

and dared not show his head: menacing news reached him daily. I had one interview with him, and could hold out no hope, but told him to behave like a man and face the peril. The Council at last closed their deliberations and decided that Jawahir Singh should be slain, and that then the army should march down and attack Delhi.

On September 21, 1845, Jawahir Singh was summoned before the army. He came out on an elephant, holding in his arms his nephew, the young Maharaja Dhulip Singh, the last survivor of the line of Ranjit Singh. The Maharani Jindan accompanied him on another elephant. Jawahir Singh had an escort of 400 horsemen, and two elephant-loads of rupees with which to tempt the army. As soon as the cavalcade left the fort an ominous salute ran along the immense line of the army—180 guns were fired. A roll-call was beat, and not a man of that great host was absent. So terribly stern was their discipline that, after the salute had died away, not a sound was to be heard but the trampling of the feet of the royal cavalcade.

Dhulip Singh was received with royal honours: his mother, the Maharani Jindan, in miserable