

Coward that I was! such thoughts rushed with more than electric speed through a perplexed brain before I answered that grave question.

The priest, I dare say, understood my cough as the apology for an answer; for, in order to give me more time, he began to excuse his delay by informing me that he had been obliged to administer to a dying person before he could obey my summons, urgent as my case appeared. Now I stared, and with half-open mouth too: then filtered out a repetition of his words—"Obey my summons—urgent case!"

"You required my instant attendance, Mademoiselle?"

"Indeed I did not."

"You sent for me in urgent haste?"

"Indeed I did not."

"Not? how, am I then mistaken?" His eyes turned for a moment from my face to the number on my chamber door. "No, it is right, you see, Mademoiselle: this is your card;" he drew it from the great side-pocket of his black robe.

"O yes! that is my card; but it was sent to the *confiseur*."

"Well! behold him."

"The maker of *bon-bons*," I screamed.

"Par exemple!" cried the priest, springing from his seat. "Par exemple! the *confiseur*!—but Mademoiselle, you pronounce it *confesseur*. See now the difference. Par exemple! you wanted a maker of *bon-bons*, and they brought you a confessor—par exemple!"

"A confessor," I said to myself; "a *confesseur* instead of a *confiseur*!" Then, with a red face and a quivering lip, I said to him that I was very sorry I—I—in short, before I could say oh, my confessor and myself broke into a hearty laugh; all the mysticism and gravity vanished from his countenance. He said he would go and send to me the *confiseur*, whose services he believed I required just then rather more than those of the *confesseur*. I, in return, assured him the lesson he had given me in French pronunciation would make a more lasting impression on my memory than any I had received at the semi-continental establishment of Miss Tidy; and though I might secretly have felt somewhat mortified to find I was not to be an entrapped and persecuted heroine, I really believe the confessor and I parted quite as good friends as if the confession had been made which the poor man had come post haste to hear.

Madame—which term implies the hostess of the hotel—soon came to me with a face that told me she had heard and laughed at the blunder; but she twisted that expression into one of pathos and apology, assuring me it was neither my fault nor her fault that I had had a visit from a priest instead of a maker of sweets, but all the fault of that stupid *garçon*. "Mademoiselle spoke French perfectly—like a native of Paris, even; but such a head as that of his could not understand."

"Ah, Madame!" I replied, with the air of one who gains a hard-bought experience, "I see now it is absolutely necessary to learn to speak French in France. See now, Madame, I might have spoken French all my life in England, and never practically

have learned the distinction between *confiseur* and *confesseur*."

"In that case," said Madame, brightening up, "in that case, mademoiselle is content with her little experience. Au revoir!"

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE, G.C.B.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HERBERT B. EDWARDS, C.B.

ACCORDING to the Herald's College, the "Shilling Baronetage," and the "Court Journal," the name of the great man whose portrait we this week give to our readers is as long as follows—"Sir John Laird Mair Lawrence, Baronet, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and Member of Her Majesty's Privy Council;" and certainly this would be an immense "footprint" for him to "leave behind upon the sands of Time." The historian, coming on it at some future day, in a fossil state, would assuredly pronounce him to have been above the common height. And so far, well. But we doubt if the historian will ever find the footprint. For the voice of every Englishman in India rushes over it already, like a scornful wave, and blots out everything but plain JOHN LAWRENCE. Indeed, there is much reason to apprehend that even this much will never reach the darkest and largest half of posterity; for thirteen dusky millions of human beings in the Punjab persist in calling him JAN LARRIN, and have told the rest of India so. And so he will go down in Eastern song and story, let heralds and biographers in Europe spell as they will. So it ever is with really great men. We, in our gratitude, bind wreaths around their brows, heap titles on their heads, and fling heavy robes of office round their limbs; but they just shake themselves, and are *men* again.

The subject of our memoir is one of this stamp—emphatically a *man*; and it is with a real hearty satisfaction we bid our readers come with us, and look into his grand, grim countenance. Don't be in a hurry. Look at it well. There's much of the Sphinx in it. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, pie-nic-ing at the foot of the Pyramid, look up from a chicken pie, and say (in their slang way) that the Sphinx is "by no means beautiful." But the ages have seen a mystery and a power in that colossal face, and still come back to peer into its granite lines, and try to unroll the mummy spirit of the past. And here is a human face as full of meanings for us living men, embodying, as we think, the better spirit of our day—the spirit of work and duty. Let us unroll its history, as far as we know and understand it.

Sir John Lawrence is the fourth son of the late Colonel Alexander Lawrence, of Her Majesty's army, who gained some distinction in the Mysore campaign under Marquis Cornwallis. We have heard that, at the siege of Seringapatam, he volunteered into the "forlorn hope," and was left for dead on the breach, but was afterwards carried off by one of his own men. In the last years of his life he was Governor of Upton Castle. His wife (Sir John's mother) was a daughter of the late Rev. S. Knox, of the county Donegal. They had



*Given off
Wm Lawrence*

four other sons: General Alexander Lawrence, of the Madras Light Cavalry; General George St. Patrick Lawrence, of the Bengal Light Cavalry (once prisoner to the Afghans, and once to the Sikhs, and agent to the Governor-General of India in Rajpootana, during the mutiny of 1857), both of whom are still alive; the late illustrious Sir Henry, for whose fall in the successful defence of Lucknow every Englishman has mourned; and one younger than Sir John, Major Richard Lawrence, who is now Military Secretary to the Punjab Government. So we see here a father and five sons serving their country—all manfully, some grandly. And (though we don't see *them*) there were, the while, sisters doing womanly work, earnestly and bravely. In short, a great English family, though not in the "Peerage."

But to come back to John. We believe he was born on 4th of March, 1811, and was educated, for most part, at the High School of Derry, now called Foyle College, from the river up which came the Protestant ships, and smashed "the boom." The young Lawrences (between father and tutor and townsfellows) must have heard a good deal about stout historic sieges and battles for faith, in their early days.

One of their schoolfellows at this time was Sir Robert Montgomery, now Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, another battler for truth and right. An old friend in the East India Direction gave young John a civil appointment to India, then called a writership. But John's idiosyncrasy was military, and he would go to India as a soldier, or not all. Happily, a soldier brother (Henry) at this juncture came home from India, sick with fever caught in the Burmese War. He had experience of things out there, and knew that "caste" was not confined to the Hindoos, but extended to official Christians. He showed how that cadets from Adiscombe belonged to the inferior military, or *Khshutree* caste; whereas writers from Haileybury were born *Brahmins*, the moment they set foot on that sacred Eastern shore. Right unselfishly did soldier elder brother Henry press this matter on embryo-civilian younger brother John; and at last, though hardly, with success. And so John went to Haileybury, and the stream of his life, where it falls into the sea, is called Governor instead of General. Curious things these turning-points, which some call accidents, but others, "Providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

In passing, we may tell all examiners that John Lawrence did nothing very great at Haileybury, but just elbowed his way through in a healthy, burly way; carrying along with him big fistfuls of history, political economy, law, and some few other matters he found there worth keeping.

Then off to India in 1829; and so life begins in earnest. Young civilians had their choice whether, after passing another college in Calcutta, they would go to the north-west provinces, remote and rough, or stay in Bengal Proper, near "The Ditch,"* and other luxuries. With true instinct, John Lawrence

chose the upper air, and has been working upward and onward ever since.

Strangely enough, his first post was assistant to the Resident at Delhi. Here he saw daily growing into strength the fortress, of which, in 1857, it would be his vast task to effect the fall. Here he began his career, bowing courtesies to Buhadoor Shah, Emperor of Delhi, whom twenty-six years afterwards he must try for rebellion and murder, and find "guilty;" so ending the Mogul dynasty.

One of his brother assistants here was Charles Trevelyan, now Governor of Madras.

Soon he had to leave head-quarters at Delhi, and go out into the district; and it was *there*, away from all Europeans, thrown upon the natives for help, obedience, usefulness, success, and even sympathy, that the John Lawrence of great days was trained. He worked hard, and made his "Omluh"* do the same, ever on the watch to bar bribery, by being sole master in his own court. Then was his day of details—a day that comes once, and only once to all apprentices—and he seized it; laying up a store of knowledge of all kinds, official, revenue, judicial, social, agricultural, commercial; learning, in fact, to *know* the races which it was his lot to *rule*. Work over, out into the fields with horse or gun, for his strong frame and hardy spirit loved wild sports. But ever an eye to business: some jungle lair of cut-throats to be explored, some scene of crime to be examined by the way, some slippery underling to be surprised. And so home at sunset, with fine appetite for the simple meal which he eats who has others in the world to help. After that, more air, (for the nights are hot,) an easy chair outside in the bright moonlight, with our large John in it, without coat or waistcoat, and shirt sleeves up over his elbows, his legs on another chair, a bowl of tea by his side, and a tobacco weed in his mouth, smoking grandly; altogether much at home; a giant in the act of refreshment. One by one the grey-beards of the district drop in too; not particular in dress, but just as the end of the day left them; uninvited, but quite welcome; and squat Eastern fashion on their heels and ankles, in a respectfully feudal ring, about their Saxon Khan, each wishing "Peace!" as he sits down. A pleasant scene this, of human black and white mingling into grey under an Indian moon. The chat is all about the district and the people: by-gone traditions of its last conquest by the Moguls, and how they parcelled it out to their great lords, who built those red-brick towers near the wells, still standing, though happily decayed by peace; the changes they've all seen since they were young; the beating of sword and spear into the ploughshare; the disappearance of that celebrated breed of long-winded horses, and increase of buffaloes; the capture, year by year, and one by one, of those renowned dacoits, of whom John himself rode down the last; the great famine, and which villages died off, and which lived through, as witness their present state, known to all sitting here; the debts and law-suits that grew out therefrom, and the endless case that's coming on in court to-morrow, about

* Defences thrown up at Calcutta against the Mahrattas.

* Native functionaries.

which, John listening, picks up some truths, and so on till midnight, when, the air being cool enough for sleep, the white Khan yawns, and the dark elders take their leave, much content with this kind of Englishman.

This life lasted some ten years; and then came furlough "home," (meaning England,) where John, being now thirty, and always apt to use opportunities, did the best thing possible, and got the best of wives.

Then, after three years' holiday, mated and happy, back to India and usefulness.

Now the ground begins to heave under-foot. Troublous times are setting in. The winter of 1841-42 saw a British force of 5000 men, with thrice that number of camp-followers, cut to pieces between Cabul and Jelalabad; a disaster which, united with the inherent justice of the retribution, gave the first real blow to our prestige in India, and sounded the awful key-note of 1857. The gallant armies of Nott, Sale, and Pollock did indeed retrieve our military defeats in Afghanistan; but as they traversed the Punjab on their return, our officers were openly insulted by the Sikhs, who from that time forward began to meditate the invasion of British India.

In December, 1845, they burst across the Sutlej; a mighty army, not fewer, probably, than 100,000 men, disciplined by French and Italian adventurers, and in possession of more than 200 pieces of artillery. Lords Hardinge and Gough marched on them in haste, and in a campaign of sixty days, unequalled in British Indian annals for desperate resistance, defeated the Khalsa army in four pitched battles, captured their artillery, drove them through the waters of the Sutlej, and dictated terms of peace under the walls of Lahore. Not without loss, though! Six thousand men were killed and wounded on our side; and amongst the slain, GEORGE BROADFOOT, on whose tombstone a loving friend and comrade* has cut truthfully that he was "the foremost man in India!"

To replace him as agent to the Governor-General of India on the north-west frontier, and to take charge of the ceded territory between the Sutlej and Beas rivers, none were found so fit as two of our Lawrence brothers—Henry and John. Henry was then Resident at the court of Nepal; and now became (in addition to Governor-General's Agent) Resident at the Sikh capital. John, since his return from furlough, had been collector and magistrate in his old haunt, the Delhi division; and labouring, and learning, and doing, with all his might, (which was mighty,) he had risen honestly and dutifully to the very highest place in the list of the civil administrators of the north-west provinces. It was not indeed without a struggle that Mr. Thomason (then Lieutenant-Governor of the north-west) could be got to give him up; but the sea being bigger than the Ganges, John Lawrence was carried off like a cork on the spring tide of Lord Hardinge's "must!" And this is how John Lawrence came into the Punjab; not by patronage, not by favour, but by work—by conscientiously and persistently

doing his public duty. In passing, let it be recorded that the selection from the whole service, and recommendation to Lord Hardinge, of these two renowned Lawrence brothers was due to the discernment of Sir Frederick Currie, then foreign secretary, now member of the Indian council. May his counsel never grow less.

From 1846 to 1849, John Lawrence remained commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej states, (the rich Jalundhur Doab, and the hills adjoining, running up to the borders of Thibet; yielding a revenue of about £400,000 a year). His task was to change the entire system of government therein, from that of the Sikhs to that of the British, and thus incorporate the new territory with British India; and he effected it in these three years with masterly ability. In particular, he commuted the whole land-tax from payment in grain to payment in cash, in the face of native popular opinion, but to the ultimate satisfaction of the agricultural classes—a solid and substantial administrative triumph.

He was least successful in his dealings with the Jageerdars and other feudal chiefs; a criticism which may be more or less passed upon the whole of his subsequent career. It is one of those points in which the award will generally be given in favour of the elder brother as a ruler of Asiatics. But it must be admitted that no branch of Anglo-Indian government presents more serious difficulties than the question of what to do with the aristocracy.

In 1848 the turbulent Sikh army rose once more to try conclusions with the British soldier and the Hindostanee Sepoy; and to set this matter at rest, the Punjab, after another hard campaign, was annexed to British India in March, 1849. To rule this new province, a Board of Administration was formed by Lord Dalhousie, consisting of Sir Henry Lawrence as president, and his brother John, with, at first, Mr. Mansel, and afterwards, Mr. Montgomery, as members.

What had been done with the Jahundhur Doab in the last three years, had now to be done on a larger scale with the Punjab; and the generous policy of Sir Henry, by securing better terms for the chiefs, undoubtedly facilitated the very critical transition, and had a lasting influence in tranquillizing the province. By the close of 1852, all the vital questions of the change of government had been settled; and Sir Henry, having fulfilled the vocation which temperament and duty had alike imposed on him, withdrew from the presidentship of the Punjab Board, to become agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana.

Lord Dalhousie now broke up the Board of Administration, and gave the sole charge of the Punjab to Mr. John Lawrence, whose policy he felt to be in conformity with his own. This post of Chief Commissioner lasted more than five years. Four of them were spent in perfecting the organization of the civil government, and improving the military and political relations of the frontier. They were years of Herculean labour, not only to the Chief Commissioner, but to every man under him, high or low. Alone in responsibility, alone in power, John Lawrence bent the full force of his character and energies to the elaboration of a

* Brigadier Colin Mackenzie.

complete machine. Sure, never coachman sat firmer on the box, held reins tighter, drove straighter, or lashed his team more unflinchingly to speed, in this weary world of man-driving and evil roads! Alas for the toil and the sweat! Alas for the kicking, and jibbing, and panting, and mud flying everywhere! Alas for the ceaseless cracking of whips! Alas for the friction of hearts! But we need only pity the rulers—the whites. Well was it all for “the darkies”—the people. We doubt if India has ever seen a province with a civil government so strong, so simple, so wise, so moderate, so pure, so good to live under, as that of the Punjab. Honour, all honour, to coachman John; and honour, too, to the team who pulled the coach—who mayhap *would* have pulled it, had the whip gone under wheel, and no stimulus remained but a cheery, “Come up, my boys!”

It was at this time that, on the occasion of Lord Dalhousie leaving India, John Lawrence's great civil services were rewarded with the knighthood of the Bath. He was offered a baronetcy even then, but declined it with the simplicity and sense so strong in him, because he had no fortune to leave his son.

And now we come to those years of woe, 1857-58. The world has needed to know much about them, so we need say the less. Suffice it now, that 100,000 Sepoys revolted from the English rule, and set up again the Mogul dynasty of Delhi; that British India was convulsed from sea to mountain; that Delhi must be regained, or British India must be lost; that the Governor-General of India in Calcutta, and the Governors of Bombay and Madras, were cut off, and could give no help; that the recovery of Delhi depended on the Punjab; that the Punjab stood firm and faithful, poured down from hill and plain the flower of its native chivalry, and the flower of our generals, and with the best blood of both recaptured the historic capital of India; and that the then ruler of the Punjab was the man of whom we tell, JOHN LAWRENCE. Blue-books may say more or less; but there is the simple statement of the case, which no man can gainsay. For these services, such as few Englishmen have ever rendered to their country, Sir John Lawrence was, inch by inch, made G.C.B., a Baronet, Member of the new Indian Council, and lastly, Member of Her Majesty's Privy Council—the worthiest honour yet. And the East India Company, in one of its last acts of sovereignty, added (*out of the revenues of India*) a pension of £2000 a year for two lives.

The country at large does not consider that its great servant has been sufficiently rewarded—a piece of sentimental justice which is better than none. There *are* services, however, for which Sir John has been promptly and ungrudgingly honoured—his services to the cause of *Christianity as the principle of national life*. The “Times” of October 23rd, 1858, startled all England, by publishing at full length some minutes of Sir John Lawrence's, on “the Christian duty of this country, in the government of India.” They discussed many points of administration open to objection; but their utterance was most clear and

spirit-stirring on the old English subject of an open Bible. He stated that, in his judgment, “the Bible ought not only to be placed among the college libraries and the school books, for the perusal of those who might choose to consult it”—(as had hitherto been the *neutral practice*)—“but also *it should be taught in class, wherever we have teachers fit to teach it, and pupils willing to hear it.*”

Nor was this all. Sir John closed his despatch by as fine, manly, and English a confession of political faith as we know of in public records. The following extracts give the pith of it. “Sir J. Lawrence has been led, in common with others, since the occurrence of the awful events of 1857, to ponder deeply on what may be the faults and short-comings of the British as a Christian nation in India. In considering topics such as those treated of in this despatch, *he would solely endeavour to ascertain what is our Christian duty.* Having ascertained that, according to our erring lights and conscience, he would *follow it out to the uttermost, undeterred by any consideration.* If we address ourselves to this task, it may, with the blessing of Providence, not prove too difficult for us. . . . Sir John Lawrence does entertain the earnest belief that *all those measures which are really and truly Christian, can be carried out in India, not only without danger to British rule, but, on the contrary, with every advantage to its stability.*”

In boldly proclaiming these sentiments, Sir John Lawrence rendered an incalculable service to truth. There had never been a time when there was not in England “a remnant” who believed the same. But when they ventured to recommend these things to statesmen, they were told that they were fanatics—well-intentioned, no doubt, but still fanatics, who were utterly ignorant about India, and recklessly wanted to carry their miserable rushlight into the heart of an imperial magazine. To such arguments the religious community at home had been hitherto obliged to submit in silence. But now there had come an end of all that. The one governor in India who, in the fiery trial of 1857, had been found master of the occasion, and who, celebrated justly for many high and noble qualities, was celebrated above all for this, that he was *no enthusiast*, but rather a hard practical man, the sober genius of common sense—this oracle of official life had spoken from out of the very pigeon-holes of tradition, and declared it *safe* to do our duty.

Fitly, in acknowledgment of this service, did the Bishop of London, on the 24th of June, 1859, present to Sir John (now returned sick and worn to his native land) an address of congratulation, “signed by between 7000 and 8000 persons of education and position,” including “the names of 3 archbishops, 20 bishops, 28 temporal peers, 71 members of Parliament, and nearly 200 mayors and provosts of cities and boroughs in England and Scotland;” and we feel sure that Sir John himself, in his old age, will find no leaf of all his laurels more evergreen than this.

And here we leave our readers to ponder over our story of Sir John Lawrence; a man, in truth, not without faults; a man whom those who knew him best have wished less hard, more genial,

more full of sympathy; but, for all that, a great statesman, an unrivalled administrator, a colossal workman, a genuine Englishman, a brave Christian, a grand pillar of our country, and a glory to its public life.

A FIGHT OR A FEAST.

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

THE companions in arms of the great Duke are now fast disappearing. First scattered over the surface of the earth, they are now, except here and there a veteran, enshrined within its bosom. I would look back upon a very humble few of this disbanded host, almost all of them shadows at present, at the time when peace first broke them up, and half-pay had driven many of them abroad to economise their means, till they should be restored to active service. How distant that time appears now—the whole world has become so transformed since! Why, one seems in the retrospect to have outlived centuries. Steam and electricity have given, even to the middle-aged man, a kind of Methuselah longevity. He looks back to former things of his own experience as if centuries had intervened. To have so long survived a distinct period of time, illustrated by the brightest names, all gone “where the archangel’s trump, not glory’s, must awake them,” is, however, somewhat melancholy. But not to dwell on this thought, I turn to the sunny “*lang syne*,” which has suggested the saddening but not displeasing reflection.

Some of the poorer half-pays of 1815, who had nothing but their half-pay to live upon, were among the first to discover the very little on which one may live decently abroad. Avoiding Paris and the great cities, they betook themselves mostly to little third-rate provincial towns in the south of France. Here an ensign’s guinea a week made him quite comfortable. He was richer than a French lieutenant on full pay, and than many civil officials in the provinces, moving in the best society. Besides, “economy is the life of the army,” and an old soldier knows how to practise it better than any man. He can do everything for himself: prepare his own breakfast, cook his own dinner, not only brush his own coat, but polish his own boots, and, if need be, darn his own stockings.

I had two companions with me when I embarked from London for Bordeaux. We were two ensigns and a lieutenant; but one of the ensigns had entered the service as a volunteer, and had seen many campaigns, so that he was an old soldier, though a young officer. We were all bent on economy, the French language, and adventure. We had but little money, and just as little French among us, only one of us being a thoroughly understandable Frenchman. But we were free from care, and full of buoyancy, and we made our little means do wonders. According to the rules and regulations made and provided on starting from England, our culinary capacities were put in requisition for our dinner daily, as we had determined to avoid the habitual frequentation of taverns. One of us soon became famous for a *pot au feu*, another for an *omelette*, and

a third for the more scientific operation of mixing a salad—a talent which, as he possessed it in an unrivalled degree of excellence, gained him afterwards, at Constantinople, the *soubriquet* among his friends of “Sultan Saladin,” a distinction of which he was not a little proud. And then it was altogether curious and admirable to behold with what a spruceness and dash an old soldier would turn out after going through all these interesting little domesticities. His carefully-preserved mufti suit had, to be sure, evidently, like himself, seen service, but it commanded, for the wearer’s sake, only the more respect on that account, for he knew how to put it on, and how to bear himself in it, in a style that no civilian could imitate.

Economising English families had already begun to gipsy all over France. There were two or three of them in the neighbourhood of Montauban, about forty leagues from Bordeaux, where we took up our quarters. They were about £2000 or more a year people in England, where they were probably somewhat in debt, and they lived in voluntary exile, like magnifices among the natives, hardly expending the fourth of their income. We soon became acquainted with them, were the “oft invited,” and indeed, in a short time, indispensable to all their parties, promenades, and pic-nics. There is an old colonel now living, then one of the ensigns alluded to, who, should he chance to read these lines, will have reminiscences awakened, certainly of the pleasantest days of his life, for he will recollect his first meeting with his wife, L—, before he left France, and the mother of his large family. What a grand old gentleman of the olden school her father was—a fine specimen of a British sailor, and worthy to be, as he was, of the family of Nelson! How disinterested both he and her mother in giving away their charming and accomplished daughter, with no small dowry too, to a penniless ensign, who had nothing to recommend him but his frank manners, frank heart, and excellent character. Ah! those were pleasant times! I think I hear now the sonorous shout of welcome of old S—, which made his woods ring again when he saw any of us coming up his avenue; and how he scolded if he did not see at least one of us every day! Yet, in spite of his warm hospitality and of his excellent cheer, we sometimes regretted our *pot au feu* and *petit vin du pays*; for our whole previous plan of half-pay campaigning was completely *derouté*. French, and adventure, and pedestrian excursions, which we had proposed to make in all directions, were quite laid aside, for we had become *les amis de la maison*, *les enfans chéris* of certain of the landed aristocracy of England, who would have been to us, at home, at most approachable at a ceremonious dinner or a formal tea party. A circumstance, however, which had some fun in it, and which we have since afterwards told successfully as a rather good story, introduced us in a little time to some new acquaintances.

There was a French garrison at Montauban. In it there were a good many of Napoleon’s old officers. Now, the mind of every old soldier of the Empire was, just at this juncture, a perfect blister of irritation against the English. A sore recollection of