

From Mr. Russell, the Special Correspondent
of the London Times.

THE FALL OF LUCKNOW.

HEAD QUARTERS—Camp of the Martinere,
before Lucknow, March 20.

My last despatch brought the narrative of events up to the close of the 14th March.—We had then attacked the Imaumbarrah or Imambarra with such vigour, that the enemy, dismayed by the stern onslaught, by the fire of our artillery, and by the lesson they had received at the storm of the Begum's Palace, abandoned their position, and flying in disorder into the Kaiserbagh, so utterly disheartened the garrison, already decimated by the bombardment, that they gave up the key of their position almost without a struggle. The news took every one by surprise. When Brigadier Napier, who all along expressed his opinion that the Begum's Palace was the key of the enemy's works, sent up word soon after 11 o'clock that we were in the works of the Kaiserbagh, a feeling of little less than astonishment pervaded the whole of the Staff. It was, indeed, a most unexpected result to find that we had obtained, with little loss, the citadel which the enemy had fortified with so much labour, and which they declared they would defend to the last. Every one was on the spot as soon as possible. The air was still heavy with gunpowder; bullets were whistling around from the desperate men shut up in the works, and from the enemy in the inner line of defences. Our men were just crashing through the rooms of the palaces, which were as yet filled with the evidence of barbaric magnificence and splendour, and the cries of the dying were not yet stilled when we entered.—The Kaiserbagh cannot be described. The place is a series of palaces, kiosks, mosques, all of fanciful Oriental architecture—some light and graceful, others merely fantastic and curious, connected generally by long corridors arched and open in the front, or by extensive wings, which enclose the courts and gardens contained within the outer walls. In every room throughout the endless series, there was a profusion of mirrors in ponderous gilt frames. A universal gilding of cornices, furniture, and everything that would bear the process, seemed the prevailing taste in the Royal Court. From every ceiling hung glass chandeliers of every age, form, colour and design. As to the furniture, in many instances it looked like collections from the lumber rooms of all the old palaces in Europe—Louis Quatorze clocks and cabinets, renaissance mirrors and chairs, buhl worked ebony chests, marqueterie tables, solid lumpy old German state chairs, gilt all over; but these were relieved by the richest carpets, by sumptuous divans, by cushions covered with golden embroidery, by rich screens of Cashmere shawls, and by table covers ponderous with pearls and gold. In some of the rooms there were a few good pictures, said to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence, Zoffany, and Beechey; but I did not see any traces of Sir Joshua on the walls when I entered, and there was only one picture which looked at all like a Lawrence. There were numerous portraits of the present and former Kings of Oude, and oil copies of the portraits of Governors General, of Wellington, Nelson, George IV, and Buonaparte, many Chinese drawings, French Crayons, and English engravings of all sorts, even those from "Williamson's Wild Sports of the East," an old and almost forgotten book on tiger hunting, in gorgeous frames, but the hand of the spoiler was heavy among them all. Those hung out of the reach of the musket stock and bayonet were scarcely safe from a bullet or the leg of a table. Down came chandeliers in a tinkling, clattering rain of glass—crash! crash! crash! door and window, and mirror and pendule! Sikh and soldier were revelling in destruction and delicious with plunder and mischief. Those who could not get in at once to carry on the work, searched the corridors, battered off the noses, legs, and arms of the statues in the gardens, or diving into cellars, either made their fortunes by the discovery of unexpected treasure, or lost their lives at the hands of concealed fanatics.—There was no time to guard against indiscriminate plunder, inasmuch as it never was expected that the Kaiserbagh and all its treasures would have fallen that day into our hands. It was stormed at once, but it could scarcely be said that any great resistance was offered by the enemy. As they fled from the Imaumbarrah, with Brasier's Sikhs and the 10th Regiment in fast pursuit, they rushed in such confusion through the detached houses and courts between it and the Kaiserbagh that a universal panic was created, and the Sikhs entered by the ramparts and gateways along with the enemy. They were supported by men of the corps engaged in the assault of the Imaumbarrah. At the very aspect of these men inside the defences, Sepoys and Nujeebs lost heart, and fled out of the courts and buildings. Some were shut up, or secreted themselves in recesses, and in the many mysterious apartments of an Eastern palace. All who remained in arms were shot down or bayoneted on the spot. The Kaiserbagh was ours before 12 o'clock. Brigadier Napier, as I have said, sent up word at once to head quarters, where the fall of the Imaumbarrah was just made known. "Mount and away" was the word. How the soldiers cheered when Sir Colin made his appearance in the Imaum-

barrah, and proceeded through them to the stairs which led up on to the roof of the palace, from which a good view could be obtained of portions of the Kaiserbagh. It was rather a hot place at times; for the enemy in minarets and in the buildings all round us, kept up a constant fire, and the people at the other side of the Kaiserbagh were firing at our men; but still hotter was it from the burning sun, which blazed fiercely over the smoke and tumult in the courts below. The road to the Begum's palace, and on to the Imaumbarrah, was thronged with dhooly bearers, some returning with heavy litters full of groaning wounded men, others in a stream, trampling through the dust to join their regiments, each dhooly with its little distinctive flag, and the number of the regiment marked conspicuously upon it.

Artillerymen, sailors, and great trains of oxen were dragging up heavy guns and mortars to secure our new possession. A wing of the 38th, under Col. Kelly; the 90th, the 97th under poor Ingram; the 93rd Highlanders, a Ghoorka regiment, in scarlet and yellow, and the hardy Sikhs, were marching up rapidly towards the Kaiserbagh, or were already in the courts and streets around it. The Imaumbarrah had been breached in a very extraordinary manner. Two 68-pounders (Naval Brigade guns) were brought up into a courtyard close to the intrenchments, and fired through the wall in front of them, breaching the work beyond them, which was invisible to the gunners. The latter were of course protected from the enemy's musketry by the brick walls, through which the cannon shot made only a clear round hole the size of itself. A very short time sufficed to batter the parapet and outer walls of the Imaumbarrah into a heap of ruins at the place where we sought to enter, and it was thus the Begum's Palace was breached also. As one struggled over the masses of fallen brickwork, the traces of our sap, choked up here and there with fallen earth, were close on our left, till the sap reached a long corridor by the side of a court, which served as an excellent covered way for our Sappers. The enemy's cooking places, brass pots or lotas, charpoys, clothing, belts, ammunition, broken muskets and matchlocks, swords, pistols, chupatties, or cakes of unleavened bread, were scattered over the ground on every side; but there were not many dead visible till we reached some of the courts of the Imaumbarrah. Nothing but a photograph can give a notion of Lucknow as it is seen from the minaret or roof of this building—such a sea of roofs, amid green groves and gardens, surmounted by gilt domes and slender minarets, and all the strange combinations of lines and ornaments in which Oriental architects delight! The large room of the Imaumbarrah, which seemed to have been used as a sort of museum, and contained many curious models of mosques and many fine glasses and chandeliers, was a heap of ruins, and every building bore marks of our shot and shell. Working our way through Sikhs, busy in melting down gold and silver lace in huge fires under earthen pots which served as crucibles, through wounded Ghoorkas staggering back to the rear, we approached the Kaiserbagh by the street along which Havelock's rear-guard marched towards the Residency. Every window of every house was filled with brick or baked mud, and loopholed, and the tops of all the houses and walls had a raised parapet, pierced in the same way, above them. The heat and the dust were very fatiguing and oppressive, but the excitement carried one forward, and at last we managed to get through the breach in the parapet of the outer work, which our Sappers were rapidly enlarging for the passage of our guns, and to enter one of the courts of the Kaiserbagh through a small gateway, or broken door. It was surrounded by rooms with latticed windows, to which access was gained by means of stairs opening into the court, the strong doors of which were barred on the inside. The walls were decorated with indifferent frescoes, representing feats of arms and female dancers. On one side the trees of a garden could be caught sight of through the Venetian blinds, and there was evidence that we were close to the King's Zenana, and that the buildings about us were the houses of his eunuchs.—A party of the 38th regiment at one gateway of the court and of the 90th at another were replying to the fire which was still maintained from the adjacent buildings and the line of the enemy's inner and last defences; but a stray bullet whistling sharply through the court now and then showed that some of the enemy were concealed in the rooms around.

Our men were in high delight with the gay dresses of the eunuchs which they found in some of the rooms, and it was with difficulty they were induced to take off the crowns of lace and peacock's plumes, the bird of paradise feathers, and the swordbelts they stuck over their heads and shoulders. Here, as in every other building, there were quantities of kites, the flying of which seems a favorite amusement of these childish but ferocious races. Goats, horses, and stately Cyrus cranes, tame monkeys, apes, antelopes, numbers of parquets in cages, were also appropriated by the men. But it was scarcely a place for zoological investigation.—Lieutenant Colonel Johnson, of Wilson's Staff; his brother, Captain Johnson, the Deputy-Quartermaster-General, head-quarters camp; Lord Seymour, Lieutenant Stewart, Bengal

Engineers; and myself were looking at one of our men who had decked himself out in a fantastic eunuch's attire, when a shot, evidently from one of the rooms of the court, passed between us, and as they had been fired at before from the same, they moved off to another spot. Very soon afterwards a man of the 90th was shot through the body, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, to whom I had been speaking a moment before, was struck by a spent ball on the head. I moved off out of such an unpleasant neighbourhood, but as I passed out of the court, the rascal, who appeared to be secreted in one of the upper rooms, sent a bullet within an inch of my cap and precipitated my retreat. In this siege there is no such pleasant vantage ground as Cathcart's-hill or a well-protected parallel, from which one can get a view of what is going on without any risk except that from a long-range shot or stray shell, and more officers have been killed and wounded here after our actions are over by the enemy hidden in unknown holes and corners, than in the actual service of the field.

In the next court, which was sheltered from fire by the walls around it, our men had made a great seizure of rich plunder. They had burst into some of the state apartments, and they were engaged in dividing the spoil of shawls and lace and embroidery of gold and silver and pearls. In a nook off this court, where there was a little shade, we retired to rest ourselves, as there were no means of approaching the front, part of the buildings being on fire, and explosions of mines feared every moment.—Two men of the 90th were in before us, and, assisted later by some of the 38th, we saw them appropriate money's worth enough to make them independent for life. The rooms off this nook had been used as stores by the king or some wealthy member of his household, and each moment these men went in only to emerge with a richer trophy. In one box they found diamond bracelets, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and opals, all so large and bright and badly set, that we believed at the time they were glass.—In another was a pair of gold mounted and duelling pistols, of English make, and the bill stating that his Majesty the King of Oude owed the maker £280; then out they came with bundles of swords, gold mounted and jewelled, which they at once knocked to pieces for the sake of the mountings, leaving the blades behind them. Next came out a huge chemical laboratory, then a gold saddlecloth, stuffed with pearls; then gold mounted riding canes—then cups of agate and jade, gold mounted and jewelled; then—but I must really stop this broker's inventory. The happy possessors of these riches were quite mad with excitement.—'Is this gold, sir?' 'Is that a diamond?' 'Is yer honor shure that's real gold?' 'Is this string of little white stones (pearls) worth anything?' It was a great drawback to have a conscience under such circumstances.—a greater not to have a penny in one's pocket, for in this country no one except an old stager on the look out for boot, carries a farthing about him, and, as one of the soldiers observed, 'These here concerns only carries on ready money transactions!' He was an experienced operator, that gentleman. If a native soldier came in and walked off with anything which he found in a dark corner, out pounced our friend upon him, rifle in hand, 'Leave that there, I tell you—I put that there myself!' And there was something in his eye which explained his meaning so clearly, that the article was at once abandoned, and if found to be valuable was retained, if not, was made a present of. Close to us were large boxes of japanned work, containing literally thousands of cups and vessels of jade, of crystal, and of china, which the soldiers were listlessly throwing on the ground and breaking into atoms. Had the enemy made a strong attack upon us at that moment, not one half of our troops could have been collected to repel it, and such were the scenes through every court of the many mansions of the Kaiserbagh. Meantime intelligence reached the Chief of the Staff, that the women of the Zenana were secreted in one of the strongest parts of the Kaiserbagh.—Some engineer officers, whose names I do not know; Capt. Hope Johnstone, of General Mansfield's Staff; and Lieut.-Col. Johnson, B. A., with two companies of the 38th, immediately proceeded to the spot, into which some of our soldiers had already forced an entrance.—In doing so the son of one of the Begums, a deaf and dumb youth of 21 years of age, and two or three of the ladies of the Zenana, were unfortunately killed by a discharge of musketry when the doors were burst in, before the soldiers saw that they were women. It may be imagined what a state of terror the Begums and their attendants were in when our men entered. They expected death every instant, and their agonies of fear were increased by the knowledge of the fact that some armed Sepoys were shut up in a room close at hand, and one shot might seal their fate. Huddled together amid the smoke, they could scarcely be calmed by the assurance of the officers, who at once took measures to remove them to a place of safety. As they were going out one of the ladies pointed out to Captain Hope Johnstone a box which he had just taken from the floor and laid upon the table. She told him it contained jewels to the value of ten lacs of rupees, or £100,000. He at once placed sentries at the doors and gave

orders that no one should enter. Having, with the aid of his brother officers, taken the ladies out of danger, he retired to the Zenana. It was blazing from end to end. The sentinels only escaped by clambering up to the roof, from which they were with difficulty saved. The jewels were gone. Had Capt. Johnstone taken them they would have been his, for the Kaiserbagh on this day was given up to plunder, and what each man could get became his property.

These stately buildings, which had never before been entered by European foot, except by a Commissioner of Oude on a state day, were now open to the common soldier and to the poorest camp follower of our army. How their splendours vanished like snow in sunshine!—The destruction around one, the shouting, the smashing noises, the yells of the Sikhs and natives were oppressive. I was glad to get away just as our mortars began to thunder away at the enemy's works again. There were burning stockades, and thousands of pounds of powder near at hand. In every court there was abundance of all kinds of ammunition, except six-pounder shot, which, as well as many nine-pounder balls, were rudely made of hammered iron. In one court we found a large brass mortar, with heaps of live brass and stone shells near it, but I could not find any fuses, as the enemy seldom used shell, notwithstanding that I saw a good many of our own in the Kaiserbagh; I presume that they did not know how to manufacture the fusee composition. It was late in the evening when we returned to camp, through roads thronged with at least 20,000 camp followers, all staggering under loads of plunder—the most extraordinary and indescribable spectacle I ever beheld—Coolies, syces, kitmutgars, dhooly-bearers, Sikhs, grass-cutters, a flood of men covered with clothing not their own, carrying on heads and shoulders looking-glasses, mirrors, pictures, brass pots, swords, firelocks, rich shawls, scarfs, embroidered dresses, all the 'loot' of ransacked places. The noise, the dust, the shouting and excitement were almost beyond endurance. Lucknow was borne away piecemeal to camp, and the wild Ghoorkas and Sikhs, with open mouths and glaring eyes, burning with haste to get rich, were contending fiercely against the current as they sought to get to the sources of such unexpected wealth. The Commander-in-Chief and the Chief of the Staff were already in camp, and the expression of Sir Colin's face told how much the result of the day's operations had pleased him. He is understood to ascribe this great success to the impression produced by the charge of the 93rd and the Sikhs on the Begum's Palace, to the influence of our bombardment, and the flank movement by which the lines of defences were enfiladed and taken in reverse. He at once sent off a telegram to Lord Canning to announce that we were in solid occupation of the Kaiserbagh. In order, if possible, to complete the work so gloriously begun, he dispatched orders to Sir James Outram to occupy the stone bridge, if it could be effected without much loss; but that gallant officer, after a careful reconnaissance, sent back to say that the enemy were too strongly posted at the other side to permit the bridge being carried without the sacrifice of many lives, and it has been determined therefore to open fire upon the position from mortars placed in the Kaiserbagh this evening. The townspeople, the levies, and the Sepoys are flying out of the town in thousands, and they can be seen crossing the stone bridge in multitudes. Some are escaping towards Sundeela, others towards Seetapore. I had almost omitted to say that the brigade which attacked the Imaumbarrah and seized upon the Kaiserbagh was that under the order of Brigadier-General Russell, the regiments in advance being the 10th (H. M.'s), and the Sikhs under Brasier. Da Costa, doing duty with the Ferozepore Regiments, died of his wounds. This officer was so anxious for service against Lucknow, that, pending his repeated applications to the authorities, he applied to a private individual, a civilian at headquarters, to take him up there, offering to make himself useful in any capacity till the day came for the assault. It is remarkable that volunteers very frequently get hit, but the fact may in some degree be accounted for by their being naturally well in front when any action occurs. Even Major Hodson was scarcely in his proper place when he was hit, inasmuch as his cavalry were on our left flank; but, with his usual zeal and daring gallantry, he remained to assist in the capture of the Begums.

Tuesday March 16.

There has been little respite given to the enemy. All night long he fled out of the city by the stone bridge, and great multitudes of the inhabitants, with their property, escaped also, but to-day closed that means of exit. In the General Orders last night the whole of the Cavalry and the Horse Artillery on the left bank of the river were instructed to proceed under Hope Grant on special service—viz., to cut up the Sepoys along the Seetapore road, and Douglas's Brigade was ordered to follow them; but later these dispositions were changed, and Sir James Outram received directions to clear the Chuttur Munsil, Mohtee Mal, the ruins of the Residency, and the iron and stone bridges on the right bank of the river. Douglas's Brigade, the 79th Highlanders, the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and the 1st Begal Fusiliers,