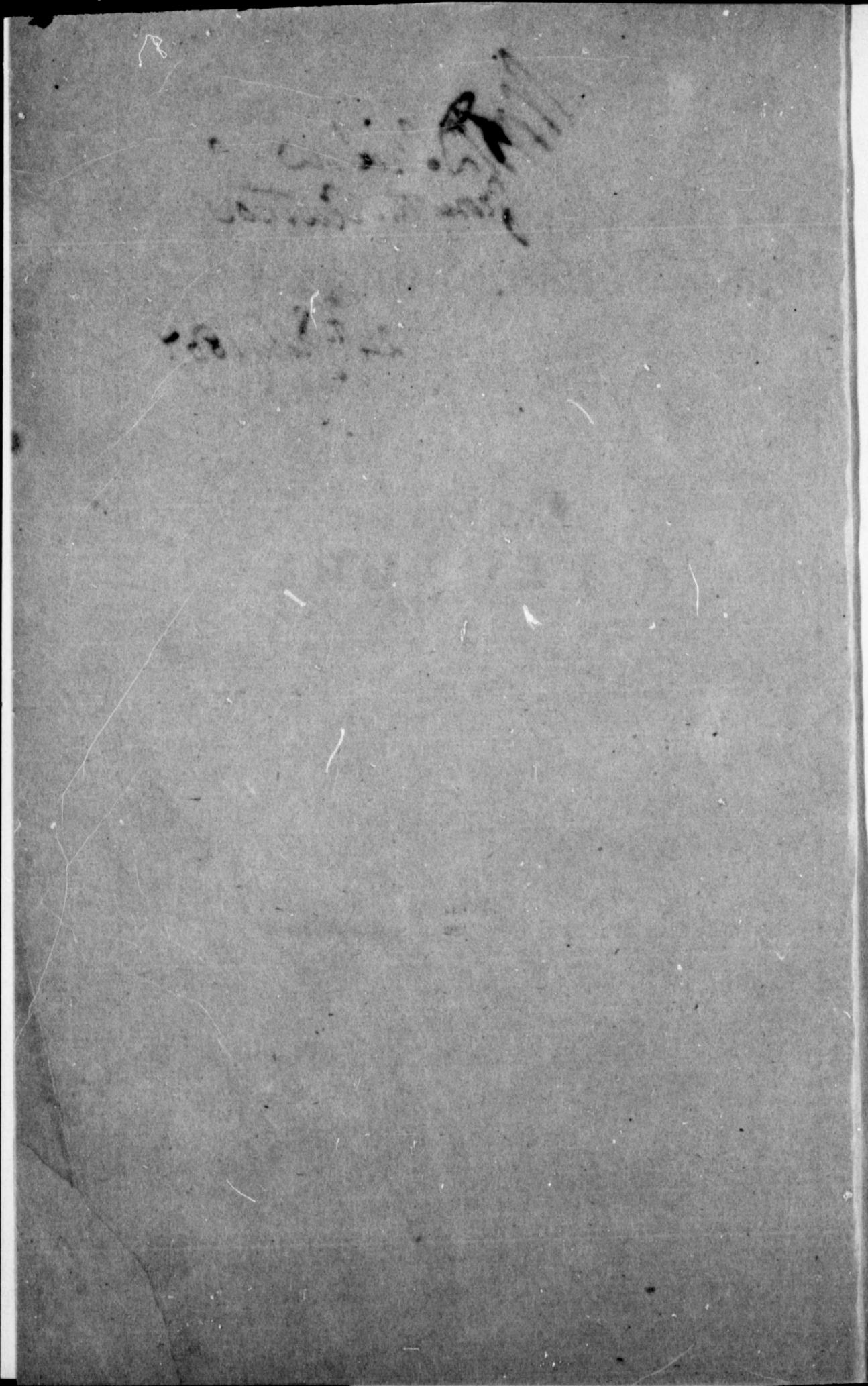
COMD. MOORETOWN M. I.

LATE OF H. M's 15<sup>th</sup> HUSSARS.

TORONTO:

W. C. CHEWETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, KING STREET EAST.

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BEING AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN THE  
FAR EAST—AMUSING ANECDOTES—CASTES AND CEREMONIES  
OF THE NATIVES—INDIAN MUTINY—AN HOUR  
AT ST. HELENA, &c. &c.

TOGETHER WITH

A FEW CONCLUDING REMARKS TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF CANADA.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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A wish having been expressed by many of the most influential men forming part of my audiences, to have this Lecture published, together with the liberal spirit in which it was received in every place I visited, induces me to assent to so flattering a proposal. It contains the simple experience of a soldier on foreign service, together with a brief description of the manners and customs of the strange inhabitants of that proud appendage to the British Crown, gleaned from personal observation.\* An ardent hope and desire for the future greatness of our Volunteer Force has induced me to devote the concluding remarks to that subject. Trusting my patrons will find it interesting, amusing, and instructive, I submit it to the public.

THOMAS BRIDGEWATER,

*Capt. Canada A. F. Vol. Militia*

MOORETOWN, April 18, 1867.

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\* My brief account of the mutiny, it must be understood, was not gleaned from experience of any active part taken in it. I had left the army before it broke out in all its fury, and returned to England before it was wholly quelled.

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## A LECTURE

DELIVERED IN CANADA WEST IN 1867.

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To know something of a country so vast in extent, and so densely populated—a country which embraces 27° of latitude, containing extensive plateaus, elevated from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea—some of the most extensive plains in the world, almost on a level with, or but a few hundred feet above, the sea—the highest range of mountains in the world—tracts of bare rocks—deserts of mere sand, and deep, primeval forests, cannot but prove interesting to many who have assembled here this evening.

A soldier's life is generally interesting, and it becomes doubly so when he leaves the land of his birth, crosses the briny deep, and enters on service in a foreign clime. When a very little boy, I conceived an ardent desire to become a soldier; and during my school days, instead of devoting my hours of play in spinning tops or a game at marbles, may often have been seen with a squad of my schoolfellows *playing soldiers*. As I advanced in years this desire increased, and at a very early age I left the parental roof, proceeded to Maidstone, and enlisted in H. M.'s 15th Hussars. The novelty of every thing around me, the gay uniform, the glinging spurs, and highly polished sabre, for a time engrossed my every thought. Home, with all its comforts, a mother's love or brother's sympathy, appeared then as mere baubles compared with the sweets of the new life I had just voluntarily entered upon; but, like the morning dew and sunny cloud, these pleasant dreams were of short duration; for, without so much as being permitted to visit the home of my childhood, or bidding adieu to relatives and friends, was hurried on board an East India troop ship *en route* to Southern India. To many of you, who in all probability have never witnessed the embarkation of troops, a brief description may not prove uninteresting. Standing alongside the giant vessel, as she floats on the bosom of the waters, you see many a sweet and expressive woman's face bathed in tears, surrounded by her sorrowing little

ones; she is about to take a long and it may be a last farewell of him who is her all in all, the tickets have been drawn and it is her lot to remain behind (only a certain proportion of women being allowed to embark with their husbands). On the deck of that vessel stands the man whom service has thoroughly disciplined. Accustomed to obey the every command of his officers, he flinches not in this the hour of trial; and as he bids adieu to the faithful partner of his life, his manly form erect, the heaving bosom tells too plainly the tale of what is going on within. Here, at this moment, the lines of the poet are applicable,

"For dauntless was the soldier's heart,  
Though tears stood on his cheek."

The anchor is weighed, the sails unfurled to the breeze, and as the noble vessel glides majestically down the channel into the sea every eye is strained to take a last fond look of—

"England, home, and beauty,"

For some days all is confusion, coils of rope strewed hither and thither on the deck, whilst now and again a shivering and pale faced Hussar may be seen hurrying on deck disgorging his stomach of plum duff as he experiences for the first time in his life that delightful sensation called *sea-sickness*.

Week after week rolls away ushering in the same dreary and monotonous routine of duty. In due time we near the equinoctial line. The deck is paced as unconcernedly as usual, still the tittering and lively motions of the hearty tars indicates that something more than usual is about to be enacted. Presently a tarpaulin is attached to the bulwarks filled with the briny element; Neptune is seen approaching the vessel and the mandate goes forth, *commence to shave*. And now commences a scene which may be all very well for a spectator but exceedingly painful to those about to be operated upon. Scented soap on this occasion is dispensed with and a plentiful supply of grease and tar substituted in its stead, and applied to the face with a not over soft brush. A sixpenny razor would be a luxury compared with the jagged edges of a piece of hoop iron which is brought in contact with the delicate tissues of a skin not over-stocked with beard. We have heard and read of the Turkish bath, but alas! no Turkish bath is here, but souse you go into a bath of salt water where you are left to flounder about as long as you feel it agreeable,

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then to descend to your berth to enjoy the satisfaction that you have crossed the line. Twelve or fourteen weeks' subsistence on salt rations creates a strong desire to reach your destination. Though gloomy and sad the picture you have drawn of the land of curry and rice you are nevertheless eager and anxious to catch a glimpse of the land where you expect to be almost devoured by musquitos or fall a prey to tropical disease. After nineteen weeks' sail, early one morning the word descends from the mast-head "*Land on the weather bow,*" a general rush is made on deck, and the splendid city of Madras appears in view. Very soon the word is given, "*Let go the anchor,*" and a general preparation made for disembarking; as you near the shore in the curiously constructed *masula* boats you become terrified at the immense mountains of surf rolling up against the shore, but scarce have you time to think of the danger you are in, e'er with a tremendous sweep you find yourself literally washed on shore, soaked to the skin, a hundred sable gentlemen greet you with their *salaams*, whilst the streets appear swarming with dark-skinned inhabitants. The main street is long and broad, on one side whereof are vaults where the merchants keep shops, being only platformed on the top. Madras has many noble buildings, the cathedral, government buildings, and the mosques are vast, massive, and grand. Shivering and wet we were formed up in a line on the beach, inspected by a grim looking staff officer, and after partaking of a glass of spirits and a hard biscuit were ordered to march to the receiving depôt at Poonamallee, a distance of 21 miles. Owing to the long time we had been on ship-board, unaccustomed to marching, we soon became weary and foot-sore, many became so exhausted that they were placed in Bandy's, a kind of native cart, and in this manner followed in our rear. Being naturally strong and healthy myself I was determined to accomplish the task, when after nearly eight hours' marching we arrived at our destination; what a luxury did I find, three soft boards to stretch my weary limbs on, and oh how sweet and refreshing the few hours' sleep we were permitted to take. Poonamallee being the station at which all recruits remain until ordered to join their regiments. We had our share of garrison duty to perform—the third morning after arrival I was promoted to a corporal's rank without ever having performed an hour's sentry, and being scarcely six months enlisted. No sooner were the glittering chevrons on my arm than I was caught scaling the walls after roll call and reduced to the ranks, but a fortnight after was reinstated.

One night wishing to attend a party in the garrison and having omitted applying for leave at the proper time, made what is called in the army, a dummy. Procuring a four sided piece of wood I dressed it in a clean shirt, placed a nightcap on the top and deposited it between the folds of the blankets on my cot (to keep Mr. Dummy from taking cold,) and was very soon mingling with the gay assembly. Unfortunately for me a check roll was called at midnight, Mr. Dummy discovered (no doubt fast asleep), and my absence reported to the serjeant of the guard. Upon entering the barracks next morning apparently quite unconcerned I was placed in the *cage*, and on evening parade a second time reduced to the *rank and pay of a private Hussar*. The long hoped for order at length arrived, and we were commanded to join our regiment forthwith, then stationed at Bangalore, in the Mysore territory. All was now hurry and confusion, elephants and camels laden with tents, and baggage-carts containing supplies, *Conicopolys* and other officials came teeming into barracks, cooks with their three or four wives and half score of urchins were busy in making preparations for the march. Long ere day dawned, the word march was given, and preceded by the motley group we were actually on the road. The first place of importance arrived at was Arcott, memorable for its conquest by Clive. It was at this time a military cantonment at which two Sepoy and one native cavalry regiment were quartered. Here I saw for the first time a regiment of Sepoys on parade, and viewed in the long lines of European drill, clad in the British uniform, the Sepoy force is not unworthy to be ranked with British soldiers; but this show of military discipline, this disguise of civilization is altogether superficial; the natural Asiatic remains unchanged—his character is still overshadowed by low animal propensities, by the superstitions of the worst form of heathenism, and by the impenetrable cunning of a feeble race. When with his regiment, the Sepoy lives in what are called "lines." These are long rows of matted huts, in a convenient part of the military cantonment. In this primitive abode he sleeps and cooks, spending the greater part of the day in the open air, sitting on the ground smoking and conversing with his comrades, or perhaps lying on a *cherpoy*, or rude native bed, at the door of his hut. His military duties in time of peace are performed principally at early morning, or under the refreshing influences of the cool evening breeze.

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During the rest of the day, except when on guard or on sentry, he idles in the lines or lounges about either in his hut or the Bazaar. The European officers live apart from their men in a different quarter of the cantonment. He knows little or nothing of what is going on in the lines; seldom converses with the Sepoys; and has no confidential intercourse with them. The native officers are old and feeble, bordering on second childhood, obeying the orders of their officers with a cunning grin, ever characteristic of a vacant mind.

One day's march from Arcott, and that terrible scourge of India—cholera—broke out in our camp. Forty-two fine young fellows commenced that march full of health and spirits, but only twenty-eight ever saw their regiment. Apparently the finest and strongest of our number were swept away after a few hours illness. At length, after twenty-one days' tedious marching, the last camping-ground, previous to reaching head-quarters, was gained.

Early morn found us on parade, as merry as bees in the sunshine, in anticipation of soon beholding the gallant and distinguished regiment we were about joining—a regiment second to none in the British army, and one which had fought and conquered in many a sanguinary engagement. As we neared the cantonment, we beheld a sight which well repaid us for all our toil. Beneath the foliage of a huge banyan tree, mounted upon beautiful chestnut horses, was the band of our regiment. Approaching, and giving three hearty cheers, a lively air was struck up, which was truly delightful. Soon a few men from the barracks joined us, as also two officers in full hussar uniform. Enquiring of a very communicative Hibernian who happened to be alongside me, their names and positions, "Be jabbers you'll soon be afther knowing that tall gintleman if its a drap too much o' the cratur you'r afther taking, its Lieut. Crawley,"\* he replied. And who is the other gentleman, he appears a good natured, jolly officer? "Arrah faith and he's the best gintleman shure in the sarvice; its Capt. Nolan, our riding master." Not taking too much o' the cratur, I had no experimental test of my friend's hint as it regarded Lieut. Crawley, but his opinion of Capt. Nolan would, I believe, have been endorsed by every man of the regiment. A more perfect dragoon it would be next to impossible to find, and no officer in the British Army was ever more respected by the men,

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\* The same who afterwards became Col. Crawley of the 6th Dragoon Guards.

than was poor Nolan. When news reached the regiment that he had fallen, many an old veteran may have been seen weeping on his cot. The regiment had lost one of its best officers, and the cavalry branch of the service a riding master it could not easily replace.

The barracks were at last reached, in which everything bore the marks of cleanliness and order. Our comrades received us with that genuine cordiality known only to soldiers of the same regiment. Our names were written on a slip of a paper placed in the Adjutant's cap, and each sergeant-major drew out the names of the men which were to go to his troop. I was drawn into the E., the favourite troop of the regiment, commanded afterwards by Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel O. S. Blachford, a brave dashing officer, at present residing in Komoko, C.W.

Next morning I saw the regiment fully uniformed and equipped in review order on parade, and never will the impression then made, of this the first Hussar Regiment I had ever seen, be obliterated from my memory. I had listened unconcernedly to the address delivered us by the Commandant at Maidstone, when about to embark for India, to the manner in which he spoke of the distinguished character the 15th had ever borne in the service, and of the fine intelligent men which composed it, but now I had ocular demonstration of the fact. The horses too were noble specimens of the half Arabian breed, whose shining coats and flowing manes bespoke the most careful grooming. The regiment was commanded by an officer standing high in the service, and one of remarkably fine appearance, beloved by his regiment for his kindness of heart and many soldier-like qualities. I have only to mention the name of Sir Walter Scott, to have these remarks endorsed by all who knew him. What were the hardships undergone, compared to the feelings of mingled pride and pleasure I experienced in belonging to such a corps as the one I then beheld. The most essential requisite of a dragoon is a good horse, and as I saw the men filing to their lines, began to think of a horse for my own use, more particularly as I had to go to riding school next morning. Proceeding to the quarters of my troop sergeant-major, I was told that my charger was No. 49, and ordered to go and take possession of him at once. Stable bag containing curry comb and brush, hoof pick, mane comb, &c., was thrown over my shoulder, and in a few moments I was looking first at one fine looking animal and then at another, in hopes it was 49, but

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nothing approaching that number could I see. The best and second best looking horses were carefully examined with no better success, but standing alongside the sentry box and opposite the guard room, was a gaunt, lean, miserable looking animal, just emerged from a puddle in which he had been rolling, evidently to dispel the flies which were preying on the exposed patches which were *minus* hair and skin. I approached this apparently model charger very carefully, and with feelings bordering on fear, lest it should be the veritable number I was in search of. Glancing over the mud wall very timidly you may be sure, I caught sight of the figure 4; the other figure was fortunately hid from my gaze by a lump of mud, or I am sure I should have fainted. Clearing the wall with one spring and kicking the mud off the hoof with the toe of my boot, there was disclosed to my view the figure 9. I took one side view of Mr. 49, and that was sufficient. I have heard of a man hanging his forage cap on the hip bones of his horse, but you might have hung a half bushel measure on the hip bones of this one, without any fear of its falling off. His head too was long and heavy, ears long and sloughing, and what was worse still, his back formed a complete arch. Asking a comrade who was busy grooming his horse, what name this strange looking animal bore on the troop-roll, "Oh, says he, his name is Charley, don't be discouraged, for he's the best field-day horse in the troop, and only six years old." In reply to these encouraging words, I merely said that I should from that day forth call him *Camel*, which animal I considered he very much resembled.

Stripping off my jacket and setting to work with my curry comb and brush, the mud soon disappeared. My comrade then handed me a small tin box containing a mixture of powdered charcoal and lard, with which I plastered over the raw patches on his hips. The trumpeter sounded *feed*, and placing the nosebag containing *grain* in the proper position, walked into my troop room in anything but a good humour. My comrades began to laugh as I entered—half-a-dozen voices greeting me with, "How do you like your charger *Cruty*?" First-rate, I replied, determined to make the best of an unlucky hit. Next morning, saddle in hand, I entered the lines. My Gorawala (horsekeeper) had polished Camel in so fine a style that I scarcely knew him again. As I was placing the saddle on his back, the girth accidentally touched his flank, when he gave a snort and a bound which sent the saddle over the wall, smashing the tree to pieces; here was a pretty position to be in, however, with my

comrade's aid another saddle was procured, safely adjusted, and Camel and I on the way to the riding school. When mounted and bitted, Camel was quite a stylish looking charger, with a noble carriage and fine action, and as he proudly paced around the menage, I began to change my opinion regarding him.

We had just been placed in proper position, legs straight, heels sunk, toes raised, shoulders square, &c., &c., when the riding master (Nolan) entered the school, and gave the word, *leading-file circle*. Camel commenced to dance about in gay style. "Hey there! that man on the brown horse, take the lead, and tell the serjeant-major to give you another horse, you'll never be able to ride that one through your course, too much mettle in him." "Please to let me try, sir," I answered, not wishing to lose what *really* was a first-rate horse. "Oh, very well, I admire your pluck," was the good-natured remark of Captain Nolan. Now, hold on there, and the word *trot* was given. Then commenced a scene, compared to which John Gilpin falls into insignificance. The spurs begin to goad the horses sides. Over the wall they go, leaving one young Hussar reclining on his back here and another one there. Camel, I found could leap like a deer, and as a matter of course followed in the wake. Letting go the reins, I held to the pommel of the saddle, my legs (as ordered) perfectly straight, but they were straight to the rear; in this position I soon found myself in the stall I had not long quitted, minus cap and shaking in every joint. Nothing daunted I was soon in the menage again.

"Did you fall off, youngster?" asked the riding master. "No, sir!" "Stick to it, and you'll make a rider."

Stick to it I did, and accomplished my first riding school lesson with only three falls.

With careful grooming and extra feed, which I managed to get, Camel began to improve rapidly. The Colonel and Captain remarked it, and I received the credit of being a good groom. For twelve long months I attended riding school, when the Colonel and Adjutant were to inspect and dismiss us next morning if satisfied with our performances.

I spent the greater part of the night with a lamp on my cot, burnishing my buckles, and polishing my saddlery, so as to appear in good order for inspection on the morrow. After going through the whole riding school lesson, including post practice, the ride was dismissed, I was ordered to the front, complimented on my horse-

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manship, registered in the first class, and, receiving a good word from Captain Nolan and the Captain of my troop, was that evening promoted to the rank of a corporal, being the youngest man ever promoted to that rank in the regiment.

Next day was detailed for hospital guard, and as I marched off parade along with my men, I felt fully two inches taller. Meeting the Colonel just as I passed through the main gate, he roared out in a voice of thunder,

“Ha-ll-t!” My sword nearly dropped from my hand.

“Why did you not *carry swords* to me? eh!” “I beg pardon, sir, but this is my first guard.”

“Ah! remember in future.”

“Quick march,” and on we went.

About twelve at night I was awoke by the sentry calling out, “Guard, turn out!”

I jumped up, and in my hurry kicked over the lamp, fell in the guard, and received the orderly officer.

Guard, “All right corporal?”

“All right, sir!”

“Turn in,” and putting spurs to his horse, he was off in an instant.

I marched my guard off next morning, left in front, to the proper dismissing place, where stood the Adjutant; I gave the words, “Halt! front!” when to my dismay I found the backs of the men where their faces ought to have been; counter-marching them I soon rectified the mistake, and was not sorry when my first guard was over.

A few more guards and we were under orders to march to Hyderabad, a long distance up country, under command of Sir G. Berkeley, K.C.B. Owing to the late rains this march was very tedious. Swamps had to be crossed, rivers forded, and no end of difficulties had to be encountered. Grain, such as wheat, maize, rice and gram, was often difficult to procure, though grown in abundance. The Hindoos exercise great skill in agriculture, which is perhaps best displayed in works of irrigation. The works for this purpose consist of immense embankments, tanks, and wells; and so vast are some of them as to be capable of converting thousands of acres of what is often a dreary desert of sand into productive corn-fields. The *batata*, or sweet potatoe, is largely cultivated, and immense plantations of sugar-cane greet the eye on all sides. Proceeding further

up country things began to assume a changed appearance, agriculture was much neglected, and a state of poverty manifestly visible on all sides. The tiger's terrific roar became distinctly audible as evening set in, the howling of the jackals, and the cry of the cheetah, which at first appeared strange, soon became familiar sounds to our ears. Our provisions were bad, often a little boiled rice forming our noon meal.

I then thought of the Duke of Wellington's remarks to a young officer who made application to go to India, "Can you live three weeks on the smell of an oil rag, sir?" To make matters worse, the men gave us endless trouble. I had one strange character in my squad named Dando, an excellent soldier in every respect excepting that he was in the habit of imbibing too freely of the cratur. On one occasion he had strayed from camp into a small village about a mile distant, was absent at night roll-call, as also from marching parade next morning. I was ordered by the Captain to detach a file of men and go after the absentee. Arriving at the village I could hear or see nothing of the object of my search. Meeting the *Cutwall*, or head man of the village, I asked him in the Tamul language if he had seen a *Valakurra* (European), to which he replied, *Valacurra rumbo mutwallah* (European plenty drunk), and pointing to a miserable hovel in the distance, called a Choultree. I hurried thither. Entering this horrid den the first object I beheld was Mr. Dando heavily ironed, and huddled up in a corner between two natives, looking the very essence of despair, filthy and ill, the poor fellow was a most pitiable sight. I immediately ordered his release, when the Cutwall who accompanied me exclaimed *Valacurra rumbo barbery, yettoo rupa cuddoo* (European plenty bad, eight rupees you give me). Putting on as serious and determined an air as I well could, proceeded to the door, gave the words "Dismount, draw swords," and as the glittering steel left the scabbard the irons were taken off and Dands sprang to his feet, and mounting his horse, which we had brought along with us, we were soon up with the detachment. Six extra guards were awarded for this breach of discipline, which I managed to get forgiven him, but before we reached our destination he was carried off by cholera. We buried him beneath the shade of a tree, on the trunk of which, with my knife, I carved his initials. We passed through many cantonments garrisoned by Sepoy troops, principally *Rajpoots*, of which, indeed, the Madras army is chiefly composed; they are consi-

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dered the most persevering hardy warriors, but observe their religious customs so strictly that the least deviation from them might have a dangerous effect upon their discipline. The mean temperature in this section of country is 85°. The Hindoo temples, of which I saw several on this march, are grand relics of barbarous magnificence. The pagodás are of a pyramidal form, composed of numerous storeys, and strikingly reminding the beholder of the popular idea of the Tower of Babel. They contain idols of the most gaudy and hideous description, and the rites and praises offered before them are as absurd and meaningless as the divinities themselves. At the grand festival of Juggernaut, vast numbers flock from all directions to the scene, and many perish from want and fatigue. The gigantic idol, on a monstrous car, is dragged from his temple by the assembled multitude, and it has been a common scene for his blinded devotees to fling themselves beneath the ponderous wheels and seal their faith with their destruction.

At length the dingy looking buildings of the ancient city, with its massive grim-looking fort, appeared in view. Extra guards told off, our tents pitched, and the tired and jaded horses picketed beneath the shade of a grove of trees, or "*tope*" as it is called,— Camel looking as well as the day in which he left head-quarters. The appearance of the European troops soon quelled the disturbance, and in a few hours all was quiet.

In a single lecture I cannot enter fully into the causes, &c., of such disturbance, nor describe the half of what occurred on that march; suffice it to say, that I had experienced some of the hardships of a soldier's life in India.

Remaining in camp some little time, our homeward march was commenced, arriving at Bangalore fearfully sun-burnt, having accomplished a long and fatiguing march of some 2,600 miles.

Six months' barrack duty and I was again on the road, being in charge of a prisoner sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, *en route* to Madras, having with me as one of the escort a countryman very much addicted to drinking. I had great trouble in keeping him "O. K."

Arriving at a military cantonment, and delivering over my prisoner to the guard for safe custody until the morning, my escort wandered away into the bazaar, and there indulged themselves in drinking, whilst I found comfortable quarters at the garrison sergeant-

major's bungalow. Presently the Adjutant approached me, bearing a dispatch.

"Are you the corporal in charge of the escort?"

"Yes, sir," saluting at the same time.

"Then you must lose no time in reaching the Presidency. The vessel which is to convey the prisoner sails earlier than was anticipated. You must undertake forced marches, and start at two o'clock in the morning."

No time had to be lost; so hunting up my escort, who were by this time more than three sheets in the wind, marched—or rather dragged—them to barracks, where, by means of a few "chattys" of water soused over their craniums, I managed to get them sufficiently sobered as to be on the road at the appointed hour,—a pull every now and then at a bottle of arrack, which I carried in my satchel, had a wonderful effect in expediting their movements.

By marching two days' distance in one—or forced marches—Madras was reached the evening before the vessel sailed, my prisoner delivered over to the main guard, and getting my men attached to a company of the 25th (King's Own Borderers), in order to get beds and rations, obtained for myself permission to mess and reside out of barracks.

Each day found me visiting the different places of curiosity in Madras. The *Loll Bazaar* is amongst the most interesting: here you find exposed for sale daily almost everything you can mention. Caged parrots, who welcome you with the words, "*Pretty Polly—pretty dear;*" ring-tailed monkeys; sweetmeats and toys of all descriptions; groceries and dry goods; pans and kettles; and even old horse shoes! Here you see men of every *caste*, distinguishable by different marks made with paint on the forehead. The first in rank among the four great classes, of course, is the Brahmin or priest; next to him comes the soldier; then follows the trader; and far removed from all is the labourer. These divisions are hereditary, impassable, and indefeasible.

The order of architecture in Madras is that introduced into India by the Mahomedans. The mosques and mausoleums are in the style of architecture introduced by the Arabs into Spain, and are so remarkable for beauty and chasteness of design, grace of proportion, and excellence of material and workmanship, as to be entitled to be compared with the first remains of Grecian or Roman art.

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A few days found me on the homeward march. One evening, seeing a large concourse of people assembled in the bazaar of a pretty native village called "Vellore," I hastened to the spot, and inquiring what was going on, was informed that it was "a Hindoo wedding." Seated upon the back of a Brahmin ox, and attired in a crimson satin bodice and loose trousers of the same material, sat a beautiful young girl of some fourteen summers; her beautiful raven hair braided and interwoven with flowers; in the nasal organ were two richly jewelled rings, as also an iron one—the wedding ring—upon the large toe of the left foot. Her features were truly beautiful. Alongside of her, and seated upon a similar animal, was her liege lord, looking as happy as newly-married men generally do. An immense procession was formed, preceded by a band, the performance of which was nothing like so melodious as that of our Canadian band—I mean the croaking of frogs in a swamp! The procession moved through the principal streets and thoroughfares, when nosegays and sweets were distributed to the bride.

Arriving at head-quarters, I procured leave of absence for five days, and, in company with a friend, started off on a hunting expedition, selecting as our guide a stout darkey named "Piney." Procuring a *bandy* (cart) and a pair of stout oxen, we proceeded inland some thirty miles, pitching our tents on the outskirts of a dense jungle, and at daylight next morning sallied forth, bent on slaughter. A few peafowl, and a couple of monstrous animals of the monkey tribe, was the result of our morning's excursion. Returning to our encampment and partaking of some refreshment, we renewed our hunt after game, this time advancing further into the jungle. Arriving at a spot partially covered with long grass, and whilst in the act of lighting a cigar, Piney dropped his bag, uttered, or rather screamed out,—"*Pillay! Pillay!*" (Tiger! Tiger!) and retreated as fast as his legs could carry him. Casting my eyes to the right, I perceived, not more than thirty yards from where I stood, a movement in the grass, and scarcely had I shouldered my rifle ere the form of a full-grown tiger became distinctly visible! Taking a momentary aim, I fired both barrels, when a terrific roar sounded in my ears, chaining me to the spot. Approaching to within a few yards from where I stood—maddened and groaning with pain from the wounds received—he was evidently preparing for a spring, when a shot from my friend's rifle stretched him out in the agonies of death. Hurriedly stripping the carcase

of its beautiful hide, we returned to camp, taking with us a large piece of the tiger's flesh. Piney was nowhere to be found, but, as night set in, we saw him skulking round the tent, apparently ashamed of his conduct. Placing the dainty morsel in a pot of boiling water, I laid down to take a little rest, when our brave guide entered the tent, uttering, in wild accents, "*Doraka nella atcha!*" (Master plenty good!) Motioning to him to be seated on a small camp-stool, and drawing from underneath the mat on which I was reposing, a small cane, I rose up, took the boiling meat from the pot, placed it on a tin-plate, and laid it before him. Standing up, cane in hand, I said in as determined a manner as possible, "Eat that, sir!" (A fearful rolling of the eyes, and a very wry face.) "Eat it, you cowardly rascal!" I exclaimed, and the bitter task was commenced and in due time completed. Giving him a glass of brandy to aid digestion, I left him to his own reflections.

Soldiers on home service have very little idea of what foreign duty is. The excessive heat at all times renders duty irksome. Regimental and cantonment duties seldom admit of more than two nights in bed and one on guard; whilst the very frequent long marches, often performed on scanty rations, soon tell a tale on delicate constitutions. Flesh meat of every kind is poor in quality, and often difficult to procure; and when procured is badly cooked, —curry being almost the only dish the native cooks excel in preparing. It is an amusing sight to see the *cushna-curra* (cook) enter a barrack at dinner-hour. Upon his head he carries a huge basket filled with *chatties*—a kind of earthen dish, in which is placed the dinner for each man belonging to the squad. Above the basket three or four Brahmin kites are hovering, now and again darting down, bent upon seizing a piece of meat, when Mr. *Narrain Sawmy* brandishes to and fro a long bamboo above his head, and by this means protects his savoury morsels.

The mutiny occurring during my residence in India, you will naturally expect that I should be able to give you a full account of it; but being stationed in the Madras Presidency, which was tranquil, I can only give you some of its leading features. The villainy of one artful and influential malcontent, speciously cloaked under the guise of insulted religion or attack upon *caste*, becomes in India the staple stock of general grievance. In those regiments, fanned by the artful Brahmins, bursts forth a rebellion equal in violence to that of Mohammedan fanaticism. The first Sepoy who

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shed the blood of his officer in that revolt was a *Hindoo*. In the Affghan, Sikh, and Burmese wars, the last dangerous powers on India's frontiers had been quelled. The war trumpet seemed to have sounded its last note, and Peace walked through these vast regions with uplifted cornucopia, shedding innumerable blessings on every side. But the battle of the Sutlej and the repulse of Chillianwallah had taught the Sepoys that a single tribe among the thousand races of India could hold us in check. From Calcutta to the Sutlej—an area containing 269,900 square miles, with a population equal to that of Great Britain and France—the East India Company had attempted to control with less than 10,000 English troops. To the guards of Sepoys were committed the fortresses, the treasuries, and the arsenals. Even that great city, strengthened by European art, furnished with inexhaustible magazines—even DELHI itself—was entrusted wholly to Sepoys! Too much confidence often begets perfidy. In conversation with many influential Hindoos, they have declared to me their dislike to the rule of the East India Company. "King John,"—alluding to John Company,—“no good. Your Queen good. King John rogue; he take territory just as him pleases.”

Simple as these words may appear I believe this opinion was daily gaining ground. The newspapers too were very injudicious. Here is a quotation from the *Calcutta Morning Chronicle*, 8th January, 1857: “We hear it is the intention of Government to make great reductions in the stipends of all the native princes. The King of Delhi is to have his stipend reduced nearly forty per cent., about 6,000,000 rupees per annum; and the Nerwah Nazim to have his reduced sixty per cent., 4,000,000 rupees.”

“We have also heard that Government intend to locate H. H., the Nabob of Moorshedabad, in Dumdum, and transform his palace into a college of some kind or other, most probably into ‘The Civil Engineer College.’”

Such language as this, when the family of Oude were on the alert, I cannot but regard as extremely injudicious.

The use of the Enfield cartridge, had not the political atmosphere been charged with danger, would never have led to an open revolt; the cartridges they had been in the habit of using for years were made by the low caste men, and therefore unclean, yet received without a thought of remonstrance. Viewing the position of military matters in a fair light, great neglect was everywhere mani-

fested, and this the sepoy was aware of. Between Calcutta and Dinnapore, a distance of about 420 miles, there was but one European Regiment, whilst in the ten Cavalry Regiments there were no less than forty-six appointments unfilled up. What a favourable state of things for insurrection. On the 24th of March the first attempt at the assassination of an officer was made by Mangal Pandi, a Sepoy of the 34th, who wounded and would have slain Lieutenant Baugh, his Adjutant, but for the timely aid of Shekh Paltu, a Mohammedan orderly. On May 3rd the mutiny of the troops at Lucknow occurred, which was suppressed by the dauntless courage and energy of Sir H. Lawrence: on the 10th occurred the outbreak at Meerut: on the 11th the mutineers entered Delhi. Fears by day and alarms by night pervaded India; as a writer observes, "As the brief twilight of the Indian Summer gave place to the thickening shadows of night, the flames of burning edifices lit up the horizon, and officers, returning with their wives and children from their accustomed evening drive, were met by bands of infuriated Sepoys, and murdered in their carriages." As this horrid mutiny progressed, deeds of horror enough to freeze the blood in one's veins were daily perpetrated; tales of blood too horrible to relate. But British valor and British heroism began to shew themselves. A Wheeler, Havelock and Outram appear on the stage, together with other heroic men. I look upon the relief of Cawnpore as a deed worthy of being handed down to posterity. Look at the heroic Havelock, leaving Allahabad with 1,300 Europeans on the 7th July (a mere handful). See him on the 17th recapturing the ill-fated place, defeating Nana Sahib in person, and you see something of the power of the Enfield rifle and British pluck combined. Enter the rooms and yard in which the prisoners had been confined, behold the raven locks, torn bibles and prayer books, work boxes, and the little round hats of children, all clotted in blood, and you see something of the horror of this dreadful mutiny. Surely every man in this assembly to night will heartily join with me in saying, that on the heart of every true Briton the name of the noble, generous, heroic and Christian Havelock, the hero of nine victories, including Cawnpore and Lucknow,\* should be deeply engraved. A dear and

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\* In the annals of the British army, or of Indian warfare, no name shines with more lustre than that of Sir Henry Havelock, no example there fairer than his, for energy, courage, and military genius.

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early friend of mine, who had often dangled me on his knee when an infant (Captain Spottiswoode, of the Bombay Lancers), faithful found among the faithless, with only 250 sabres, charged again and again the overwhelming numbers of mutineers at Nusseerabad in hopes of capturing their guns, at length fell to rise no more, and I had lost a faithful friend.

Nor was England, at this trying moment without a soldier equal to command in such an emergency. That prince of soldiers, Sir Colin Campbell, who fought bravely before on India's shores, was *the* man to whom England confidentially looked, and true as steel to the cause he espoused, when called on, only answered, *Ready aye! ready!* In him, old as he was, the true metal was found; to him England looked and was not disappointed, the hardy, enduring highland blood told a tale which should make the name and country of this great soldier dear to every Briton. And proud I am of the fact that this worthy man's services were appreciated and rewarded, and that he went down to his grave honored and respected by the head of the government he had so faithfully served. But I must hasten on; as time passes, and draw a veil over a scene so dark as the Indian mutiny, leaving many a harrowing tale untold.

Times fails me to enumerate my march to Burmah, the capture of Ava, and suffice it to say that I strove to do my duty faithfully to my Queen and country, received in addition to promotion a distinguishing badge for good conduct, and left the gallant 15th (by purchase) with a clean discharge, and I believe the kind wishes of men and officers. Friends sometimes advise wrongly, and influence does not always conduce to prosperity. A commission was offered me in the 1st Bombay Lancers, which tempted me to leave a regiment in which I was rising, and to which I was greatly attached, and this at the early age of twenty-four years. At the same time a lucrative appointment was offered me on the Madras Railway, which I accepted, and was employed amid the solitaries of Indian jungles, until I began to feel the effects of climate even upon my iron constitution, when I set my face towards happy old England, being one out of two then living, out of the 42 who embarked with me for India.

Arriving on my home-bound voyage, at St. Helena, I went on shore and wending my way through James Town, ascended the hill until I reached the grave of Napoleon, taking care however, to first order my dinner at an hotel, mine host of which was a Portuguese.

"Would Master like a sheep's tail?"

"A sheep's tail! Why, I can eat a dozen sheep's tails."

"Master please order?"

"Oh, then, I'll have a sheep's tail for the novelty of the thing!"

Always having been a great admirer of Napoleon as a military tactician, the many daring acts of that great General rushed with rapidity into my brain as I gazed on his tomb. His valour at the bridge of Lodi—his crossing the mighty Alps—his victories in Austerlitz,—all stood before me. I gazed into that vacant tomb for some minutes, and then bent my steps towards Longwood, a princely mansion on that solitary island. Oh! what a punishment it must have been to a man possessing such a mind as Napoleon, to walk out from his mansion on that barren spot, the only sounds being the waves of the mighty deep lashing the sides of the almost perpendicular rocks!

Feeling hungry, I retraced my steps to the hotel, expecting to devour my sheep's tail at a mouthful. What was my surprise, when in comes the waiter bearing a dish apparently as much as he could well carry! Surely, thought I, there must be some mistake. Placing the dish on the table and taking off the cover, there was exposed to my view a sheep's tail weighing just 15 pounds!

"Do you call that a sheep's tail?"

"Yes, Sar. Master come into the yard and I'll show Master live sheep."

I followed my darkey into the yard, and, sure enough, there were two live sheep, with monstrous tails placed on a small truck with wheels underneath, putting me in mind of the child's ditty,—“The sheep came home, dragging their tails behind them.” These sheep are natives of the Cape of Good Hope, and the tails so placed in order to fatten them. The body is lean, miserable meat, almost unfit for human food; but the tail sweet and nutritious, though rather greasy.

So much for my visit to St. Helena. I arrived in “Happy Old England” well tanned and bronzed, and found my way to these beautiful Canadas in time, I trust, to have “a dig at the *Finnigans*.”

Although I have had the honour of serving Her Majesty in as fine a corps of Hussars as any in the service, I stand before you this evening in a position I feel justly proud of, viz., a unit in the brave Canadian Volunteer Active Force; and I deem it an honour—a very great honour—to be such.

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When I think of our noble sons of Canada, who, last spring, left their merchandize, their farms, and their professions, and at their country's call shouldered their rifles, hastened to the frontier, and met and repulsed those lawless bands of robbers and murderers who dared to invade our shores, I am filled with admiration. And what has been done and is still doing to render the volunteer force of this Province in every respect efficient, is truly astonishing. The gallant soldier who sits at the head of our force (the Adjutant-General), together with his able and energetic staff, have in a short time accomplished much. And those parties who are so fond of finding fault should just visit the north-west part of this Province,—as I have done,—and there see in almost every village the pride and flower of our country arrayed in British uniforms, zealous and enthusiastic in their profession,—soldier-like in their bearing, and devotedly attached to the cause they have espoused.

And what has caused this enthusiasm and voluntary rushing to arms. Is it, think you, any pecuniary benefits which results from it? You all know it is not! It arises from a higher motive—from a motive as lofty as it is honorable; and a motive which stamps our noble force with the word, *LOYALTY*. Yes! it is love for the good old Union Jack—love for British institutions—love for the good old constitutional government we enjoy, and love of that self-reliant principle characteristic of the true Briton. The threats and menacings of those pampered robbers called *Fenians*, have only tended to nerve our arms for the onslaught, should they ever dare to invade our happy country. In common with yourselves—my comrades in arms—I have entered into this force, and in common too with yourselves, I am ready at any moment, so long as this arm can wield a sword, to wield it in defence of this my adopted country. Thanks to the energy and perseverance of our legislators, a new era is about to dawn upon us, and to whom can the government look to, better to uphold our laws and protect our shores from invasion, than to the volunteers of the country.

And, thank God, we are not alone in this matter, and so long as we have a Queen like we have upon the throne, we have nothing to fear. Point me if you can to an Emperor or President which is held in such universal esteem as is our noble Queen. Go if you will to the Highlands of Scotland, visit these stalwart men in their mountaineer homes; ask them the question, what think you of Victoria? and they would only reply, by shedding, if necessary, the

very last drop of their loyal blood. Go to that beautiful country, the Emerald isle, though Fenianism has cast a gloom o'er the land, still there are to be found at this very moment in Ould Ireland, hundreds and thousands ready to shoulder their rifles in the service of Victoria? Long may England's noble Queen live to reign over the destinies of the most free, most enlightened, and most honored nation on the globe. A nation foremost in civilization, literature and art—a nation whose laws and institutions are the admired of all civilized countries (notwithstanding that some have adopted other ones)—a nation whose unsullied flag waves proudly in the breeze a terror to her enemies. Long may our noble sons of Canada be found rallying around the British standard, entering the honorable ranks of our force, and maintaining the unsullied reputation of ancestors who fought and conquered for British freedom. The cause you have embraced calls upon you to fill it honorably—to be true men—true in aim, true to your obligations, and true to your own characters as part and parcel of the gallant band of Canadian volunteers. As a soldier, as one who is connected with you in the same service, let me in conclusion impress upon you the great duty of diligence in your calling, attend to your drilling, fit yourselves for the duties you have undertaken to perform, and when called on to face the foe you will assist in twining a glorious wreath around Canadian arms which will become brighter and brighter as time hastens on.

We know not what a day may bring forth, ere long the war trumpet may sound to arms, and you and I be called on to face the enemy, then

“ When forward on a thousand roads,  
Will the measured tramp be heard,  
With loving thoughts of those we prize  
Will ten thousand hearts be stirred.

“ The fervent prayer of matrons dear  
And maidens bright we love,  
Goes with us on our onward march,  
And a blessing from above.

“ Then onward to the front, my boys ;  
Where our colors we'll proudly fly :  
For home, for wives, for children dear,  
We'll conquer or we'll die.”