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Sir A. and Lady Roscoe —  
With Maria's Boston's love —  
June 13<sup>th</sup> - 1896.



LETTERS FROM INDIA AND  
THE CRIMEA.

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*John Ashton Burdett, C. B.*







LETTERS FROM INDIA  
AND THE CRIMEA

SELECTED FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE  
OF THE LATE

DEPUTY SURGEON-GENERAL BOSTOCK, C.B.

HONORARY SURGEON TO THE QUEEN ; CHEVALIER OF THE  
LEGION OF HONOUR

FORMERLY OF THE SCOTS FUSILIER GUARDS



LONDON  
GEORGE BELL AND SONS  
1896

BOSTON, JOHN LLOYD  
(1879)

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

BY  
J. L. LLOYD

LM. 41. AAS (2)

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE letters in this collection are not of the word-painting order. In fine periods and studied picturesqueness they will be found conspicuously deficient. But though not written for effect, they seldom fail to be effective. The Crimean portion is especially striking. It would be difficult to point to a more scathing indictment than the letters written before Sebastopol. Even at this distance of time it is impossible to read them without a feeling of the profoundest indignation. Every word is a rapier-thrust dealt straight home. In their terse and trenchant simplicity they are more eloquent than a legion of newspaper articles. It is scarcely too much to assume that one such letter read in the House of Commons would have sealed the doom of the Aberdeen Government, assuredly the most shiftless and supine of the present century.

The writer of these letters, the late Deputy Surgeon-General Bostock, was a man of no small mark in the Army Medical Service. But for his premature retirement, in order to winter abroad with an invalid son, he would probably have attained the highest honours of his department. As it was, he achieved a notability altogether unique among medical officers in the Brigade of Guards. While

holding the comparatively subordinate rank of Surgeon-Major, he was not only created a Military Companion of the Bath, but received the appointment of Honorary Surgeon to the Queen. To these distinctions from his own Sovereign was added that of the Legion of Honour, conferred on him after the Crimean war by the late Emperor of the French. Yet no man was less solicitous about mere personal advancement. His rewards sought him, he never dreamed of seeking them. He was, in truth, as averse to "push" as he was devoted to duty. Though always to the fore, he never put himself forward. From the day he entered the service till the day he left it, his single endeavour was to do what had to be done with the greatest possible thoroughness and the least possible fuss. The subjoined Regimental Order, issued on his retirement from the army, will show how far he succeeded :

(Letter incorporated in Regimental Order.)

"7, Stratford Place,

"Oxford Street.

"8th February, 1876.

"My Lord,

"I have received with great regret your letter announcing Dr. Bostock's desire to retire from the regiment.

"Whenever that retirement takes place I will thank you to place on record in Regimental Orders the high opinion I entertain of his professional ability, his unflagging attention to his important duties, and his character as an officer.

“ I am satisfied he will carry with him an unusual feeling of respect and regard, and sincere wishes for his future welfare.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ ROKEBY, Colonel.

“ *Scots Fusilier Guards.*”

“ COLONEL LORD ABINGER,

“ Commanding Scots Fusilier Guards.”

(Regimental Order.)

“ 28th February, 1876.

“ Colonel Lord Abinger has great pleasure in placing the above letter from General Lord Rokeby, G.C.B., upon the records of the regiment. The sentiments entertained of Surgeon-Major Bostock's services by the regiment entirely accord with Lord Rokeby's communication.

“ Lord Abinger desires to convey to Surgeon-Major Bostock the thanks of the Scots Fusilier Guards for the zeal and ability he has invariably shown throughout his long service, equally shown to the wounded in the field and the sick in quarters.

“ W. J. GASCOIGNE,

“ Capt. and Lt.-Col.,

“ *Scots Fusilier Guards.*”

Credentials such as these require no embellishment. For a man of Mr. Bostock's simplicity of character padded pages and laboured panegyrics would be singularly out of place. A brief outline of

his career is all, therefore, that need be added to this introduction.

John Ashton Bostock was born in Liverpool on the 23rd June, 1815, a day of much excitement in that city, for on it arrived the first news of the battle of Waterloo. He was the son of Dr. John Bostock, F.R.S., eminent not only as a physician but as a man of science. Dr. Bostock relinquished practice in 1817, and migrated to London, where he soon became associated with most of the leading scientific societies, notably the Geological, of which he was elected President in 1826. At an early age his son was sent to the Charterhouse, where, among his school-fellows, were Richard Doyle and John Leech, the latter also destined to be associated with the Crimea by his immortal cartoon of "General Février turned Traitor." On leaving the Charterhouse young Bostock was placed at a school in Paris, where during the Revolution of 1830 he not only witnessed the celebrated kiss of reconciliation between Louis Philippe and Lafayette, but was presented to the latter, with whom he had the honour of shaking hands, an experience to which probably no Englishman now living would be able to lay claim. From Paris he proceeded, in 1834, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he rowed in the college boat when head of the river. He did not, however, stay long enough at Cambridge to take a degree, but having decided to become a London consulting surgeon, adjourned to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where, together with Sir James Paget, he



entered the class-room of the then senior surgeon, Mr. Earle. After duly qualifying, he acted for some time as house-surgeon, but his duties were interrupted by a serious illness, which compelled him temporarily to relinquish work, and to make a prolonged tour abroad. He accordingly started on a year's travel in Italy, Greece, and Turkey, inaugurating the expedition with a winter's residence in Rome. There he had the good fortune to become acquainted with the distinguished sculptor, John Gibson, in whose studio he acquired the rudiments of modelling, and an enthusiastic love of art, which proved a lifelong pleasure and resource. This was especially the case with water-colour painting, in which, though largely self-taught, he displayed a degree of skill seldom attained by amateurs. From Rome he proceeded to Greece, where, in addition to making a long stay at Athens, he travelled extensively through the country. On leaving Greece he spent some time in Constantinople, whence he turned homewards, thoroughly restored to health, and enriched with tastes and interests from which his varied culture of later years derived much of its impulse.

On his return to England, owing to pecuniary losses sustained by his father, Mr. Bostock found it necessary to abandon his project of practising as a consulting surgeon, and decided to enter the Army Medical Service. He accordingly joined the 3rd Buffs, then serving in India, whither he proceeded in 1842. He remained in India till the spring of 1845, spending a by no means uneventful three

years, embracing as they did the important battle of Punniar, at which he was present in the field. Of this engagement, for which he received the bronze star, an animated account will be found in the Indian portion of his correspondence. He omits, however, to mention one curious fact in connection with Punniar, namely, that it was the last battle at which "flintlocks" were used by British troops, the Buffs being still armed with them on this occasion, though the 50th regiment, which also took part in the engagement, was equipped with the newly invented percussion musket. An interesting comment on this circumstance, together with a highly appreciative allusion to Mr. Bostock, is made in the following letter to Mrs. Bostock, from Sir Frederick Maude, G.C.B., V.C., who was adjutant of the Buffs at the battle of Punniar.

"Sutherland Towers,

"Torquay.

"28th January, 1896.

"I was present at the battle of Punniar, fought on the 29th Dec., 1843, as adjutant of my dear old regiment, 'The Buffs,' and your late husband was one of the assistant-surgeons of the regiment, a great friend of mine, and universally popular with all ranks.

"It is quite true that 'The Buffs' were armed with the flint musket, and fought the battle on that day with that weapon.

"It happened in this way. The regiment had been on Foreign Service since 1821, and as their

time of relief to return to England was near, they were not served out with the percussion musket, which was being issued to the troops about that time. The authorities thought they could wait and receive them on their return to England. In the meantime the Mahrattas were giving trouble in the Gwalior country, and my regiment was ordered to take the field and proceed there. The 50th foot, which was in the same division with us, and fought the same day at Punniar, was armed with the percussion musket, as its time to remain in India was not coming to a close.

“The memoir of your late dear husband’s life will not only be much prized by his many friends, bringing back many recollections of the past, but I feel sure it will be interesting reading to many who had not the privilege of his acquaintance, as he was not only clever, but a cheery, pleasant companion, and a great favourite of all with whom he came in contact. Above all, he was very fond of his profession, and availed himself of any opportunity that offered to note what was taking place around him. He was an honour to his profession in every sense of the word. We were all very sorry when he left.”

On his return to England, in 1845, Mr. Bostock exchanged from the Buffs into the Scots Fusilier, now the Scots, Guards, whom he accompanied to the Crimea in 1854. His Crimean experiences comprised the siege of Sebastopol, and the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman; but unfortunately the letters relating to this period are far

less numerous than those written during his Indian service. From the Crimea he was invalided home in 1855, shortly before the fall of Sebastopol. For this campaign he received the Crimean medal with four clasps, also the Turkish medal, and the Legion of Honour already mentioned. In 1856 he married his cousin, Miss Harriet Yates, of Liverpool, a union peculiarly fortunate in its affinity of tastes and sympathies, and which lasted in unbroken happiness for nearly forty years. In the same year he rejoined his regiment, with which he remained on home service till 1876, when he retired with the rank of Deputy Surgeon-General. During this period there is little that is noteworthy to record except an official visit to Germany in 1866, undertaken by direction of the then Secretary of State for War, for the purpose of inquiring into the medical and sanitary system of the Prussian army, respecting which he drew up an official report for the War Office. The letters which he wrote home during this visit, though comparatively few, contain much that is interesting in connection with the Austro-Prussian war, and they have therefore been included in this collection.

Mr. Bostock's activity and zest for work did not cease with his retirement from the army. Shortly before this took place he had been appointed by the Government a member of the newly established Metropolitan Asylums Board, to the work of which he now applied himself with characteristic energy. His professional experience and ability as an organizer were of the greatest service to the Board,

where he soon took a prominent part in devising the highly successful scheme now in force for coping with fever in the Metropolitan area. He was also largely instrumental in procuring the adoption of the ambulance system by the London Hospitals, where previously only the most rudimentary methods of transport had been in use. He did not, however, content himself with serving on the Metropolitan Asylums Board, but acted for several years as one of the Guardians of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, being invariably elected without canvass. In this capacity, also, he rendered valuable service, especially as chairman of the Infirmary Committee. In addition to these sufficiently laborious occupations, he undertook the office of treasurer to the Medico-Chirurgical Society (a post formerly filled by his father), and materially assisted in promoting its present importance and prosperity.

To these various duties, with the scrupulous performance of which he allowed no considerations of pleasure or convenience to interfere, Mr. Bostock continued to devote himself, until incapacitated by a serious illness which attacked him early in 1895. To this, after a brief rally, he eventually succumbed in the following May, when just on the verge of his eightieth year, a fact difficult to reconcile with a step and carriage which were to the last suggestive of a man still in his prime.

Although his connection with the Guards had ceased for nearly twenty years before his death, his memory was honoured by a special service in the Wellington Barracks Chapel, where a numerous

gathering of friends, including several of his old Crimean comrades, presented a striking testimony of the high regard in which he was held. Among the many expressions of regret at his loss perhaps the most appreciative were those embodied in the subjoined resolutions of the various departments of the Metropolitan Asylums Board with which he had been connected. Their tribute was not exaggerated. Alike in the Service and in retirement he was essentially one of those good citizens whose sterling principle and steadfast allegiance to duty contribute even more than genius to the welfare of the State.

W. T.

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Metropolitan Asylums Board,  
Norfolk House, Norfolk Street,  
May 29th, 1895.

DEAR MADAM,

I am desired by the Ambulance Committee to inform you, that at their meeting on Monday last, they unanimously passed the following resolution.

“That the members of the Ambulance Committee have learnt with great regret of the decease of Deputy Surg.-Gen. J. Ashton Bostock, C.B., and desire to express their sincere sympathy with his widow and children in the bereavement which they have sustained.”

To Mr. Bostock's vast experience of all phases of hospital work, both medical and administrative, and the ready courtesy with which he has, for many

years, placed his valuable services at the disposal of his colleagues, for the benefit of the sick of the Metropolis, the Ambulance organization owes a large share of its success; and those who remain to carry on this important service, would like his relatives to know, how deeply his sagacious counsels and his loyal assistance, were ever appreciated by them.

I am, dear Madam,

Your's faithfully,

J. DUNCOMBE MANN,

Clerk to the Board.

MRS. BOSTOCK.

Metropolitan Asylums Board,  
Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, W.C.,  
May 30th, 1895.

DEAR MADAM,

It is my melancholy duty to forward you the following copy of a resolution of condolence, which was moved by Sir Edwin Galsworthy, J.P., D.L., Chairman of the Board, seconded by Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., J.P., Vice-Chairman of the Board, and unanimously adopted at the meeting of the Managers of the Metropolitan Asylum District, on the 25th instant, when the news of the death of your husband, the late Deputy Surgeon-General John Ashton Bostock, C.B., was officially communicated to the Board, viz. :

“ That the members of the Metropolitan Asylums Board record with deep regret their sense of the great loss which the Board has sustained by the death of their highly esteemed friend and colleague

Dep. Surg.-Gen., J. A. Bostock, C.B., and offer to his widow and relatives their sincere sympathy with them, in the bereavement which they have sustained by the death of one whose character, kindness of heart, and long and honourable association with the work of the Board, the managers will at all times remember with admiration and affection."

I take this opportunity on behalf of myself and the other officials at the chief offices of the Board, to ask permission to add our condolences to those of the managers, and in doing so, to assure you how genuine was our admiration and respect for your late husband, and how sincere was our sorrow when we heard that he was no more.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours very faithfully,

J. DUNCOMBE MANN,

Clerk to the Board.

MRS. BOSTOCK.

Metropolitan Asylums Board,  
Norfolk House, Norfolk Street,  
May 31st, 1895.

DEAR MADAM,

The Western Hospital Committee met yesterday for the first time, since the death of your husband, who did so much for the hospital, and who never wearied in his devotion to the work which his position as chairman for many years, imposed upon him, and they unanimously passed the following resolution and desired me to forward a copy of it to you.

"That this Committee have heard, with feelings of the sincerest regret, of the death of their highly



esteemed colleague and friend, Dep. Sur.-Gen. J. A. Bostock, C.B., who, since the establishment of this (the Western) Hospital, in the year 1877, has occupied, till the last few weeks, the important position of Chairman of the Committee of Management, being unanimously elected to that position, year after year, by successive Committees.

“By Mr. Bostock’s lamented death, the Committee have lost a colleague with whom it was always a pleasure, and an honour, to be associated; and the Western Hospital has lost a friend whose thoughts and time were constantly occupied in the endeavour to promote the comfort and happiness of the patients, as well as of the nursing and other staff engaged therein.”

The Committee tender to Mrs. Bostock, and her family, their heartfelt sympathy with them in their great bereavement.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

J. DUNCOMBE MANN,

Clerk to the Board.

MRS. BOSTOCK.

LEAVESDEN ASYLUM.

Metropolitan Asylums Board,  
Norfolk House, Norfolk Street.  
May 31st, 1895.

DEAR MADAM,

I am directed by the Leavesden Asylum Committee, of which Mr. Bostock was a member for so many years, to forward a copy of a resolution

which they unanimously passed at their last meeting, upon hearing of the great affliction which has befallen you.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours very faithfully,

J. DUNCOMBE MANN,

Clerk to the Board.

MRS. BOSTOCK.

It was moved by Mr. Day, seconded by Mr. Sedwick, and resolved:

“That this Committee wish to record their sense of the loss they have sustained by the death of Deputy Surg.-Gen. Bostock, C.B., who for many years has rendered most valuable services as a member of this Committee; and further, to express their sorrow on losing an old friend to whom they were much attached. They venture to assure Mrs. Bostock of their respectful sympathy with her in her grief.”

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I.

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

On board ship "Royal Consort."

Friday, June 3rd, 1842.

S. Lat.  $18^{\circ} 36'$ , Long.  $32^{\circ} 16'$ .

AT last the long wished for opportunity of writing to you has arrived, and although I had little hope of writing my letter from this place, it is with the greatest pleasure that I now commence a letter to you, to give you some account of our voyage up to this period and to assure you (although I know that it is unnecessary) that although separated by very many thousand miles of ocean "my heart still clings to thee." However, I am not going to be sentimental, and shall therefore proceed at once to business. I must premise that the ship is rolling from side to side in such an improper manner that what with taking care of my desk and ink, and holding on myself, I have great difficulty in keeping pen to paper — *a fortiori* in writing legibly. Hodgson would tell you how I was settled in my cabin, and a note which I sent to you by the pilot off Deal would inform you of the delay we experienced at Gravesend, and our final departure.

On Monday morning we had what the sailors

call a capital "run" down Mid Channel before the easterly wind, and on the morning of the 22nd our position by observation at midday was latitude  $49^{\circ} 52'$ , and west longitude  $2^{\circ} 19'$ . In the afternoon some high land was seen on our right, probably on the coast of Devonshire, and during the early part of the night we were able to distinguish the light on Start Point. This was the last land we saw, and I reluctantly retired to my cabin, sometime after midnight, in the full conviction that I had bid good-night to my native land for some years at least. But before I proceed farther I think you will be interested in knowing something about my fellow-sufferers. First in command is Major Galloway and his family. The Major is one of the most gentlemanly and well-informed men with whom I ever had the pleasure of becoming acquainted. He has completed twenty-nine years of service, and singularly enough commenced his military career at Fort Manuel, at Malta, where he formed part of a guard over some French prisoners of state. His one particular duty was to accompany Savery, Napoleon's minister of police, in his daily exercise round the walls of the fort, and he is full of anecdotes related to him by that accomplished minister. He subsequently served with his regiment, the 10th, at the Ionian Isles, and was for several years Governor of Santa Maura, which he left in consequence of fever in 1836. He has studied the antiquities, medals, etc., etc., of all the Isles, and I have had many interesting conversations with him on the subject. Mrs. Galloway is a

daughter of old Sir Isaac Coffin, whom everybody knows. She is very agreeable, but over anxious about her family, and continually enquiring of me if Jane or Johnny is not feverish, which would not be surprising, as they are continually stuffing biscuits, rice, sago, etc., etc., all day long. The family consists of a young lady born at Corfu, about fourteen—who is at the same time elegant and accomplished, and learns the Italian language and speaks Greek—the aforesaid Jane and Johnny, two noisy and already spoiled children, and a baby of ten weeks who will become so as soon as he is old enough. Next comes Eliza's particular friend, a Captain Strickland, who has improved wonderfully on acquaintance. There are also two subaltern officers, a lieutenant and an ensign, who are good-natured young men, but not striking. The great thing, and in which we are particularly fortunate, is that we all pull well together. The family have already been my patients. You remember that the ship was fitted out to accommodate 174 persons; the number actually on board is 150 men, 16 women and 16 children, two children being rated and considered as equivalent to two grown-up persons. To this number we have already added a young lady and a young gentleman, who have been christened "Elizabeth Consort" and "Gilbert Seaborn" respectively. To judge from appearances a further inmate may be shortly expected. In order to prevent the confusion almost necessarily attending upon the confinement of so large a family in a small space and to promote both their comfort

and health, Major Galloway, immediately upon the troops coming on board, issued detachment orders, of which the following abstract will interest you, showing how large bodies of troops are managed in transports :

“All the men are divided into three watches, to be relieved according to the practice of the service under a subaltern officer, who makes his report daily to the commanding officer. Sentries are furnished by these watches. All the men are divided into messes of six men each. The whole company rise at six, when all partitions are removed for the day. The hammocks are all brought on deck, and the lower deck is then scraped clean. A daily parade takes place at 11 o'clock—when all are to appear with bare legs and feet, and as clean as possible. A general shaving and hair-cutting takes place twice a week. All except the watch on duty will be in their hammocks by 8 o'clock, after which one light only is allowed, under the charge of the sentry. Every meal is inspected by the officer of the day, and the cooking places are inspected daily. During the warm weather fifty men and a proportion of the women and children are bathed every morning.” I furnish a daily report of the state of the health of all on board, and make any suggestion with regard to ventilation, fumigation, and the issue of lemon juice, which I think beneficial. These excellent regulations conclude as follows: “While the commanding officer invites the attention of all officers to the rules for the government for the ship, he feels that he will have their hearty



co-operation in maintaining that cordiality with the officers and crew of the ship, and in upholding that discipline and good order among the troops upon which so essentially depend the comfort of all and the character and honour of the regiment to which they belong."

The India Company have sent on board an excellently selected library of standard works on *history, geography, biography, voyages, and travels*, with *moral and amusing* books, and it is satisfactory to see a great circulation among all on board. My duties have as yet been very light, no case of illness connected with the ship has yet occurred, and I hope, by the precautionary measures adopted, to prevent anything of the kind happening. I have, however, a hospital, and a corporal, with an orderly soldier to attend upon those slight cases, principally accidents, that have occurred. The rations served out to the men are so good and various, including preserved meat and vegetables once a week, that I have little fear of scurvy breaking out, but the intense heat and closeness inseparable from 184 human beings sleeping in one deck, so closely packed that the hammocks are swung in contact, in a tropical heat, without ventilation, must be a fertile source of fever and disease that will require the greatest exertions on our part to guard against. In addition to the troops, we have a crew of twenty-one men, and now that I have made you acquainted with the people on board, I will tell you how we manage to pass our time. I rise with the men now about six o'clock, get several buckets of water

thrown over me, and then enjoy a delightfully cool couple of hours until our breakfast hour at eight o'clock. This is almost the only time during which it is possible to read or do anything requiring any attention. After breakfast I visit my hospital, attend parade, assist (in the French sense of the word) to take the sun's meridian altitude, by which the time and position of the ship are ascertained ; a slight lunch follows this arduous process ; after which we pass away the hours until our four o'clock dinner, as best we may. Any endeavour to read or write in this intense heat is unsuccessful, as the least exertion, either of body or mind, is followed by the most uncomfortable deposition of dew on every part of one's body ; even the act of sleeping, one of the most passive states in which we can be placed, is made disagreeable by a similar result. I made one attempt to colour a drawing of St. Antonio, the most westerly of the Cape Verds, but failed most miserably—my cobalt sky mixed with my pinkish clouds, and both rolled down my light red mountain with a volcanic speed into the sea. After dinner we adjourn upon the poop, and all who dare venture indulge in the luxury of a cigar or a pipe of the fragrant weed. A strong decoction of herbs, under the gentle appellation of tea, follows at six, at which hour it is quite dark. The evenings are spent in reading, conversation, with an occasional rubber at whist, and by half-past ten or eleven every one has retired to—rest I was going to say, but should rather say to one's berth, where we soon become in the state which I once experienced in a

Turkish bath at Constantinople, in a small moist chamber at 100° F. Such is the daily routine on board an Indiaman, and you will be surprised when I tell you that there is no time to do anything. The hours and days pass with a rapidity perfectly astonishing, and one day succeeds another without any event to note its having passed. I generally continue to get an hour's Persian, and have kept a rough journal of the events that have occurred on board: but the monotony of a voyage is proverbial, and after an experience of seven weeks, I perfectly agree in the opinion expressed by Dr. Johnson, that "it was like being confined in prison, with the additional danger of being drowned." I have seen quite enough of the "blue above and the blue below," and sad as it is to be obliged to take a long voyage, I cannot understand what pleasure people can find in making themselves voluntarily uncomfortable. The incidents on a voyage are few and uninteresting, except to those on board, who are too glad to make the most of every circumstance. A strange fish would bring all hands, or rather "eyes" on deck, and a speck of sail on the horizon is regarded with the most thrilling interest. We have had our share, and having passed the "line" and the Atlantic, have seen what was fit and proper to be seen. All kinds of sea animals, from the huge black whale rolling heavily along, and spouting out the water, to the light flying fish dancing along the top of the waves. When on the line in a calm we caught a shark, with a most formidable pair of jaws, forming, when fully expanded, a circle one foot

diameter. We have admired the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, and brilliancy of the constellations in the southern hemisphere, among which the Southern Cross is one of the most conspicuous. One night I also saw, with great delight, a lunar rainbow. But, besides these, four more important events have happened, which I shall relate to you, viz.: 1. A gale. 2. A mutiny among the crew. 3. Starvation in the cabin. 4. Want of water. To the latter, which is obliging us to run into Rio, you are indebted for this hurried letter. Our favourable east wind failed us on the 25th, in latitude  $45^{\circ}$  and longitude  $15^{\circ}$ , and for two days we were becalmed in a heavy rolling sea, which did not fail to remind us of our proximity to the "Sleepless Bay." On the 27th it blew from the south-west, and the night and the next day increased into a gale of wind. All we could do was to lie to, and make the best of it. I am not going to inflict a description of it upon you, for you can easily imagine the ship rolling and fetching in every direction, but with some degree of regularity, screaming and groaning like an old clothes basket, and everything movable rushing about the decks like mad. Added to which, every kind of noise imaginable, above which, however, the squeaking of twelve pigs that had been washed out of their sty and were swimming about the deck, was too distinctly audible. I contrived to keep my berth, holding myself in by my back and knees for some hours, until about two in the morning, when a heavy sea struck the ship, she gave a tremendous lurch, and I was fairly thrown out on to a

heap of books and boxes, boots and shoes, etc., etc., that had been sporting on my cabin floor. At the same moment, a crash in the steward's room denoted a further destruction of property, and a cry of horror arose from the men and women who were necessarily confined below. I went down among them; the deck was perfectly dark, which increased the panic which had already seized them. Husbands and wives were locked in each other's arms, children were clinging to their mothers' necks, everyone expecting each moment would be their last. I shall never forget that night. Fortunately, not a single accident occurred. We felt the effects of this gale for several days, and you would have been amused had you seen our dinner table. The dishes were all held fast, but away went their contents. A leg of mutton escaped from the knife and sought safety under the ribs of beef, and a couple of young chickens flew with precipitation into Mrs. Galloway's lap. You have often heard of the man being lashed to the wheel; *we* were lashed to the bottle. On Sunday, the 1st of May, the Major read the service appointed for the sea, to all on board—the psalm was the 107th and was most appropriate. In the afternoon the second event commenced, viz.: the mutiny among the sailors, who came aft in a body and refused to work the ship unless better beef was given to them; they brought a piece of bad meat with them, which they threw at the cabin door. The leader was so violent, that it was necessary for the safety of the Captain to iron him heavily. Three sailors alone remained to their duty,

and I don't know what we should have done in case bad weather had come on. Most providentially the wind was fair, and not a rope was handled for two days, during which the mutiny lasted. At length, at our suggestion, a compromise was effected, just as we were going to bear up for Gibraltar to throw ourselves on the protection of a man of war; better meat was issued, and they returned to their duty. Throughout, the Captain behaved in a most cowardly manner, and he has virtually lost the command of his ship. The men were much aggrieved, and it was only a specimen of what we were ourselves shortly to expect, for our own table became daily worse and worse, until at last two *high* legs of mutton were placed before us at once; this was the *ne plus ultra*; we remonstrated, threatened to report him at Calcutta, and extracted a confession from the Captain that the owner of the ship, who is the Radical member for North Shields—the self-styled *Liberal*, Mr. Metcalf, had pocketed half of the £720 paid most liberally by the East India Company for our table and general comfort, leaving the Captain to make a profit from the remaining half. We have, therefore, none of the luxuries which we have a right to expect, and barely any comforts necessary for so long a voyage. One half of the money is payable at Calcutta, and it shall not be our fault if the *Liberal* member does not suffer for his stinginess. Our remonstrances produced some good effect, and a slight improvement took place; and I believe the Captain intends to take in fresh stores at Rio. On the 6th of May, the Island of Madeira

was just visible at sunrise, and the following day we entered fairly upon the north-east trades (in latitude  $29^{\circ} 6''$ , longitude  $19^{\circ} 24' 15''$ ), which propelled us most prosperously and almost without changing a sail to within  $2^{\circ}$  of the equator. On the 12th, we passed within ten miles of St. Antonio, the most westerly of the Cape Verds. It appeared quite barren and uncultivated, but was a delightful sight to us. It was the last land we saw on that side of the Atlantic, and the last we then expected to see, before arriving at Calcutta, for at this season of the year, ships always give the Cape a "wide berth." The trades finally left us on the 20th, in latitude  $2^{\circ} 18'$ , longitude  $16^{\circ}$ , and for six days we were becalmed on the line. A most miserable time it was—either parched up by a vertical sun, or deluged by torrents of rain. The thermometer varied from  $82^{\circ}$  to  $84^{\circ}$ , and the atmosphere, heated and loaded with moisture, made us all feel the want of the fresh breezes of England. On the 24th we were actually on the line, but the Captain would not allow the usual ceremonial of Neptune's visit to the ship, fearing lest he would be the first victim. All the sailors wished they had old Metcalf to shave. The south-east trades introduced themselves to us on the 26th in rather a rough manner. We were all sitting at table drinking a glass of cooled claret, the only luxury we enjoyed, when a sudden squall struck the ship and threw her on her side. We lost a few ropes, and a sail has not been heard of since, but we have had a strong and fair wind ever since. Our course for several days

was south-south-west—and we had every prospect of a favourable passage to the Cape, when, on the 2nd of June, the Major was acquainted with the startling intelligence that many of the water casks had *leaked dry*, and that since leaving England, we had lost more than twenty tuns of water. Thus the Liberal and Independent member has fairly outwitted himself by his penny wise and pound foolish economy, in putting cheap casks on board. After a great deal of vacillation on the part of the Captain, we bore up for Rio de Janeiro the next day (the day I began this letter), and have just this moment, eleven o'clock, June 7th, come in sight of Cape Frio distant about sixty miles from the Port. It is our intention to remain as short a time as possible, and proceed on our voyage at the latest on Saturday morning. I am fortunate in having this opportunity of visiting one of the most beautiful spots in the world; but it is very provoking to lose ten days or a fortnight's fair wind from such a cause. But I am delighted at having an opportunity of writing to you.

Towards the afternoon we were opposite the entrance of the port, but as we cannot enter before nightfall, the captain will not attempt it before tomorrow morning. The coast is most beautiful, a range of finely formed mountains covered many of them, to the very tops, with wood.

June 8th. We are still off the entrance of the port—in a calm. We may not get in until the afternoon; we are anxiously expecting the sea-breeze, which usually sets in towards shore about 10 or



11 o'clock. I dare say we shall not be able to leave Rio until Saturday morning—a sad break in our voyage. There is a British admiral at the station, and our first object will be to see him and prevail on him to aid us in stirring up to activity the sluggish Portuguese, so that we may lose as little time as possible. My next letter will be from Calcutta, where I suppose we may arrive in eleven weeks : an awfully long time to be boxed up on ship-board !

Calcutta, Sept. 13th, 1842.  
Fort William.

I am at length arrived at Calcutta, after a long, protracted, and almost disastrous voyage of 147 days. Indeed, at one time, I thought we never should arrive at our destination ; for we were no sooner clear of one difficulty than we rushed headlong into another, and now that I look back upon them, I feel that we cannot be too grateful for the providential manner in which we were extricated and conducted at last safely into port. I have now, however, received your long letters, which, although they do not contain very joyful intelligence, inform me of your good health and comfort, and for which I thank you all. I shall look anxiously for the next “ volume ” by the next post, on the 20th inst. You would, I hope, receive, about the first week in August, my letter from Rio de Janeiro, giving you an account of the voyage up to that period, and our reasons for going there. I shall now continue the narrative, premising that this will not be a very long letter, as the post is closed for homeward-bound letters to-

morrow, and I am so tired with the heat and confusion on my first arrival that I am not able to write very carefully.

On the 8th of June we entered the harbour of Rio. The aspect of the coast is most striking; lofty mountains of the most majestic forms covered almost to the summits with palms and green shrubs. The entrance is narrow, bounded on one side by a precipitous rock called the Sugar-loaf, and on the opposite by the fort of Santa Cruz, where we were hailed and interrogated as to our object, nation, etc. The harbour now opened upon us in all its magnificence. It is several miles broad, and at its upper extremity receives the river Janciro, which flows through a succession of beautiful islands. The banks are most beautiful. In the mixture of grey rock, luxuriant foliage and villages, it resembles the Bosphorus, but it is on a far grander scale. The city, called St. Sebastian, is situated about three miles from the entrance, and looks well at a distance, but contains no object worthy of notice. The buildings are all plain, and without architectural beauty. We found H.M.S. "Alfred," with Commodore Purvis on the station; they immediately, on our coming to an anchor, sent off a boat, in which I returned, and received a most hospitable reception from all the officers on board. We in fact made the ship our home during the four days we remained in Rio. The following evening we accompanied the Commodore to a grand ball given by the English minister at the court of the emperor—Mr. Hamilton. His home is situated in a bay called Locofogo, separated

from the main city by a narrow rock on which is romantically situated the church of Santa Maria de Gloria. At the ball we had an opportunity of seeing the *élite* of Brazil. Many of the ministers, with their families, were present. I saw no very great beauty among the fair (?) sex. Their colour is a dingy brown, and is far from prepossessing, in my idea. The rooms were crowded with officers from an American and French squadron, and although the temperature was far from pleasantly cool, dancing was kept up till a late hour, and the whole affair was very gay and amusing. The English, particularly naval officers, are in bad odour with the court, and indeed with all the natives, in consequence of the decided part they have taken with reference to the slave trade, which is carried on here to a great extent. A short time since two Russian officers were half killed by some slave owners, under the idea that they were English, and we were told it was not safe to be out in the streets after dusk. During the day the streets are filled with Negro slaves of both sexes and all ages, carrying burthens, driving bullock carts, and performing all the laborious work; while the lazy Brazilians are seen lolling on sofas at the doors of the houses, smoking cigars. One day I accompanied Major Galloway on board the Yankee Commodore—the “Delaware”—a line of battle ship of ninety guns. The crew consisted of eight hundred, three hundred of whom were English sailors, who have expressed their fixed determination not to fight in case of a war with England. On the 13th we again weighed

our anchor, and stood out to sea, and as the retiring beauties of the place gradually faded from our view we could not suppress a selfish regret that a place so favoured by nature should belong to so bigoted and ignorant a people.

No particular circumstance happened on board the "Royal Consort" for several weeks. We experienced some heavy gales when in the high latitudes of the Cape. But we were surprised and agreeably disappointed in not encountering any of the terrible storms for which that part of the world is celebrated. We passed it in latitude  $38^{\circ}$ . The thermometer was at  $60^{\circ}$ . The mercury stood generally about thirty inches, and we had generally fine sunny weather, and could hardly believe ourselves off the "Cape of many Storms" on the 15th of July, the middle of winter. For several weeks the ship was surrounded by numbers of birds of a beautiful black and white plumage called Cape pigeons, and when off the cape itself we saw many a stately albatross, slowly sailing about us. Many of these measured from ten to twenty feet across the expanded wings. We continued to steer an easterly course until we arrived in longitude  $80^{\circ}$  east, when we turned up towards the north, and soon encountered the south-east trades, which carried us prosperously to the line where we were on the 19th of August. Here we were almost becalmed for four days. The heat was excessive, and we all suffered more or less from its debilitating effects. The men were amused by firing at a target which we erected on a stage and towed astern; five shillings

was offered for a bull's-eye and one shilling for every bottle knocked down from the yardarm. On the 20th we were fairly in the influence of the south-west monsoon, and were again sailing merrily on towards Ceylon. We had no rain of any consequence until we arrived nearly at the head of the Bay of Bengal, and then the monsoon weather regularly set in, thick, squally, and oppressive. We first saw the high land about Gainjam, and on the evening of the 27th of August I left the deck at 11 o'clock at night in the full expectation of awaking the following morning in the mouth of the Hooghly, with the pilot on board. But now our misfortunes commenced. About two the following morning I was alarmed by the cry that the ship was fast approaching a reef, and shortly after by the anchor being dropped in very shallow water, and on hastening on deck I could just distinguish a line of breakers about half a mile from us. A heavy swell was drifting us bodily towards destruction, and it was dead calm. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, but when we were upon the swell a white line of foam was seen whose sullen and continued roar was too distinctly audible. Immediately opposite rose a tall dark object, which had been mistaken for a ship, but which was evidently some lofty building. Our anxiety was more than anyone can conceive. The lead was hove to see whether she drifted. Eight fathoms—another suspense—seven fathoms, and afterwards six and a half only were found; we were evidently drifting towards the shore, and it seemed that nothing could save us from going to pieces, a

catastrophe which we saw before us ; but, situated as we were, with above two hundred souls on board, was too dreadful to contemplate. To add to our confusion the captain, to whom we all looked for safety, was half distracted—he lost all command of himself, and consequently of the ship, threw himself down on the deck, and was incapacitated from doing anything for our preservation. At last the anchor held and the immediate danger was over. It still wanted several hours of daybreak, and I never shall forget those hours of suspense and watching. At last the day broke and we found ourselves within half a mile of the shore, on which the waves were dashing, and close to which rose the famous fane and temple of Juggernaut. At that time I had not time to observe its beauties ; our safety depended on taking advantage of a slight land breeze which providentially sprang up ; we got up our anchor and set sail in an incredibly short space of time, and had the satisfaction of finding that we increased our distance from it. The temple is known to mariners by the name of the Pagoda, and ships are cautioned to keep away from the shore. But our captain had never been here before, and has no nerve to act on an emergency. The principal edifice is a lofty tower 200 feet high, composed of grey granite and sculptured with grotesque figures, crowned by a copper dome. Two smaller buildings, also surmounted by domes, are close to the larger edifice, which is the residence of the god. The whole is surrounded by a spacious colonnade planted with palm trees, and had altogether a very interesting

and grand appearance. There is also a town close to the beach, and we saw very plainly crowds of black natives on the shore, I have no doubt expecting that the ship would be wrecked. We got a good offing in a few hours, and in the evening were off False Point. But our ship seemed doomed to fresh disasters, for owing to the ignorance and incapacity of the skipper, instead of making for the pilot station, the ship was carried by the tides and currents to the north-west of the sand-heads, between which the proper channel into the river lies. And the next morning, the 30th, we were worse off than ever. We did not know where we were—we had only three fathoms water—and no ship or land in sight. We endeavoured to make sail several times, but were always carried away by the tides far away from our course. On one occasion we touched the bottom, and with difficulty saved the ship and all our lives by hauling her off into a little deeper water. The chronometer was in error and our situation appeared desperate. We cast anchor again in five fathom water, where the ship lay for three days in the vain hope that some other ship would see us and come to our aid. And to attract attention we fired guns every half hour during the nights. A boat was also sent one morning in the direction in which we supposed the pilots were situated, but after pulling fifteen miles and being nearly lost in a squall, they with difficulty returned to the ship, half dead with fatigue and hunger, after twenty hours' hard rowing. This expedition was of some use, however, for they observed that they were carried away by the ebb

tide for several hours to the south-east, and by the flood to the north-west. Our own observation on board also enabled us to form a plan for extricating ourselves from our position. We accordingly left a smack, moored to the bottom, in order to enable us to see which way we drifted, and again made sail, with a contrary wind, and had the relief to see that although slowly, we were gradually proceeding in the proper direction. We got into deep water in four hours and again anchored during the flood tide. The next day the same thing was repeated, and in the afternoon of the 6th of September had the satisfaction of speaking an outward bound ship, who directed us to the pilot, who shortly afterwards came on board, and we were in a fair way to arrive at our destination. But our situation was not the only cause of alarm. The ship had been so long at sea, that the provisions fell short. Many items, and among others the troops' porter, were entirely expended, and of the rest very short rations, and for a very limited time only, remained. Under these awful circumstances I did indeed feel nearly worn out with anxiety and almost began to despair. The scurvy had made its appearance, and I could not help anticipating famine and its terrible consequences among the helpless soldiers, who with their wives and children were committed to my care. Fortunately, when we were some way up the river, fresh provisions were sent down from Calcutta, where the arrival of the ship had been telegraphed from a place called Kedgaree, where we anchored for a night, and no untoward circumstance took place. Thus after a week's danger and delay



we were providentially conducted into port. At the entrance of the river Hooghly, which communicates with the Ganges at a great distance from its mouth, nothing can be more uninteresting than the swampy land on either side. Sangor Island is inhabited only by tigers and snakes, and the water itself is the colour of pea soup, in which you can distinguish bamboos and branches of trees, washed down by the heavy rains during the south-west monsoon, and occasionally a dead body that has been committed to its consecrated stream; but as we approached Calcutta the luxuriant tropical foliage and the various shades of green render the flat banks very beautiful. In many places they looked like a fine scene in an English park. We passed several more villages, built on the water's edge, and several elegant villas, quite in the Italian style, belonging to native merchants.

Part of the river, extending about five miles down from Calcutta, called "Garden Reach," from the H. E. I. Botanical Garden being situated on one side, is very beautiful, lined with a succession of summer villas (one belonging to Dr. Wallick, who I regret to find is absent from Calcutta, at the Cape), and the richest foliage. On Friday evening, the 9th, we finally dropped anchor opposite Fort William, and disembarked the following morning. Several officers of the 10th Regiment came off to see us, and we found that we were given up, that a report had got abroad that we were burnt at sea, and great was the joy and rejoicing at our arrival. The band of the regiment was sent down for us, and

we marched into the Fort in grand style. We were looked upon as "lost sheep," and great was the rejoicing in consequence. I have, at present, quarters in the barracks in the Fort, but I have as yet received no communication or notice with regard to my future movements. I have reported myself to the proper authorities, and must wait for further orders. I am rather afraid that I shall be sent almost immediately up the country, but I hope before this letter goes to inform you. In the meantime you will be glad to hear that I am quite well. This letter is already too long to commence any account of this place; I have seen very little yet, but my first impressions are favourable. The worst part is the heat, which during the day, from 8 to 5, is so intense that no European thinks of venturing to expose himself to it. This is unfortunately the break up of the monsoon, and the most sickly time of the year, when the land, saturated with rain for several months, is smoking under the effects of a burning sun. It occasions such a feeling of lassitude that one is unable to use any exertion, and consequently everyone is obliged to keep several native servants, who take care of yourself, and clothes, and property, and fortunate is the Englishman who obtains an honest "kit-magar," as the head man is called (or pronounced) as you are almost entirely at his mercy. Besides this "major domo" I have a "bearer" or dressing boy, a remarkably intelligent and handsome Hindoo, who is the active partner in the concern. He bathes, dresses, and attends you. You also pay a small

sum per month to several other people of different castes—barber, sweeper, washer-man, tailor, and “beasty,” as the water-carrier is called from the “skins” in which they carry that useful commodity. I must not omit the punkah man, who fans you to sleep! I have made an expedition to town (about one mile distant) to the post office, bank, medical board, etc., and was nearly tired and suffocated to death. I went in a palanquin (or paulky as they are called) carried on the shoulders of four men. I employed them the whole day in the sun, and they were rejoiced by my giving them a few “annas,” or halfpence, about threepence, their regular hire for the day. Labour is very cheap here, but from the quantity required living becomes very expensive, and every other article is extravagantly dear. The modern part of Calcutta is very fine, the palace and many of the buildings are remarkable for their grandeur and magnificence. But of this in my next. From the officers of the 10th I have received every politeness and attention (I am an honorary member of their mess as long as I remain here), and from Major Galloway and his family the greatest kindness. The Major has given me a letter far too complimentary and flattering to repeat. I wish I was settled with them, and almost dread another long and arduous journey up the country of two or three months; but such is the life of an officer in the army—here to-day and there to-morrow.

I shall not send you any news, as you will get it all before you can receive this letter; our army is, I believe, successfully fighting the enemy and recon-

quering Cabul. The 3rd form part of the army of reserve, and are stationed at Merut. I have delivered no letters yet, but shall do so as soon as I get a little settled.

September 15th. I have delayed sending this letter for a few days (which I find I can do) in order to send you some idea of my destination, but as yet have heard nothing. I have kept some sort of journal during the whole voyage until the 29th of August, since which I have had other and important things to occupy me. I regret to say that I have made no great progress with Persian, and have not yet touched my pencil ; I hope, however, to resume both. September 16th. At last my destination is determined. I am to proceed immediately up the river in medical charge of a detachment of the 9th Lancers as far as Allahabad, from thence to Cawnpore, and then I proceed to Merut or Ferospore, where the Buffs are at present stationed. I am sorry that I shall have no time to visit any people here, as my whole time has been occupied officially at the medical and other boards, and purchasing cooking utensils, etc., etc., hiring a budgerow for my voyage of three months.

On board "Mermaid Budgerow," River Hooghly.  
October 1st, 1842.

I again resume my pen to continue the narrative of my proceedings, although I do not know exactly from whence my letter will finally be directed to you.

You ask how I like India! When I first arrived at Calcutta after our long passage of

147 days, any change that released us from the ship was pleasing; I was delighted to set foot on *terra firma* again, no matter in what clime, or under what sun. But after a few days the charm of novelty wore off, and I find that I have only "jumped from the frying pan into the fire" as the saying is, and now that I have seen *and felt* something of it, and am better able to form an opinion, I think it a *vile place*, not fit for Europeans to live in. Unable to make any exertion either of body or mind, obliged to shut himself up from the sun during the whole day, to be continually fanned, *nocte manequé*, to preserve any degree of comfort, surrounded and almost devoured by all kinds of animals and creeping things, the unfortunate European leads an artificial and miserable existence. And this they call the cool season! What will the hot be? The idea alone throws me into a perfect fever, and as Bob Acres says in "The Rivals," I feel my courage, and almost my senses, running away from all points. I cannot give you any detailed account of Calcutta, as I was busily engaged all the mornings and evenings of my short stay there, and in the *day* remained a prisoner in Fort William. There is, however, much to admire. Almost every private house is a palace, and, in the European part of the town, they are generally situated in gardens. I dined out twice, and tasted, to its full extent, of Oriental luxury. The interiors of these palaces contain a necessary mixture of elegance and comfort, which *here* means immense and lofty apartments, all kinds of contrivances for

ventilation, large fans or "punkahs" suspended from every ceiling and kept continually in motion, and, above all, multitudes of servants. The black town, into which I penetrated once or twice in going to the bazaars, is dirty and wretched in the extreme. I never saw in any country so marked a distinction between the upper and lower classes. They are either princes or slaves. The distinction between the castes is a great peculiarity and inconvenience, as it obliges one to keep a great number of servants, and enables them to be idle. Your khidmudghar, or table servant, would not touch any article of your dress, and your sirdar, or dressing man, would rather be burnt than wash a dinner plate or sweep out your room, although he thinks nothing of bathing your feet and cleaning your dirty boots. Shortly after my arrival I received orders to proceed to Allahabad with the 9th Lancers, and my time was occupied in making the preparations necessary for so long a voyage. It generally occupies two months and a half, and I received "boat allowance" of 250 rupees and the Company's extra allowances for that period. I have engaged a large budgerow with Dr. Scot of Her Majesty's 13th Infantry proceeding to Cabul, and by joining together we have the pleasure of each other's company, and the double allowance more than covers the expense of the budgerow (400 rupees) and our attendant cooking boat (75 more). Our boat is a large, flat-bottomed, and high-sterned affair, very Indian looking, and contains two large cabins and a servants' pantry and bath room. The largest

cabin, *our state room*, in which we live, sleep, etc., is eighteen feet by twelve, and about seven feet high. The second we have appropriated to a dressing-room and our stores and baggage. Nothing can be obtained on the voyage (except at a few important stations) but mutton and kids and very indifferent eggs and milk, so it was necessary to lay in a grand store of all kinds of preserved and pickled meats, wines, beer, and soda water, and other comforts indispensable for so long and tedious a journey. I regret that I did not bring out a canteen, as I have had great trouble and expense in procuring things here. However, we are now tolerably complete, and considering that my thermometer is now standing at  $94^{\circ}$  in the cabin, we are as comfortable as the circumstances will admit. Our crew consists of fifteen men, who are little encumbered with clothing, and who hoist the clumsy sail, row, or jump into the river, take a rope on shore, and track the vessel as the case requires. They are very dark brown, slight, elegant figures, and many of them with handsome and expressive features. They are very active, and their limbs being unhampered by boots or trousers, all their motions and attitudes have a grace which I never witnessed in Europe. These men track our heavy boat for five or six hours together against a rapid stream, and all their subsistence is rice and curry. The establishment consists of our table servants and sirdars, and a useful and very intelligent boy, the son of my khidmutghar, who wears a beautiful red turban and who does everything. The wages of

these servants are seven rupees a month, or fourteen shillings each, and the boy four shillings—we had engaged a cook at five rupees, but he absconded with a month's pay half an hour before leaving, so I engaged to pay my servant eight rupees to cook for us, which he does most excellently. In fact he performs his duty too well, and thinks that we can do nothing but eat all day long. His curry is past all praise—he procures the materials fresh each day. The heat takes away all appetite, and we do not do justice to his good things. All the preparations being complete, the detachment, consisting of 400 men, 88 women, 34 children, 17 officers, embarked on the 22nd, and, after a great deal of confusion and noise, set sail with a fair wind at 2 p.m. The fleet is composed of ten officers' pinnaces and budgerows with their attendant cooking boats, thirty large boats for the men, and a host of canteen, guard, store, cooking, hospital and interpreters' boats, amounting in all to about seventy sail. The Colonel leads the way, followed by the quartermaster and adjutant. Then we come with our hospital, apothecary, and orderly boats, and the rest follow as they may—"the devil take the hindermost."—We are now, after some days, getting into some order and regularity, but the confusion at first you may imagine, but I cannot attempt to describe. Many ran aground and followed at their leisure, others ran foul of each other, and then down came masts and sails amidst such a shouting and screaming of tongues that Babel was a trifle to it. The fleet generally gets



underweigh at six o'clock, at daybreak, and continues in motion until about four or five in the afternoon when the Colonel, guided by the interpreter, takes up a mooring ground and hoists his flag, the signal for the rest of the fleet to halt for the night. Our progress is slow, for unless the wind is quite fair, the budgerows are obliged to track, and the whole fleet is frequently arrested by a dangerous point, and a whole day is spent before all the boats can be brought round. We are now (October 5th) within six miles of Berhampore, distant 100 miles from Calcutta, so that the average speed has been twelve miles a day. In the Ganges, where the stream is stronger, it will be much slower. The banks of the river are quite flat, but in many places beautifully green, and the mixture of pasture land and wood resembles the luxuriant scenery of an English park. We pass a great number of native villages of low mud huts, built down to the water's edge, sometimes almost in the water. The ghauts, or steps leading down to the river, are very picturesque objects. They are generally of considerable elevation, and are surmounted by colonnade or portico, and on either side are four or five square buildings. These are sacred edifices; on the lowest step, or immersed in the water up to their waists, are seen crowds of men, women, and children at their devotions, or washing themselves or their clothes, and once or twice we heard the low monotonous sound of a musical instrument, a kind of drum, called a tom-tom. It was the hour of prayer. These buildings are surrounded

by lofty cocoanut palms, plantain trees, and are very beautiful.

On the 23rd we arrived at Chinsura, a large military station, where Colonel Douglas—son of Sir Howard, whom we met at Corfu—was stationed ; I regret that I was not able to see him. Mrs. B. will remember that he accompanied us down the Thames from London Bridge. On the 28th anchored opposite Culna, a considerable town with several mosques and a crowd of boats off the shore. On Sunday, the 3rd, we arrived at a town called Cutwa. A few miles below, the river Jellinghee falls into the Hooghly, which is now called the Bhanguretty, and is considered the most holy of the streams of the sacred Ganges. Every day we pass bodies floating down its muddy waters, the feast of crowds of carrion crows, who at once find in them, a conveyance and a supper, or lying half covered on the banks, the food of hungry jackals, whose cries and yells disturb us every night after sunset. The banks teem with animal life, insects of all kinds penetrate in every cabin and package, and make good their intrusion in spite of every precaution. Our boat is full of immense cockroaches and ants, and at night, when our lamps are lighted, crowds of mosquitoes, moths, and large grasshoppers enter at every window, and are almost insufferable. The most impudent are the grasshoppers, who come singing along, jump on to the dinner-table, into the dishes, and after wetting their feet in the gravy, hop on to our faces in the most familiar and amusing manner. The other evening I was sitting,

after the fatigues of the day, enjoying my cigar, when I heard a rustling on the matting of my cabin floor, and on looking, saw with horror a snake creeping along within a foot of my feet. I allowed it to "go where it list," without moving a muscle, and when it had gradually disappeared into the hold I had it destroyed. It measured four feet in length and was beautifully marked, and had a fine set of sharp teeth. I was more satisfied to have it dead on my table than at large in the cabin. The navigation is difficult and not altogether without danger. Yesterday the whole fleet was caught in a heavy squall, and most of the boats driven upon a sand-bank—many were in great difficulty, one was upset; all the crew were saved. At a place called Dewangunga, there is a sharp corner projecting into the river, and covered by ruins which overhung the stream, and interrupted the tracking path. The canteen boat of one of the troops was here swamped and all the stores lost. This was a trifling accident to one that happened the following day, when a guard boat, with thirty-six soldiers on board, was upset in the squall in the middle of the river, in deep water, and a soldier and a black were unfortunately drowned. The man was a skilful swimmer, and it is conjectured that his arms were disabled by the native clinging to him. The rest were picked up, some in boats following, the rest swam on shore. It is a disgrace to the government at Calcutta that safe boats are not provided for the conveyance of troops up the country; every year serious accidents occur from the badness of the boats provided; a few months ago

the 62nd Regiment lost forty-four men and two officers in a squall.

Berhampore, October 6th. We have arrived at this important station, without further accident ; it is a large and populous city, but as it is elevated only one or two feet above the river, and a high bank runs along the water's edge, it is almost concealed from view on board ship : on landing we found a large barracks and hospital and several other buildings, with a large esplanade separating the modern from the black town. It is a good example of an Indian town, and the mixture of houses and trees is extremely pleasing in this hot climate, as it has an *appearance* of coolness. I believe we shall remain here all to-morrow, when I shall close my letter.

October 7th. I have this morning visited the hospital here and seen all that is worthy of attention in the place. The views on the river are very beautiful, and almost remind me of England, did not a thousand discomforts dispel the illusion. It is celebrated for its silk and carved ivory ; we saw some well executed specimens, representing canoes, palanquins, etc., etc. The trouble of carrying them alone prevented me from purchasing some for you. The native bazaar is a miserable collection of mud sheds. Although a beautiful it is a very unhealthy station, cholera, dysentery and fevers are here very prevalent and fatal, and the burying places are filled with records of unfortunate officers who have fallen a sacrifice to these dreadful plagues to the Anglo-Indian.

Monghyr, River Ganges.

October 29th, 1842.

Since my last, which I dispatched from Berhampore, we have continued to make slow but gradual progress towards our destination at Allahabad. This place is 371 miles from Calcutta, and about half way to Allahabad, so we may reasonably expect to arrive there in the first or second week in December. I must, however, proceed, "according to my instructions" (to use a military expression), to give you a more detailed account of what has passed since I last wrote. If you find it dull and devoid of interest, the fault will rest on your own head—for I have little to relate that can interest a person in Europe, and not a prisoner, as I have been, in the cabin of a budgerow on the Ganges. However, the sooner begun the sooner ended, so without further introduction I shall proceed to inform you that we left Berhampore on the morning of the 9th, and in a couple of hours arrived at Moorshedabad, which you will find printed in capital letters in the map, as it was for ages the capital of Bengal, before its importance faded in the rising glory of Calcutta. It is still a large and populous city. The most conspicuous object is a magnificent palace that has been just completed for the Nawab ; it was built by the Company for the father of the present prince (who is a boy), and has a noble situation and great architectural beauty. Near it is a beautiful little mosque, close to the water's edge. I have attempted coloured drawings of

these places, but our progress, although slow and tedious for the traveller, is too rapid to allow me to make any but the most hasty performances. This is the objection to accompanying troops up the country. The great object of the commanding officer is to get on, and prevents me from stopping to examine any remarkable places or ruins on the route. The young Nawab is treated with great respect, and with all the external show and pomp of majesty, perhaps with the better grace to deprive him of all real power and share in the government of his hereditary kingdom. On the opposite side of the river was stationed his state barge, and several boats of immense length, with high bows and sterns, terminated by the representation of a tiger's or elephant's head, beautifully ornamented with gilding and the brightest colours. Each had an elegant canopy over a chair of state. We passed through the flattest and most uninteresting country until the 13th, when we entered a small stream, or "nullah," leading from the river Bhanguretty to the Ganges, and in the afternoon we anchored within a few yards of the "Great River," and the next morning entered its holy waters. It is at this place and season about two and a half miles wide, with a rapid current, carrying boats, houses and trees away to destruction. Then the real difficulties of the voyage may be said to commence, and our progress was soon arrested by a perfect torrent rushing past a high bank, masses of which, with clusters of bamboos and trees, were continually falling in, to the imminent danger of the trackers. The

native crews were found totally insufficient for this purpose. Soldiers were employed at great risk. At one spot, several tons of earth fell in, carrying with it four unfortunate natives; two were with difficulty got out, but the other two, less fortunate, were overwhelmed with the water, trees and earth falling upon them, and disappeared. A whole day was passed at this place. The banks of the Ganges are as flat as those of the river Hooghley; but we have been delighted during the last fortnight by the sight of the Rajemal, Teryalullee and Kurruckpore hills. They first appeared on the 14th, and have since increased in picturesque beauty. On the 18th the fleet halted for the night at a most unfavourable spot; the whole bank was a perfect swamp, and in the centre of the fleet was a deep river preventing all communication with boats on opposite sides. In this particularly ill-chosen and unhealthy spot the Colonel chose to remain the whole of the next day, which, unfortunately, happened to be wet. The consequences of this imprudence soon became too apparent. That night a man died of marsh fever; he was buried by torchlight the following morning, but from the horrid cries of the jackals and hyenas that infest the place, and the crowd of immense vultures that were seen hastening to the spot, almost before we departed, there is little doubt but that the work of disinterment would soon commence, to terminate with a revolting repast.

19th. Arrived at Rajemal, formerly a place of great importance and the residence of a nawab-

There we saw the ruins of a splendid palace, built in 1630 by Sultan Toojah, brother of the Mogul Emperor Aurunzebe. From magnificent remains of vaulted chambers, mosques, arches and gateways, it must have been most princely. The ruins, I understand, have now become a quarry, like many of the noble antiquities of Rome and Greece, and have been robbed of their richest marbles to adorn the palaces at Calcutta and Moorshedabad. This palace was originally erected on the water's edge, and, like all buildings so situated, has been gradually undermined by and will eventually disappear in the floods; its ruins, partially covered by the richest foliage, are extremely picturesque. We crossed the river a little above Rajemal—a difficult process, as the current is very rapid and the river at least three miles wide. All the boats were carried down about two miles below the point from which they started. We have observed numerous herds of buffaloes lying in the water, with their faces and horns alone appearing above the stream, and great numbers of small grey cows, who give most excellent milk. The natives curdle it in great quantities to produce what they call "ghee." Thus prepared, it is very pleasant, but decidedly choleric. Large droves of these animals are constantly seen swimming across the streams falling into the Ganges. They are conducted by one man, who seats himself upon the tail of the hindermost, and directs the others by his voice and a long bamboo. The forest of horns, with the head and arms of the conductor, have a singular appearance appearing above the water.



From Rajemal to Bhangulpor, where we arrived on the 24th, the appearance of the country has greatly improved. In the neighbourhood of a place called Golgong, the scenery is varied with hill and dale, and is beautifully wooded with the tamarind and banyan trees and clusters of the bamboo cane, rising to fifty or sixty feet in height. The tamarind tree is elegant from its single leaf and pendent fruit, and the banyan from its gigantic size, massy foliage, and the curious tendrils which fall from the highest branches, and taking root in the earth, form additional trunks to the parent trees. At Golgong, to add to the great beauty of the scene, there are three verdant rocks, rising from the very centre of the river, about one hundred and eighty feet high. This is by far the finest sight I have seen since my arrival in India, and the prospect that we obtained by walking to the house of an English indigo planter, situated on the summit of a hill near the town, was most magnificent ; behind us and on each side, were the richly wooded Rajemal hills, with the mighty Ganges winding around their base, and before us, on the opposite side, a verdant and boundless plain. The pleasure which these beautiful scenes would have imparted, has been much diminished by the alarming illness that has appeared in the detachment. Besides the fever which I previously mentioned, by which many were lost, the true Asiatic cholera has appeared in its most aggravated form. The first case appeared in a perfectly healthy man, who died in five hours, and for the last three days it has raged with undiminished violence.

Every evening eight or nine deaths are reported, and as yet no remedial measure has proved of the slightest benefit to the sufferers, or has checked in the least degree the rapid and fatal progress of the disease. The fever has, fortunately, declined in severity. As yet, Dr. Stewart Dr. Scot and myself, although necessarily exposed to the sun during the day, in passing from boat to boat, and disturbed every night, have escaped all illness, and have suffered from fatigue alone. Two officers have had slight attacks. This is now the sixth day (November 1st) of its appearance, and the cases are now becoming more under the influence of treatment. During the first three days, every case terminated fatally in five or six hours, an attack was, in fact, necessarily fatal. We are now, I am happy to say, enabled by seeing them very early after the seizure to save about half those attacked. This mortality is awful, but the epidemic is now on the decline, and I have every reason to hope that as soon as they remove from this neighbourhood, it will entirely disappear. At Monghyr its ravages have been equally appalling. One part of the city has been deserted by its inhabitants. The city of Monghyr is itself of considerable interest. On the banks of the river are the remains of a very large fort, containing a palace of the sovereigns of Bengal. It fell before the victorious army of Warren Hastings. It is now fast falling to decay. Some portions of the magnificent palace remain, and one portion is made use of as a jail. A sad degradation when a princely residence has

become a disgusting receptacle for pickpockets and malefactors.

On the Ganges, near Allahabad.

December 11th, 1842.

In two or three days we expect to arrive at Allahabad, and at the end of *this* voyage. The 9th Lancers are under orders to proceed to Cawnpore immediately. Whether I shall accompany them, or what my future destination will be, I can at present give you no idea. The sick in hospital are very numerous, and we have recommended their proceeding to Cawnpore by water, the mode of conveyance least likely to be injurious. I may possibly be ordered to proceed in charge. At present, however, all is conjecture only. I *may* be able to add at the end of the letter, after our arrival, what my future plans are likely to be. The voyage from Calcutta to Allahabad has occupied nearly three months; we are very comfortable in our budgerow, have seen much to interest and instruct us, and have upon the whole enjoyed it much more than I expected. Although this season of the year, when the heavy rains that prevail during the southwest monsoon have ceased and the water has subsided; is the most unhealthy for the navigation of the Ganges (owing to the extensive swamps left exposed, giving rise to agues and fevers of the worst description), it is by far the safest, and most easy. All danger disappeared at our approach, and the difficulties were few and quickly overcome. We have suffered, however, fearfully from disease; first the

fever proved very fatal, but fell into insignificance after the cholera broke out, like a plague, among us, and swept away a seventh of the whole number. It lasted about twenty-five days, during which a panic took possession of every one—men, women and children. I attribute my own good health, in a great measure, to the regular exercise I take every morning, and to moderation and regularity in diet. I have indeed been worked very hard, morning, noon and night—and have been exposed, in the necessary performance of my duty, to the rays of the sun at midday, the cold and damps of nights, and to every species of infection and contagion. Unfortunately, too, Dr. Scot was taken ill of a liver complaint, the very day that the dreadful disease made its appearance, and has not been able to see a patient since, so that the whole duty has devolved on Dr. Stewart of the 9th, and myself. As to incident or adventure, this journey has proved fully as monotonous as the sea voyage. One day passes exactly as the preceding: I rise every morning at six, before daybreak, and am able to visit my patients in the hospital by seven, when the fleet gets under weigh. I then shoulder my gun and walk along the side, occasionally bagging a few pigeons or snipe “for the pot,” or shooting a parrot or some of the other beautiful birds that abound here, for their splendid feathers. We breakfast at nine, and dine about four, in order to be ready to pay my evening visit to the hospital at five, when the fleet halt for the night. I take the medical duty every alternate day and night, so that

it is nearly equally divided between Dr. Stewart and myself.

The climate is now delightful, surpassing all the praises bestowed on it. The thermometer at this moment (three p.m.) in our cabin is 76°, and although the sun is oppressively bright, and feels very hot, the mercury only rises to 82°. The evenings and mornings are delicious, but we feel the nights extremely cold, and shiver under two thick blankets and a great cloak. I only regret that I did not bring out with me from London many more winter clothes and more strong English boots and shoes, of which I shall shortly feel the want, which I cannot supply in this country. All that I have been able to procure being cheap but good for nothing. A canteen well filled with articles of good English manufactures would also be most desirable. I have had to purchase the same things here, of inferior quality, at great cost. I was certainly ill-advised to bring nothing with me, and should strongly recommend any friend coming to *this part* of India, at least, to bring everything with him.

I intended to have given you some farther accounts of the cholera, and the treatment that we found most successful, but I find myself so near the conclusion that I must limit my remarks to a very few words. We were very much struck with the suddenness of the attack, which did not appear to be preceded by any general feeling of indisposition such as is mentioned by Mr. Annerley, and for which he recommends V.S. The most violent

symptoms, with us, seizes the unfortunate patient in the very first instance. In some cases they had had a little diarrhœa for two or three days previously, but as this is very common in the detachment, and was by no means invariably the case, I believe that it was accidental and not a constant or premonitory symptom. It is worthy of remark also, that some of the very worst cases occurred in strong and healthy individuals, and that the disease did not show *any* preference for those previously in ill-health, weakened by disease, or for the intemperate and drunken. As a proof of this I need only mention, that the two first cases (which proved rapidly fatal) occurred in non-commissioned officers, fine, strong, active young men, promoted to the rank of sergeant for their *sobriety* and general good conduct. These men have capital pay, little less than a cornet's, and in this country—where fowls, eggs, and milk abound—must live well. Extraordinary as it may appear, some unfortunate patients, dying of diarrhœa and dysentery, escaped altogether and have lived through it, when others in robust health have sunk in a few hours. In further illustration of this point, it is singular that, in the troop (I have not inquired of others) all the men who died were of good character, and do not often appear in the "defaulters' book," *i.e.* the punishment book—and also that only four of the army of native sailors and camp followers have had the disease. Of the predisposing causes I can therefore say nothing, nor can I give you any account of the exciting. I think that the majority of the cases occurred before

daybreak, at the *coldest* part of the day. The disease, when it did occur, was perfectly frightful. In the extreme violence of the symptoms, and the awful rapidity with which it proceeded to a fatal termination, it surpassed anything I ever saw in Europe. In several cases the sufferers died long before medical aid could be obtained. On the arrival of the fleet at the halting-place for the night these cases and deaths were reported together; in many others I was summoned only to witness their last struggles; and in nearly all death took place in five, six, or seven hours, during the first week or ten days of the epidemic. During the prevalence of the cholera in the fleet, the average number of sick was immediately doubled, and numerous cases occurred and died in the troop boats—so that the sick treated in the hospital and troop boats became nearly equal, occasioning the greatest difficulty and trouble to the medical officers, whose whole time was spent in going about, in the burning sun, from boat to boat, with a supply of pills in their pockets and a bottle of brandy under each arm. The greatest panic prevailed, every slight complaint was set down as cholera, and the brandy bottle, considered a panacea for all ills, immediately had resort to to such an extent that in several boats the horrible spectacle was presented, of one man dead in one corner, one or two dying in another, and the rest half dead with drunkenness or fright. It was useless to prohibit or to punish offenders. “The doctor,” they said, “prescribed brandy”—and spirits they would have—and as they were not allowed to buy good brandy

or rum from the canteen, they robbed the native villages and drank all the raw spirits they could steal.

Ganges, Allahabad,  
December 13th, 1842.

When I commenced the letter to the Doctor I had no idea of indulging you with two long epistles by the same post. But I find that his letter is already too long and is filled with domestic and medical news, and that I have entirely neglected to mention any circumstance connected with our journey and progress up the Ganges. I have, therefore, commenced a new sheet with the intention of continuing the narrative. On the 8th we arrived at Patna, a very extensive and important place; the buildings and bungalows at the outskirts of the town mixed with fine trees and gardens extend for ten miles along the river. It is not a European station, but is the residence of many rich nawabs and native princes. It is remarkable for the excellence and cheapness of table linen, and for singing girls. We were fortunate in witnessing the celebration of a Hindoo festival. Every ghaut and every spot at which the holy Ganges could be approached was crowded with women and children, dressed in the gayest colours, pouring libations of fresh milk over bunches of the ripe fruit of the plantain into the water. The women fast scrupulously for three days during the performance of this ceremony, and remain for many hours standing up to their waists in the water. In the bright sunshine it was an interesting and very picturesque scene. The follow-



ing day we arrived at Dinapore, one of the largest military establishments in the country. There are always one Queen's regiment with three or four Sepoy regiments, and a considerable force of artillery quartered here. The 62nd Queen's regiment, who suffered so severely from shipwreck in proceeding up the Ganges a short time before our departure from Calcutta, are here at present, and very kindly made us their guests during our stay at Dinapore. I therefore dined every day at their mess, and heard a good deal about India from the medical officer in charge of the regiment. They have been out twelve years, and I cannot say that I heard anything to induce me to alter my opinion concerning India and Indian service. The fleet halted here four days to replenish the stores and procure fresh boats, and, thanks to our hospitable friends, the time passed agreeably enough, after the monotony of the river. One circumstance alone spread a gloom over us and turned our gladness into mourning. This was the death of Captain French of the 9th Lancers. He had seen much service in this country in the 11th Hussars, and had severely impaired a strong constitution by his devotion to field sports, with a total disregard to heat or cold and the greatest privations. Although a young man, he was old in appearance and health. I believe he was engaged in writing a book on *Life in India*, in which his own personal adventures in tiger hunting, etc., etc, would form a chief part. His funeral was performed with all military honours. The band of the 62nd and all the Queen's officers and

troops attended. His own troop of the 9th were chief mourners, and the pall was borne by four captains of the regiment. It was mortifying to find that his servants commenced pilfering his effects the moment his recovery was hopeless. One old Indian whom Captain French has known for fifteen years, and in whom he reposed the fullest confidence, was detected secreting thirty rupees, and is suspected of possessing a gold ring and some other small articles of value. This, I believe, however, is the character of all the Hindoos ; slavishly submissive and obsequious, they appear to be incapable of forming any attachments. Sometimes this may arise from the treatment of their European masters, who treat all natives as a conquered people. The Government have the good sense to make the conquered feel by the equal administration of justice, and respect of all property, that *their* rule is less oppressive than the domination of their former Mahomedan rulers. But it is evident that the moral influence of a large display of military force will always be necessary to preserve our Indian possessions. During our stay at Dinapore, we were much disgusted by the burning of dead bodies near the fleet. The body is brought down to the water's edge by the relatives, who afterwards seat themselves and remain inactive spectators of the ceremony that follows. It is then placed on a small pile of wood and set fire to by a low caste of Hindoos who perform the office of "undertakers," and the ashes are thrown into the river, the only certain road *direct* into heaven. As it seldom happens that poor Hindoos can pay

for more wood than is barely sufficient to singe, or at most to char the surface, the bodies are floated down the river, disgusting spectacles, all manner of tints and colours. I saw also, at Dinapore, another more interesting kind of superstition, in some "serpent charmers." Three of these men brought into the cabin an immense boa, twisted round their shoulders and bodies. The group reminded me of the Laocoon in the Vatican. The animal measured forty feet long and two in circumference at its thickest part. They had several smaller ones, hanging like necklaces about them. They were perfectly quiet, and rubbed their noses against the keeper's face in a most affectionate manner. A tender embrace would have been instant death. He next took a venomous cobra de capello from an earthen jar, which also appeared either deprived of its poisonous organs or "charmed"; but what surprised me most, was his pulling out of his pocket a handful of scorpions, which crawled about his fingers like so many shrimps. At Revelgunge, a place we passed two days after leaving Dinapore, the inhabitants were celebrating a festival similar to that we had witnessed at Patna. A little above Revelgunge the Ganges is joined by the Dewar; the river is now dwindled to a stream, in some places not much wider than the Thames at Chelsea, but in the rainy season, when it is full of water, the Ganges at this place must resemble a sea. We could barely distinguish the trees on the opposite side across miles of sand banks. We not unfrequently halt for the night on a bank in the middle

of the river, now cultivated and green with the rising crops; that it was lately covered, was evident from large boats left high and dry in the middle of what is now a cornfield. Everywhere we see proofs of the violence of the rains and torrent; banks washed away, houses and villages broken down. The natives, however, not regarding the yearly danger and loss to which they are exposed, invariably return to the same spot, bringing back with them the thatched roofs of their cottages, and everything they have been able to save from the universal wreck. Attachment so devoted to the hearths of their ancestors is unparalleled. We arrived at Burat on the 22nd, and at Ghazepore on the 25th. This latter place is celebrated for its rose gardens and attar. It is the most striking place we have seen since leaving Calcutta, and from the river has a fine appearance. The most remarkable object is the ruin of a palace. Although its spacious courts are now surrounded by miserable houses and stables, it is filled with fine specimens of eastern architecture, and reminded me of the Moorish remains at Seville, particularly the principal gateway and a terrace overhanging the river, the design and details of which are equally magnificent and in perfect taste.

I had an opportunity also of seeing the celebrated and much abused monument to Lord Cornwallis; the architecture is Roman Doric, and is not good; the details are paltry. It has not the grandeur of the Athenian Doric that we so much admire in the

Parthenon, nor has it the elegant proportions or finished ornament of the Corinthian or Ionic orders. But the general effect is good, and although a simple statue of the Governor-General would have been more suitable than the present design, it certainly does not deserve the harsh censure and even ridicule thrown upon it by Bishop Heber, who was vexed that the money was not expended upon a church. After difficulties, owing to the shallowness of the water and the rapidity of the stream, we reached Benares on the evening of the 30th. We approached this famous city—the most holy in India, the chosen and favourite residence of Siva himself—on the opposite bank, and from afar off the minarets of the mosque of Aurunzebe, built to commemorate his victory over the Hindoos and his entry into the city, with the outlines of many other temples and noble edifices, were conspicuous in the setting sun. We anchored under a high bank, close to the suburbs, at a landing-place called the Rajh Ghaut. On the opposite side of the river were the remains of the unfortunate 44th Regiment returning from Cabul, and a numerous party of invalids proceeding to Calcutta to embark for England. From a serjeant of the 3rd I learnt that the regiment is on its march to Ferozepore, to join the army of reserve, and that they will return to England in a year. I find that I have brought this letter to a conclusion already, and shall not be able to give you any account of Benares, as it would take several letters to do anything like justice to this celebrated place. I shall only say with regard to it, that I was delighted with it. The

novelty of a last impression may perhaps influence me, but I think the view of Benares, with its apparently never-ending flights of steps, its singular temples, its mosques with their graceful minarets, and the masses of houses rising in an amphitheatre behind them, mixed with noble trees, is as striking as the "City of the Sultan" seen from the Golden Horn. I must postpone until my next all farther mention. We have arrived at this moment in sight of the fort of Allahabad. At daybreak this morning I dispatched a servant to the port and am anxiously waiting his return.

14th. Allahabad. No letters. What can have become of them? I hope you posted them properly. I have just received orders to proceed in charge of the sick to Cawnpore. Remember me to any friend who inquires after me.

Cawnpore, February 2nd, 1843.

Your account of the matrimonial engagements is most amusing—I fear that I shall always remain an incorrigible old bachelor; here, at least, there is no opportunity of playing Benedict, for an unanswerable reason—that there are no ladies: with the single exception of Mrs. Galloway and the wife of Dr. Grant, the Apothecary-General at Calcutta, with whom I dined once, I have not spoken to any since I left Rio de Janeiro, when I danced with two or three. The Indian climate is ungallant in the extreme, and dreadfully destructive to all personal attractions. All ladies, young as well as old, resident in this country, are pale and emaciated, and

have the appearance of ill-health, from which, I believe, they suffer. I find that I have nearly filled my letter without continuing my narrative, for I am not quite sure whether I did so or not in my last shabby effusion. But I cannot now enter upon a long subject, but shall conclude with some account of our house or bungalow, as it is called, and the mode of life here at Cawnpore. There is no town here, but the station consists of large barracks, little better than sheds for several regiments, the bungalows for the officers and the civil servants of the Company and the bazaars. It is about six miles in length. Our bungalow is at one end where a Queen's cavalry regiment is always stationed, and is an excellent one, consisting of two very large and lofty entertaining rooms (each one about as large as the largest at W. Dingle, and twenty feet high), with ten others of different sizes. The whole on the ground floor, surrounded by verandahs, and covered by an immense thatched roof. In each is suspended a punkah, which will be put in motion in about a month, when the hot weather commences. The bungalow is situated in about six acres of land, comprising every variety of scenery. A rapid river dashes through a ravine at some distance from the house (in the rainy season), groves and clusters of well-grown trees are situated in various parts, with a most picturesque effect, and afford an impenetrable shield to the piercing rays of the sun, at the same time healthy and delightful, and are tenanted by myriads of the most beautiful specimens of the feathered tribe. The gaudy plumage of the parrot

is only surpassed by the brilliancy of the humming bird. The lovers of the chase can indulge in jackal and pigeon shooting. An elegant lodge (a mud shed) is inhabited by two thieves to whom we pay eight rupees a month to preserve our property from the depredations of their fraternity. We have also stabling for ten horses and accommodation for eighty servants, in fact, as Mr. George Robins would say—"The property is one of the most eligible and desirable that has ever been offered to an indulgent and discerning public." The rent is sixty rupees a month—which between two is moderate; I should add that the whole is of mud, and the large and overhanging roof is necessary to prevent its being washed away! Our life is very simple—I rise at daybreak, take a cup of coffee and a biscuit, visit the hospital, which is about half a mile distant—breakfast at nine, after which time it is too hot to leave the house until half an hour before sunset, when the evening visit is paid to the hospital. I dine with ninth mess, of which I am made honorary member, at seven o'clock, return to the bungalow and retire early. We have a great want of indoor occupations, particularly as so much time must be spent in the house. No books are to be had without specially writing for them to Calcutta. I have been stuffing birds lately, which I find an agreeable and interesting occupation.

Cawnpore, February 10th, 1843.

The irregularity of the post office department in this country is so great, that I have only just



received my father's letter, dated London, September 18th, with your appendix ; it was directed to Meerut, and from there was forwarded to Ferozepore, where the Buffs were then stationed, and formed part of the grand Army of Reserve, collected at that frontier place, and destined to support our troops in the event of any fresh disaster in Cabul. I hasten, however, to comply with your request, that I should write to you, although I fear that I have no Indian news to communicate that you do not know already far better than any one here, through the London newspapers, which certainly have the merit of always looking on the best side of things, and making their intelligence acceptable to their readers. I saw the other day an extract from one of them, in which a splendid account is given of what they are pleased to call our victories, and the fresh laurels acquired for our arms in Afghanistan. An officer of her Majesty's 9th Foot, which regiment formed part of the invading force under the command of General Pollock, dined here yesterday. He was present with his regiment at the storming of the Kyber Pass, and at the subsequent destruction of Cabul (which he tells me is only half effected), and has had many opportunities of judging for himself of the true and unvarnished state of affairs in that country. In his opinion, the most favourable view that can be taken of our glorious achievements is, that we have contrived to extricate ourselves from a very critical situation, and have made the best of a very bad business, On our obtaining possession of the prisoners con-

fined by Akbar Khan—for which most happy event we are indebted to our good fortune, as they fell into our hands through the treachery of the chief, to whose care they were intrusted, and who was bribed by one of our agents—the Governor-General issued a grand eloquent proclamation, in which he declared that he wished to live in peace with all India, and that the war between the British and their faithful friends, the Afghans, was at an end. Dost-Mahomed was at the same time liberated, and the evacuation of the country immediately commenced. The march, far from being that of a victorious and conquering army, returning laden with spoil from a country on which they had imposed their own terms—more resembled a disastrous retreat, the rear guard was constantly harassed and engaged with parties of the enemy, and five days after we left it, Akbar Khan was King of Cabul, and Dost-Mahomed, whom we dethroned, has gone to reside at Lahore, the court of the late Runjeet Sing, in favour of whom hostilities were commenced! There can be no denying the mortifying fact that we have been beaten out of the country, and that the whole affair has been most disgraceful—not to our arms, for the soldiers fought with that desperate valour which always distinguishes them when facing the enemy, and for which all the officers present have been justly rewarded with medals—but to our policy, for the expedition was based on gross injustice, was ill conceived and worse executed; we have made no advantageous treaty, no return for the thirty

millions already expended on this miserable business has been obtained ; we have created a host of formidable enemies on our frontier, and what is worse, we have been completely duped in our diplomacy, on the success of which so much of the stability of our Indian Empire depends. These are the victories for which, we were told, the Park guns were ordered to fire. With such another victory we are ruined.

The effect of the peace is that the " Buffs " are now within eighteen days' march of Cawnpore, on their road to Allahabad, where they will pass the hot months preparatory to their embarkation for Old England next winter. I expect to join them in a short time, but shall remain in this country if I can get an exchange into another regiment : as the same reasons for which I entered the service still operate, and I can see no prospect if I return ; I have only seen the best part of the year here as yet—the winter months ; and I have had no reason to complain, for although the heat for the first two months was almost insupportable, and is now so intense as to render us prisoners in the bungalow from 9 a.m. until half an hour before sunset, I have enjoyed remarkably good health. The attack of small-pox, from which I am now nearly recovered, cannot be considered as depending upon climate. After sleeping upon the water, with a few days' exception at Calcutta, from the 16th of April last until the 4th of January, 1843, when I disembarked at this station, I am at length settled on terra firma—for a short time at least—and after

having been buffeted about for so many months, in the course of which I have seen a great deal, both to interest and instruct, and have met with some adventures, I can hardly express to you with what a feeling of comfort I am now sitting on a real sofa, at a real table, in a well-furnished apartment. In the series of letters that I have dispatched by every mail, I have amply detailed my progress, to which I must refer you if you should feel interested in the movements of one so far removed from you; I cannot, however, omit a short notice of the City of Benares, which I consider by far the most interesting place I have seen since my arrival in India. The palaces of Calcutta are all European, and its magnificence is confined to its European nabobs, whereas at Benares the traveller sees a perfect specimen of a native Hindoo city. It is perfectly Oriental, and with the exception of my companion, I saw only one white face in the place. We approached it on the evening of the 30th November, and from a great distance distinguished the outline of minarets and temples, and an immense number of buildings, and on the following morning I got into a "palky" and was taken through dirty and miserable suburbs to the mosque of the Mogul Emperor Aurunzebe, which is one of the most conspicuous objects. It is a magnificent building, but inferior to many I have seen at Constantinople, and was erected by Aurunzebe to commemorate his conquest over the Hindoos and his entry into their capital. The whole has been lately repaired by Government, greatly to the disgust of the Hindoo

population, who exceed the Mahomedan as fifteen to one. From the summit of the minaret we had a superb view of the whole city and the richly cultivated plain beyond. We then walked to the great bazaar, through long and irregular streets, about six feet wide, and crowded with merchants and mendicants, with baboos and fakeers with distorted limbs and faces painted with chalk and filth; persons of all classes returning from their daily ablutions in the Holy Ganges and Brahmin Baths, who live upon charity in the streets. These are sacred to Siva, who has chosen Benares for his favourite dwelling place; but I did not perceive that they were treated with much respect, and were kicked up frequently for us "Beefeaters." The houses are generally well built of hard limestone from Chunar, and are five or six stories high; they are ornamented with sculptured colonnades and verandahs, somewhat in the Venetian style—but the extreme narrowness of the streets, while it has the advantage of keeping them cool and shady, prevents the buildings from being seen, and causes the steps leading to the front door to be placed sideways against the wall. They are, moreover, painted red and covered with portraits of men and women, elephants, etc. In the corners of the streets, and completely buried in the mass of houses, are the Hindoo temples. They consist of a small square chamber surmounted by a lofty conical roof at the summit of which is Siva's trident. On one side is a portico under which is the image of a bull in black marble, supposed to be in an attitude of prayer, with its face turned towards

the door of the temple. The whole is richly and most elaborately sculptured with flowers and animals, an elephant frequently forming the base of the pillars, the capitals of which consist of two images of the many-handed god, placed *dos-à-dos*. At the market-place, where we saw a neighbouring Rajah mounted on his elephant, we had an opportunity of observing the people. The men generally struck me as being remarkably fine, many of them very handsome. Their costume, particularly the turban, such as was worn by Ramahun Roy when in London, of various shades, particularly elegant. I am sorry that I cannot speak very favourably of the female part of the population. In returning, we met some dancing or "Nautch girls;" they were without veils and gaudily dressed, and covered with ornaments. They were all good-looking, with very expressive eyes, the effect of which was much heightened by the eyelids being coloured black. The music was two pipes and a tom-tom—a small drum struck by the fingers. I saw little to admire in the dancing, or rather the movements of these "figurantes," so famous throughout India. The next day the Rajah of Benares came to inspect the troops. He was dressed in a small white but elegant turban, and partly in European costume—he drove himself in a gig, but was attended by a numerous suite of magnificent Arabs. On the fleet's leaving the city, I had an opportunity of seeing the principal ghauts, a succession of which extend along the bank of the river. Some of them are truly magnificent. Their design is simple, con-

sisting of a flight of steps two hundred or three hundred feet wide, rising from the water. They are generally interrupted at regular distances in the ascent, and strengthened by large octagonal buttresses, covered by elaborate sculpture. This flight, composed of several hundred steps, leads to a palace of the same width, having a central gateway and lofty octagonal towers at each side, giving it a castellated appearance. The whole is constructed of fine white limestone and enriched by beautiful sculpture. They are generally built at the expense of some wealthy Hindoo. There are, besides the ghauts, as many as fifty temples along the river. It was early in the morning when we passed ; the ghauts were crowded with Brahmins and Hindoos at their ablutions in the sacred water, or devotees at their prayers. The priests were preparing their worship in the temples, from which music sounded. The relations of the deceased were loudly bewailing their loss, having deposited the remains at the water's edge—half in the stream. Majestic Brahmin bulls were walking leisurely about enjoying the caresses of young boys ; the river itself was crowded with boats belonging to merchants, or travellers. These subjects of interest added to the singular but splendid magnificence of the place, and the brilliancy of the sky produced a scene that I shall never forget, and as striking as that of the "City of the Sultan," as viewed from the Golden Horn. I left Benares with regret on the morning of December 3rd, and arrived at Allahabad on the 14th. The fort is remarkably situated on a point between

the rivers Ganges and Jumna, and on approaching it we were surprised to see a perfect forest of gaudy flags, bearing the most extraordinary devices, emblematical of the complicated Hindoo mythology; by the side of these were beds, which were occupied by crowds of persons walking in the stream. The religious flock in great numbers to this and other places that have acquired a reputation for peculiar sanctity, and formerly a heavy tax was levied on all who raised their standards here for the good purpose of washing away their crimes. Our servants immediately availed themselves of this convenient opportunity of relieving their minds from any uncomfortable feelings (if they had any) on account of the many robberies they had committed on our property, and returned to us with shaven scalps and painted faces, and with their characters as well as their jackets without stain. I will not inflict any more crossing upon you, and shall only add that I am now living with Dr. Stewart, of the Queen's 9th Lancers, with whom I have done duty since my arrival in India, and that wherever I may chance to be stationed, one of the few pleasures permitted to us Indians is that of hearing from our friends in the Old Country, to which our thoughts and feelings always turn.

Camp near Cawnpore,

March 14th, 1843.

This letter, I fear, will not be as long as usual, for I am writing in a small tent where I have hardly room to spread my paper, and amidst the



bustle and confusion of the camp of a regiment marching in India, with its train of camels, elephants, and bullock hackories, and the innumerable host of followers of every trade and description. I mention this only to excuse any omissions and mistakes that your critical and maternal eye may detect in my style or penmanship, for I mean to account for my situation methodically. In my last I told you that the regiment was expected to pass through Cawnpore on its way to Allahabad, about the end of February ; it did not arrive until the 8th of March, and encamped on part of the plain near to the bungalow of Dr. Stewart. They were to have proceeded on the 11th on the march, merely allowing time for an inspection by the general commanding the station, but owing to a melancholy event, which I will describe to you, they were delayed until this morning. This was the execution of an unfortunate man in the regiment for the murder of his corporal. The event took place at Meerut in October. He was tried by court-martial at Ferozepore and condemned by it in November, and he has been marching ever since, as the sentence could not be carried into effect without the full and unanimous approval of the highest authorities, civil as well as military.

Yesterday morning the whole of the troops at the station were drawn up in three sides of a large square, the gallows occupying the centre of the remaining side, and at sunrise the prisoner was brought out for execution. The band of the regiment first appeared playing the "Dead March in

Saul," then the coffin, borne by four privates, followed by the prisoner himself, walking with his arms pinioned behind him, between two chaplains. A strong guard followed. In this order the mournful procession marched along the troops. The sentence of the court-martial was then read to the unfortunate man, who was immediately afterwards, as the public papers say, "launched into eternity." I never saw a more horrible or disgusting spectacle.

I am sorry to leave Cawnpore, or rather Dr. Stewart's bungalow and the 9th Lancers, from whom I have received many civilities. The two months I spent there were most agreeable after the bustle and excitement of my long journey from England, but on the arrival of the Buffs I was forced to quit this comfortable abode with the park scenery—an account of which I doubt not you will receive in April—and take up my quarters in a small tent, which Dr. Macqueen, the surgeon of the regiment, has kindly lent to Dr. Gordon and myself for the march to Allahabad, which, consisting of only ten marches, it did not appear worth while purchasing new tents at a considerable expense for so short a period, particularly if I am not able to procure an exchange into another regiment, and am not able to remain in India. When on this subject—I hope you have not neglected to make an application to Sir James—remember a cavalry regiment is the best appointment for an assistant surgeon in the country in every respect. You should procure and read the historical record of the regiment, published by authority of the Horse

Guards. It will interest you to know that it is one of the most ancient in the service ; it was, I believe, raised in the City of London, and is now distinguished by a dragon (you remember I wear a very fierce looking animal on my cap), which is part of the present arms of that honourable corporation. I am not sure whether it is mentioned in the record, but it is an undoubted fact that John Gilpin held a commission in the "trained bands of the City," and was Captain Gilpin of the Buffs! Having thus explained my connection with John Gilpin, "of credit and renown," it will give you pleasure also to learn that on all occasions in which the regiment was engaged with the enemy it has fully merited the motto, "veteri frondescit honore." To return, however, after this digression. Cawnpore itself is not a good station, it is so large and hot and dusty, that it would be impossible to enjoy any visiting, if there were any. A short time since I went to a grand subscription ball ; every lady was invited, and when the evening arrived between twenty and thirty were all that could muster present in the room. Two generals and almost every officer in Cawnpore were there. The supper was on a splendid scale, but as might have been expected the affair passed off without *éclat*. For the last fortnight we have been witnessing every night a most beautiful and remarkable phenomenon in a comet. It is situated in the southern hemisphere, and I think will not be visible in your part of the world. The star is almost close to the horizon, but its brilliant tail sweeps nearly half across the

heavens. It is now becoming daily less distinct. During the appearance we have been visited by nightly storms of thunder, lightning, and rain of the greatest violence, which is more remarkable, as generally at this season the weather is hot and quite settled. We left Cawnpore at three a.m. this morning, and arrived here—at thirteen miles distance—at half past seven, when we found the mess tent pitched and breakfast ready—everything having been sent on yesterday after dinner. And now having transported myself from Cawnpore, you must fancy me in the camp, surrounded by above 100 tents for the officers and men, 24 elephants for the conveyance of the convalescent, and 60 doolies, or beds, hung from a pole between 4 men's shoulders, for the sick soldiers, a camel for each tent, and a long train of bullock hackories for the baggage, and a host of camp followers far too numerous to count. The camp is pleasantly placed in a mango grove, and we are reposing *sub tegmine mangæ*. I must now leave you for the present, and get some sleep to enable me to get up again at 1.30 a.m. to-morrow morning.

March 15th. This morning we marched twelve miles. The drum beat at 1.30, when everybody turned out, the servants began packing up the baggage and striking the tents. In a quarter of an hour the whole regiment was paraded on the road, the sick men in their different conveyances, and at two, when the order to "march" was given, not a trace was left on the ground of the immense multitude who lately occupied it but the glowing embers of

the fires, round which we had partaken of a cup of coffee before starting. Yesterday, afternoon after dinner, the mess tent was struck and sent on to the next encamping ground, with small tents for the officers, so that everything was ready for the reception of the regiment on its arrival. We were four hours on the march this morning, and arrived shortly after sunrise. In this manner the heat of the day is entirely avoided. The road is very good, and before breakfast is over the baggage has arrived and the tents are again pitched for the day.

Futtehpore, 17th. We arrived here at seven this morning, after a short march of three and a half hours. I generally walk until about five, when the day begins to break, and ride into camp. I must tell you that I have added a horse to my establishment, it being absolutely necessary to have at least one in this country. I bought him at Cawnpore from an officer of the 9th Lancers who is going home, disgusted with India and everything therein. He is half-bred Arabian, with a beautiful skin, and is as quiet as a lamb. I have a syce (or groom) and a grass cutter for him. Although it is rather disagreeable getting up at so very early an hour, I do not find the march unpleasant. A short time after starting the officers fall out of ranks, and we all walk together in the rear of the regiment. As far as I have seen of the officers of the regiment I like them very much. The commanding officer, Major Clunie, is a remarkably well-informed man, and although a strict disciplinarian on duty, appears very kind in the mess room.

Allahabad Fort,  
April 8th, 1843.

You have doubtless seen the accounts of the revolt and decisive battle at Hyderabad ; the 22nd was the only Queen's regiment, I think, engaged. I do not see by the papers whether Coote was present with his regiment or on leave in England, which is mentioned in one of your letters as likely to be the case. The Buffs will probably remain here until October, and will then proceed to Calcutta, and, most likely, embark immediately for England. Although it would be a delightful thing to return with them and see you all again, and get out of this detestable country, still I fear that, taking all things into consideration, it will be most prudent for me to remain if I can, and I have therefore determined, as I have already stated to you in a previous letter, to procure an exchange into another regiment if possible. If I return, what prospects have I, or in what way do our circumstances differ now, from what they did when I entered the army? And if it was necessary for me to come out then, that necessity still continues. The great advantage of Indian service is, that I am tolerably well paid. I gave you a statement of the amount of my pay at Cawnpore. It is about £6 less a month here, as the Fort is a half Batta Station ; but I expect to find it sufficient for all expenses, and to enable me to keep a horse, and enjoy the necessary luxuries of the climate—such as plenty of slaves, without which one cannot get on at all. My finances, too, are just now in a flourishing state, and I see no

reason to fear that they will ever become less so. You would, I hope, perceive by one of my last letters, that I am in no want of ready money, and I find that besides about £120 in the Bank of Bengal, I am about £30 in credit with the regiment pay master, and have no debts. Contrast this with what would be the probable state at home—I should do nothing and earn nothing. Whereas, now I am at least “working for my living as my uncles have done before me,” and no one can cast any reproach upon me. Take the example of Coote and Travers, my contemporaries, what are they doing? But after all, it may not be possible to effect an exchange, and I may be obliged to return with the regiment, in which case I shall be placed upon the staff, and sent, very likely, back again to India or to a worse place. It therefore appears to me to be best to remain if I can; I therefore begged you to apply to Sir James for me to that effect. I think I may probably send a written application to him by this mail.

No one eats much here, except indeed some *old* staggers whom nothing will hurt, and who act in defiance of all the experience of others, and some *young* griffs, whom nothing but a severe practical lesson will teach; and the drinks in general use here, although large in quantity, are not strong. I find the following diet agrees with me extremely well, and has been adopted for some time. A cup of coffee on getting up at sunrise: tea or coffee, with fish, eggs, and rice, a favourite Indian breakfast, at 8 o'clock. A light fowl curry for tiffin at

two, and a plain and very light dinner at seven in the evening. A bottle of Indian beer and about half a glass of French brandy in at least a quart of cold water during the day. This I consider to be a very moderate allowance for a person taking exercise, and of my habit ; and quite as little as would be consistent with health. I cannot but think that too low a diet is as injurious as one too stimulating, and there is a prevalent idea here, that the low intermittent and aguish fevers and the cholera of this country are promoted by a feeble condition of the system, and I must say I think there is some foundation for the opinion. Since my arrival in India I have always followed the indications of nature, and have just satisfied my appetite with simple food. And in the way of drink, have substituted very light beer for English porter, and weak brandy and water for port wine, and I may say that by following this plan I have never had a single day's derangement of the digestive organs. The small-pox that I had at Cawnpore cannot be considered any exception, and from it I had a remarkably rapid recovery. I left you at Futtehpore on the 17th. The fort was not quite in readiness for our reception, and we were obliged to remain two days more under canvas ; our camp was situated in a *tope* or small wood of mango trees about a mile from the gate. On our way here we passed through the magnificent serai of Sultan Khosroo. These serais answer to the Turkish caravanseries, and are the only places of public accommodation in India. They are used



only by natives, European travellers must either provide themselves with tents or must depend upon the hospitality of some resident. There is another way of travelling in India which is universally adopted when speed is the object, viz., travelling *dak*, or post; in this way you are carried in a palanquin night and day, and by previously arranging with the postmaster to have "bearers" stationed in readiness at every stage, you can perform the journey from Calcutta to Cawnpore in six days and a half. Each stage is about ten or twelve miles, and you require ten or twelve men to carry yourself and a small quantity of baggage. The rapidity with which these runners perform the distance is really surprising. But it is a very fatiguing mode of travelling and inconvenient, as you must be necessarily limited to a few pounds weight of baggage, and you stop only two hours in the twenty-four for your meals. The serai through which we passed is in the form of a large square, surrounded by arched cloisters, and having on each side a noble gateway with lofty octagonal and square towers. It is built of red brick with stone facings, and almost in the Gothic style, and reminded me much of some of the old courts of law, or the quadrangles of some of the colleges at Cambridge. Attached to it are beautiful gardens and I believe some curious tombs, which I have not yet seen. I am very glad to have arrived at the end of my march, as the season is too far advanced and the heat too great for Europeans to march with comfort, or, indeed, safety. The nights are close and without refreshing

breeze, and, during the day, the hot westerly winds, which have set in for the season, and are pleasant enough in a house passing through a well-watered *tattie*,<sup>1</sup> are in tents most uncomfortable, hot and parching, accompanied as they invariably are by clouds of fine dust, penetrating through every crevice and into every box. These annoyances, with a temperature varying from 100° F. in our tent and upwards, render marching in the month of March anything but agreeable. However I managed as well as the rest, arrived safe, and am now, I hope, settled for several months to come. I cannot say however, that I very much admire our quarters. Allahabad, and particularly the fort, is notoriously a hot place (all forts are from their confinement), and has the reputation of being unhealthy. The barracks are much too small for the number of men, and they have been twice condemned as unfit for the residence of Europeans. The regiment is very strong, mustering nearly one thousand bayonets, and requiring, with the women, above one thousand one hundred beds. With a decent regard to the comfort and health of the men there is room for half that number, and as it is, they are much more crowded than troops ever are in our own cold climate. I cannot but anticipate much sickness during the hot and unhealthy season among troops so circumstanced. The temperature in the barracks is now 94°. But it seems that all prudential considerations were overlooked to gratify the wishes of the Governor-General, who, it appears, had "set his

<sup>1</sup> Wetted mat.

heart" upon having a "Queen's regiment in the fort," and consequently the barrack-master set his wits to work to calculate how large a number of men he could cram into the smallest possible space. The officers occupy a range of buildings on the southern side, overlooking the Jumna, and as far as they go they are tolerable. Most of them, however, are living outside, and at inconvenient distances, and the mess, for want of room, is established in an old building previously used as a custom-house. I have been fortunate in getting a large vaulted apartment (40 × 26) in the old range mentioned above. It is one of the only glazed quarters in the fort, which is of great advantage and enables me to keep down the temperature several degrees lower than those not furnished with that commodity. The whole range is of great antiquity, probably that of the Fort itself. The walls are of great thickness, one of the recesses for the windows I have converted into a bath room. My quarter is next to that of the commanding officer, and forms part of the house intended for the Governor of the Fort, and is probably the very same occupied by Bishop Heber during his sojourn here. I read his travels at Chatham, and have been frequently reminded of his descriptions, which I think faithfully correct. By carefully closing all my windows and admitting very little light soon after sunrise, the temperature in my room has not yet risen above 84° F. which is considered very cool. The thermometer held in the hot wind in the shade immediately rose to 96° F. These may safely be called *drying* winds. There is

an inconvenience of another kind in a residence in the Fort, that there is no accommodation for one's train of servants, who are consequently obliged to live in the Bazaar at a considerable distance. Since I commenced this letter, too, I have very nearly met with a serious loss occasioned by the accidental destruction by fire of my stable. My poor horse narrowly escaped—one standing by him was burnt to death—and as it was I lost all his clothing and some portion, the saddlery, I brought with me from London. I have now succeeded in hiring a better and less inflammable dwelling for him.

15th.—Several days have now elapsed since I commenced this long letter, and as the day for posting the overland letters is approaching, I shall add what little more I have to tell you of my proceedings during the last week. I am now tolerably well settled in my quarters, and with the addition of a sofa and a couple of chairs with a large punkah (14 feet long) which I keep in motion night and day, am as comfortable as circumstances will permit. By the way, you would be amused at the various and really ingenious contrivances adopted for cooling the atmosphere in the houses. One of the most obvious is to keep every door and window shut—hermetically sealed if possible—all day and night except for two hours at sunrise, which is the only cool time of the day, the thermometer not standing above 80° F. Another mode is to catch a current of hot wind, the hotter the better, to pass into the house through a mat made of cuscuss root, which must be continually watered,

and as this plan of course only succeeds when there is a wind, the *ne plus ultra* is a curious machine like the paddle-wheel of a steamboat, which, by revolving rapidly, causes an artificial draught which is sent through a well-watered *tattie*. By this last contrivance a house may be maintained at any temperature through the hottest summer in India. The punkahs, which I have so frequently alluded to, are merely immense fans, made of wood covered with cloth, suspended from the roof, and having a broad fringe at the lower edge. These will not cool the air, but they cause it to circulate and make one feel cool; at night I add an additional piece of cloth to the fringe, so as to bring it down to within a foot of my pillow, and in this way keep off mosquitoes, for it is impossible to sleep under *nets* during the hot season. The luxury of a punkah requires four coolies to pull it properly day and night. I have made a round of visits to the principal civilians resident at the station. The Sudder Courts are held here for the Western Provinces, and the judges live in magnificent bungalows in the neighbourhood. It is the custom in India for strangers to call first, and accordingly I borrowed a carriage from Dr. Macqueen and made a round of about twelve or fourteen houses. The distances are so great that it took me two days to complete even these. And as you are obliged to go between 11 and 2 o'clock it was a warm and desperate business. Everybody is glad of the arrival of our band, although, as is the case with regiments long in India, by no means a good one. I am going to

a ball on Monday next where the band is to perform. At the last ball given here all the music was the "drum and fifes" of a native regiment. I fancy it will be rather warm work dancing in a temperature little short of 90°. You have doubtless heard of the news of another decisive battle at Hyderabad. It appears to have been even more glorious than the previous fight. Lieutenant Coote is among the wounded; I conclude not severely. I should think this would settle the Beloochees and the Ameers of Sinde. I am anxiously expecting in a few days your letters in answer to mine dated from *this* place in December last, when I spent a few days with the 9th Lancers. With regard to my duty here I must say a few words. At present it is very light; Drs. Macqueen and Stevenson take all the hospital between them, and my particular province is to see the daily sick report, examine each case, and to send those ill to hospital, to administer immediately to the slight cases, and to detect and send to the guard room all shammers. To visit all prisoners and the barracks, and to see that all is correct. There are at present above one hundred in hospital, and the fevers are now assuming a dangerous character; they are all remittent. Two or three cases of cholera have already occurred, but I hope we shall not suffer much from that plague of India.

Fort Allahabad,

May 5th, 1843.

I mentioned in my last the report of second and decisive battle in Sinde, which has been most glori-

ously confirmed by recent dispatches from Sir C. Napier. It appears to have been a most gallant action, and I should suppose would put down all attempt at revolt. Sir Charles Napier is stated to be "the officer" mentioned in his own dispatch who placed himself at the head and led on a Sepoy regiment who were giving way, as they always do, when they are not encouraged and headed by European officers, who were on this occasion either killed or struck down. It was a brave but imprudent act, as if he had fallen in the attack, his loss would have been most severely felt. There was no other general officer present with the army to supply his place, and a dreadful catastrophe might have resulted. Mere physical bravery, unless guided by experience and talent in the field, will not avail, and the horrors of the Cabul retreat might have been repeated at Hyderabad. By the way, if you really wish to arrive at the truth of that awful business, you must read Lieutenant Eger's account, which everyone says gives a true unvarnished tale of the events as they really took place. "Quorum pars magna fuit," and that he has "set down nought in malice" I have the authority of another actor in the tragedy, viz., Major Eldred Pottinger, of whom everyone has heard so much lately in connection with the retreat, etc., from Cabul. We have also an officer in the Buffs—Captain Airey—who was General Elphinstone's aide-de-camp, and who was of the party of prisoners. He has told me many particulars about it. He was ordered to give himself up as hostage to Akbar Khan, by the Envoy. He did so with the

Envoy's—Sir W. M'Naughten's—nephew, Conolly—and they were sitting in a house in Cabul expecting to be murdered every moment by the mob below the windows, who were screaming out for their bodies, when Sir W. M'Naughten's head was brought into them. Conolly immediately recognised his uncle, and Akbar Khan, who was present, seemed very angry and had it removed instantly. Captain Airey says that as far as he saw, the whole account is substantially true. The final escape of the prisoners from Bamian, to which place they had been conveyed on camels for greater security, was most miraculous. Major Pottinger dined with our mess a few days ago. This business in Sinde is another example of our ignorance of the real state of many parts of the Indian population. Poor Sir Alexander Burnes was as much deceived in the Beloochees of Sinde as the Government were in the political state of Cabul. In his account of a voyage up the Indus, he describes them, as well as the Ameers, as friendly and inoffensive.

I believe an *émeute* may shortly be expected in Bundelcund, the state of which province is anything but satisfactory; from a letter received two days since by an officer in the Buffs, it seems that an attack may be expected any night. It is not far from this place, and in case anything serious takes place, it is not very improbable that we may be sent. I believe either the Buffs or the 50th, who are at Cawnpore, will go. Lieutenant Coote is particularly mentioned in Sir Charles Napier's dispatch, as heading his Company and cheering his men on up



the bank of a nullah, and as being severely wounded. This exploit will, I should think, greatly enhance his charms in the eyes of our London friends. With regard to the return of the Buffs, nothing farther is known about their movements than I told you in my last, but I believe there is little doubt that they will return, unless any fresh insurrection occurs in this part of India, or a large additional force is required in China. And with regard to my own return with the regiment nothing farther is settled. I have received several offers of exchanges into other regiments, but I have not yet made any definite arrangement. To say the truth, I am rather resting on my oars, to see whether anything will turn up in the chapter of accidents; I sometimes think I should like to return with the regiment and see you all again, but then the uselessness of remaining in London convinces me that I had better remain here if I can get a good exchange. Of regimental and personal news I have none, for since our arrival here, we have led most monotonous lives. The heat, which was pretty considerable last month, is now becoming intolerable. Notwithstanding all the precautions that I adopt, I am now writing in an atmosphere at  $92^{\circ}$  F.; out of the house in the shade the mercury rises now to  $105^{\circ}$ , and the hot winds are most oppressive. This necessarily confines me a prisoner to my quarters from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and as you may imagine, the day passes slowly enough. I experience great want of occupation. My own library is, of course, very limited, and what books I have are on dry medical subjects; we

have a small regimental library which contains a few good books. I am now reading with interest Buckland's Geology, but unfortunately, as a general rule, all books must be bought and sent for from Calcutta, which makes one's reading limited. The regiment is not very unhealthy, out of nine hundred and odd there are one hundred and thirty in hospital. The principal disease is low remittent fever and a few bowel complaints, with an occasional bad case of cholera. The cholera has not yet occurred as an epidemic, and I do not think we shall suffer very severely from that dreadful complaint. The fever will be our great enemy. This is the healthy part of the summer; when the rains prevail I fear we shall fare but ill. I have seen very little of the sickness at present, having nothing to do with the hospital duties. In this climate it is absolutely necessary to live near one's work, and the hospital is more than a mile from my quarters.

Allahabad Fort,  
August 8th, 1843.

I have delayed my monthly epistle until the last days allowed for the making up of the mail, in order that I might if possible give you certain information of the return of the Buffs to England, or if that was not to be their fortunate luck, of the destination of the regiment for the next winter. We are still, however, in doubt, and the most contradictory accounts are consequently in circulation as to our future movements.

Certain it is that two armies are to be formed

next winter—one in Gwalior and Bundelcund, two independent and rather turbulent states not far from this place across the river Jumna—and the other at Umballah in the Northern Provinces, near the hills, as an army of observation on the court of Lahore, and the Sikhs of the Punjab. The army destined for our neighbourhood is to be commanded by Sir William Nott, who lately married the daughter of Captain Dove of ours, and it is not at all unlikely that we may join it, or at all events that the Governor-General may not think it prudent to withdraw a regiment so near to the seat of operations.

Great preparations are making in the arsenal here and at Agra, for some approaching military movement ; tents are being made, etc., but no order or any instruction has arrived for what service they may be required. The new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, was daily expected in Calcutta when we last heard, and we conclude that we shall remain in ignorance of our fate until he joins his council. The news may arrive at any moment, but I almost fear that it will now be too late for insertion in this letter. In the meantime the season is now much more agreeable than when I last wrote. The rains continue to keep down the excessive temperature, and the nights and mornings are really pleasant. Still the sun is all-powerful, and we are prisoners from eight to five o'clock. The thermometer in my quarters generally averages about  $84^{\circ}$ . I have charge now of half the regiment in addition to the general charge of the Fort. The regiment, I am happy to say, is very healthy for India ; at

present the number of sick out of nine hundred men, is sixty. Many of them are bad remittent fevers, but we have had no cases of cholera for the last two months. The rainy season here is by no means severe, and although when it does rain it descends with a violence rarely witnessed in Europe, several days may pass without a drop falling. Indeed, as far as the rain is concerned, the season would be considered a remarkably fine summer in any country in Europe. We have had no regular English wet days. An immense quantity of rain must fall, however, in addition to the melting snow, to account for the extraordinary rise in the Ganges and Jumna. When we arrived here those rivers were quiet streams confined to a narrow channel, and now they have risen thirty-five feet and rush down to their junction below the Fort with great violence. The Jumna, whose waters now wash the walls of the Fort under my windows, is a mile wide, and has a current of nearly eight miles an hour. The navigation up the stream is almost entirely stopped. A few evenings ago two large alligators, with several young ones, were playing under my windows; I watched them for half an hour, and at last frightened them away by the report of my gun, but could make no impression upon their thick skins with my bullet.

August 9th. Since writing the first part of this letter, which I fear will prove very dull for want of news, General Smith, one of the Lieutenant-Colonels of the regiment, has arrived from the hills en route to Calcutta. He is the Adjutant-General of all the Indian army, and is on his way to meet the new

Commander-in-chief. He tells us that there is no doubt that we shall go home this season, and that the announcement will be officially made known as soon as Sir Hugh Gough meets the council at Calcutta, which, as I have already told you, is daily expected. Indeed it has probably taken place already, and I may yet be able to tell you before I dispatch this letter. You had better continue to direct your letters "Bengal, India," although your letter of August, and all subsequent ones, will probably reach me at Calcutta. Nothing is yet known about the mode of proceeding, supposing we go, whether by land or in boats down the Ganges. The latter is the shortest and cheapest, but I hope we shall march. Before I leave I shall endeavour to get a short leave in order to see Agra and Delhi, the most interesting places in India. By the way, you will gain a tolerably good notion of life in India by reading a little work called, "Bacon's First Impressions in India." It describes well what the author saw, and although he sometimes deals in the marvellous, is well worth perusal. There are also some good prints. We expect to get our overland letters about the 16th or 17th. The last safe date here is the 10th, or six days before; it is rather provoking now not to be able to answer letters by the same mail, but I have no doubt that in a short time the conveyance will be made so rapid, that an answer will be received to a letter in three months in *all parts* of India.

Allahabad, September 17th, 1843.

Since I last wrote I have given up my charge of half the regt. to Dr. Macqueen, whose health is better, so that I have been idle, my duties being confined to the attendance upon a few sick officers and general duty. This I regret, as the time hangs rather heavily upon my hands, and I have no means of engaging in any occupation, from the difficulty of procuring books, and the heat of the weather preventing anything like outdoor occupations. This is not the season for procuring specimens, the birds are in bad plumage, else there are some very inviting mango woods, which I intend to explore before I leave. I have also resumed my pencil, and have endeavoured to colour one or two sketches of the Fort. There is not much, however, to interest in this station. The Fort has lost much of its beauty in adding to its security, and its curious and picturesque towers are concealed by modern "lunettes" and "glacis." I regret very much that during my short visit to India I should not have seen Agra and Delhi, and the snowy range of the Himalayas; however, I am thinking of applying for a month's leave to visit the former places, and if so, I shall have something really interesting to tell you when we meet. There are some beautiful gardens here, which I visited the other evening; they contain three Mahomedan buildings, erected by Sultan Khosu as tombs for himself and wife. They adjoin a magnificent "serai" built by the Sultan, and which we marched through on arriving at Allahabad. On the evening I visited them there was some religious

ceremony going on, so that I had an opportunity of seeing the interior of the tomb, dimly lighted with four miserable oil lamps, just enabling me to distinguish a large sarcophagus, upon which crowds of Hindoos as well as Mussulmen were spreading small white flowers. The circumstance of the Hindoos paying any respect to the memory of a Mahomedan emperor, appeared to me so strange, that I inquired for some explanation, but could obtain none from any of the attendants. I must endeavour to make a drawing of the principal tomb, which is very beautiful, although any attempt to draw in a public place is extremely disagreeable from the crowds of naked children and dirty idlers and beggars by whom one is sure of being surrounded. My last letters have been longer than usual on their journey to London, in consequence of the prevalence of the westerly winds during the monsoon, during which the steamboats leave Bombay ten days earlier than usual. I received your letters proportionately sooner. The Governor-General, when he was here in June, received news from London, *vid* Marseilles, in little more than a month. They have now returned to their usual period, and I am able to date my letter ten days earlier than last month. My own health since my little attack has been good. No one can expect to enjoy any *healthy feeling* during an Indian summer, he must be content if he remains free from actual complaint; and few is the number of those who escape altogether during the hot months. I felt myself obliged to reduce my allowance, limited as

it was, very considerably, to give up beer almost altogether, and to limit my potations to homœopathic doses largely diluted with the pure element. In other respects my diet has been equally sparing, from necessity, for during the months of May and June one's appetite, and probably digestion, fails, and many days pass without even attempting a dinner. Our mess looked rather absurd. The splendid service of plate, and "three courses and a dessert," laid out for twenty guests, and perhaps two or three officers to sit down to it. Indian life during May and June is perfectly miserable; one can only be said to exist, for the enjoyment of existence is out of the question. Exercise can only be taken in the small hours of the morning. I used to take my morning ride on horseback at four a.m. and return home by sun-rise, for in half-an-hour after the sun shows his fiery face above the horizon, the heat becomes not only intolerable but dangerous. I feel convinced from the experience of one "summer" in India, that I should not "do for India." By extreme caution, I might escape those diseases which are often the result of imprudence, but, not to mention the dreadful epidemical visitations which no human care can avert, I am sure that I should be in a constant state of anxiety about my health, and should be constantly considering whether I might eat this or drink that, with other annoyances which would more than counterbalance any advantages to be obtained in this country. The season, so far, has been remarkably favourable, and the Buffs have suffered less than usual. While other regi-



ments at Cawnpore, Ghazepore, and Kurnaut have been very sickly, our sick list has been comparatively trifling, never more than one hundred, and now only fifty in hospital. The mortality in Sindh and at Hyderabad has been appalling. This is generally an unhealthy month, from the subsidence of the river, so we must not "crow till we are out of the wood." Dr. Macqueen, with a great experience in India, says that he never felt it hotter than here in May and June, but after the rains fell the temperature became more moderate and pleasant, and now the mornings are really delightfully cool. The 15th was a regular English summer rainy day, and we all felt cold, although the temperature was 78 deg., so sensibly do the residents of tropical climates feel the least approach to cold. By all accounts this has been a remarkable season, a much less quantity of rain has fallen than usual, and the river, although it rose rapidly twice, as suddenly subsided. The indigo and rice crops are said to have failed in many parts of the country. People here ascribe the want of rain and the coolness of this month to the comet which visited us in March, which I suppose has carried off the heat in its tail. We may expect a few storms shortly on the breaking up of the rains, but we shall have no more very hot weather, and unless any cholera comes, which God forbid, shall have had a very healthy season.

We are still in a state of suspense about our movements, no order having arrived, which is the more unaccountable as, by last night's post from Calcutta we received news that Sir Hugh Gough,

the new commander-in-chief, has left Calcutta en route to the Upper Provinces, and therefore that the orders for our relief must be published. I am almost beginning to fear that we shall not go this season. Possibly it may come to-night.

20th. I am now obliged to send off this letter without being able, as I hoped, to communicate the result we anticipated. The relief for the native army is published, but not for the Queen's troops, so that we still remain in uncertainty. I have not yet received your letter, but expect it either this evening or to-morrow. I have just heard that the steamer with the July mail from Bombay is wrecked, and that the splendid long letter I wrote to you is drowned in the Red Sea. This is unfortunate; however, as you would doubtless hear of the accident, you would be under no uneasiness on my account.

Agra, October 21st, 1843.

When I wrote my last letter to the Doctor we were all fully expecting to return to England this winter, and were all anticipating the pleasure of our arrival. You remember I even went so far as to mention the month when you might possibly see me. All these plans are, however, overthrown by a series of events of the most appalling nature, and of the utmost importance to the well-being of our Indian possessions, which have taken place since I dispatched my letter. You have doubtless heard of the news of the murder of the ruler of the Punjab, his ministers, and of both their families. I recommend you to read "Osborn's Court and Camp of Runjut Sing," a superficial, but

very amusing book, which will give you a tolerable idea of the principal victims and the chief actors of the late tragedy at Lahore. Shen Sing, the ruler just murdered, was not the legitimate successor to old Runjut, and he ascended the throne not without suspicion of having caused the death of the lawful prince, then quite a youth. He, however, his son and heir, all his other children, including one a few hours old, with his wives (whose numbers are never counted on these occasions) were murdered by a Sikh Chief named Ajut Sing. He afterwards shot the late king's minister, Dhyan Sing, a great favourite of old Runjut's, and was himself slain by Dhyan Sing's son, Heera Sing, who has in his turn been assassinated by some other Sing. A young boy, an illegitimate son of Runjut's, is now on the throne, and will prove the next victim, as almost every mail brings intelligence of some fresh murder, and of the dreadful excesses committed by the soldiers, who, always being kept in arrears of pay, are now helping themselves. Such a state of revolution and crime calls for our interference; indeed, it has become necessary, as if we do not, our old friend Dost Mahomed will come down with a host of Afghans, the old enemies of the Sikhs, and taking advantage of the confusion, will soon take possession of the country. I have no doubt it will end by our taking the whole Punjab "under our protection," as it will be called, but really will be quietly appropriating the revenues to our own individual use, and allowing the lawful sovereign (if one can be found) to sit on the throne, relieved from all duties and a pensioner

of the Company. The English were always great patrons of legitimate sovereigns. The immediate result of all this is, that we shall not go home for at least another year. So good-bye to Old England, at least for the present. All the arrangements for the troops have been changed by this business, and although no order has yet appeared, the destination of several large armies, which will be found towards the north-west, is sufficiently obvious. The Buffs, I believe, are to go to Umballa, to form part of the left wing of one army which is to assemble at that place. However, this is only conjecture. Sir Hugh Gough, the new Commander-in-Chief, told Major Clunie, our commander, that he has recommended that as our position, and it is pretty certain that the regiment will come here, probably on their way to their ultimate destination. You may imagine that we are all not a little disappointed at not going home, but every one is delighted with the idea of active service, and the prospect of adding new laurels to those gained by the regiment in the Peninsula. Our regimental motto is "*Veteri frondescit honore,*" which will not be tarnished by our men who are tired with twenty years' inactivity in India. Notwithstanding the delay which it will cause in my return to you, I must say that I enjoy the prospect of taking the field with a large army, and of seeing more of the world, and my only fear is that being the junior assistant I may be left behind in charge of the *depôt*: a most disagreeable service in this country. You will perceive by the date of this, that I have put into execution the journey that I had

meditated before leaving India. I obtained leave of absence for a month, and not anticipating a return with the regiment, left Allahabad early on Monday, the 2nd of the month, with the intention of visiting Agra and Delhi. I laid what is called a Government dak, that is to say, I requested the Postmaster to station bearers for my palkee and baggage at every stage between Allahabad and Agra; two days' notice is required in order to write to the different districts through which I was to pass. The distance is 308 miles, divided into twenty-five stages, and as I required ten men to carry me along, my order was for 250 men. I arranged to halt for three hours during the heat of the day at the bungalows on the road side erected by Government for the convenience of travellers, and to spend one whole day at Cawnpore, with the 9th Lancers, and notwithstanding this somewhat complicated arrangement, the rate of travelling was so well calculated that I always found the new bearers waiting, ready to carry me forward. Only once I was set down, near Arrowl, somewhere between Cawnpore and Agra, in the middle of the road on a fine moonlight night, to guard my own property, for about a couple of hours, until new bearers arrived. I had some tea, sugar, and biscuits, etc., with me, and my clothes were carried in two wicker baskets, called petarrahs, balanced on a bamboo, on a man's shoulder; another man, called a mussaulchee, carried a torch during the night, for the double purpose of lighting the road and my cheroots. I arrived here at 12 p.m. of the 6th,

and the next morning took up my quarters at the house of Mr. Plowden, the collector and chief civilian in the station, to whom I had an introduction from his cousin in the Buffs ; he had been expecting me, and he received me with a hospitality almost unknown in England. I have horses, etc., at my disposal, and have every advantage for seeing all the interesting places in the neighbourhood. Between Cawnpore and this place I witnessed one of the extraordinary phenomena peculiar to tropical climates, viz., a flight of locusts. The direction of the flight was nearly due east, and the rate four miles, and you will form some idea of this immense host when I tell you that, travelling at the same rate and in the opposite direction, I was between two and three hours in passing it. During the whole time, the horizon, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened, and every nearer object was obscured. On looking directly upwards the appearance was that of a very heavy snowstorm, and the ground, which was covered by them, resembled the fields strewn by the dried leaves in the autumn. Several flew into my palkee ; they were two and a half inches long, of a pink colour, marked with dark brown. The poor natives were shouting and endeavouring to prevent their devouring their crops, to which they prove most destructive.

22nd. Last night I got a letter from the regiment informing me that we are under orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march on the 1st of November. Where to is not stated or known. To-morrow I leave Agra by dak, and must return all the way to

Allahabad in order to be present at muster on the 1st, or I shall lose my pay. I cannot tell you where to direct, not knowing where on the face of the earth (if I remain on it) I may be, but I think the same will be the best direction.

Camp, Ghurrio.

November 17th, 1843.

With regard to my leaving the army (which I observe is the leading topic in your letters), at present it is quite impossible ; the regiment has just marched on service, and I could not leave with any honour or satisfaction to myself. Indeed I look forward to our *trip* into Bundelcund with the greatest pleasure. The season is now very delightful, the country into which we are about to enter is, I hear, one of the most beautiful in India, and however much we all may desire to have a brush with the Mahrattas, my own opinion is that the whole affair will end in smoke, or that at most we shall have to blow down a few forts about their ears. A very large force of European and native infantry and cavalry, with an immense siege and battering train of artillery, are all on their way to the scene of action in Bundelcund and Gwalior. I fear the enemy will be frightened into submission long before we arrive there. Indeed, when they hear that the "old Buffs" are coming, fully bent on mischief, I have no doubt but that they will be extremely polite and attentive to our wishes. I find, however, that I have plunged at once *in medias res*, and must explain a little who this redoubtable enemy is and the date of this letter.

In a few words, the country into which we are going is independent of British power. We have a *resident* only at Gwalior, at the court of a prince who was allowed to remain on his throne. He has given a great deal of trouble every hot season, when the artful old rogue knows that we cannot send a force against him, for the last twelve years, and as regularly conceded every point demanded from him in the winter. This vacillation does not suit the energy of our Governor-General (who, by the way, notwithstanding all that has been said against him, is one of the very best the country ever saw), and he is determined to be trifled with no longer. What will *really be done* is all conjecture, but we all hope that we are not marched out for nothing. I should like, before leaving India, to see a few shots fired in real warfare, and to know something of the life of the soldier on active service in the field. When I last wrote we thought that the Punjab was to be our destination; however, it is all one. The Buffs are rough and ready for any work wherever they go.

On the 23rd of October I left Agra, and after a short halt at Cawnpore with Dr. Stewart, arrived at the Fort Allahabad early on the morning of the 28th. There I found all bustle and confusion, preparatory to our expected march. I purchased a very good tent, and hired from the commissariat two bullock hackories to carry it and my baggage, as they are decidedly the most rapid and best carriages for India, but they were all pre-engaged, so that I may have to wait some time every day before my tent, etc., arrives at the camping-ground. I have



made a good arrangement with a brother officer, which, as long as we are in our own country, is very convenient for us both; viz., at four o'clock in the afternoon, when we are all at dinner, my tent, which is the largest, is struck and sent on with the mess-tents to the next encamping ground, where we find it ready pitched on our arrival after the march; we both sleep in the other tent which follows the regiment, and is generally all ready shortly after breakfast. In this way we have always our tent ready pitched for us. We did not leave Allahabad until the 11th, as an order came for us to halt for a few days, but eventually we marched out of the fort at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 11th of November, and arrived at our first camp at nine, at a place called *Mufti-ka-pourwa* (I could not help giving *this* name), where we found a sapper waiting for us. I do not intend to describe every day's march, as I gave you an idea of the march of a regiment in India last March, when I left Cawnpore. I shall only say that we have thirty-two officers and about eight hundred men, and are said in the public prints to be one of the finest regiments in India. We have three medical officers with us, and have charge of the right wing. Just before leaving Allahabad a second order and route arrived, and we are now going to Jhansi, *viâ* Calpee. Jhansi is an old city in the very heart of Bundelcund, and I believe is one of the strongholds of the rebels. Gwalior itself is a strong place, second only to Burtpore, which was stormed by the British in 1826.

Futtehpoore, Nov. 17th.—I was in hopes that I

might have received your overland at this place, where we arrived this morning. I remember once before having posted a letter to you from this place on our march down to Allahabad. We were then full of our return to England, and although it would have been very delightful to have seen you all again in May or June next, I now look forward to the time when we shall meet with equal satisfaction, as I shall have seen much that is interesting and instructive. In the meantime I shall continue to write at least one letter every mail, and I shall always most sincerely expect yours every month. In the next two or three months there may be some interruption to the transit of the letters, so you must not be disappointed if by any accident you do not receive them as regularly as usual. We expect to be back in Allahabad in about three months, as supplies are taken for that period. I had intended to send you some account of the most celebrated places in Agra, but I find that I have filled my sheet with other matters, so I must postpone what I intended to say until we are again quietly settled in the old fort, or perhaps until I see you, for it is still not impossible that we may return this year if, as I expect, these people submit in a gentlemanly manner, without imposing upon us the necessity of compelling submission, which would be a very impolitic proceeding on their part, as, of course, every shot fired will add another condition against them when they do come to their senses. I fear that I must now close this short letter, as this is the last place from which I can safely despatch it.

Camp of the Puhooj River, Bundelcund,  
December 11th, 1843.

You see by the date, that I am still under canvas, and as far as anything has transpired am likely to remain so all the cold season, as I understand that Lord Ellenborough is determined that the Mah-rattas shall be completely subdued before the army now assembling round Gwalior is disbanded ; and we hear that the chiefs are obstinately holding out, and talk of opposing the entrance of the army into their territory. My last was dated from Futteh-pore, and I must give you a short account of our march to this place. The first incident that occurred was an attack that was made on the commissariat hackories conveying flour, etc. etc., by night to the next encamping ground at a place called Khoom-pore. A gang of twenty-five robbers stationed themselves at a difficult part of the road, where a new bridge was building, and, favoured by the darkness, made a rush, and in spite of the guard of sepoy managed to carry off nearly the whole. The "brave" sepoy fired forty rounds, but without bloodshed. The only casualty reported was the loss of a leg sustained by Captain Cameron of the Buffs, which was shot away—the leg of his chair, I mean. One of the robbers was caught, he having fallen down. The next day "Barabbas," having the fear of the bamboo before his eyes, turned traitor, and gave up the names of fifteen of his friends as accomplices in the robbery ; but there is great doubt whether conviction will follow, and still greater whether we have got the real "Simon Pures"

at all ; such is the despicable character of the natives, that one man will denounce his nearest and dearest relations to purchase his own safety. Another instance of the depravity of the "mild Hindoo" occurred shortly afterwards at Calpee on the Jumna, when an unfortunate officer of the Buffs, who was on the sick list, lost every article of which he was possessed except his tent ; his own servants were sleeping all round it, yet everything was removed. His boxes were found the next day in a ravine about a mile from the camp, broken open and destroyed, a few letters and "locks of hair" alone were saved. In Calpee alone there are 250 registered thieves ! but the whole population are skilful practitioners of the art. The country from Futtehpoore to Calpee does not differ from what I have seen so much of, viz., a nearly flat and well-cultivated plain. Once or twice we crossed the dry bed of a river, for about a mile on each side of which our road led through steep and difficult ravines, evidently caused by the violent rush of water during the rainy season. The approach to the city of Kobah, where we encamped on the 21st November, situated on the bank of the river Rinde, was remarkably rugged and picturesque, and almost reminded me of Greece ; with this essential difference, that *here* all the precipices are made of soil instead of marble or limestone. Kobah is an old Hindoo city adjoining a still more ancient Mahomedan town called Jehanabad, founded, I conclude from the name (city of Jehan), by the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan, the author of the Taj

Mahal at Agra. In both cities there are some curious specimens of architecture, and the long and exceedingly narrow bridge by which we crossed the Rinde is paved with large stones, and is probably Mahomedan. It resembles the pavement of some of old Akbar's roads near Agra and Futteh-pore Sikri. At a place called Ghautumpore, our next march, is a large tank and a fine Hindoo gateway, of which I make a sketch. It is very characteristic, and if it is not lost before I arrive in England, I think Eliza will be able to finish a very pretty picture from it. In a building adjoining a fakeer, or religious beggar, dwelt. I found him covered with every species of filth and dirt (an especial mark of sanctity); the selfish old vagabond sent an *order* to Colonel Clunie that no one was to use the water of this tank, but his holiness must have been somewhat surprised to see all our elephants, camels, bullocks, horses, besides half the regiment and camp followers, performing their ablutions at once in the sacred water. The sooner the Hindoo religion, with its absurdities, countenancing as it does every kind of idolatry, vice, and abomination, is done away with by Government the better for the country and the people, who are now robbed and deluded by a set of idle vagabonds and swindlers. We arrived at Calpee on the 25th, and remained there the following day to rest the cattle and replenish our stores. To you who are not acquainted with Indian customs, the multitude of camp followers with a regiment marching in this country must be inconceivable. We have about

eight hundred fighting Europeans, including officers, now in the field, and I think that the native followers of the regiment must be two thousand. But it becomes less surprising when I tell you that we have 450 attached to the hospital alone; then there are cook-boys, shoeblacks, tent-pitchers, bullock-drivers, elephant and camel men, officers' servants (upon an average ten to each), and a large native regimental bazaar for their supply, which again implies another establishment for carriage, etc. etc. I will give you an idea of my own marching establishment, which is moderate. I have, *imprimis*, my khansama and his son, who have now been with me since I landed in Calcutta, a Sirdar-bearer, and mat-bearer, one bheastie to carry water, a dhobie, or washerman, a sweeper to clean my tent and take care of my dogs, a syce, or groom, and grass-cutter for my horse, two men for my tent, a bhanga bearer, to carry on a change of clothes, besides a barber, in common with other etc., making in all thirteen. This is bad enough anywhere, but becomes perfectly frightful in an enemy's country, where supplies are procured with difficulty. I have also in addition four bullock hackories with four men. The cost of all this is a hundred and twenty rupees per month, or £12, a small fortune by itself, and yet as long as the system of castes continues such must also be the case; all these rascals are of different castes, and would consider themselves degraded by doing the work of any other servant. We left Calpee on the 27th, and marched successively through Attah, Onei, and Akori on our way to Jhansi. At the

latter place, however, an express arrived from General Grey commanding our division of the army to join the rest of the forces near Koonch ; we therefore altered our course, and arrived at that place on the 1st of December, and there received orders to proceed to this encamping-ground, where we marched on the 2nd, and found three cavalry regiments and one infantry regiment already here. The last five miles of the march from Koonch was through steep and difficult ravines, all showing the violent action of water during the rains. They all lead into the Puhooj river, which falls into the Jumna, and assists with many other similar streams to produce those sudden and tremendous floods, one of which I witnessed at Allahabad during the rainy season. There are now only two feet of water, and we forded it without difficulty. I was in the rear of the column, and the view from the high bank on the opposite side of the different camps, extending for nearly a mile along the river, with the crowds of people, elephants, camels, etc. etc., assembled on the bank, and of the men in their red jackets fording the stream, was very animated and beautiful, but too difficult for me to attempt in colours. Our camp is in a cornfield, in the bed of the river, and the crop was just appearing ; it has been of course long destroyed, for which the Gwalior people, I doubt not, give ample compensation. Four miles farther on the road to Gwalior is another large camp of two more regiments, with artillery and engineers, and more are expected every day. We are about twelve miles from the river Sinda, the

boundary of the enemy's country, and distant about sixty from the fortress of Gwalior itself. Numerous reports are of course spreading about as to what will be done, but the general impression appears to be that the whole army will meet under the walls of Gwalior, which is doomed to fall. Probably in my next I shall be able to give you an account of the whole expedition from beginning to end, with the amount of prize-money! They have offered £70,000, but I understand that the Governor-General insists on certain conditions, in addition to a million sterling, which they as yet refuse. Time will show how far this folly will carry them, but I still cannot help thinking that not an angry shot will be fired. In the meantime we are all enjoying ourselves to the utmost, and laying in a stock of health against the next hot weather. The weather is most delightful; we complain of cold more than heat. I am now sitting in my tent, the twelve o'clock gun has just fired, the thermometer is only 68 deg., and I am dressed in the warmest English clothing I have with me; at night I actually shiver under three blankets and all the cloaks I can heap on me!

Camp Gwalior,  
January 15th, 1844.

Since I last wrote to you, from the Camp, near the banks of the river Sinde, I have witnessed the most important, and to me at least, unexpected events. I was present at one of the most bloody battles that have taken place since the British rule



in India, and one that will be followed by results both decisive and beneficial as well to our interests as to those of the inhabitants of the kingdoms of Gwalior themselves. You will of course read the public accounts, and the dispatches of the Governor-General, including his proclamation to the Gwalior people disclaiming any intention of making war against them, but declaring that he comes with a powerful force to subdue the insubordinate and rebellious army, which has usurped the authority from the hands of the legitimate prince and his government, and causing a most disastrous state of anarchy and confusion. During our march through Gwalior, the inhabitants were everywhere respected, and all property unavoidably injured by the troops, and all the supplies required for the army, were immediately paid for. No plundering took place after the battles near Gwalior, and, what we all regret is, that we get no prize money. Both our armies studiously avoided any collision with the enemy, in the hopes that they would have tendered their submission, but of course, when they attacked us, we resisted them *vi et armis*. The result in both battles was most triumphant, the enemy was completely routed, and all their artillery captured. The whole of the flying rabble might have been cut up and destroyed, but Lord Ellenborough prevented all unnecessary bloodshed, and they were allowed to escape. Our prisoners were set at liberty and their wounded attended to in our hospitals. Too great credit cannot, in my opinion, be awarded to the Governor-General for the decision, judgment, and humanity, that he has shown in the

whole transaction. I am forgetting, however, that I'm not writing for the newspapers, and that some account of my own personal adventures will be more interesting to you ; I shall therefore resume my narrative from the Sind river, premising that I am in excellent health and, as yet, perfectly safe. We crossed the river and entered the Gwalior territory on Christmas-eve, and arrived at our encamping ground at noon at a place called Dubra. The only difficulty yet experienced was the delay of our baggage, which, owing to the deep and narrow ravines leading for about two miles on either side of the river, did not arrive until night and during the following day. The confusion was indescribable, the bed of the river was filled with heavily laden packhorses, stuck fast in the sand, and the only two passes through which the whole were obliged to go in single file, were soon completely obstructed by boxes and wheels, etc., which had to be removed before anything behind could pass on. I believe everything did arrive on the following day. I spent the day under a tree, where we found a sort of encampment and bartered a part of my loaf for some tea and beef. Close to us was a rock of considerable height crowned by a fort, occupied by some Gwalior soldiers. They showed no disposition to molest us, and indeed it was, until the day before the action itself, the general opinion that no fighting would take place. We halted during the three following days, in order to allow the force that was approaching Gwalior from the north-west under the Commander-in-Chief, and accompanied by Lord Ellenborough,

to arrive at the same distance as ourselves from the headquarters of the enemy.

28th. We left the camp at day-break this morning. The Buffs formed the advance guard with a few guns and some cavalry. We gradually approached a range of mountains, running in a south-westerly direction between us and Gwalior, and after marching eight miles, we arrived at a small village near which the road divides. The direct branch proceeding through the Autnee pass, the mouth of which was distant only two miles, and another turning the pass by the left and passing through a somewhat less enclosed country. Some of the horse-men of the enemy had been seen on the look out, but no force. We proceeded by the left road, purposely avoiding the collision which would have unavoidably ensued if we had attempted to force the Autnee pass. A regiment was left to defend the baggage in case of an attack. The enemy's infantry came out after we had gone, but did not make any attempt to disturb us. Our camp is now at the foot of the hills, and we are told to expect a night attack. To prevent surprise, all the picquets were doubled, and a chain of double sentries extends round the whole camp.

29th. We had a quiet night, and this morning again proceeded to a place called Punniar. I believe the Mahrattas never attack after dark, as without daylight they cannot use their great guns, which they worship as gods, and on which they place their chief dependence. Our road led through narrow but cultivated ravines, enclosed between

rocky mountains, many of which were crowned by forts, and after a long and fatiguing march of sixteen miles over execrable roads, we arrived at an oblong and cultivated plain, capable of holding the whole army. Here the camp was pitched and we sat down under the shade of some trees to a late breakfast at 1 p.m. Picquets were posted on the heights, which entirely surrounded the camp, excepting at its two extremities, at one of which, through which we passed, is the fort and village of Punniar. No enemy made their appearance, but we heard during the whole morning the reports of heavy artillery in the direction of Gwalior. This gave rise to various surmises at the time, but we now know that we heard the guns at the battle of Maharajpore. After breakfast, I was taking my usual morning smoke with Stevenson, when an alarm was sounded that the enemy was coming down on the camp in great force, and shortly after, the camp-followers, who were left with the train of baggage, were seen hurrying into camp, driving in the camels and cattle belonging to the army. In a few moments, a horseman came galloping in with a confirmation of the report, and shortly after we heard the roar of their cannon, within a mile and a-half of the camp. A strong brigade of cavalry was ordered out, and I anxiously watched them as they charged across a valley. The enemy's fire opened upon the crowd of horsemen from five different batteries as they rode up most gallantly to the attack, but owing to the nature of the ground, were forced to retire under cover. The Buffs, whose

position in the camp was nearest to the field, were, by this time, under arms, and I had just time to join them as they marched into action. We were led by Colonel Clunie to the batteries, whose fire was heard without interruption, and on surmounting a hill, immediately came into view of the enemy, and at the same moment heard the seething sound of their round shot passing over our heads as they directed their guns at us. We descended in column down into a valley, on each side of which the enemy occupied strong positions. On arriving opposite the principal battery, on a hill to our right, the regiment was formed into line. The coolness with which our brave fellows performed this evolution, under a destructive cross-fire of round and grape shot, which ploughed up the ground in all directions about us, was most admirable. I have often read of the gallantry of the British soldier on the field, but such bull-dog and deliberate courage I never expected to witness. After forming in line, the word "Forward!" was given, and, headed by Colonel Clunie, we charged up the hill, gave one volley, captured all their guns, and rushed down after them on the other side. Our loss was severe during this gallant combat. Captain Stewart was shot through the head in ascending the hill. After he was struck he cried out, "On! the light company!" and fell dead. His poor wife is in camp; they intended to have gone home after this campaign. I had been riding with her during the whole morning. He has a brother also with us in the regiment. Ensign Swetenham, who joined the regiment the

day we left Allahabad, received a dreadful cannon-shot wound in the thigh. Contrary to my fears, he is now doing well, and will shortly return to England. A great number of men were also killed and wounded; the scene was dreadful, and their cries for help most distressing. I never shall forget the smashing noise produced by a round shot striking human flesh. The day's work was, however, only half done. We followed the enemy down the hill, and up a second on which they had occupied the small fort and village of Mangore. This was immediately carried by assault, and they were driven in succession from another hill, across a deep ravine, and finally took their last stand on some high and more precipitous ground. Nothing could, however, withstand the impetuosity of our men, they rushed across the ravine, and climbing the steep, made the surrounding hills re-echo to their long and loud cheers as the colours were planted on the summit. A party of the enemy still occupied a small fort and village below us, which, after a short engagement, was stormed by the 50th Queen's and some native regiments, who had marched round by the right of the hills on which we had been engaged. The sun had now set, and the enemy had all dispersed, leaving us in possession of all their guns—twenty-four in number—with an immense quantity of ammunition and some eight thousand rupees, which was found in bags in one of the tumbrils, and a beautiful silk standard, having the device of a *Cobra de Capello*. Such is a short account of what I myself saw. You have no idea of the excitement of driving

an enemy from their guns, and chasing them down the hills. But I have had quite enough of field service, and never again wish to witness the tragedy that follows after a hard day's fight. Our loss in killed and wounded, out of 570 men in the action, was 72, and of these many have since died. Our hospital was filled, and all my time has been since occupied in attending the wounded officers and men. One unfortunate accident occurred, which has contributed much to augment the melancholy list of deaths. When we were halted on the last hill, spectators of the fight below, Captain Magrath and a party of twelve volunteers went to destroy an ammunition waggon that could not be brought away, and when so engaged, the whole of the powder exploded and blew up the party, excepting two men who were, fortunately for them, with a prisoner. Four were killed on the spot, and the six others so much burnt, that five, with poor Magrath himself, have since died. One man only survives. After our sixteen miles' march and our active exercise in the afternoon, we were all glad to get back to our tents, and, after a late supper, to sleep. We have since heard that Colonel Secunder, who commanded against us and who was wounded, and the remains of his army, fled that night to Gwalior. We had received no news from the other wing of the army for several days, and were all becoming anxious, when on the morning of the 31st, Sir Richmond Shakespear arrived in camp with the glorious intelligence of the Commander-in-Chief's victory. We marched the following day, and arrived here on the 4th, when we joined

the camp of Sir H. Gough, with that of the Governor-General. The whole army is now encamped in a semicircle, about three and a half miles long round the north-west side of the Fort of Gwalior, which is occupied by our troops. Colonels Jacob, Baptiste and Secunder, still hold out with about twelve thousand men, but they are daily deserting and entering into the service of the Maharajah.

16th. Since writing the above, nearly their whole army marched in yesterday afternoon and laid down their arms. A certain number will receive service from the Gwalior Government, and will form part of the regiments which are now being raised to be officered from the Bengal army. The rest are to receive a handsome gratuity, and will retire to their homes. Their wounded will be pensioned like our own soldiers. Their leaders are already outlawed, and, if taken, will probably be hanged or shot. The treaty between the two governments is already signed, and in a few days the Maharajah will hold a grand Durbar, which will be attended by all officers. In fact, the whole business has been settled by the battles on the 29th of December, and too much credit cannot be given to the Governor-General for the able manner in which he has conducted the affair. Both he and the Commander-in-Chief vie with each other in doing acts of kindness to the wounded soldiers. They frequently pass through our hospital, and Lord Ellenborough takes the greatest interest in the cases which I explain to him. This simple act is very pleasing to the men themselves. They are to go home to England im-



mediately they can be moved. The army, it is said, will leave this about the 25th, when "the Buffs" are to form the Governor-General's escort as far as Allahabad, whence he proceeds back to Calcutta, and we go into the old quarters till next November, when we are promised to return to England. On the day after our fight, a Catholic priest from the college at Agra arrived to visit our sick in camp. I spoke to him some time in French; he came through Gwalior, and on Christmas day dined with young Colonel Secunder, who was in excellent spirits and confident of gaining a victory over the British. In fact, although it does not do for their victors to say so, they behaved with the most obstinate courage, and their officers, many of whom are Europeans of different nations and half-castes, showed great skill. The manner in which their guns were fought was the admiration of all who witnessed them, and may be estimated from our heavy loss, above one thousand killed and wounded in both armies. We despised them too much, and had less bull-dog courage and more generalship been displayed we should have suffered less. Their loss is immense, but cannot be estimated. It must be admitted that they have not deteriorated from the old Mahrattas. I had one of their artillery officers wounded desperately in our hospital; he was dressed in a blue and gold lace uniform, much like our own, with "London patent" buttons on his jacket. He told me that Colonel Secunder considered our turning the Autnee pass on the 28th as a ruse to induce them to abandon their positions, and that when he

saw on the day following that it was not our intention to force it, he brought down all his guns through passes in the hills, and opened upon our camp as soon as they could be got into position. My letter is already so long that I must defer to my next any account of our proceedings, including a visit to Gwalior during our stay here.

Camp Futtehpore,  
February 11th, 1844.

My regiment is now returning from a campaign at Gwalior, the capital of the Mahratta territory, where a large army was assembled to chastise the rebellious soldiers of that state; you are aware that two dreadful battles were fought, in one of which "the Buffs" acted a conspicuous part, and that the enemy were so completely defeated in both, that they immediately tendered their unqualified submission.

We left Gwalior with Lord Ellenborough, forming part of his escort, and by so doing I had an opportunity of being present at the interview which he held with several powerful rajahs. The principal of these took place at a fortress on the banks of the River Sinde, which divides Gwalior from the neighbouring territory of Bundelcund. At this place the Rajahs of Dutteah and Jhansi, two gentlemen whose fidelity was at first suspected, and who might have given us considerable trouble in cutting off the supplies in the rear of the advancing army, met his lordship. Lord E. had, however, every reason to be satisfied with them, for

they afforded us every assistance, and with an alacrity that does credit to their honesty (or, perhaps, to their fear of our displeasure) sent the letters they had received from Gwalior requesting assistance against us, to the government at Calcutta. On the 27th of January the arrival of the Governor-General at Secundah, the name of the Fort, was announced by a salute of 21 guns, and in the afternoon both rajahs went to the Governor-General Durbar to pay their respects and offer the customary presents. The procession to the Governor-General's tent was very splendid. First came a band of musicians and singers on horseback, then a trumpeter on an immense elephant, blowing a trumpet at least 10 feet long—after these followed the led horses covered with gold and silver, with bracelets round their knees, and elephants with rich velvet and gold trappings, standard bearers, and a mounted escort of cavalry. The Rajah himself came next, riding on a remarkably tall elephant, in a magnificent howdah. He is a young man, quite dark, and was very well dressed. The driver of his elephant, seated astride on the animal's neck, waved a plume of white feathers to keep off the flies, and others, standing behind him, supported a rich canopy to shade him from the sun. Several of his chief ministers followed on elephants with howdahs that appeared to be made of silver; they were, at all events, very light and elegant. A disorderly mob of armed men, part of his army, brought up the rear, whose shabby and ragged appearance contrasted most ridiculously with the real splendour displayed

by the Rajah himself. The bearers even who carried his state palanquin, a most elegant and costly couch of velvet, with a golden canopy, were ordinary half-naked coolies. The processions of both were nearly the same. On the following afternoon the Governor-General returned their visits, and I took the opportunity of accompanying him, although it involved the serious inconvenience of appearing in full dress for several hours. At 3 o'clock, the fashionable hour all over the world, Lord Ellenborough and his staff on elephants, and attended by his body-guards, proceeded to the camp of the Jhansi Rajah, who came out on his elephant to meet us, and amidst the roar and smoke of his guns, conducted us to his Durbar tent. Under a spacious canopy of canvas, carpets were spread, and the Rajah led Lord Ellenborough to a golden chair at the upper end, and then seated himself at his left hand. We all took chairs on either side. Three Nautch girls and musicians made their appearance. The principal dancer was rather short and fat, but had a very pretty face and most expressive eyes. She accompanied herself with her voice in a dance, which, although not so violent or wonderful as those performed by the artistes at the Haymarket, was certainly as graceful. Her dress was of a rich material, and fitted tightly to her chest and waist, being very full and short below, displaying pink silk trousers, and a pair of beautifully small naked feet. Round her ankles and toes she wore silver rings with small bells, with which she beat time to the music. She had in her hands a

large white shawl, which she moved into different positions about her head and neck, sometimes totally concealing her face, and at others indulging the spectators with a glance from her brilliant eyes as she apparently upbraided Lord Ellenborough with the indifference with which he regarded her charms. Her hair was fastened with one knot behind her head ; the only jewels about her were long pendent drops from her ears and a gold ring three inches in diameter, and loaded with precious stones, through her nose. I could not understand a word of what she said, but it seemed to give great delight to the crowd of black attendants. While this was going on, the presents were brought in on shields, and laid at the feet of Lord Ellenborough ; they consisted of shawls and rich stuffs, finely chased powder flasks, swords, spears, and matchlocks. Horses and elephants were waiting outside the tent. Mutual compliments and expressions of regard were then exchanged, which were interpreted by the Secretary. Small packets of spices, folded up in leaves and fastened together by a clove, were then handed round ; we afterwards all dipped our fingers into a small silver cup of sandal oil. Lord Ellenborough then rose to retire ; the Rajah conducted him to his elephant and took his leave. The same ceremonies were repeated at the visit which was then paid to the Dutteah Rajah in the interior of the fort of Secundah, where, in addition to the Nautch, we were treated to an elephant fight. One of the beasts was chained by the foot to a tree, and both were disposed to settle all their disputes in

a peaceable manner, but when they were goaded into anything like anger, and the affair was becoming serious, they were separated and all bloodshed prevented by the explosion of fireworks in their faces. Although I wish very much to return home, I am sorry to say I see no prospect of it at present. Indeed the season is already too far advanced for our embarking this winter, and it is not impossible that the state of Lahore may detain us another year in this country.

Camp Futtehpore,  
February 11th, 1844.

We are now on our return to Allahabad, and have formed part of Lord Ellenborough's escort from Gwalior. Two or three officers of the Buffs have dined with him every day. I have had that honour on two occasions, and am very much delighted with him. I really believe that he knows more about India, its population and resources, than any man living, and he appears to take great trouble in obtaining correct information on every point connected with the vast empire over which he rules. At table he is very communicative, and talks well on most subjects. I heard him tell an officer of the Horse Artillery where the wood of which his gun-carriages are made was grown, and when it became fit for use. He has already done much, and if he remains here will do much more good for this country; but of course if the Whigs come into office at home, some Radical will be sent to supersede him, and everything will be undone that he has commenced. My last letter left me in

camp near Gwalior, where the whole army arrived early in January. I am not sure whether I gave you an account of my visit to the Fort of Gwalior, as when I wrote I had a very little time and a great deal to do. I rather think not, however, as at that time we all "thought of battles," and indeed could think of little else. Before leaving, however, I made an effort, and devoted a day to sight-seeing, and having got the use of elephants, set out with two brother officers to visit the city and fort, and the Lushkur, or the army of Gwalior. The new town is at some distance from the fort; it is a very large place and contains capital bazaars, and many fine buildings, among which is the palace now occupied by the Maharajah and his court. The gates were strictly guarded by Gwalior troops (lately our brave enemies, now our friends); the sentries would not allow us to enter, but I got a peep into a spacious court in which is the great hall of audience. This appeared to be a highly ornamented structure. Near the palace are five or six of the most magnificent Hindoo temples I have yet seen in India, not excepting those even at Benares. The finest was erected by the celebrated Dowlut Rao Scindia, who was one of the most extraordinary instances of elevation from the lowest to the highest position in his country, that India, where such changes of fortune are common, ever produced. From being a slipper-bearer he became the most powerful of the Mahratta chiefs, and was eventually recognized by, and formed treaties with the British government. The present young prince

is, I believe, his adopted grandson. Scindia's temple is loaded with minute ornaments, and although they have little pretension to architectural beauty, the general effect is very pleasing. The interior is painted with the gayest colours. In the court that incloses the temple we found 100 Brahmins seated in lines and devouring their dinners with such a noise and eagerness, that showed that their devotion was not confined to religious subjects. These lazy fellows were growing fat on the proceeds of an endowment left by the Rajah for the support of 100 learned Brahmins. We passed through several of the cantonments, or barracks, lately occupied by the Maharajah's troops. Each regiment had a separate cantonment, planted with trees, and surrounded by very neat buildings for their arms. In the front was the guard-house where the colours of the regiment were kept, and before which the four guns belonging to the regiment were placed. The regiments had distinguishing titles of honour, and one of those who fought against us at Punniar was called the Futteh Behardoar, or regiment of conquering heroes. All the troops were well and uniformly dressed in imitation of our soldiers, and some of their drums had the words "Waterloo" and "Pinsular" (for Peninsular) painted upon them. These names they had copied from us, probably thinking that they were great divinities. We proceeded through the city to the Poohl Baugh, a palace with a beautiful garden. Here the enlistment for the new contingent regiments was going on, and the open space in front



was filled with Gwalior soldiers who had taken service. Before the palace were ten fieldpieces, beautiful brass guns complete for immediate service ; the bullocks were feeding at a little distance. The principal chamber was decorated with mirrors, glass lamps, and a great number of pictures, principally portraits. I could not learn whether they were native performances, but they looked like old-fashioned English pictures, particularly some elderly ladies in caps. A broad flight of steps led down to the garden, in which were orange trees, fountains, etc. From the palace we went through the Jhinsee Camp, which was fortified with above 200 guns, and intended as the garrison of Gwalior. All the guns have been removed, and the whole is nearly deserted ; nothing, indeed, could have been more complete than the victory gained. It now appears that in spite of all their protestations they have been secretly preparing for this fight for many years, and I have no doubt that our reverses at Cabul gave them great confidence. They had the other day 320 guns all complete ; of these 80 were captured at the battles of the 29th, and 240 were afterwards delivered up to us. They placed their chief reliance upon their guns, and having posted them in commanding positions, made certain of victory, as they had no conception of soldiers storming batteries unassisted by artillery. Immediately under the fort, which we next visited, we found a large body of cavalry encamped. The horses were picketed in lines after our own fashion, and their spears stuck upright in the ground. In

the city, which is close by the fort, the old Gwalior, we found all the shops open and business apparently proceeding as usual. The fortress itself has a most imposing aspect. It stands upon the summit of a very lofty and perpendicular rock, and I should think must be impregnable. The rock is about a mile in length but very narrow, being in many places only a stone's throw across. The entrance is through a fine gate in the town, leading to an immense flight of steps excavated from the solid rock, and defended by several fine gates and a number of guns. I am very glad that the Gwalior people allowed us to take possession so quietly, as the loss of life, had they opposed us, must have been great. At the summit of the steps is the old palace of the Maharajah. The situation is truly magnificent, commanding a most extensive view, but although it is a very noble building, it cannot for a moment compete with the palace in the fort at Agra. There are besides the palace several fine tanks and the ruins of Hindoo temples, but the whole presents a scene of desolation reminding me of Futtehpoore Sikri. Our servants had preceded us with a substantial and, tired as we were with our day's work, most acceptable tiffin, after which we again mounted our elephants, who carried us safely down the steps and home to our camp. On our way home we passed the presents from his highness to Lord Ellenborough in return for those made by his lordship. They consisted of two elephants with silver howdahs and crimson and gold trappings; ten horses, made as fine as possible

with silver and gold harness, and wearing rings of gold on their legs; a very beautiful Cheeta or hunting leopard, and two antelopes with gilded horns. On the 22nd all the troops were reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by the young Maharajah and the Governor-General. The young prince, who rode between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, is a handsome boy, apparently about six years of age, and was most magnificently dressed in cloth of gold. He was covered with valuable jewels, and wore in his turban an ornament of diamonds of immense value. His horse was also splendidly decorated and was led by six grooms. Most of the Gwalior chiefs followed in the brilliant staff of the Governor-General. They were all magnificently dressed, but had their heads and faces smothered up in shawls, which gave them somewhat of a ruffianly appearance. After passing down the line the whole marched past and saluted, the Governor-General taking off his hat and the young Maharajah touching his turban to the colours of the different regiments. The day was fortunately not very hot, and the scene very magnificent. So large and so well appointed an army must have been a novel sight to the young Maharajah, and I trust an impressive one to the Gwalior Sirdars. On the following day we commenced our march, and the whole army left Gwalior on the 24th and 25th, excepting a small force which will remain until the contingent regiments are complete and the new government finally settled. Lord Ellenborough is in a great hurry to

reach Calcutta, and we have therefore marched rapidly to this place, halting once only for a day at a place called Senndah, where we forded the river Sunde to receive the visits of some of the independent rajahs of Bundelcund, who are now more than ever anxious to make their submission. We followed the direct road through Senndah to Koouch, where we joined our former track, from whence to Calpee, where we crossed the Jumna, and shall arrive at our old quarters on the 17th, when I intend to post this letter. My first campaign is now over, and a most eventful and interesting one it has been. I only regret that it has not lasted a month longer, as the weather is quite cool enough until the middle of March, and our present life is much preferable to the monotony of a life in cantonments. I was also very fortunate in seeing Agra, although, as you know, I had intended to prolong my journey to the famous city of Delhi, and had actually made every arrangement at Agra for that purpose, when the dreadful news from the Punjab arrived and with it a letter from the adjutant of the Buffs, telling me that we were ordered for immediate service. I was, much against my inclination, obliged to give up the City of the King of Clubs and return post haste. As it turned out I might have continued my trip and returned in ample time to march with the regiment from Allahabad on the 11th of November, but I could not foresee this delay, and I did not choose to risk the inconvenience and reprimand which would have followed had I been absent. I do not despair of

seeing Delhi before I die, but at present I see no possible way of getting up to the hills, as the Himalaya mountains are here called, (I suppose as London is called "the village"). I am sorry that young Willie Bencraft is so bent upon coming to India, which he will find the very antithesis of paradise. The life of a company's officer, unless he can get some staff employment, would be perfectly miserable to me. They have very little to do, what they have is disagreeable duty, and their principal object has always appeared to me to make that little less. This, independently of the horrid climate and the comfortable certainty that twenty of the best years of his life *must* be spent here before he has any claim for pension on his retirement (which pension is, after all, little more than the amount of sums that have been abstracted for that purpose from his monthly pay) is bad enough, but what pleasure or interest can any man, who has the feelings of an officer in him, take in commanding a lot of black fellows who are not worthy of the name of soldiers, and whom he knows will very likely desert him when he leads them against the enemy in the field. But the following amusing dialogue, in which my soldier servant was the principal speaker, will give you the best idea of the fighting qualities of the "Brave Sepoys." I must tell you that William is a raw Irish recruit, and most unlikely to fabricate a story of this kind. After we marched into camp late on the evening of the 29th, after the fight, William came into my tent and, leaning his musket against the door, said :

“Well, your honour, we are well out of this, the colonel’s safe, the adjutant’s safe, your honour’s safe—we are well out of this.” “Well, William, what did you see?” “Oh, your honour, I saw a whole heap of things I never thought of seeing.” “Well, and what did you see?” “Oh, I saw a black regiment firing in the air.” “Why, what were they firing at?” “Oh, the poor creatures did not know what they were firing at. And presently, your honour, a gentleman on horseback came and ordered them to charge their guns, but they did not charge; he then said ‘for the love of God charge those guns,’ but still they would not move. The gentleman then said, ‘Charge, you brutes!’ but a devil a bit would they move. The gentleman then rode away.” This gallant regiment was the 39th Native Infantry, who had twelve killed and many wounded in action, though not by the Mahrattas, but most unfortunately by the Queen’s 50th regiment, who were obliged to drive these heroes out of the way in order to capture the guns, which they did in gallant style. It is quite sickening to hear so much nonsense about the gallantry of “our brave Sepoys,” when it is well known that, but for the bull-dog courage of the four English regiments at Gwalior, our armies would have been beaten out of the field.

With regard to my future plans—I fear that there is no doubt of our remaining at Allahabad until next November, when we very probably may be ordered to join an army to conquer the Punjab—I have no doubt that the young Maharajah either

is, or will be, shortly murdered by Heera Sing, the present minister, who will then assume the throne himself, and which will be the signal for our interference. This event may be delayed for two years ; but if it occurs next year it will not be good policy to withdraw any European troops from India. If I could skip over the next six months, I should not dislike a campaign at Lahore.

I have had ample occasion to bring my surgery into play : I think I told you that we had in the Buffs seventy-two casualties ; of them seventeen men and two officers died. The others are all doing well. I amputated a leg, an arm, and two hands, the day after the action. The wounds were most horrible, being principally inflicted with six or nine-pound shot. Ten of our worst cases left Gwalior on the 25th to proceed with the bad cases from other regiments to embark on the Jumna for Allahabad, where Lord Ellenborough has a steamer waiting to convey them to Calcutta, and from whence they will proceed directly to England. Poor Dr. Macqueen, our surgeon, died at Gwalior from dysentery, brought on by fatigue and anxiety ; and a few days ago we lost another officer, a Captain Chatterton from the same cause ; since we marched from Allahabad we have lost four officers. You have heard about our going to be presented with bronze crosses made from the guns captured in action. We get plenty of credit, but no prize money.

Papamon, near Allahabad,

March 15th, 1844.

I received your joint letter of the 30th of December a few days after our arrival at Allahabad, and when we were still under the same grove of Mango trees in which we were encamped last year on the arrival of the regiment at the station. Our disappointment at not returning to England was, at the time, greater than yours could have been, but although it would have been a very great pleasure to me to see you all again this spring, I must say that I should have been sorry to have missed being present at the Gwalior affair. The order for our return had actually passed Council, and, as you know, I went to Agra, in order to see that place before leaving India, but now the worst of it is, that there is a great prospect of our going next cold weather to the Punjab, and if that is the case, there is no saying how long our stay may be protracted. The country can hardly be conquered in one winter, and will always require a strong European force to hold it. From the Punjab the direct road is down the Indus, and we may be probably kept a year in Sindh. After the active and eventful life we have led for the last four months, the quiet we at present enjoy is somewhat monotonous, and I have very few and unimportant circumstances to relate to you. A few days after our arrival, the station gave us a grand dinner, and on the 11th we gave the return feed to all the Station, civil and military. Colonel Clunie pro-



posed their health, and after a little more speechifying, songs and glees were introduced, and the festivities, as the papers say, were protracted till a late hour of the morning. I think our entertainment went off as well as most public dinners, which are always disagreeable, especially in a hot climate. On the 6th of this month the regiment moved into barracks in the fort, and I accompanied a detachment to this place, where there are barracks for 120 men, and a very good bungalow for three officers. It is on the banks of the Ganges, about five miles above Allahabad Fort. I have a capital set of rooms, and I hope they will prove as cool and comfortable as they promise, during the hot winds. The heat is commencing rather early this year, and the temperature has been already  $94^{\circ}$  in my tent in the camp. I am, however, making preparations, and I have in my present bungalow an advantage that the quarters in the fort did not possess, viz., they front to the west, which will enable me to use the hot winds in cooling my rooms artificially with tatties.

I conclude that several days before this date you would receive my long letter from Gwalior, giving you an account of our gallant deeds at Punniar, and I suppose the newspapers have been filled with dispatches, letters from "eye-witnesses," etc. etc. We all look forward with great curiosity to the April mails from England, which we shall receive about the 20th of June. The people in England will by that time have had a month's "jaw," and I expect much amusement in reading the opinions of

the fearful citizens of London on Lord Ellenborough's policy, and on the two bloody victories by which it was so decisively concluded. It is rather good that in none of the papers is any mention made of Gwalior, while all parties seem to think that a war in the Punjab is inevitable and that the vast preparations made last autumn were destined for Lahore. The news of the battle will take you quite by surprise, and whatever the Radicals may preach, everybody must allow that, as far as the Governor-General is concerned, the whole campaign was managed and succeeded remarkably well. The two armies assembled at two points on the Gwalior frontier, and when it was evident that all attempts at conciliation were useless, and were only entertained by the Mahrattas Government for the purpose of gaining time, and that, in fact, they were determined to fight us, both armies crossed the rivers Chumbul and Sindh at points equidistant from the capital, on the 24th of December; both engaged and routed the enemy's force on the 29th, and met at Gwalior a few days afterwards. Thus in a little more than a week the fort and whole country fell into our hands, the best appointed army in India was completely annihilated or disorganized—300 beautiful brass cannons, which they had been collecting for thirty years, remain as substantial trophies of the fight, and I cannot venture to say how many lacs of rupees in hard cash were part of the spoil. The army broke up on the 23rd of January, and in one month and four days everything was definitely

settled, and we had recrossed the frontier into our own territory. But what ought to please John Bull even more than the honour and the glory, is, that he will not be required to put his hand into his pocket, for the whole affair will not cost him one farthing. The good people of Gwalior pay for all the expenses of the war, and will be made to remunerate their own cultivators for the unavoidable damage done during the advance of our armies through their country. In addition to this Lord Ellenborough has ordered six months' batta as prize money to be given to all officers and men engaged, which will make me £74 richer than I was before. I think I mentioned that Lord Ellenborough had ordered the severely wounded men in both actions to be sent home to England. Ten of the Buffs were sent with others from other regiments. They left Gwalior for the river Jumna, where boats awaited them, and the fleet arrived here three days after us. I was happy to find that all our wounded, including my amputations, were doing remarkably well. The death of a poor man who was shot through the shoulder by a cannon ball, and who was unable to leave Gwalior, has just been reported to the regiment. He makes the twentieth killed at Punnier in the Buffs. Many of the wounded are now quite well, but many others will, I fear, never be fit for service again.

Papamon, April 19th, 1844.

It is very uncertain yet what policy will be pursued with regard to the Punjab next winter; but whatever the actual intentions of the government may be, I have little doubt that a large army will assemble somewhere in the north-west provinces; another "Army of Exercise" in fact, which will be ready to assume the offensive and cross the Indus if necessary, and which will make a demonstration of the force by which, *and by which alone*, we retain possession of India, and will also be of great use in accustoming the troops to act together in large masses of artillery, cavalry and infantry, without which an army, however well each regiment of which it is composed is drilled in its own parade ground, is comparatively inefficient in the presence of an enemy in the field. This is a plan recommended by the Duke of Wellington, and was really at first the professed plan of the army at Gwalior, and we were only undeceived by crossing the frontier. If the army assembles with any serious intention of taking Lahore, I think we shall be retained in India, as the government would hardly like to send us down the country, when the upper provinces will have been almost stripped of troops to form the army. Very probably, in the event of a war, we may be sent to Agra, which is near the rebellious state of Gwalior. I hardly think that the Buffs will go to Lahore, as the distance alone is so great. It would take us two months and a half to arrive there. If there is to be no fighting at the

Punjab, we shall go home, especially as the 80th Regiment are on their way to relieve us from New South Wales. I believe yesterday two years we weighed anchor in the Royal Consort, and commenced our long voyage. How much I have seen since that day, and how short a time it seems! In E.'s letter, there are many questions about our marching, etc., etc., which I think she will find fully answered in my last letters. However, I will just endeavour to explain to her uninitiated mind, how an army marches and encamps in an enemy's country. There is always a strong advance guard, consisting of two or more infantry regiments, with artillery and cavalry, and sappers and miners. This precedes the main body by a mile or more, and is under the command of an experienced officer. Then comes the main body of artillery, cavalry and infantry all arranged in brigades of three regiments each. After this comes the baggage, which in India occupies an extent of country quite incredible (ten or fifteen miles with *our* wing of the army of Gwalior), depending, of course, on the roads and obstructions to the bullock hackories. And last of all is a strong rear guard, generally composed of the three branches, as the advanced guard. This unfortunate rear guard is frequently out from daybreak till 12 p.m. the following night, as anything left behind *it* is pretty certain to fall into the enemy's hands. The order of the march is published every afternoon for the following day, and every commanding officer knows the place of his regiment. An hour before daybreak, a bugle

sounds from the brigade-major's tent, which is passed through the whole camp by the bugles of the different regiments. This is the signal to get up. The tents are then all struck, and with the baggage all packed ready for moving. At day-break the same bugle sounds *the assembly*, which is passed in the same way through the camp, and is the signal for all regiments to form, and to take their places on the line of march. This takes a long time, and we found it very cold work standing in our places at daybreak until the whole line was completely formed. When this is the case, "the advance" sounds from the front of the advanced guard, and is passed down the line and the march commences. We generally halted for about five or ten minutes every hour, to enable the stragglers to get up to their respective regiments, and to preserve the regularity and perfect order of the movement. When any danger of an enemy was suspected, troops of cavalry were detached on either flank of the line of march, and a whole infantry regiment was occasionally left to defend and watch a road leading to a pass where it was known that the enemy were in force. The marches were from twelve to seventeen miles in length over bad and rough roads, causing great delay to the guns and ammunition waggons, so that the rate was never more than two and a half miles per hour, with frequent stoppages besides, and we did not arrive at the new encamping ground until twelve or one o'clock. Here we found nothing prepared for us. The quartermaster marked out the camp in the

open country, generally in cultivated fields, and there we had to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. I always had four servants with me, or close behind the regiment, who carried a change of clothes, some bread and cold meat, a teapot, plate, chair, etc., etc., and for a shady tree, and everything else, trusted to Providence. All my other servants remain with my tent and other baggage, and perhaps did not make their appearance until night. I am secretary to the Buff's book club, and we have plenty of money in hand. I ordered the whole of "Punch" the other day, and think it very amusing. The best pictures by far are by my old schoolfellow, Leech. We have also "Dickens' American Notes," with which I am disappointed; but it is not intended to be a novel. His best hits at the Yankees are in "Martin Chuzzlewit," which is excellent. Can you recommend any other work for general perusal? I hear the mail is in, so I shall not close my letter till to-morrow.

20th. Your letter of February 28th has just arrived, and has happily confirmed all I could have wished. Why do you not write *via* Marseilles? The expense is trifling, and by so doing this month you might have told me what you think of our fights. I shall answer your letters in due time; I have only to add that I am still on detachment duty at this place. The bungalow in which the officers live (Major Eaton, a Lieutenant Douglas and myself) is good, and as it faces the west, we are enabled to keep down the temperature by artificial means, as low almost as we like. As long as the

hot wind blows, and the hotter the better, we are cold (!!!) but at night, when the breeze drops, the heat is most distressing. I remain quite well, but a mere shadow of my former self, and have to-day only three men in hospital. The temperature is now  $98^{\circ}$  in the shade, and on my table  $78^{\circ}$ . Tell Mrs. B. that the "seeds of improvement sown among the Hindoos" are like those in the parable that fell upon the highway. They will never ripen. Christianity is making no progress. Love to all.

Papamon, May 6th, 1844.

I have only just received intelligence that this month's overland mail is appointed to leave Bombay much earlier than usual, and that all our letters from this place must be posted this day. I have barely time, therefore, to send this short note to inform you of my continued preservation in this hot temperature, and that I am looking forward with peculiar interest to the arrival of the next letters from England which will give an account of the affairs at Gwalior last winter. I feel sure also, from your last letters, that the Doctor's health is now completely re-established, and hope that he will not again endanger it in any way. I am sorry that I cannot yet give you any more information concerning our return. There are numerous reports about large armies being assembled at Ferozepore and other places, towards the north-west, but it is impossible to learn any *correct* information, as to what will really take place next winter, even if the government have themselves decided upon their



own plans. I think it highly probable that some large assemblages of troops will take place—for display, if for nothing else. But nothing farther has transpired regarding the part that the Buffs will take in these armies, and I very much doubt whether the government will send us so far up the country. In the meantime we have all received our donation of six months' batta. In the last novel that Sir W. Scott ever wrote, called the "Surgeon's Daughter," there is a capital account of an Indian procession, which reminded me much of the one I saw at Secundah, and attempted to describe in Aunt Bencroft's note. It is worth your while to look at it. Such things are now becoming more and more rare in India, and as the British take possession of fresh territory year after year, will, in a short time, be quite unknown. I have no news of any kind to tell you. You complain of the monotony of your life—what is it to mine? Shut up in a house from 7 a.m. till after sunset, and that, unless the wind blows from a particular quarter, at 90°, as it is at this moment. I still continue at Papamon doing duty with a small detachment of the regiment, and do not very often see anyone except my two fellow prisoners here. The only domestic occurrence I have to tell you is the fact that I have increased—don't be alarmed—my establishment. I think I once told you how much we felt the want of society here, and I have long thought seriously of making the addition, and you would, I feel sure, be delighted could you see the object of my choice—a buggy and horse—a necessary luxury in this country during

the hot weather, particularly to one living, as I am, at some five miles from the regiment. Buggy dark chocolate, horse white, with covered black harness.

Tell Eliza that my "only fault" has really become a "positive sin," that I now smoke a Hookah with a snake at least 6 yards long, in addition to multitudes of cheroots—smaller abominations; I have never found any injurious effect from the nasty habit, and as it rather deadens the appetite, it prevents any repletion from over eating. My drinking is quite homœopathic. I fear you will be sadly disappointed with my few sketches.

Allahabad, June 6th, 1844.

I looked forward with much interest to the receipt of your last letters, and when they arrived, at the end of the month, I was not disappointed. I flattered myself that until you received my letters from Gwalior, you would be in some anxiety concerning my safety; but I also knew that when you did hear from me all your fears would be at an end, and that you would congratulate yourselves at your son's being present at so decisive and important a victory. A very small proportion of the present army have ever been actively engaged in the field, and while many officers of twenty and thirty years' standing have never seen a single angry shot fired, I have been fortunate enough, after only eighteen months' service, to witness the operations of a campaign—short, though glorious—and to be present at an engagement that reflects credit on the whole army, and on the "Old Buffs" in particular. I am

now breaking through a rule that I made, never to mention the subject again—we hear so much of it—but as E. says that you cannot understand the published plans of the action, and as it is the only one I shall probably ever have an opportunity of talking about, I have sent you a small plan, taken from a sketch made on the spot two days after the battle, and which I believe to be correct. The best account of the fight is contained in the number of the “Naval and Military Gazette” for the 16th of march, in a letter from Captain Reid, the Quartermaster of the left wing of the army, to Colonel Garden, the Quartermaster-General, and head of the department. If you read this with my plan before you, I think you cannot fail to understand this complicated business. The distance from the Fort of Humutghen, at the bottom, to the camp is four miles—this will give you an idea of the size. You will remember that we arrived in camp, near Punnar, at two p.m. It appears the enemy, whom we had seen the day before in position at the entrance to the Autner Pass, learning our intentions by their spies, moved also at the same time, and arrived by the roads marked in the plan about an hour afterwards. They were too late to oppose our march through the Pass of Humutghen, which, no doubt, was their intention, but they immediately took up a position about three miles in length, on a range of heights which completely commands the whole valley. The road running through it was now crowded with all the ammunition, stores, and baggage of the army, and the rear guard, which

follows everything, was arrived at the entrance to the pass. Upon these and the baggage guard, the enemy then opened a heavy fire at about 3.30 p.m. On hearing the noise of the guns I went with Stevenson to a small ruined temple on a hill, between the camp and Punniar, and from whence I got a good view of all that took place in the valley. I distinctly saw the guns blazing away from five different points. Colonel Harriott's cavalry brigade passed me, and I saw it charge down the valley and attempt to carry one of the enemies' batteries. The ground, however, was intersected by the beds of streams, which, though dry, were too deep for them to cross. They therefore galloped down the road and joined the rear guard at Humutghen. The Buffs now were under arms, and I had just time to get back to the camp and follow them in the dotted red line in the plan. The instant the head of the column appeared on the top of the first hill, the strong battery at *a* opened upon us, and as we descended the hill and marched down the valley, one of five guns at *b* also favoured us. Fortunately the ground was very unlevel, and we were moving rapidly, or our loss from this cross fire must have been dreadful; as it was, the five guns at *b* did great execution. The carrying that hill (*b*) was the hardest bit of fighting during the day. Captain Stewart was killed, and two other officers very severely wounded. The loss in men was proportionally severe. There was a short, though sharp contest, in a ravine at the bottom of the valley, between this hill and Mangore, which was

carried most gallantly at the bayonet's point. When we were in the fort, the guns at *a* were turned against it, and I expected every moment that the walls would come down upon us. By this time, however, our own artillery had got into action, and from positions at *c*, and *d*, and *h* opened upon *a* and *c*, the former of which they silenced. The Buffs took another battery at *e*, and two guns at *f*, and finally drove the enemy off the field, partly over the height on which we planted the colours, and partly along the road leading to Autner. When we made our last stand at *g*, we were spectators of the conflict going on below us at Meheswara, and had the satisfaction of seeing the 50th regiment charge a battery in front of that place, and drive the last remnant of the Mahratta force along the road, marked as leading to Autner. We gave them a parting volley, and thus ended the day's work. I hope I have succeeded in rendering the account more intelligible. With regard to the future, it seems pretty certain that the regiment will return next winter, and that I shall therefore be with you certainly by May or June next. I have little left to say about myself. I continue to exist, for I can hardly say, vegetate, as well as can be expected in a temperature that has not been below 90° for six weeks—except for a few hours after a wind storm. I remain on detachment duty at Papamon, where I am heartily tired. The weather is so hot, that in order to visit my friends at all, I must set out at sunrise and spend the whole day with them, which is sometimes very tiresome. We

have had a great prevalence of easterly winds, which are disagreeable because they are already moist, and will not cool the house by blowing through a wet lattice, and are generally considered unhealthy. The regiment has not, however, suffered from any severe epidemic. About a month ago there was a little fever, and about 150 in hospital, but no very severe cases. We have had fourteen deaths, principally from drink! When the Gwalior prize money was distributed, every private soldier was in possession of £4 8s., and an unprecedented scene of dissipation occurred, and numerous cases of apoplexy and delirium tremens followed. The sergeants of the regiment gave to the officers a grand ball, which was a very gay affair, and went off exceedingly well. The ladies of the regiment, *i.e.*, the sergeants' ladies, were alone admitted. Dancing was kept up with great spirit till late the following morning.

Papamon, near Allahabad.  
July 5th.

Another month has passed since my last letter, and I again take up my pen to fulfil my monthly duty of writing to you. Although the time seems so short, and so completely destitute of events, that I have the same apprehension of not being able to fill my letters as I had before.

Everybody says that we are to return, and the best news I can give you on that much desired event is that, while men are coming out from England to all the other Indian regiments, none are

ordered to join the Buffs. Indeed, I think I may safely say that, unless any revolt or unexpected accident should occur, there is no doubt of our return next winter. No positive order can be expected until the arrival of the new Governor-General, but we probably shall leave Allahabad in October, and embark for England in January. Until then, I only hope that the time may pass as rapidly as it has done lately. The great news of the month is, of course, the recall of Lord Ellenborough, which, I believe, was quite unexpected in India generally, although, perhaps, the Lord Sahib himself may have had some previous suspicion of the impending storm. The event is, I feel sure, regretted by all except by some of the over-paid and lazy civilians—shopkeepers at home, who give themselves the airs of little princes here—who do not particularly relish the active and business-like way in which the Governor-General conducts his own department and inquires into *their* ill-conducted offices. It is supposed by many here, that there must be something behind the curtain, with which the public are not yet acquainted—some dreadful mistake that he has committed, otherwise it can hardly be believed that the directors, who, I believe, all hold similar opinions to his lordship, would take so bold and injudicious a step for mere personal considerations; yet nothing has transpired *here* of the cogent reasons for his recall, except the want of courtesy to his council, of whom he professed himself to be quite independent, and his habitual contempt for the Leadenhall Street merchants. I

think the court of directors will find it difficult to appoint a successor so well acquainted with India as the last Governor-General is allowed by all to be, and nothing can be worse than the constant change of rulers. Two years are at least necessary to become acquainted with the resources and customs of India, and with the complicated politics of its numerous independent and protected states, and yet no sooner has one Governor-General qualified himself by this knowledge to govern, than he is displaced, at the whim of a set of money-making directors, whom we hear very little of here, by another who comes out necessarily ignorant, and who has the *abc* to go through. I have a very high opinion of Lord Ellenborough; he was fast losing all that foolish pride which dictated the famous *Sinde* proclamation, and was sobered down into a capital Governor-General, who took the trouble to find out things for himself, and not to depend upon the reports of others. As the newspapers say—all his views have turned out to be just, and all he has done has been successful. Sir H. Hardinge is supposed *here* to be his successor, and is expected by the next overland steamer. The change will make no difference in our destination.

We are heartily sick of Allahabad, at the same time one of the prettiest and dullest places in India. The *little* society here is made still smaller by a canting church set, who, like some people at home, think themselves (at least I *hope* they do) and endeavour to make others believe that all amusements are abomination in the sight of the



Lord. We gave a grand ball to the whole station on the 1st, and would you believe it, the Sunday after our invitations went out, we had a furious tirade against balls and ballrooms, from the pulpit ! Followed by another against novel reading. Notwithstanding the parson's maledictions, our ball went off *à merveille*. The music (one band), the supper, etc., etc., etc., all called forth the warmest approbation. The party separated at daybreak, and I drove home at six o'clock. I need hardly tell you *after this* that I am in good health. Indeed, I got over the hot and dreary months of April, May and June much better than last year, although our house has been excessively hot, varying from 94° to 98°, and the hot westerly winds have not been regular and favourable for cooling the rooms. This I attribute in a great measure to the fact, that I have *thought* less about the heat and my health than last year. You know I never commit any excess in eating or drinking, and although I would not advise anyone actually to walk out in the sun's rays, still I think the less one thinks about the heat and the more exercise one takes the better. At all events, by so doing, I have been remarkably well. The regiment has also been very healthy, we have had as yet no epidemic cholera or fever. The usual period for the former visitation has passed by—but we must expect some intermittents when the sun acts upon the earth, now completely saturated with moisture. The rains regularly set in with several severe thunder storms and perfect torrents of rain on the 1st. Since when, it has fallen with only

a few hours' interruption. The country which, during the whole of the hot weather has been perfectly barren and without a trace of vegetation, except the languishing foliage of the trees, is now becoming green, and with the first sun will be perfectly changed. By the way, the Doctor must have a very erroneous idea of an Indian summer when he recommends botany. My only botanical study has been how to procure the daily bundle of miserable grass for my horses. This I have pursued with a good deal of trouble and some expense, having to send my grass-cutters several miles daily ! I should very much like to see something more of India, particularly the mountainous parts—as the Doctor recommends—before I return, but at present I see no prospect of my being able to do so. I have no chance of getting leave, as there is no one to take my place here, and my being able to return by the overland route will depend very much how many ships will be engaged, and consequently how many men will volunteer for other regiments in this country. But I shall endeavour to return through Egypt if possible, as by so doing, I shall see some more of the world, and shall arrive at home a month or six weeks before the regiment, and can obtain leave until it arrives. "Thank God," we both of us exclaim, "I have got through the sheet respectably." Not that I consider it any task, but on the contrary, a pleasure to write to you, but I fear that I have so little to "set down," that the *reading* must be a worse labour than the writing. This bi-monthly communication (which I hope will

never be accomplished in my time) will be really a severe tax upon the invention—mine never was very fruitful, and the idea of the possibility of the thing, already throws me into the “cold stage.” Each paroxysm will last a fortnight, so I shall be in a continual fever.

Papamon, August 15th, 1844.

Your letters dispatched from London by the June Mail arrived here on the 20th of July, and I am now daily expecting to receive the next packet, which left London on the 1st of July. This is certainly a very rapid communication between the two opposite sides of the world, but the facility would be much increased by lessening the time occupied by the voyage from Suez to Bombay by better and more powerful steamers. Those now employed on that station are very inferior, and it is very provoking to be obliged to send my letter to-day, in order to be in time for the mail-boat which sails from Bombay on the 29th, when in three days more I shall probably receive yours. I see by my post-book that this time last year, the July letter arrived at Allahabad on the 17th, so that if the passage from Suez could be made two days sooner, the great advantage of being enabled to answer letters of a month's later date would be accomplished. At present the disadvantage of not being able to do so is felt over a great part of India. I think I may safely say that every week now renders the return of the Buffs more certain. The commanding officer has just received an official, stating that *the Duke*

has given the order for our return, as soon as the 80th regiment arrives in Calcutta from New South Wales. This is certainly expected in October, and then, unless any new outbreak takes place, there can be nothing to prevent our embarkation for England. If we are wanted, however, as for instance, if a campaign is agreed upon into the Punjab, the Governor-General has power to prevent our leaving the country and to detain us, or any regiment, as long as he thinks advisable. Upon the whole, I think there is little doubt of our return. We shall probably embark from Calcutta in the beginning of January and arrive in England at the end of April. We have heard very little as yet of the new Governor, except that, as will be always the case, everybody likes him very much. I suspect that the people here are much like the frogs, and never will be satisfied with their king. It is highly probable that Sir H. Hardidge will follow pretty exactly in the footsteps of his noble brother-in-law, and that with the exception that perhaps the present Governor may not treat some of the gentlemen so cavalierly as his predecessor, things will go on much the same. The same roads and other improvements commenced by Lord E., and the same wars and conquests, when they become necessary, will be carried on and undertaken as under his lordship's dominion. Very unlike the last year's rainy season, we have now had nearly a month's uninterrupted and heavy rain. Every spot of ground is now beautifully green; the river Ganges, about half a mile from the house, is now, from the easterly wind, a mighty and troubled

sea, and really for India, our house and grounds are very pretty. I am, however, quite tired of living here so far from the regimental mess and all my brother officers. Dr. Stevenson has, I am very sorry to say, been disappointed in not getting the object of his wishes, the Surgeoncy of the Buffs. He has gone to England on leave, and I have given him a letter to you. He has spent ten years in India, and will satisfy your curiosity on every point. Until about a fortnight ago the regiment had been very healthy, and the deaths few. Lately, however, some bad cholera made its appearance, and several have fallen victims to this dreadful disease. Luckily, at this place, I have only had two cases, both of which recovered, which I attribute to my being on the spot and seeing the men a few hours after the first seizure. Each case had three twenty-grain doses of calomel, with two grains of opium at each dose of calomel, and a very small quantity of hot brandy and water. Warmth was sustained by hot bricks applied to the feet, hands, and various parts. I expect a good deal of bad remittent fever as soon as the rains subside and the sun acts upon the wet land. We are also, very injudiciously according to some people, surrounded by crops of Indian corn, etc., and European soldiers in this country never can be taught prudence; they will drink, get wet, and expose themselves to the sun in spite of all warning, and notwithstanding that they see their comrades dropping off daily before their eyes. Lord E., a few days before he left Calcutta, sent to Colonel Clunie, with a very handsome letter, one of the

“stars” given for the late battles at Gwalior. It consists of an outer star of six points of bronze (from the cannons) and a smaller silver one within, with a suitable inscription. The whole thing is very neat, and will be an ornament (if we are allowed to wear them) to our red coats. So much for glory!

Papamon, near Allahabad.

September 16th, 1844.

I had expected and hoped that I should have been able to give you in this letter some positive information about our return to England, but still regret that I am unable to do so. Nothing more has transpired during the past month on that very interesting subject, and the question remains in the same uncertainty as when I wrote last. We are, however, most anxiously expecting to receive some order, either to volunteer, or to prepare to move, and nothing has happened since my last to make my return less likely; but until we are well on board ship, and have cleared the land heads at the entrance of the Hooghly, I shall not consider myself safe. Our return, I believe, depends entirely upon the political state of India, and particularly of the Punjab, the recent accounts from which are not so satisfactory as I could wish. The chiefs, Goolab and Hiera Sing, continue at variance, although not in actual warfare, and large bodies of the Sikhs have several times been on the point of crossing the river Sutlej and entering our territory, an act which would, I doubt not, bring on hostilities between the two countries, to cease only with the

entire subjugation of the Punjab. Every one seems to say that the country must in a few years fall into the power of the British. The Commander-in-Chief in England has really no authority over the Queen's troops in India, whose movements are entirely directed by the Governor-General in Council, and therefore, although the Duke of Wellington may order the return of the Buffs, as they have more than completed their time of foreign service, such order is merely provisional, in case the services of the regiment are no longer required. I am happy to say that the worst and most uncomfortable part of the season has now passed, and although the months of May and June, and part of July were tropically hot, the rains which followed them were severe, and the temperature in the house and shade has been very bearable from that period. The rains themselves are now almost over, and as we must still expect much sun and heat, I fear there will be a good deal of fever and sickness. Indeed, the months of September and October are generally the most unhealthy of the year, which is ascribed to the rapid evaporation from the wet lands, and the quantity of vegetable matter which is lying exposed and decomposing in the sun's rays. During the last month or six weeks, the rapidity of the growth of all vegetation has been inconceivable. When we first arrived here, and until the middle of July, the whole place was barren, and hardly a blade of grass was to be seen—now we are knee and even middle deep in rank and thick jungle! We have lately had a visitation

from the cholera morbus, which was rather severe and fatal while it lasted. I hope it is now over, as for the last three days there have been no admissions, and the last few cases were more manageable. From what I have seen I regret that I cannot say that I am any wiser than before on the subject. All appear to be equally liable to the attacks of this dreadful disease, and unfortunately all the remedies at present used are very uncertain, and too often quite inert. I shall be very glad to get out of the country and the reach of such uncomfortable neighbours. As yet, thank God, I have got on very well, and have not had a day's sickness this summer, but feel weak and out of sorts. I have been a good deal disturbed at night lately from these cholera cases, but hope now to recruit again. Major E. left England at the same time with myself in the 29th regiment, part of which was on board the steamer from London Bridge, and has since tired of India and exchanged into the Buffs in order to return to England. Dr. Skey's recommendation about bathing is very good, and one that I have put in practice since my arrival. I generally use cold water, which I think more refreshing than tepid. I have a number of jars, made of very porous clay—these are filled every night, and by the next morning so much evaporation has gone on, that a considerable diminution of temperature has taken place, and the water, although *far from cold*, feels cooler than the surrounding air. This mode of bathing—I mean by throwing the contents over my head—is not in



the least weakening, and may be indulged in twice or thrice a day. You will see by the papers that Her Majesty has most graciously accorded her permission to the Buffs to have the word "Punniar" inscribed on the colours and appointments of the regiment, and also to wear the "star" (of which I send you a sketch). The dark part is bronze, from the cannon taken in the battle, and the centre silver. It is altogether very heavy. As this is granted at the suggestion of *the Duke*, of course it must be considered an honour. The riband attached to it is shaded red, yellow, and blue.

Allahabad, October 16th, 1844.

This will be a short letter, but I trust an interesting one. It is, at all events, the last you will receive from Allahabad, as to-morrow morning after breakfast we embark for Calcutta.

A day or two after I posted my last letter, the long and anxiously expected order arrived to prepare for embarkation. Since then we have had dinners, balls, and fêtes given to the "Old Buffs," and to-morrow morning the General commanding the station gives us a champagne breakfast at the hotel on the banks of the Jumna, under which our large fleet is moored, immediately after which we are to move off in succession. The station have shown us much civility, and we have, of course, returned it as well as we could: so that we have had a round of gaieties, with which I am now well-nigh finished up, and shall really be glad to get out of it, or I shall be killed with kindness. While

the nights have been thus devoted to feasting and dancing, the days have been completely occupied with making preparations for our departure. The regiment was allowed to volunteer into any other regiment in Bengal. I am on the board, and have now been sitting seven days to examine all the applicants. A bounty of £3 3s. is given, and it was expected that a considerable number would be induced to leave this regiment and prolong their service in India. During the volunteering the canteen has been open the whole day and no parades have taken place, but notwithstanding this indulgence, and the facilities afforded for getting drunk, only about 300 men have volunteered, so that we shall take down above 500 men and shall have an immense fleet. I have had also my boat to fit up and to sell my horses, etc., which I have done at last, although with some loss, as at the present moment, owing to our departure, the market is overstocked. I am going in a boat with Gordon, and expect to be as comfortable as the circumstances will allow. I believe we shall be about six or eight weeks before we reach Calcutta, probably the latter, as we shall have a fleet of nearly ninety boats, and and delays in this sort of travelling are unavoidable. Although it will be many months before I can hope to see you, still this is making a start for home, which is a grand point gained. We hope to embark at Calcutta about the middle of January, and to arrive in England in May.

On the River Ganges, near Rajemal.  
November 8th, 1844.

You will see by the date of this letter that we have made considerable progress down the river, but except *that* very gratifying piece of intelligence, and the fact that every day is bringing us nearer to you, although farther from home, I have no particular news to communicate. As I do not know yet when I shall be able to dispatch this, in order to reach Calcutta in time for the overland, I have commenced now, that I may have *something* written, ready to send off as opportunity offers. We fully expected to be able to pass through the river Bhan-gerretty connecting the "Great River" near Rajemal, and the Hooghly near Moorshedabad, in which case my overland would have been posted at Berhampore, but we have just learnt that the Bhan-gerretty is not open this season, and that we shall consequently be obliged to descend the Jellingee, another connecting stream which enters the Hooghly much nearer Calcutta. This will cause some delay, but is better than going round by the Sunderbunds, which the steamers and all large boats are now obliged to do. Seldom more than one of the connecting rivers remain navigable after the rains, and until the time arrives, it is impossible to predict which will contain the deepest water. I received your last letters, dated September, at Ghazepore, on the 24th of last month. The mail arrived at Allahabad on the 20th, and the letters were sent after us, and overtook the regiment at

that place. I can explain the non-arrival of my letters. The steamer in which it left Bombay was driven back by the westerly gales, as you are now probably aware, and, of course, all the letters delayed a month. These accidents would not occur were the government to place on the line from Bombay to Suez good and powerful steamers, by which also a great saving of time would occur to nearly half India. I will now give you a short account of our movements since my last. I mentioned that our festivities were to conclude by a grand public breakfast, given to us by the general commanding. This came off with great *éclat* on the morning of the 16th. All the commanding officers of the regiments stationed at Allahabad, the principal civilians, and the heads of departments, were invited to meet the "gallant Buffs." A few speeches were made, and a few toasts and more bottles of champagne were drunk, after which we got into our boat, and at midday "the advance" sounded, and away we went down the stream, colours flying, the band playing, and the guns of the fort thundering forth a farewell salute as the regiment passed under its walls. As you may suppose, we were all in high spirits, to which the excitement of the scene (and perhaps the old General's champagne, which was excellent,) added not a little. On the 20th the fleet halted for two hours at Chunar, and I took advantage of this time to visit this celebrated fortress, which is situated on the summit of a remarkable rock, projecting into the river. The river face is very picturesque and presents a suc-

cession of towers, bastions and curtain walls. In the interior is a strong building, erected by Warren Hastings, and used as a state prison. It is now occupied by six of the Gwalior sirdars, who, I think, stand a good chance of ending their days there. One of them lately died in this prison. On the 21st we arrived at Benares, and remained one afternoon. I had not time to revisit the curiosities of this place, but in the evening was fortunate in witnessing the celebration of the Ramdela, a famous Hindoo festival. It owes its origin to the following legend. Sita, a young lady, is betrothed to Rama, but before the marriage, is forcibly carried off to Ceylon by Ravana, a hideous giant. The lover *en desespoir*, flies at the rate of 500 miles per minute, taking with him Humaion, his Field-Marshal, and an army of monkeys. He attacks the giant in his castle, rescues the young lady, and finally is rewarded with the hand of the object of his wishes. This ridiculous story is now represented like a Christmas pantomime, and whatever may have been the case formerly, has lost all claim to being a religious solemnity. The whole wound up by a miserable display of fireworks, during which the giant and his two attendants, fifty feet high, were blown up by a kind of gunpowder plot, amidst the shouts of the delighted spectators. We reached Ghazepore on the 24th, Dinapore, where we halted one day and were most hospitably fêted by the 62nd regiment, on the 30th, and arrived at Monghyr on the 5th. Here we received an invitation from the collector of the district to dine at his house.

And, I believe, all the officers, excepting three or four, accepted his very kind invitation. All the station, consisting of four !!! were invited to meet us, and I should think we must have taken our friend a little by surprise, as his party, usually consisting of five or six, was now augmented to nearly thirty. However, his wines were excellent, although the solid portion of his entertainment *did* fall a little short, and we all thanked him most cordially for his *real* hospitality. The following day we passed the fakir's rock, and were visited by the old gentleman in his dingy, who, I believe, visited and levied contributions from all the boats in the fleet. With regard to our future movements, we hope to arrive in Calcutta in about three weeks, and we hear that we are to garrison in Fort William until the arrival either of the 80th regiment from New South Wales, or of the 40th, who, when we left Allahabad, were marching down from Meerut to Cawnpore, there to embark for Calcutta. I do not expect that we shall finally get out of India until the beginning of January, and may probably be expected in England in the beginning of May, unless, indeed, war has been declared between England and our quarrelsome neighbours, in which case, the probabilities are that we shall be taken by some French frigate, and shall be detained prisoners in Verdun for the term of our natural lives. I hope, however, that this is an extreme case. I do not know whether I mentioned in my last that we had a severe attack of cholera during the last month of our stay at Allahabad, by which we lost thirty men. And singular

to relate, we have had now, in the same spot on the river where the Lancers suffered so much two years ago, three severe cases, of which two proved fatal. We are passing so rapidly through the country now that we shall soon leave the infected district (if there is any truth in the doctrine of infected places). In other respects the regiment is healthy. I am in a large country boat shaped very much like a coal barge, which I decked over with bamboos, and erected a grass cottage, with a framework of that most useful plant, with room and windows. The whole is lined with a very clean white and strong grass, or rather straw. On the bamboo-flooring we have thick carpets, and altogether are very comfortable. Dr. Gordon is my chum. We have also a cooking-boat to forage for our daily supplies of milk, eggs, etc., etc., and to dress our dinners. There were no budgerows to be obtained, so that we were forced to be content with this boat; but I think it, after all, nearly as convenient and not so expensive as the other description.

Calcutta, December 20th, 1844.

I have great pleasure in being able, at last, to announce to you that our correspondence across the globe has ceased, and that in all probability this is the last letter you will receive from India! On our arrival here, we found that the Governor-General was disposed to let us depart sooner than we had expected, before the arrival of the 40th regiment from the Upper Provinces, who, as I mentioned in my last letter, were to relieve the Buffs in Fort

William. The government have accepted the tenders for the ship to convey us to England. They are the five finest ships on the Calcutta station, and are now lying in the river. Their names and dates of sailing are, first, "Ellenborough," on the 29th of this month; second, "Bucephalus;" and third, "Agincourt," both on the 5th of January; fourth, the "Maidstone," on the 15th of January; and the "Monarch," conveying the head-quarters of the regiment, on the 20th, so that in a month's time the whole regiment will have left India. I think we are most fortunate in having such fine ships; it will shorten the voyage, and will make the four months necessarily spent on ship-board less tedious. A small portion of the ship only is occupied by the troops, and they all have twenty or thirty private passengers independently of the officers. They may all be expected to arrive in May, or possibly at the end of April. You must be on the look-out for their arrival. I have not yet determined in which ship I shall sail, as it is *just possible* that I may be able to return to England by the overland route. I say only possible, as the "Hindustan" steamer sails on the 10th of next month, and my application for leave has to go to Ferozepore, at the opposite extremity of Bengal, and to return, which will take at least twenty-four days. I am almost afraid that it will not arrive in time. However, there is a chance, although not a very great one, that I may be with you in about eighteen or twenty days after the receipt of this letter!!! You must not expect me or think that I am food for the fishes if I do not



arrive. In my last, from Bangulpore, I mentioned the probability of the fleet's being obliged to proceed to Calcutta by the deeper and longer channel of the Ganges ; on arriving, however, at the entrance of the Bhangerretty, the accounts were so favourable as to the depth of water, that the General was induced to try the shorter road, and with the exception of the large pinnaces running aground once or twice we experienced no difficulty. We arrived at Berhampore on the 15th of November, and at Calcutta on the 25th, having been a month and ten days on the river. We were most fortunate, upon the whole, in having little sickness and one accident only, by which one man, who jumped overboard and could not swim, was drowned. Altogether the descent of the Ganges has been much more rapid and more agreeable than the ascent which I made in 1842, on my first introduction into the East. I have really no news or anything very interesting to communicate. Our return is, of course, the great topic, which occupies all our thoughts and drives almost everything else out of our heads. We are, however, rather gay in Calcutta in the meantime, with dinners and balls. The night before last we all went to a grand entertainment given by the Governor-General to all the society, military and civil, of the Presidency. Government House is, like all the buildings in India, on a large scale, and although there is no architectural beauty in it, the rooms are very spacious and magnificent. The assemblage was most brilliant ; Sir George Pollock, Sir Lawrence Peel, and all the big-wigs of Calcutta were present.

Sir H. Hardinge is a most diminutive little person. He was covered with orders and decorations, and appears very quiet, and unlike his mercurial predecessor. I find Lord Ellenborough well spoken of by all classes excepting the civilians. The farewell dinner given to him at the town hall is described to me as having been one of the finest sights ever seen, 500 officers sat down to dinner in one of the most magnificent halls in the world. Sir H. Hardinge appears to be following in his footsteps, and to be convinced that by the sword and the sword alone must India be governed. Forts are still being carried by storm, fighting is still going on in Central India, and no one thinks of conciliation or treaties with the hostile chiefs.

## II.

### LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

Gibraltar, ship "Simoom."

March 10th, 1854.

WE arrived here last evening after a long and somewhat tempestuous passage, and I take the opportunity of a bag being made up on board the ship to send you a few lines. You would probably see by the newspapers the account of our departure from London, and the very flattering manner in which we passed through the enclosure of the Palace to be inspected by the Queen, who appeared with the Prince and the children on the balcony. The regiment was drawn up in a line before her and gave a royal salute and three cheers. Our progress to the railway (for march it cannot be called) was very slow, from the crowds of people who filled the streets—so that we had once or twice actually to force a passage for ourselves. The same scene awaited us at Portsmouth, where we found four bands to play us down to the dockyard. The next morning we steamed out to Spithead and anchored there for orders to sail. In the meantime we were fortunate in seeing the arrival of a large portion of the fleet destined for the Baltic. Our own party, including women, amounts to 989

persons, and the ship's crew to 200, so that we have very nearly 1,200 souls on board. The ship is not adapted for so many, and consequently the men are very much crowded. Our cabins are pretty comfortable, but we are all doubled up, Haygarth and myself being berthed in the same little cupboard—much smaller than that you saw on the "Royal Consort" at Gravesend. At about one o'clock we were signalled to "proceed to sea," and passed through the fleet, each ship, as we passed, giving us three hearty cheers. The spectacle was most beautiful and animated. In the evening we steamed through the Needles and soon lost sight of land. We were very fortunate in having a fair passage across the Bay of Biscay—but saw no land until the middle of the day on the 8th, Wednesday, when we sighted Cape Spartel on the coast of Africa, near the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar. Here our misfortunes began. A strong easterly wind, blowing through the Straits, completely prevented our farther progress, except by making short tacks from side to side, the steam screw with which the ship is supplied not being of sufficient power to force the ship against a head wind. We were therefore tossing about in great discomfort, tacking across from Cape St. Vincent to Tangiers, then back again to Tarifa several times, until at last the wind moderated a little and we were enabled to get in here, with a crippled engine and a heavy sick list. So much for government steamships! We are to remain at least forty-eight hours for repairs, and I believe the Captain will not put to sea again until

the east wind has moderated. In the meanwhile, to add to our disappointment, we are placed in eight days' quarantine by the wiseacres in the Spanish government, because we come from England, where the cholera was raging last year. Having already seen the "Rock" myself, I do not care so much, but it seems very provoking that such absurd regulations should be permitted to exist. All the other officers are furious about it. We have just heard that the famous steamer "Hamalazah" came out here with a regiment and a half on board in three days, six hours! We have heard no news yet, and are all anxious for the latest foreign intelligence. I hope I shall find a letter from you at Malta telling me that you are quite well. I am happy to say that I have been wonderfully well, and one of the best sailors on board. Haygarth has been very ill all the voyage, and nearly half the others—the dinner-table has been nearly deserted. To-day, however, they have all become very brave and are making up for lost time in the way of eating and drinking. We know nothing of the future, but I hope to receive a letter from you before I leave Malta.

Malta, March 21st, 1854.

I hope you have duly received the short note I addressed to you from Gibraltar, where we were detained two whole days repairing the engine, without, however, being permitted to land. We made a fresh start on Saturday evening, the 11th, and as the wind was still unfavourable, sailed towards Ceuta, the other "Pillar of Hercules," on

the African coast. During the night, and, indeed, through the whole remaining part of the voyage, our progress was very tedious. The next morning the Rock of Gibraltar was still in sight, and we were still beating up against an adverse wind. When the steam was again tried, the piston, a large circular piece of iron three feet in diameter, broke across; the screw had to be disconnected, and repairs commenced afresh. During the night a man was nearly killed in the engine-room, and altogether, the voyage has been most disastrous, and, as far as the steam-engine is concerned, a series of failures, which, had the weather been stormy, would have led to most unfortunate results; as it was, the weather was most beautiful, and, although we made but little progress, we were very comfortable. On Wednesday morning we were close to Algiers, near enough to distinguish the houses and gardens, with the batteries on the coast. From this period we were hardly ever out of sight of the coast of Africa. On Friday we were abreast of Tunis, and sailed past Pantillaria, and the following morning the island of Gozo, lying close to Malta, was distinguished from the masthead, and the mountains of Sicily were seen on the horizon to our left. We went very slowly all day, and did not enter the harbour of Malta till after seven o'clock in the evening, when it was unfortunately too dark to see the extraordinary appearance the town and fortifications of Valetta present from the sea. This was in some measure compensated by the hearty welcome with which we were greeted by all the other

regiments already assembled here. The cheering was long and loud, and repeated again and again ; we were the lost sheep, and our long detention at sea made us objects of double interest. As soon as the anchor was "let go" (for before that we were under a constrained silence) 1,200 thankful voices burst out in a shout which would have done your heart good to hear. Boats full of friends came alongside, congratulations were exchanged, hands were frequently shaken, news inquired of and hastily given, letters opened. Among others I was rejoiced to receive yours, which filled me with pleasure. It was too late to disembark that night, but the following day we took possession of a part of the Lazaretto, or Nicaranteen station, which is now occupied by troops. And now that the confusion is over, and we have had time to look about us a little, we have settled down pretty well into our places, and are really tolerably comfortable. You remember that I have already spent some time here, in coming from Constantinople in 1839, and I have visited all the places—perhaps too familiar to us during that compulsory residence here. It now presents a very different aspect. I hear that we are likely to be detained here for three weeks at least (this, however, is mostly conjecture, as no news from the East passes through Malta), so I shall write again, and give you an account of our living, which is curious ; we have no mess, and live upon the beef and pork which, with a loaf of bread, is daily supplied to us all, officers and men.

Malta, March 30th, 1854.

I have nothing very particular to communicate, as we have remained *in statu quo* since I wrote, and we have no news or orders for a further move, although various rumours of warlike tendency are circulating. Our destination is also quite uncertain. Some say we shall go with the French to Gallipoli at the entrance to the Dardanelles, and others that we are to form part of a large force to occupy temporarily Constantinople until lines of fortification have been completed, after which an advance up the country will be made. The Emperor of Russia appears by all accounts determined to brave all the consequences of his ambitious desires, and to plunge all Europe in confusion. We hear lately of very large additions being made to our army here, so as to increase the English force to 50,000 men. Several French ships have arrived from Marseilles and Algiers, filled with troops, on their way to Gallipoli, and Valetta has presented a remarkable and very animated appearance; it is filled with soldiers, French and English, who fraternize together most amicably. I walked about yesterday with a Captain of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, lately arrived from Oran in Algeria. The French are delighted with the appearance of our Guardsmen and the Highlanders. I think I told you that there is no mess here and that we live in small messes that we have established among ourselves. Robinson and Elkington live with me, and we have already made great progress in cookery. Our daily ration



of beef and bread is served out to us in common with the men, and we make the former into capital soup and stews with vegetables and barley. Eggs and milk are abundant, and most delicious blood oranges. No other fruit is yet in season, at which I am not sorry, for the soldiers are not particular in respect to quantity or quality. Our table, although not very elegant, is at all events well supplied with good food, and we live very well. Besides the great fortifications there is not much to see in the island, which is little better than a great limestone rock, totally destitute of verdure. There is a curious monastery of Franciscan friars which I visited principally for the purpose of seeing their mode of disposing of the dead. These are disposed in an attitude of prayer and placed in a heated chamber for a year ; by this time they become dry and hard, and they are then taken out and placed in niches round the vaults under the chapel, draped in the gowns and cowls, and regularly labelled with the name, age and date. All the inmates are so disposed of, and our cicerone told us, with evident delight, that in due time he would take his place in the dismal array. They present a horrible and ludicrous appearance. The walls are appropriately decorated with bones and cherubims, composed of skulls and backbones. They are commonly called the "Baked Friars"—one was in the oven and had just been turned when we were there.

April 4th.—I have waited until this day before posting this letter in the hope of hearing from you, and of being able to tell you something about our

movements. Here the weather is delightful and not yet too hot. It soon will be, however, as Malta is one of the hottest places in the world. We have peas, new potatoes, etc., etc., every day to put into our stew. I walked yesterday to see the Governor's countryhouse at St. Antonio, about four miles distant from Valetta. It is in the Italian style, and stands in a large garden of orange and lemon trees, in full bloom and covered with golden ripe fruit. The soil and irrigation is all artificial, a stream of running water flows continually round each bed. Malta is very barren naturally, and the whole country is curiously intersected in parallel lines of stone walls, probably to prevent the scanty soil from being washed away. It is also studded with small villages and houses, so that on looking from any high point over the island, one sees nothing but stonework. They make no lime here, and no mortar or cement is used in building, the stones being merely placed on one another. This would be rather uncomfortable in England. We have numerous papers sent out to the regiment, therefore it would hardly be worth your while to send one to me in particular. I have just read the "Times" of the 29th inst.—containing the declaration of war. This has been expected here for some days, but it has occasioned a great excitement. One regiment, the Rifles, left this for Gallipoli three days since, with some of the Engineers, and three more regiments leave to-morrow for the same destination, the others are to follow as soon as steam-vessels can be procured to hold them. No orders have yet been received for *our own*

departure, and it is expected that the Guards will remain until the last, and proceed straight to Constantinople. We are all much pleased at this destination, if true, as it will be far more interesting to go at once to the capital than to be landed on a comparatively barren part of the country. The general opinion appears to be here that the Emperor of Russia is determined to fight, and from the preparations making in England, it must also be the opinion of all parties at home, notwithstanding the decisive negative constantly expressed by merchants and bankers.

Malta, April 11th, 1854.

I take advantage of a private opportunity to send you a few lines, to let you know that we are still here as when I last wrote to you, although we fully expect to leave this on Friday or Saturday at the latest. When the news arrived that the Russians had crossed the Danube in force, all the regiments, except the Guards, were ordered to be sent off to Gallipoli, as fast as steam could be got for them. In fact the embarkation began that same afternoon. They are now all gone, the last sailed this afternoon, and we are left here till the last—to the astonishment of all. We do not think this expedition is managed with that celerity or judgment which is requisite to ensure success. All these troops have gone without generals, and, notwithstanding all that was said in England, without medical stores for use in the field. These are supposed to have been sent in a sailing ship, and to be becalmed.

Several steamers arriving here with passengers

from Southampton and Alexandria have been seized upon to convey the troops to Turkey. Among the number the "Hamalazah" arrived last Saturday, and greatly to the disturbance of the Indian passengers—her passage to Southampton was arrested, the unfortunate invalids compelled to turn out, and 1200 tons of goods displaced to make room for two regiments. She sailed yesterday, taking another regiment in tow. We are daily looking for the vessels destined for our brigade, but where we go to remains still doubtful. We hope Constantinople. Varna is talked of. I understand that the army will not be ready to take the field before June, so that we may remain some weeks at Constantinople.

A long letter to you is lying at the Post Office here. It should have gone by the "Hamalazah," but as I unfortunately omitted to put "*Via* Marseilles," on the envelope, it is quite uncertain when you will receive it. It does not contain anything very important, but gives an account of some of the sights here. Yesterday we made a long and very agreeable excursion to the other side of the island, to a place called Crembi, to see some very curious remains—supposed to be Phœnician. They consist of several chambers constructed of very rude, cyclopiian masonry. I believe very little authentic is known about them. They are not unlike Stonehenge. Leaving these, we walked along the south coast, on the cliffs, many hundred feet above the sea, and afterwards turned northward to the old capital of Malta, built by the first knights on taking possession, after their expulsion from Rhodes. St.

Paul is said to have preached here ; at all events, there are extensive catacombs full of tombs, the whole excavated from the rocks and used by the early Christians. There is a fine cathedral to St. Paul, and a marble statue of the shipwrecked saint. We hope to remain here until after the arrival of the next mail, when I hope to get a letter from you, and before I leave I shall post a few lines to say where we are gone.

Camp, Scutari, Constantinople.

May 4th, 1854.

My last letter was dispatched from Gallipoli ; from it you would conclude that we arrived there, although I believe I had not time to date it from that place. The latter part of our voyage from Malta was most delightful, and from many associations most interesting. It was daylight when we coasted along the plains of Troy, so that we were enabled to distinguish the tumuli and other remains usually assigned to that ancient city. The mound of earth called the tomb of Patroclus is certainly of human construction ; it is too regularly conical to be a natural formation. We passed Sestos and Abydos, unfortunately, after dusk, and as there was no moon saw nothing but the light of the modern castles of Europe and Asia. Our last view of the Archipelago was most beautiful, the mountains of Sintros and Lemnos and other smaller islands of a rich purple colour formed a striking contrast to the brilliant sunset. The next morning the panorama from the deck of our steamer, anchored at Gallipoli, was one of the most magnificent I ever beheld.

One of the most beautiful landscapes, comprising mountainous forms and snowy ranges, cultivated hills, a picturesque town, with endless variety of shipping and boats of every colour under the sun, people of all nations and costumes, the sea of Marmora and the entrance to the Dardanelles, the whole illuminated by a sun and an atmosphere that you can know nothing of in England. We landed and spent the whole day looking about the bazaars, which are, however, very dirty, and far inferior to those of Constantinople or Cairo. They present a singular scene now from the number of French and English soldiers, in addition to the ordinary occupants. Thirty thousand French are here and 5,000 English troops, between whom the best feeling prevails. We paid a visit to a Turkish regiment, and were regaled with coffee and pipes in the tent of the commanding officer, a very polite and soldier-like man, quite informed in the political topics of the day. We got under weigh again in the evening, and were early on deck to gain a first sight of the domes and minarets of the "City of the Sultan." The excitement was immense to see this far-famed city. As I had been there before, I was in great request to point out the different mosques and towers as they appeared. Gradually we began to distinguish the ruins of the Seven Towers in the sea of Marmora, the mosque of Sta. Sophia of Achmet, and of Suliman the Magnificent, the town of Galata, on the opposite side of the Golden Horn, and that of the Seraskien in Stamboul, and as we still steamed on towards the entrance to the Bosphorus, the whole

magnificence of this celebrated place burst upon us. Seen from our anchorage ground, near the new barracks at Scutari point, it looks the most beautiful city in the world, and certainly stands upon the site most favoured by nature. No wonder the Emperor Constantine chose it for the capital of his empire in the East, and no wonder the Emperor Nicholas covets its possession at the present moment, when it is almost within his grasp. Our arrival was unexpected, so we did not disembark until the following afternoon, when we encamped on a piece of ground south of the spot marked "Garrison" in the Society's map. The ground is excellent for the purpose, and is of considerable elevation above the sea, and a fine turf. The prospect is superb. To the south we look over the Princes Islands towards Mount Olympus, covered with snow, the "abode of the Gods." The sea of Marmora, separated only by a few vineyards and orchards, is on our west, to the Mouth, Constantinople, the Seraglio Point and the Bosphorus, and on the east we have the famous cemetery of Scutari, a thick grove of cypress trees. Can you imagine any position more beautiful? We may remain here some weeks—we hope so—but no one here *has*, or having it, will *divulge*, any information with regard to any future movements of the army. In the meantime there is great difficulty in procuring horses to carry one's baggage, the only mode of conveyance allowed. I bought, in the harness bazaar yesterday, a large pair of Russia leather saddle-bags, and invested a few pounds in a horse. Everything is

frightfully expensive, and I expect to be ruined in procuring absolute necessaries. I have been several times to Stamboul, and was fortunate enough to join a party with a firman one day, and visited the palace of the Seraglio, St. Sophia and all the mosques, and other places worth seeing. The Seraglio is not beautiful in itself, but is beautifully situated in the midst of gardens and orangeries on the point of land between the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, and is also very interesting from the many associations of scenes of bloodshed and violence that have occurred within its walls. It is not now used as a palace, and is inhabited only by the ladies of the harem of the late Sultan Mahmoud and domestics. I was enchanted with the interior of St. Sophia, gorgeous in the extreme. The dome and the white ceiling is covered with golden-coloured mosaics, representing Christian emblems. These have been partially painted over by the Turks, and the crosses on the fine bronze doors have been destroyed, but enough remains to show the wonderful skill of the architects and the taste of the decorators. A real "Mufti," one of the finest and most venerable looking old men I ever saw, with a snow-white beard and white turban, was expounding the Koran—verse by verse—to a crowd of attentive Turks, both male and female, seated on the rich Turkey carpets which completely cover the floor and covered the marble pavement. We had altogether a most interesting day. I will give you a further account of some of the principal objects of interest if you are good and write to me. The



mail has just come in with papers to the 22nd of April but no letters. You must now address to me, *Constantinople*, or with *1st Division of British Army in Turkey*. It is not necessary to specify *Surgeon*. I often think of you at home. When we shall see it again is quite uncertain. As usual, all sorts of rumours are circulating here as to the probabilities of actual war. You have doubtless seen the account of the bombardment of Odessa. The "Terrible" steam frigate came here two days after and gave us an accurate account of the affair, which appears to have been very creditable to our navy. I fear it will make the Emperor more irate than ever. But much depends upon Prussia and Austria, whose conduct appears to be not so open as could be desired. Remember me to all friends and tell somebody to write to me. We are all well at present, no sickness. The weather is splendid, but now becoming hot. I forgot to mention that three regiments of Highlanders are in the same division with us, so that we shall make the finest "division" ever seen.

Scutari, May 29th, 1854.

I am very glad to hear that the invalids have recovered, and that you have returned to your ordinary good health; the weather in London seems to have been very trying; here it has been so in an extraordinary degree. A hot brilliant sun at one time, and cold stormy nights immediately following, has frequently happened. These great changes would not so much signify in a warm, well-built London house, but we feel them very much

under canvas, which is little protection against the sun, and admits all the damp and cold on a rainy night. On the 19th, after a very hot day, we experienced a fearful thunderstorm in the evening. A melancholy accident happened. Three officers of the 92nd Highlanders were returning to their camp, and in crossing what is, on ordinary occasions, little more than a dry ditch at the bottom of a ravine, were carried away by a rush of water, and one was drowned, the other two escaping with great difficulty. The body was not found for several days ; it had been carried down a great distance and was embedded in sand and mud. The military funeral took place on the 26th. Notwithstanding the unfavourable nature of the weather, we have been remarkably healthy—with the exception of a few cases of rheumatism and affections of the chest, absolutely no illness whatever—so far good. I fear this will not last much longer, as we are to move on to Varna, almost immediately, in fact, as soon as the commissariat is prepared with carriages and food, and shall advance at once to meet our foe at Silistria, which place is now invested by the Russians, and we fear being bombarded. Lord Raglan has just returned from a visit to Varna and Shumla, where he saw Omar Pasha, and we presume has laid his plans. Nothing transpired, but it is believed that Varna is to be our destination. There is no doubt that matters are fast approaching to a serious crisis, and we all think that the sooner we come into contact the better. Unless they can take the town before we arrive, they must either with-

draw across the Danube again, or fight us, and if they do there is no fear of the result. You have doubtless heard of the loss of the "Tiger" steam frigate. Unfortunately Captain Giffard is my friend Captain Stephenson's brother-in-law. I hear that his life is in great danger, but that he is well treated by the Russians in Odessa. They are all prisoners.

Romaine is here, and will probably remain attached to headquarters, so that I shall see a good deal of him. He breakfasted with me a few days ago. On the 24th—the Queen's birthday—we had grand doings here in our brigade. A very beautiful monument, covered with green leaves and very tastefully decorated with festoons of flowers, was erected by the men in the centre of the camp. The colours of the three regiments of Guards, and other military trophies, were placed upon it, and the whole was illuminated at night. Games were held during the afternoon, and prizes for running, jumping, etc., etc., were contested. In most of these the men of our regiment were the successful competitors. We had plenty of good music, and the dancing was kept up till a late hour, to the great astonishment of the grave Turks, who looked on without moving a muscle or betraying the slightest emotion. In the morning there was a review of all the troops assembled here. We have been here now a month, and I believe I have seen nearly everything. Yesterday we made an expedition to see the walls of Constantinople. We embarked at Scutari in caiques, and rowed across to the Seraglio point,

and then close under the old walls of the "Seven Towers." This part is very curious. In many places marble pillars and other portions of ornamental edifices have been used for the masonry and are built up with huge masses of stone. Whether this barbarism is due to the Emperor Constantine and his successors, or to the Turks after they captured the city, we could not find out. Whole temples appear to have been destroyed for their materials. We disembarked at the "Seven Towers," the "state prison" of the Turks, which has witnessed many scenes of bloodshed, and walked along the walls outside the city to the "Golden Horn," about four miles. These are very beautiful and curious, and in many places in almost perfect repair—composed of alternate layers of stone and brick, with arches to strengthen them. There have been three walls, one within and higher than the other, and a wet ditch outside. We took some lunch, on kabobs and sherbet, at the Adrianople Gate, through which Mahomed the Second entered the city, and spent several hours wandering about the Jewish and Greek quarters of Stamboul. These nations live distinct from the Turks, and in their quarter you might fancy yourself in another part of the country—their manners and appearance are so different. We had been nearly six hours in the sun, and as you may suppose were very nearly tired; however, we managed to get to the steamboat which landed us at Scutari, and we had then only two miles to walk into camp. I dined with Sir Charles Hamilton, one of the colonels of the regiment, Samuel Thompson's

friend, with whom I have become very intimate. We broiled our red mullet, and I made a curry, and with some Tenedos wine, we soon recovered our fatigue. This morning the Light Division, consisting of seven regiments, embarked, and will probably sail this day for the Black Sea. The neighbourhood of Varna is their reported destination. The ships then return for us, and by this day week, there is little doubt that we shall be encamped on our march to Silistria. I am allowed forage for two horses for baggage and one saddle horse. Each animal carries about two hundred-weight. My tent weighs seventy pounds, and bed and bedding with clothes, book, comforts, etc., etc., soon amounts to the sum total that I can carry. I have entirely dispensed with linen of every description except towels and a pillow case. We all sleep in blankets, but I really could not bear flannel next to my face—so I carry an additional half pound for comfort. You see every article is weighed and carefully considered whether it is worth carrying on. We have no tables or chairs; I am now sitting on the ground on a rug I have bought—so you must not expect any fine writing. In fact a camp is not at all conducive to literary pursuits.

Varna, June 15th, 1854.

I have just heard that there is a mail to England to-morrow morning, and so I take up my pen to announce our safe arrival at this place. As usual, the order to embark came rather suddenly, although we had been expecting it, as I told you in my last

letter, for some time. The whole division, consisting of the three regiments of Guards, and the three Highland regiments, with the Duke of Cambridge, our commander and the staff—not omitting nearly 400 horses, to convey our tents and baggage when we march—embarked on board eight first-class steamships, early on Tuesday morning, and by eleven o'clock we were all steaming up the Bosphorus. We had rather a busy day, for we were roused up by the drums at three a.m., and every tent of the division was struck at four a.m. Fires were lighted and a hasty breakfast made, after which we packed up all our traps, and sent them down to the ships, and soon after followed ourselves. A careful selection of absolute necessaries had been previously made, and all heavy boxes, etc., had been stored away in the barracks at Scutari, so that now we are in marching order, and we feel that our difficulties and hardships are going to begin. Many heartrending separations took place from favourite portmanteaus and carpet bags, dressing cases, nice little boxes of comforts, and all tables and chairs. My baggage now consists of a light iron bedstead and three blankets, with a pillow—mattress and sheets have long since been dispensed with—a tent, a small portmanteau, and two saddle-bags of Russia leather, which contain all my clothes and bedding. I have also a leather bucket for water, inside which, when not in use, fit a few pots and kettles and tin mugs, a fry pan, two knives and forks and a spoon. An iron basin, and a Persian rug, complete the inventory of my possessions in Turkey, everything

else being left in Asia. I have an English horse for riding, and two baggage animals, for all of which I am allowed rations. You would be amused to see these animals ready packed. The saddles are most extraordinary constructions, three feet long by a foot high at least ; and the bags and other packages hang down on either side of a wooden framework. These saddles are twenty pounds weight, and they must add most unnecessarily to the load, but as they are universal through this country, we do not like to try anything else. There is great difficulty in balancing the baggage equally, without which precaution, the whole structure swings round under the animal's belly. We had a baggage parade, a few days ago, at Scutari, when all the animals were led over a difficult road about six miles. When the word was given to march off an indescribable scene of confusion took place. About forty animals became restive, and after a few struggles kicked off their loads and ran away. Forty more contrived to unburthen themselves by the end of the first mile, the remainder managed to arrive in camp: 170 started. One of my animals threw a shoe, but in other respects I was fortunate in having no misfortune. Looking at the line of march covered with baggage, one could not help thinking what a grand opportunity we shall presently offer to a few active and enterprising Cossacks ! We returned to our old friend the "Simoon," and in calm weather she proved herself to be a very comfortable ship. We enjoyed a beautiful passage up the Bosphorus, the most romantic and splendid scene in the world ; in

the afternoon entered the Black Sea, and by night-fall were more than half way towards our destination. After breakfast the next morning we were at Varna, and almost immediately proceeded to disembark. We found a fleet of French and English men-of-war lying here, and all the boats were employed landing troops, both French and English, during the whole day. By the afternoon we were all encamped a short distance outside the walls of the town, on the side of the lake Dewina, which you will see on the map. Varna is a wretched place, and the country, as far as we can see, is destitute of all beauty. We are surrounded by hills, part of the Balkan range, which are green, but not wooded, and after the beautiful place we have just left they appear very barren and ugly. Perhaps, however, our eyes have become a little fastidious. We were all really delighted with our stay at Constantinople. The neighbourhood appears more and more lovely every day, and fresh beauties arise with every change of atmosphere. The rides about Scutari are magnificent. The country appears most fertile, and when properly cultivated must be most productive; but the greatest admirer of our friends the Turks must admit that they do very little to second the efforts of nature, and that the finest site in the world is entirely thrown away upon them. We have had rather an unlucky day this day to begin. It has rained, or rather poured down in torrents, all afternoon; this has made us all very uncomfortable, particularly as we get very bad provisions, and have had nothing but salt pork and ship biscuit



to eat, and are to have the same to-morrow. All the French troops here are supplied with good bread and meat rations, but our commissariat is lamentably deficient in energy, and far behind our more active neighbours, who have taken possession of everything and every place in Varna. Our inferiority is apparent in everything. We have all just heard that 80,000 Russians are at Silistria, and that if we do not go up soon, the Turks will be obliged to give in. On the contrary, many persons think that they are retiring across the Danube, and will not wait to fight a battle with us, with a river in their rear. If they lost the battle this would be fatal. We have also heard a report that Lord Palmerston is Prime Minister—this is perhaps not improbable; we have had enough of “dear old Aberdeen.” We were rather disappointed to hear nothing from the Baltic, as I suppose you in England are to have no good news from the Black Sea. No one, but Lord Raglan himself, has the slightest idea of what is going to be done. I think we shall attempt one of two things—relieve Silistria and go to Buchorut for the winter, or Sebastopol. I have no time for more.

Camp, Allydeen,

July 3rd, 1854.

Since my last letter we have made a move in the direction of Shumla: a great deal of anxiety was felt for the safety of Silistria, which has been invaded by an immense force of Russians and bombarded for some weeks; when I last wrote it was feared that the garrison could not hold out

many days longer, and Omar Pasha had sent down to request immediate assistance from the allied armies. We, however, were not in a condition to render any help, as our commissariat was not prepared with carriage, and the army could not be fed at any distance from the sea. In the meantime the sound of the cannonade was heard every day in the French camp on the hill, a little distance from us, and it did seem very provoking indeed to be obliged to remain inactive at such a moment. News came down nearly every day of fighting between the besiegers and besieged, which invariably ended in favour of the latter. The Russian loss has been very great, both by disease, and the sword of the enemy. On the 23rd the alarm was increased from the fact that the bombardment was no longer heard, and everyone fully anticipated that the place had fallen. But the Turks have proved themselves much better men than "our Imperial friend" gave them credit for. On the 25th, Sunday, after church parade, the Duke of Cambridge announced to us all that the siege of Silistria had been raised, and that the Russian forces had withdrawn across the Danube, taking with them their bridge, and leaving some of their guns behind them. This does the Turks infinite credit—it removes all the immediate apprehension, and is a great blow to Russia. The only regret felt is that we had no hand in it. Envoys were sent off to ascertain where the Russians were, and just before we left Varna it was said that they had entrenched themselves in a strong position about ten miles on

the opposite side of the river. Shall we follow them? A great deal of speculation is afloat as to what is going to be done, but I believe Lord Raglan and the French Marshal trust no one with their secrets and literally tell no one. The army has been continually receiving weapons at Varna, from English and French, and there must be now, in or near the place, all concentrating towards Shumla and Silistria, above 70,000 men. We also hear that the Austrians are really marching on the Russian right, so that I should think, if a grand effort is made, the war might soon be ended and the Emperor gone. "Wheels within wheels" have been at work throughout European Turkey, where the Greek population have been excited to rebellions which our presence alone has kept down. Lately the Christian population at Varna has taken to shooting at English officers. Two miserable men were caught a few days ago, and were saved from hanging by our intercession. Mistaken clemency! They were severely bastinadoed (possibly to death) by order of the Pasha last Friday. However, Lord Raglan has cautioned all officers not to leave camp unarmed or alone. The order for our march to this place came rather suddenly on Friday evening. The next morning, July 1st, the tents were all struck at 3.30 a.m., and the First Division moved off at 5 o'clock. The heat soon became very great, and the dust of so many persons very distressing. A great number of the men fell out, fainting, and unable to go on; however, shortly after our arrival they all found their way into camp, and few appeared

to be any the worse. I am very glad we left Varna and moved to higher ground, as symptoms of incipient cholera had made their appearance and I have no doubt that had we remained, many would have been attacked and as certainly died. As it is, we have not lost a single man since leaving England—which is most fortunate. We are now on some high land, at the head of the first lake. About a mile and a half is the second lake, at the head of which is Devna, where we are to go on Wednesday or Thursday. Our life is not likely to be so comfortable as at Scutari—we have left everything not absolutely necessary, and are as light as possible. The village is almost entirely deserted, and we have much difficulty in getting anything to eat, beyond what we bring with us. All our firewood we cut ourselves, and we have also to send out for grass for our horses. Many accidents happened from bad packing of the animals, and some officers have lost many things, but mine, most fortunately, arrived quite safe. The heat is occasionally terrific, one day  $106^{\circ}$  in my tent—but the nights are cool—and we have occasional thunderstorms.

Camp, Allydeen,  
July 18th, 1854.

As the Russians have withdrawn from the Danube, and Silistria is no longer in danger, there appears to be no use in our proceeding further up the country in that direction as was originally intended. Since I last wrote to you Lord Cardigan has returned from a seventeen days' patrol, with Light Cavalry,

through all the country between this and the Danube, and found the whole clear of the enemy. And not only of the enemy, but quite deserted by every living thing—man, woman, and child—every village is empty, and I believe they tasted nothing but water and what food they carried, the whole time. He saw some Russian Cossacks on the opposite bank, the rear-guard of their retreating army. The Turks have done wonderfully well, although our presence here, so near, no doubt had its effect. Omar Pasha was here a few days ago to review us. He was received most enthusiastically by the men. He has a very prepossessing appearance. Owing to a grey beard and moustache he looks older than he is. He was delighted with our appearance, and when a general charge with the bayonet was made by the whole division, he threw down the reins of his horse, and clapped his hands, and, said we should “walk over” any Russian who waited for us. There is a report in camp that all the transports are ordered to Varna, and that we are to remain here until all preparations are made, probably about a fortnight, and then we are to embark for—Trebizond? or the Crimea?—Lord Raglan is very close, and no one knows what his plans are. It is said that M. St. Arnaud declines attacking Sebastopol without two armies of 60,000 men. We are not nearly that yet, but another division of nearly 6,000 men is coming from England, and many more from France, with heavy ordnance from both countries. This looks as if something was contemplated in that quarter. A few days ago we all thought the war was over,

and that the Emperor had at last yielded to the combination against him, but it now appears that he is farther than ever from so doing, and declares he will fight till the "last man and the last rouble."

What are we to believe? In the meanwhile we are all heartily tired of our camp life in Bulgaria, which is not quite so nice a place as "our own special correspondent" would make it appear. It is true we are encamped upon a very green picturesque hill in the midst of beautiful scenery; but the dews that arise from the neighbouring lake Devna, are very heavy, and have made us all feel more or less unwell. There is a monotony also in living week after week upon ration beef and brown sour ammunition bread, and being alternately broiled with the thermometer at  $106^{\circ}$  in one's tent, and nearly washed away—tent, saddle-bags, cooking apparatus and all—by a storm of thunder and lightning.

We have fortunately had no death as yet, but the sick list is rapidly increasing both in number and severity. And as long as we remain inactive here it will do so; we shall therefore hail any order to move anywhere with delight.

Camp, near Allydeen,

August 3rd, 1854.

I have no great news to communicate to you with regard to our movements; rumours of all sorts are afloat, which I think are rather encouraged than otherwise by the authorities, in order to mystify the Russian spies, by whom we are doubt-

less surrounded, and conceal our real design. If such is the object, it has been perfectly successful, as one day we hear the fleet has orders to convey the army to Sebastopol, and the next arrives an order to buy more horses, which would not be wanted if we went to sea. Within the last few days Sir George Brown, with the French Commander-in-chief, have returned from surveying the coast of the Crimea, and it is reported that they have discovered a spot where a debarkation might be effected under the guns of the fleet. They went in the "Agamemnon," one of our largest ships, and many people think that this is surely a "blind," to conceal the real plan of attack. It is very generally believed that something is in contemplation, but whether by sea or land, Anassa, Odessa or Sebastopol, the mouths of the Danube, or the coast of the Crimea, is quite unknown. In the mean time both armies are suffering from sickness, the natural result of idleness, and the unhealthy locality in which we are encamped. Fevers of all kinds, dysentery and cholera, have lately made their dreaded appearance, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Varna itself have been very destructive. For the last few days the French have lost 100 per day. We have been more fortunate, and our deaths have been few, not really more than in England. We have lately changed our camp and have moved to higher ground, in order to get out of a great basin, at the bottom of which are the lakes Devna, and which is filled with malaria and disease of all sorts, from "ague" to the

“plague.” I spend next to nothing here, having got my horses, etc., all complete. Our actual living is very cheap. One ration of bread and meat costing about eightpence a day; then we buy milk and eggs and poultry when we can get them, and vegetables, wine, brandy, etc. (very small quantities of the last). I have four horses and am allowed forage for them and two soldier servants, so that I manage very well. The country is really very beautiful, but we shall all be glad to move away from an unhealthy although picturesque spot. You should read the letters in the “Times” from *our own special correspondent*. They are very amusing, and although perhaps a little exaggerated, give a good account of the camp.

I do not know when my next letter will be dated, as all leave has been refused to officers, under the idea that the army is going somewhere. There is a strong feeling that the Crimea ought to be our great object, but most well informed persons think the enterprise would be too great for the army here and at this late season of the year. I am, however, quite tired of Bulgaria, and would much prefer Belgravia or Whitechapel, which is saying a good deal. There is no doubt that the army has much deteriorated in health since we left Scutari, but I myself am quite well, and take plenty of horse exercise, riding twenty miles a day or more to sick men in Varna. A march is expected this day, so I shall not close my letter, so that I may give you the latest news.



Camp, Genruklen,  
August 13th, 1854.

The mention of my return introduces the subject of our present position and prospects. I regret to say that since I wrote last, the former has much deteriorated. The army has become unhealthy, and is certainly not in that fine condition as it was at Scutari. We are now just passing through what the natives call the unhealthy period of the season, and we have had a good deal of bad fever and bowel complaint, with a few fatal cases of cholera. The unhealthy period is, we are told, drawing to a close, so we hope our state will improve. We have in our battalion a long sick list, and have lost several men, but things are mending, and as to myself, although rather over-worked, I was never better. In the meantime, partly to change our ground, on the score of health, and partly to prepare for embarkation (it is said), we are to move on Tuesday or Wednesday next, and make three easy marches to Varna. It is, I believe, generally thought that we are, in conjunction with the French, going somewhere by sea, but an impenetrable mystery hangs over the councils of the authorities, and we can only judge by symptoms—such as the arrival of the Turkish fleet, and an immense fleet of transports, and the construction of gabions, fascines, landing-stages, etc., etc., and other preparations necessary for a little descent on the enemy's coast. There are Russian spies everywhere about us, officers are continually shot at, and the night before last a great

conflagration took place in Varna, by which many warlike stores and much grain was destroyed. The powder magazines narrowly escaped. Russian emissaries were detected firing the town, on whom summary vengeance was immediately taken. The town is now in the hands of the French, and strict martial law strictly proclaimed. The sight of the fire from the camp here on a brilliant moonlight night was magnificent.

Camp, near Varna,  
August 24th, 1854.

Since my last we have moved down to the neighbourhood of Varna, for the sake of health. Our last camp was not healthy, cholera and fever prevailed to an alarming degree, and it was thought that a change would be beneficial. The march was attended with some difficulty, as there were above 100 sick, who had to be carried, so we only moved in easy stages of six miles a day. All the men's packs were also carried, either in carts or on horses, so that the train following the brigade was very extended. We are now encamped on some high ground on the opposite side of Varna bay. The situation appears to be healthy, and is magnificent. Still, however, our enemy the cholera remains with us, and we have lost three men in as many days. We are also suffering from the cold winds—the weather appears to be quite broken, we have had storms of thunder and rain, and our tent affords a very insufficient protection. In the brigade alone the loss has been about 150 men, all within the

last month. Other brigades have suffered even more severely than ourselves, and the French army infinitely more than the English. An expedition is, however, talked of, and the guns of the artillery have been already embarked on board the transports ; but it seems hardly probable than we can be going to Sebastopol at this late season, and with an army so much deteriorated in strength as we now are. It is not only the loss in numbers, but the men generally are much reduced, and look ill. Some of the objects of the war have been gained, the Principalities are being evacuated, the Danube, we hear, is to be opened, and the Christian population of Turkey to be placed under a protectorate of the four powers ; but I fear the war will not be over without some defeat of the Russians, either in the Crimea or at Odessa. We are already talking of winter quarters, but where these are to be, or when we are to go to them, we can gain no information. In the midst of all this sickness, I must not forget to mention that I myself am perfectly well ; we are overworked, and sometimes much fatigued, but I have not had a day's illness, although all my three assistants have at different times been seriously indisposed. I have had no time for sketching lately, but at Scutari I made a few drawings. I much regret not having taken a few lessons in water colour. There are magnificent views, but more in panoramic style, and hardly suited for amateur artists.

Our only expenses here are articles of food, all of which, excepting our rations of bread and meat, are

exorbitantly dear ; butter, three shillings a pound, etc., etc. Some things are not to be had for love or money. I have not tasted milk for a fortnight. All the boasted luxuries have long since failed, and the army has not enjoyed the tea, sugar, etc., etc., so magnificently promised at the beginning of the war. Every now and then a few casks of porter arrive in camp—and as long as they last each officer and man is allowed to buy a pint per day. We breakfast upon cocoa (without milk) and beef—dine upon beef and onions—and take a little coffee in the evening. There are no vegetables (except a very few potatoes at frightful prices), but several fields full of melons close at hand—these, however, I have not ventured to touch in these cholera times. Our horses are half starved, as all the forage is eaten up, and I only get twelve pounds of barley per day for my four animals. I send them out every day to pick up a little scrubby grass, but they do not improve upon this short commons. Notwithstanding all this we get on very well, and if the cholera would leave us and we had something to do, all would be well. But every one is heartily sick of Bulgaria—the ancient Thrace—and the place of banishment of Ovid, who did not seem to like it better than we do.

On board the “Kangaroo,” in Varna Bay.  
September 2nd, 1854.

I write before the usual time as probably you will be anxious to hear how we are, and what we are going to do, and I have no doubt the newspapers

have much magnified our misfortunes and made our case out worse than it really is. My last letter was dated from the camp on the Adrianople road near Varna. We had no doubt suffered very severely from the visitation of cholera and fever, and when I wrote the epidemic had not ceased, but it was on the decrease, and the regiment was generally more healthy. We expected to embark yesterday morning, but we were all considerably surprised on Monday evening last, when we were all sitting in our tents after dinner, to receive a sudden order to embark at six o'clock the following morning. This was sharp work—no preparations, no arrangements made for our departure for an expedition of unparalleled importance. We were up all night packing up what we could take with us. Many valuable things, particularly wine and provisions (in which we had been revelling since our arrival near Varna) had to be abandoned, and cheeses, hams, jams of all sorts, preserved milk and meats, bought at an immense expense, and brought up the steep mountain regardless of fatigue, had to be left on the ground to fall into hands and fill the stomachs of the inhospitable Bulgarians. An awful sacrifice! We had calculated on three or four days feasting and rest. However, at three the next morning all the tents were struck, and all moveables packed on the animals, and we moved down to the beach and the work of embarkation rapidly proceeded. By ten o'clock the whole division was safely on board, with the exception of about eighty sick men, who were too ill to be moved, and nearly forty other

weakly convalescents, too feeble to be of any use for our present business.

You will remark that the "Kangaroo" brought us from Malta to Constantinople, so that we find ourselves at home again. The rapid embarkation of both French and English troops has continued ever since during daylight, and now nearly the whole of the allied army is on board a fleet of transports quite unparalleled in the annals of warfare. In my last I very much understated the numbers. I now learn that the expedition, consisting of 70,000 soldiers with a proportionate number of heavy guns for operations of great magnitude, will consist of nearly 1,000 sail, including the fleets of the French, English, and Turks. How will such an armada be marshalled into anything like order? If a Russian steamer or two could get in amongst us, what infinite mischief they could do! There is little fear, however, of such an accident, as we shall be protected by our fleet, and the Russians closely blockaded in their own fort. Should bad weather arise there might be some little confusion, but all the English ships are first-rate, and upon the whole not very much crowded. No man-of-war is to be used as a transport. They are left free of troops in order that they may protect the transports. Lord Raglan's "order" is, we understand, now out, although it has not been published; it commences, "The invasion of the Crimea being determined upon—" so there can be no doubt of our destination. Of our success I should hope no doubt can be entertained, although many and various reports are circulating of the

kind of reception we may expect to receive. Great confidence is placed in Lord R.'s judgment and experience, and he is in excellent spirits and feels confident of success. The day of sailing is not yet determined, but it will probably be before long. The sight is magnificent. So vast and so complete an armament never left any port. I cannot say where my next will be dated, but I shall take the first opportunity of sending you a line, to say where and how we are. You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Baker, the young assistant-surgeon who came out lately to join us, is now lying dangerously ill in a house in Varna. He was completely knocked up by the hard work we had during the cholera epidemic, and in the march down to Varna; I was forced, much against my inclination, to leave him in a house in the town. He has had a very severe form of typhus fever, and I fear he will not recover. I saw him yesterday, when he was a little more comfortable, but still in great danger. Several officers have been very ill and many have died, including some of high rank. Among others Colonel Maule, brother of Lord Panmure. I knew him a little, as he was intimate with Romaine.

On board the "Kangaroo," near  
the coast of the Crimea.

September 11th, 1854.

I do not know when an opportunity may offer for sending this letter, but as I feel sure you will be anxious to hear something about us as soon as any news arrives in England, I shall have a few lines ready to tell you that I am quite well, and very

happy to have left the pestilential and inhospitable shores of Bulgaria. My last was written from Varna Bay, on board this ship, while waiting for sailing orders. We sailed for the rendezvous at Baltchic Bay on the 3rd, the day after I wrote to you, and found there assembled the greater part of the allied fleets, and a whole host of transports of both nations. The Turkish fleet was also present, with 7,000 soldiers on board. Our own transports continued to arrive up to the day of our departure from Baltchic, on the 7th. The day before the final arrangements were made each of the steamers had two transports in tow, and very strong ropes were sent on board the "Kangaroo" for this purpose. This was done throughout the whole fleet. Soon after day-break on the 7th we began to move off in divisions, according to the plan I send you, which is a copy of the admiral's, and which is also to show the proposed order of disembarkation on the coast of the Crimea. The day was beautifully fine, and, as you may suppose, the spectacle was most magnificent. The pace was not very fast—about six miles an hour—as the slow sailers had to be accommodated, and a perfect order of divisions to be preserved. Each division is distinguished by flags during the day, and certain numbers of lights at night. Such a sight has never been seen before; the whole ocean as far as we could see appeared covered with ships. The plan I send refers only to the transports, and does not include either the French ships or any of the "men-of-war." No one knew positively where we were going, but our course was north-east. In



this way we steamed on two days, protected by the men-of-war who cruised on our flanks, and had look-out ships in different directions. What an opportunity for an enterprising Russian! What horrible mischief a single steamer might have done to us if she could have crept within the line-of-battle ships and sunk half-a-dozen regiments. On Saturday, the 9th, we came to anchor on a bank about forty miles to the north-west of Cape Tarkhan on the Crimea, and have remained here until half-an-hour ago, when the fleet again got under weigh, and are now steering south-east in a direction that will bring us, if continued, to Sebastopol itself. During the time we were at anchor Lord Raglan and the heads of the Engineers' department went away in the "Agamemnon" steam line-of-battle ship to reconnoitre the coast. They returned early this morning, and immediately the order to "Prepare to sail" was displayed, and we are now probably on the last stage of our journey, whatever may be its object. Lord Raglan himself knows the exact point of embarkation. We shall probably be off the assailable position to-morrow, and may possibly disembark about noon, and so establish ourselves safely by evening.

8 p.m. We have been steaming along all day, steering south-east, and have slackened speed, probably, as the night draws in, for safety. The weather has been remarkably propitious. A gentle northwind assists in propelling us along, and enable each ship to keep its place; the sun has set most gloriously, and promises well for the morrow. I shall keep this open till the last moment. I believe most persons think

the destruction of the fleet at Sebastopol will hasten the conclusion of the war. But no one can account for the infatuation of the Emperor of Russia, and to what lengths he will carry on a war against all Europe.

12th. Last night a sudden and violent squall unfortunately disarranged the plans, and exposed us for a few moments to imminent peril. We ran foul of two transports, who were driving past us before the gale, and only escaped being run down and jammed by our own transports by cutting through the ropes with an axe. The moment was one of terrible suspense; as it is, we only carried away some of our copper works and a boat or two of the other ship. We are now again steaming slowly along the coast of the Crimea, and are supposed to be close to Sebastopol. All our preparations for disembarking are made.

23rd. We anchored last night within two miles of the shore, in the centre of the great bay north of Sebastopol. We are now steering towards Katcha, where it's supposed the landing will be attempted. The signal, "Prepare to land troops," has been made.

Camp, Balaklava, near Sebastopol.  
September 27th, 1854.

I seize on the opportunity offered to send you a few lines to assure you of my safety after the glorious but dreadful battle we fought on the river Alma, on the 20th instant. My last would inform you of our proceedings up to the period of the fleet's sailing on the expedition; during the passage to the Crimea everything happened most fortunately. The weather, with the exception of one

heavy squall, which drove another ship into the "Kangaroo," and did us some damage, was singularly fine, and when we arrived at the point of debarkation on the 14th, near a salt lake, the sea was perfectly calm and greatly facilitated the operation. The Russians offered no opposition; we only saw a few Cossacks, who looked at us and rode away. We had nothing with us but the clothes on our backs and two pairs of socks and a brush and comb. Three days' ration of pork and biscuit we carried, and a cloak and small waterproof coat I carried round my shoulders. We have had no tents and no change of linen since landing, and were unable to wash for the first two days, all water being used for cooking—too valuable far to be applied externally. The night after landing was unfortunately wet, and we had nothing to do for it but to collect a few shrubs and make a fire and sit it out; we remained till the 19th, by which time nearly the whole of the allied armies had safely landed horses, artillery, and every material for making an advance. On the morning of the 19th we broke up the camp, and both armies advanced; the French close to and resting upon the sea, ourselves on their left, and protected on *our own* left by cavalry and riflemen. The country was quite open, gently undulating and quite destitute of trees, so that the sight of 60,000 men could be seen moving at one glance. It was most imposing. In the evening we arrived at a small stream, and a slight cavalry and horse artillery affair took place, in which a few horses and one man only were killed, the enemy quickly retiring to a most formidable

position they had entrenched on the river "Alma." Here they determined to fight and dispute our progress towards Sebastopol. They had been observed by the fleet for many days, placing their guns in the most favourable position, and fortifying themselves in every possible manner. Their best troops were placed behind earth-works, constructed on heights too elevated for our artillery to reach them, and from behind which they poured a murderous fire upon our advance. I believe they had above one hundred heavy guns in position. Below there was a straggling village, vineyards, and a river with very steep and almost precipitous banks. One bridge and two fords only existed, as they had deepened the river by damming up the water farther down the stream. Across these impediments, and through a fire of thirty-two pound shot, shells, and a storm of balls, the Light Division and our own advanced in the most wonderful manner. As it happened, our regiment was opposed to their strongest entrenchments, and the loss was proportionally severe. You will be grieved to hear that Haygarth was most dangerously wounded, with *ten other of my own brother officers!* We lost thirty killed and one hundred wounded, many of whom I fear will die. Poor Haygarth I thought would not survive the night. The regiment in front of us, the 23rd of the line, were broken, and rushed in confusion down the hill upon us, followed by the Russians themselves, who murdered the wounded men as they lay on the ground. Nothing could be more horrible than the sight of the awful struggle! The Russians spared nobody. They were,

however, soon driven back again by our men, and the entrenchment carried. I only describe what took place in front of myself, but I believe equally gallant deeds took place in other parts of the field. The French turned the left wing of the enemy during what I have described, and the rout became general. Their whole army was disorganized, and we have seen nothing of them since. They never halted on their way, but ran into Sebastopol. The battle raged, I may say, for two hours and forty minutes, after which all the firing was on our side, playing with dreadful execution upon these retreating and flying masses. Our loss in killed and wounded is 2,090. The French about 1,500. That of the enemy, ascertained from the account of officers since taken prisoners, is 7,000 missing. Many of them, no doubt, have deserted their colours, but the numbers of killed and wounded left on the field was immense. Two days we spent in collecting and burying the dead in great holes near to the spot where they fell. The wounded on both sides have all been attended by our surgeons, and sent on to our hospital-ships, the Russians, of course, prisoners. The field of battle on the following day was the most horrible spectacle, dead and dying in heaps, particularly in the famous entrenchment we stormed. Wounded horses running about, helmets, coats, guns, etc., etc. Greatly as I rejoice at having been present at so glorious an action, I never wish to see anything so dreadful again. On the 23rd we moved to the river Katchka, and on the following day to the Belbec, where we expected the enemy would

have made another stand. No one was, however, to be seen. Here we got our first sight of Sebastopol and the famous Fort Constantine, on the north side of the harbour. The valley of the Belbec was beautiful, very nice houses, in one of which Lord Raglan slept. I visited it; it had been completely ransacked by the French. I brought away a small volume from the library. All the books on the floor, and the whole house, which was beautifully furnished, in confusion; the gardens and vineyards robbed of all the fruit; carriages broken to pieces. The inhabitants seem to have gone away in great haste, as china and glass, and a lady's parasol, were found in the sitting room; in fact, they expected we should have been delayed several days before the Alma. On the 25th we made a forced march round the harbour of Sebastopol, avoiding in this way the great and formidable batteries of Fort Constantine, surprising a column of Russians making their escape with a convoy to Simpherepol, and yesterday arrived at this place, a snug little harbour on the south side of Sebastopol; the fort fell after a slight defence, and now our heavy siege guns are being landed, to be placed in position on some heights which command the town and harbour of Sebastopol, and of which we took possession yesterday. Lord Raglan sent a summons this day. If the Governor, Prince Menschikoff is prudent, he will accept, if not we shall, I suppose, have to attack the place in a few days. The prevalent opinion here is, however, that the affair is nearly over. We shall see how long the Russians can keep us out.

I have had no letter from you since I left Varna. Three mails are due here. In fact, until yesterday, no communication could take place between us and the fleet. I sincerely trust you have written by the usual mails, and that I shall have good accounts of you. We have had many hardships and privations, but I was never better in my life, God be praised. At the present moment we are in clover, surrounded by delicious grapes, peaches, and apples, with plenty of Crimean sheep and cattle; and after living on salt pork for a fortnight, you may imagine how we enjoy these luxuries. You never saw such profusion and reckless waste, heaps of delicious grapes are lying about in all directions. We want, however, our tents and clean clothes, which reminds me that I must go down to the river and wash my only shirt, and socks; this I have already done three times since we landed, when we halt near a river.

P.S.—My writing is not good, as I am lying in a field without even a piece of board to write on.

Army before Sebastopol.

October 7th, 1854.

We hear dreadful accounts of the cholera in London, but probably the cold weather will put a stop to the severity of the disease. Here also the army continues to suffer from this plague, and I regret to say deaths are still frequent. Since my last letter our division has moved to a position on the high land above Sebastopol, and we await with anxiety the completion of the preparations which are making for the siege of the place. I imagine

the engineers meet with greater difficulties than were at first anticipated. The delay necessary to unload and transport the battering train of heavy guns a distance of six miles and up a very steep ascent, has enabled the Russians to add to them, and to throw up very formidable-looking earth-works in front of the town and fortifications, under cover of their own guns, while we have been calmly looking on. I have had several splendid views of the place, and, by not exposing myself, to see them all as busy as bees at the works. Care is, however, required, as whenever they get a sight of any officers, they generally salute them with a shell or two. In consequence all the guards are out of sight, and no one is allowed to the front for fear of attracting attention and endangering the lives of the guards of the different positions. In addition, there is a large army assembling in our rear, one division of which, about 6,000 men, is within range of our outposts, and several little affairs take place, which keep up the excitement. We have evidently no time to lose, the place must be taken in the next week or ten days, or our safety will be compromised. I hear, however, that Lord Raglan is very confident, and probably by the next mail you will hear either that "Sebastopol has fallen" or that a more satisfactory progress is making towards that result. You will be glad to hear that the last account of poor Haygarth was as good as I could expect. He has gone to Marseilles; all the other wounded officers are progressing favourably. The ranks of the regiment are sadly thinned



by disease and the balls of the enemy at "Alma." It now musters little more than half the number we had at Scutari. Nearly all the officers have been ill, many very seriously, all my three colleagues are away, one (Baker) going home to England—Mr. Elkington is very ill at Scutari, and Robinson is on board ship. My own health has been wonderfully preserved amidst all the sickness and exposure. Up to the present time I have not had a day's illness, for which I am most thankful. We have now been above three weeks in the Crimea without any clothes except those on our backs, and without anything except salt pork and biscuit, with an occasional ration of fresh meat. Everyone is beginning to be dissatisfied with this rude state of existence, and we all heartily wish the affair was over and ourselves embarking for England to enjoy our Christmas at home. I hear, however, we shall remain somewhere in the East.

Camp, Sebastopol.

October 18th, 1854.

I have only just time to say that the cannonade began yesterday, and lasted from sunrise till dusk in a most furious manner. No decisive result is yet accomplished. It has just now begun again and will probably go on all day. The fleet also kept up a terrible firing during the greater part of the day. I believe the difficulties turn out to be greater than was anticipated. The ground is very hard, and trenches are made with great difficulty. I spent the night before last in one of the batteries,

at 1,200 yards from the enemy's principal battery in charge of the working party. It was a most curious scene, the round shot, shell, and grape were flying about us in showers, but the work went on without much interruption. A look-out man called out "shot," "shell," as the enemy fired, and every one got under cover until the missile passed over our heads or exploded. No one was seriously hurt, and considering the thousands of shot fired at us the casualties have been wonderfully light. Our anxiety is extreme, for unless some impression is made to-day on the batteries and earthworks the enemy have thrown up, a more tedious business will have to be commenced, to get to a much nearer distance, from which our metal will produce more decided effect. I got E.'s letter of the 2nd yesterday; you appear to be very indifferently informed of what is exciting so much attention, for the "Times" of the same date contains the news of our great battle and a false report of the "fall of Sebastopol." We are still living in the same way; no baggage has arrived, and we have now been here nearly five weeks without a change of clothes, living on salt pork and biscuit; occasionally we get a little fresh meat.

Camp, near Sebastopol.

November 7th, 1854.

My last letter was, I think, dated on the 18th of last month, when we had just taken up our position before the town. Since then we have had hard and severe duty. On the 25th an action was fought

in the valley we had just vacated. The Russians endeavoured to take Balaklava from us, and came on in great force; after severe loss they were driven back. On the following morning they made another attempt to force our position on the heights, and succeeded in getting within a few hundred yards of the camp, but were driven back again with a very great loss to themselves. Since then we have been pretty quiet (with the exception of continual alarms and skirmishes with the outposts) until the day before yesterday, when a fearful battle was fought on the heights opposite the ruined town of Inkerman. The Grand Duke Constantine arrived the day before with 40,000 veteran troops—the army of Hungary—and attacked us with 50,000 men, and fifty heavy pieces of artillery. The battle commenced at daybreak, and lasted for six hours. They were driven back with dreadful slaughter. The ground is literally so thickly covered, that it is impossible to walk over it. For three hours the whole of this force was kept at bay by one brigade of Guards, sadly thinned since we landed by death and disease, and the 2nd Division, in all about 2,000 men, with field guns. Other divisions and French came to our aid, or we should infallibly have been overwhelmed by superior numbers. As it is our loss is awful. The regiment now consists of 380 men, the sole remainder of 1,050 at Scutari. It was fearful, and our previous victory at Alma sinks into a mere combat by contrast. I thank God that I am safe and well. We are still living in the same primitive style as when I last wrote, only

our commissariat is better supplied, and we have made additions in the shape of creature comforts brought in storeships to Balaklava.

Camp, before Sebastopol.

November 23rd, 1854.

The day after I wrote my last letter yours of the 22nd reached me, and for which I give you many thanks. When I wrote we were in a very desponding state ; our victory of Inkerman, although a very glorious one for British arms, was purchased at such a fearful loss of life, that it filled all our minds with dreadful forebodings for the future. The fact that the enemy were able to bring their heaviest guns absolutely on to the heights of our position, which the papers have, I doubt not, represented as impregnable, and advance actually into the camp, under cover of a dark and foggy night, is of itself alarming ; added to which there is a strong feeling of dissatisfaction among those engaged that great neglect had been shown in leaving this weak point in so undefended a state, and greater negligence in not sending assistance to us when we were so hardly pressed. For two hours and a half (it appeared an age) the whole mass of the Russian army was kept at bay by a handful of brave and determined men who died at their posts, but who would not retire, and who were at last on the point of being overwhelmed by multitudes, when the timely arrival of an English and French division turned the scale in our favour. The brigade of Guards lost one-half of those engaged. They, with the 2nd division, under

Sir De Lacy Evans, saved the camp and the army from destruction. The situation was the most critical that can be imagined, for the Russians were at one moment actually within our lines. The battle raged from daybreak for six hours, and several times during this period I gave up all as lost. Our loss was 2,600 killed and wounded, besides the French. That on the Russian side was 4,000 killed, who are buried, and 8,000 wounded. A heavy retribution fell on them. The dead and wounded covered *acres of ground* so thickly that I could not walk without treading on them. This was a far more bloody affair than Alma, as it was fought within comparatively narrow limits. The wonder is that anyone is alive. I am surprised and disgusted at the brutalizing effect these actions have upon us all; sights which we should look upon with horror now excite no feeling, and you can hardly believe the satisfaction with which one looks upon our guns playing with deadly effect upon the retiring masses of the Russian infantry. In fact, we knew and felt that if we did not kill them our own fate would not long remain doubtful. I do not think they will make a similar attempt. But as they must be desperate, and are in large force, they will probably make another attempt to relieve Sebastopol. Balaklava will very likely be attacked, indeed the garrison has been warned to be on the look out. The prisoners and deserters say that their army is badly off for food, and that this bad weather, although distressing enough for us, is even more felt by them. The winter is now coming

upon us, and we have had several severe days. A hurricane visited the Crimea on the 13th, which swept away many trees, and left us exposed for twelve hours to a storm of snow and hail such as I never saw before. Fortunately it happened by daylight, or the consequences would have been much more serious; as it was we were all half perished with cold and wet. We have now got pretty straight again, and with the exception of having no clothes but those we landed with in September, and their being full of animals of a very unclean sort, are as comfortable as can be expected. The siege is making very slow progress, and we are waiting for reinforcements before anything but defence can be attempted. We live now pretty well, getting fresh meat, brought from Varna, every other day; the biscuit is very good, and in plenty, and many luxuries are now to be procured at Balaklava, where shops and provision stores have been established; everything, however, at very high prices, the demand being as yet much greater than the supply. We get a daily ration of rum, and this I find amply sufficient, and drink no other wine or spirits. Coffee is also supplied, but in a raw state, and we have some little difficulty in roasting and pounding it. But the contrivances for our cuisine would surprise you, and I assure you we enjoy our simple meals, cooked on a fire of roots between two stones, and served up in a camp kettle, and eaten in the most peculiar way, more than many an alderman feasting on turtle and venison. My apparatus consists of one tin dish, one ditto plate, one ditto cup, and a

knife, fork, and spoon ; a camp kettle between three of us, the lid of which performs the office of frying-pan and coffee-roaster. The latter we pound with a 32-pound shot rolling about in a fragment of a 13-inch shell, both Russian presents to the army. A wine bottle skilfully cut in two, and the edges ground down, makes a capital tumbler and candlestick ; and a small tin pot, with holes pierced round the sides with a bayonet, and filled with red-hot embers, forms an agreeable and cheerful stove in the tent. We sleep on the ground, but have plenty of blankets and waterproofs. We go to bed (?) soon after dark, sleep well, notwithstanding the booming of guns in the batteries, and constant alarms and firing close to us during the night, and get up with an appetite in the morning ; a slight wash, and our toilet is completed, no dressing required. We have church twice on Sunday, read to each brigade formed into square.

Camp, December 2nd, 1854.

Many thanks for your long letters assuring me of your good health. I cannot answer them in a long letter, as I regret to say our sickness has again increased, and my time is much occupied. Indeed, I have little to relate to you, except the details of our miserable situation. I mentioned to you in my last the fearful hurricane we experienced on the 14th instant. This was the final breaking up of the fine weather, and ushered in a series of storms and incessant rain and cold which we have had ever since. With only one suit of clothes out in these

tents, which are with difficulty kept standing, you may perhaps imagine our condition. The whole camp is ankle deep in mud, with which our feet and legs are all covered. Bad as is the condition of the officers, that of the poor men is infinitely worse. They have more exposure, much more mud, and are absolutely in rags. Most of us have two shirts and a couple of pair of socks, but most of the men have neither one or the other. I never thought that the human subject could endure so much privation and suffering. As you may suppose, the roads are in a dreadful state, and transit has become very difficult and precarious, even from the short distance of Balaklava. Food is becoming scarce, all luxuries are obliged to be dispensed with (such as sugar and rice)—from want of means to carry them up. The miserable mules and horses and the native Arab bullocks are all dead or dying of overwork and starvation. The cavalry is reported unserviceable, and the guns cannot be got up the hill to be placed in the batteries, and are abandoned by the wayside. You can hardly conceive the state of filth we exist in. Two other officers and myself have dug a round hole nearly three feet deep, over which we have pitched our tent. Round this we have scraped up mud and stones, so as to form a wall, which breaks the force of the wind, and makes us tolerably comfortable, if the word comfort can be applicable to a situation resembling that of the "Foxes of the earth." Fortunately the weather, disastrous to us, is equally so to our friends the Russians, who, we hear from deserters, are starving and dying like



ourselves. They have not ventured to attack our position since the fearful massacres of the 5th of last month, the details of which, as well as of the loss of life from the hurricane, you no doubt have by this time. The armies, both English and French, are receiving recruits every week, and on these fresh troops the fresh outbreak of cholera has fallen. They die in hundreds.

In the meantime the siege is at a standstill, nearly all our guns are worn out, or have been disabled, and the fresh ones cannot be got into position from the causes I mentioned. I believe six weeks at least will be occupied before the assault can take place. We now fire only shot for shot. The Russians make vigorous sorties nearly every night, which are repulsed by the guard in the trenches. But beyond this nothing is doing.

Camp, December 12th, 1854.

The people in England imagine that their army is well looked after and well provided with shelter, food, and clothes, and that the sick are supplied with medicines and comforts essential to their miserable condition. Nothing is farther from the truth. Nothing can be worse than the arrangements for the commissariat supply. Many divisions of the army have been days without any meat and half biscuit allowance only; and this they are obliged to send for seven miles off to Balaklava. As for the sick 10,000 in the army! if it were not for the "French Ambulance" not a single man could be moved from the camp. The famous

ambulance carriages sent out, have proved a signal failure and have long since stopped work. The horses and mules are dead and dying from starvation. The spectacle presented by the cavalry horses is melancholy in the extreme. They eat one another's tails—and I need not say are quite unserviceable in the field. Yesterday 1,100 sick were sent from the army on board ship, and I hear 1,000 men are to go away next week!!! This is the result of the late bad weather, and the want of preparations to meet what should have been foreseen as likely to occur at this season. I am happy to say that we have now had four dry days and the ground is drying up, and a corresponding improvement is evident in the health of the men. But we have still a very large sick list and many cases of scurvy. All this sounds strange after one reads of the vast preparations made in England and the sympathy expressed for the condition of the army. The immense sums of money are wasted and are rendered useless from gross want of system and management. The French are really comfortable. Without half the talk they do things much better. We have much to learn from them, for they understand the organization of an army much better than we do. Nothing has yet been done at the siege; we are as far off as ever from the fall of the town. There is no doubt everyone has been taken in—Sebastopol is not so easily captured, and we have found our match. The place is now much stronger than when we arrived before its walls. In her last letter E. says she wonders what I am doing at the time of her writing. At

that time we were all in a dreadful state of despondency. The massacre of Inkerman had just taken place, and we were hourly expecting to be again attacked with fresh troops. I shall not dwell upon it, as it renews the most dreadful feelings. We were hurrying away the wounded men as fast as possible to prevent them being bayoneted by the Russians, in case they made a successful advance and got into our camp. Lord Raglan wrote to complain to Prince Menschikoff of this barbarity practised in every case by the Russian soldiers. The excuse, a very lame one, was that his men were irritated in consequence of the robbery of a church by the French. I answered your letters on the 2nd. Our means of writing are very limited, and the various circumstances to distract the attention so numerous that I hardly ever write at all. We still remain in a state of dirt, although I have been able to add to my wardrobe lately. A few shops are opened at Balaklava where flannel shirts, and socks, etc., etc., are sold at exorbitant prices. I regret to say our clothes continue infested with vermin. We have a hunt every morning. Is not this a dreadful state of affairs? There was a strong sortie last night; the Russians came out in great force with loud shouts and covered by a tremendous cannonade. We were all turned out, but our division was not called up to act—the sortie was eventually repulsed. This, however, is not an unusual occurrence. It takes place nearly every night, and generally we take no notice of the firing, so habituated use makes one to strange occurrences,

and unless it sounds close to our camp, we do not take the trouble to get up.

Crimea. On board ship "Rockcliff."  
December 29th, 1854.

I received your letters of the 26th of last month with one from Aunt Maria, when on board the ship "Rockcliff" in Balaklava Harbour. I had been a little unwell, and was sent away from the camp to recover my health on board ship, where one enjoys at least a dry berth to sleep in, a warm cabin, and good meals of fresh meat and vegetables. You must not be at all uneasy on my account; my attack has not been severe, and I am now rapidly regaining my strength. It began a day or two after I wrote my last letter to you, with febrile symptoms and vomiting. After a few days of considerable discomfort, I became yellow with jaundice and felt easier. I am now convalescent, and in a few days more shall probably rejoin the battalion at the camp.

I have no news, except bad news to tell you. The army is half starved and in rags. The people of England, who have so liberally sent out all manner of comforts for the use of the troops, would be appalled were they to know and witness the misery and destitution that exists in every part of the camp. The sickness is perfectly frightful. I believe the daily loss of the army has been for some time at the rate of 200 or 300 men. Eleven hundred were brought down in one day, a thousand a few days following. The fresh regiments and drafts from

England cannot satisfy this fearful drain upon our numbers. All this is owing to the gross mismanagement and want of forethought on the part of the commissariat and the authorities generally. Everyone blames Lord Raglan very much, and I should think when the real truth becomes known at home, severe censure cannot fail to be passed on those who have, by their negligence, caused this heavy loss. The French, who understand military organization perfectly, are comfortable and comparatively healthy. Their army is regularly and well supplied, while we are starving.

Provisions are to be bought here, but you must go to Balaklava for them, through seven miles of mud, and are then charged enormous prices. I gave eight shillings for a small pot of jam a few days since, and everything else is at similar extortionate charges. However, as there is no other way of spending one's money here, one does it with less regret. The practical effects of free-trade have not yet reached this place, and the great wants painfully felt here have not yet been supplied from the redundancy of other places.

The siege of Sebastopol makes no progress ; we have not fired a shot for many weeks, in fact, most of our batteries are without guns ; those with which we began the siege being all either dismantled by the enemy, or quite worn out by repeated firing at a long range and with a heavy charge. Fresh guns have arrived at Balaklava, but the difficulty of getting them up to the camp, from the state of the roads and the want of horses, is so great, that it

will, it is said, be a fortnight yet before anything can be done. In the meanwhile, the Russians, who are at home, keep up a fire upon us, and make constant and vigorous sorties upon our advanced works, where our men lie covered up in their blankets, so starved and exhausted, that they can be with difficulty roused, or rather kicked up, to defend themselves from the attack. Many have actually been bayoneted while asleep. Such indifference to life can only be the result of continued privation and misery.

Camp before Sebastopol.

January 1st, 1855.

We have now been absent from England ten months, and it has been my fortune to witness more glorious deeds of valour, more misery, and a greater destruction of human life, crowded together in that short time, than probably ever took place in any former campaign.

I need not dwell upon our unfortunate occupation of Bulgaria, where so many of our brave fellows were swept away by cholera, and prostrated by fever never to rise again. I had seen epidemic cholera in India, but never anything equal to this in malignancy. The strongest men appeared to yield to the fatal disease without a struggle, and although the patient continued to breathe for a few hours, he both looked and felt like a dead man. No remedy seemed to have the slightest effect one way or the other; and whether the strongest stimulants were given, or simple acidulated drinks, the result was

inevitably the same. We found slightly acid drinks the most grateful to the mouth, and chloroform very useful in relieving cramp, but I do not believe that any progress has yet been made in explaining the nature of the disease, or the principle to be adopted in its treatment. Nature may pull a man through, but art as yet has done nothing. We were all delighted to leave Bulgaria, and the prospect of moving did more to improve the health and strength of the troops than anything else. The voyage across the Black Sea was accomplished wonderfully, and the spectacle of the fleet of steamers and transports, protected by the line of battle ships, all advancing in regular order, was most magnificent. At night, when every vessel was distinguished by light, any one might have imagined himself in the middle of a large city; on landing, the advance, the battle of Alma, the occupation of Balaklava, the battles of the 25th and the 26th, and the subsequent massacre of the 5th of November, have been all published and so often described, that I shall not inflict my version of the story upon you; but shall only assure you that in all these battles the reality far exceeded anything that you could have imagined in horror. After Inkerman, the bodies in that confined battle field were lying so close that they could only be measured by the acre. We buried nearly 5,000 Russians, and some remain still unburied, rotting on the hill, because the Russian batteries shell all parties they can see, not excepting even those employed in the Christian purpose of burying their own dead. The Russian soldiers (and officers!)

murdered all wounded men they found on the ground. Lord Raglan sent in to know whether we were going on with the war like savages ; the answer was very unsatisfactory ; that he could not restrain the ardour of his men who were fighting for their hearths and homes. Since the day of the hurricane, the 14th, we have experienced the most dreadful weather, a succession of storms, and incessant heavy rain. The road from Balaclava and the camp rapidly became impassable, and neither guns nor food could be sent up ; the commissariat failed entirely, and the consequences that have resulted have been most disastrous. The men are starving and in rags ; some of the divisions have been without meat for several days, and have had to subsist on half-rations of biscuit and a taste of rum, without coffee and sugar. They are hardly worked in the trenches, and soaked with rain. During the last few weeks the loss of the English army by death and sickness, has been nearly 1,200 a-week, leaving the same duty to be done with these sadly diminished numbers. The English people send out stores and comforts with a liberality unknown in any previous war, and they would be surprised to hear, and appalled to witness, the actual state of the men who have to fight the battles and maintain the honour of the country. No preparation for bad weather was made, or attempted. We just lived from hand to mouth, and, of course, when the pressure came, the commissariat carriages entirely failed ; their horses and bullocks all died of starvation, and the troops, necessarily, were left without provisions. We had no depôt to



fall back on, as our systematic friends, the French, had. The men were obliged to walk down some seven miles through the deep mud and pouring rain to procure their own food, and perhaps afterwards spend a night in the trenches. Stores of all kinds, food, clothing, etc., are rotted and wasted in the most reckless manner at Balaclava, but very little ever reaches the poor soldiers for whom they were all intended. No words can express the indignation felt by the whole army at this gross mismanagement and want of ordinary forethought. The indifference displayed towards the men is perfectly disgraceful. Our department is, if possible, worse. The regimental surgeons can do nothing for their men without *medicines*, without shelter and *warm clothing*, without *bedding*, without *medical comforts*, and without the means of *transporting* men dying of dysentery from the wet ground, upon which, covered by a wet blanket, they lie, chained, as it were, to the land by the sea-side to be overwhelmed by the advancing tide. Whatever Mr. Sidney Herbert, or any other minister, may say to the contrary, such is really the case.

Camp, Sebastopol.

January 12th, 1855.

I have only just time by this mail to send you a few lines to say that I am quite well again, and returned to camp, where everything is frozen hard up, cold intense. I returned yesterday. I have received your letter of the 21st, but regret to say that the boxes have not yet arrived. I should have liked

to know by what ship they are coming, as there is sad mismanagement here, and many parcels are lost and robberies are frequent. I must refer you to the leading article of the "Times" of the 23rd for the last account of our condition here, and to a letter also in the "Times" either of the 23rd or 24th, dated from this place Dec. 4th. It conveys the best impression of what we suffer from cold and neglect of the Government. It is deplorable to think of, and worse to endure. We are now only beginning to get up—very slowly from want of transports—a few fur coats for the men who are exposed at night in the trenches on the advanced pickets, but they arrive too late. There are not now 12,000 men left for duty out of the whole army of 54,000 men sent out since the commencement of the war!!! You will be glad to hear that Colonel Haygarth is getting well at Malta. I heard from him a short time since. Everyone talks of peace, but I fear it is only because it is the general wish; in fact, unless a peace is soon concluded, there will be no British army left to fight. The whole thing has been one grand system of neglect and mismanagement from beginning to end. The government will, I hope, get what they deserve from the English people who have been so liberal to us. Do not omit the article of the 23rd, it is admirable, and true every word. Take care that all our friends read it, and believe it.

Camp before Sebastopol.

January 22nd, 1855.

I thank you for your letters of the 28th Dec. and of the 1st Jan. The latter I received yesterday, and feel happy to perceive by it that you and E. are well, and still enjoying the society of our kind friends at The Dingle. I thought of you all on Christmas and New Year's day. Mine were spent on board the ship "Rockcliff" in Balaklava harbour, where, as I informed you, I spent a few days in consequence of a slight attack of jaundice. I mentioned in my last (No. 3) that I had quite recovered and had returned to camp; this was dated 14th of January. I was convalescent on Christmas day, and we had a good dinner for once of turkey and plum-pudding, and drank our friends' health in champagne. I do not for a moment suppose that I am forgotten at home, but the non-arrival of a letter, when it is expected, is a source of great disappointment; and while talking of disappointment, I regret to say that the two cases have not yet made their appearance. The greatest confusion and mismanagement exists here in every department, and extends of course to the distribution and even advertising of the private packages for officers, which are frequently lost or stolen. The only safety is in knowing on what ship they may be expected, then one can go on board and find them, otherwise they may lie for weeks unknown to the unfortunate expectant. There is a parcels office here, but it is mismanaged,

and all parcels do not find their way to it. After several days of severe frost, and a heavy fall of snow, a thaw has set in, and we are consequently up to our knees again in mud.

We are still in the same tents we had in Bulgaria at a temperature of  $110^{\circ}$ , and a very scanty supply of the warm clothing has yet arrived, or at least been distributed to the army. Each man has had one pair of cloth trousers, woollen drawers, and under-shirt given him, but these only supply the place of the rags he had been wearing for more than a year previously, and are no sufficient protection against the weather we have to endure. One hundred great coats lined with fur are the only extra clothing as yet supplied for the whole regiment, with twenty buffalo skins which I use for the sick in the hospital tents. In other respects the men are dressed as you see them in England. Everything is too late, the huts are somewhere at Balaklava, but the army will never be hutted unless we wait till the dog-days. I believe the idea is quite given up; in fact there is no possibility of getting them up. We can only just live from hand to mouth, and everything has been transported from Balaklava—blankets, clothing, food, etc., etc.—on the officers' horses. The Government have done nothing for the regiment. All articles are issued at Balaklava, and have to be got up to the camp as your own means of transport admit. It is not surprising that the sickness is fearful; the men are perishing by hundreds from fever, and dysentery, and scurvy. No treatment does any good to them as long as they remain in

their present unfavourable circumstances ; however, we must hope for the best. A third of the winter has, we hope, gone, the days are lengthening, and we now feel satisfied that the people in England are fully aware of our condition, and that every means will be taken to relieve us. But it does appear sad that so many brave men who survived the perils of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, should be suffered to perish from neglect and official indifference. The liberality of the public in England is wonderful. We receive letters by every mail, intimations from brewers, bakers, pork butchers, etc., etc., etc., that ale, biscuits, hams, etc., etc., are coming out to the regiment. Fifty immense hams arrived yesterday. Porter and ale for the whole regiment is expected every day, and everything else in proportion. I am made the agent for the distribution of 22,000 volumes, tea, sugar, arrowroot, lint, etc., etc., etc., the result of an appeal to the public by my friend Albert Smith in his omnium-gatherum song at the Egyptian Hall ; the difficulty is now to get them to their destination, the camp. It takes forty men daily for fourteen days to bring up one hut!!! Everyone here is fully sensible of this liberality. A day of reckoning will some day come to those who render such exertions almost nugatory.

We hear rumours of peace conferences at Vienna, but I do not think they obtain much credence. We are further off than ever the attainment of the object of the expedition, the capture of Sebastopol, and rejoiced as everyone here would be to get home

again, and have done with the whole business, I fear it is too good to be true.

Camp before Sebastopol.

January 30th, 1855.

Your letters always give me much pleasure and are looked forward to with anxiety, not that I anticipate bad accounts, but because their non-arrival causes disappointment. I have received yours of the 1st and 7th, both dated from the Shrubbery, where I am glad to find you have been passing your winter both healthfully and agreeably. As to ourselves, I have not much to report ; we have experienced hard frost, which I think is more endurable than the incessant rain which preceded it. The snow has now nearly all disappeared from the camp ; thawed by the sun during the day. The mountains are still covered by it, and will remain so for some weeks. We had one very heavy fall—about two feet fell in a few hours ; when we looked out at daybreak, the view was most singular. Nothing was to be seen whatever. The ground, the sky, and the tents were all one uniform white. The form of nothing could be distinguished, and it was not until some hours had elapsed, and some clearance had been made, that you could believe that human beings found their existence in these shapeless masses. I never saw anything so cheerless ; it was by far the worst day we have yet experienced.

I am afraid I cannot yet give you any more favourable account of the state of the army. The sickness and mortality continues as alarming as

ever. I send away to Balaklava and Scutari as many of our poor fellows as I can, to give them a chance of their lives. Within the last three days forty have gone. So we go on daily lessening our already reduced numbers. None of the wonderful boots and waterproof clothes, etc., etc., about which so much has been said, have yet been served out to the men, and as to the huts, the idea is quite given up. About twelve have been put up in the whole army *on the heights* as hospitals, but the men still remain, and will remain, in the ordinary tents. The only thing that has arrived up here are some great coats and cloaks made of sheep's skin. The consequence of this neglect is apparent daily. Men come in from the trenches with mortified feet and toes, and we are daily becoming ineffective from this cause alone.

I have just received an intimation that my cases are on board the "Black Prince," which may be looked for daily. Mr. Russell is a frequent visitor in our camp—his letters are very true, and may be implicitly believed; in consequence, it is said, he is in very bad odour at headquarters.

The two Grand Dukes have again arrived at Sebastopol, and it is fully expected that the Russians will attempt something shortly; in fact, orders have arrived to keep a sharp look out, although what will be the point of attack is of course unknown.

February 1st. I found I was too late for our very irregular mail, so shall conclude my letter for the next. An attack was expected at daybreak

this morning, and the whole army was under arms at six o'clock, but nothing occurred, except the usual cannonade of shot and shell, with a few musket shots between the advanced posts; this ceases to disturb us. But I have no doubt that a serious attack will be made soon. I do not think it will be made on our part of the camp, and I have none whatever that it will be repulsed with great loss, wherever it does take place. We hear a great deal about peace and the four powers, but believe nothing. Sebastopol must be taken by us before any terms can be listened to.

I have not heard of the arrival of the "Black Prince," but the officers are all pretty well provided. We all bought warm clothes at Balaklava. We could not wait for the presents so bountifully sent out from England.

Camp before Sebastopol.

February 9th, 1855.

I owe you many thanks for your letter. Nothing tends so much to cheer our forlorn condition out here, and to dissipate gloomy thoughts, as letters from friends at home. My only regret is, that I cannot answer yours in a similar cheerful strain.

We are, truly, a set of *dirty fellows*, since, on close inspection, the natural consequences of living night and day, week after week, in the same shirt (a flannel one too) have copiously developed themselves. I can easily set the "grave discussions" at rest about our costume. We all landed on the 14th Sept., with one coat (a red one), one every other



article of dress ; and until these, from hard work and exposure, gradually fell off our backs, they were worn all the time, night and day. They have since been replaced by articles of every variety of colour and form, and you really would laugh to see the extraordinary figures we cut.

The condition of the officers has been much improved of late. Balaclava is now full of provisions, and every steamer brings a fresh supply of long boots, rough jackets, and other articles of dress adapted to our situation. All these things are sold at exorbitant prices, but as money is a perfect drug, we contrive to live pretty well. *None* of the clothes promised by government have arrived, and the condition of the poor men is dreadful in the extreme. From 4,000 men of the guards, we are now reduced by death and sickness to about 500, fit for duty. Such is the result of official indifference and neglect. The wonderful liberality of the whole people of England affects us very deeply ; but owing to the sad confusion that exists in every department, few of the comforts reach their proper destination. Profusion exists somewhere or other, but nothing is in the right place. No letters that you have read can convey an idea of the utter and reckless confusion and want of management. I do sincerely hope that a heavy reckoning will fall some day soon on somebody's head. I should just like to put the whole lot of them—ministers, secretaries, commissariat, etc., etc.—in our advanced works for twenty-four hours. There, within 200 or 300 yards of the Russian sentries, I would keep them in mud,

knee deep, soaked to the skin by a pouring rain, or frozen up in snow, unable to move. If you show as much as the tip of your cap, pop, pop, two little puffs of smoke, and a couple of rifle balls come whizzing by your ears, to say nothing of the round shot and shell which are continually plumping into the trench all around you. At night, sleep if you can, at the risk of being surprised and bayoneted in a sortie. After twenty-four hours I would send these gentlemen *home* to wet tents, wet blankets, wet biscuit, and no fires, no armchairs, no port wine and nuts. I think this dose, repeated every other day (*si opus sit*), would give them a good moral lesson, and would cure their indifference to our sufferings. Such is the life we have led during the most inclement months of this winter. The poor men bear all without a murmur. They go on as long as they can, and do not apply till they are unable to drag one leg after the other. In this state, if they are not sent away from the camp to the dry, warm shelter of a ship, they die in a day or two, are put into the ground by their comrades, just outside the camp, and nothing more is thought of it.

So callous and indifferent to life, so brutalized have we all become! I calculate, at our present rate, the brigade of guards, once the flower of the army, will last about fifteen days longer and then become extinct. There is now some talk of removing us down from the heights to Balaklava, in order to save the remnant from the inevitable destruction towards which we are rapidly drifting.

The Queen, we hear from private letters, feels

most deeply this waste of life. She sent out a few pairs of mits for the officers, made by her own hands and by the Princess Royal. As one of the few survivors of both Alma and Inkerman, I have received a pair. I have also got a plum pudding and a savoury pie from Windsor Castle. We are still living in tents, generally two in each, and for warmth have dug them down two or three feet, so as to get through the mud on the surface. The cold is still very great, and I awake frequently with my head frozen to the blankets. The water brought in for washing (for we *do now* wash) freezes before I can use it. We had commenced a house, but were unable to finish it, as we came down to solid rock in excavating; so we must remain content with our canvas walls—*rather thin for this weather*. But we manage to keep it pretty dry with wood, ashes, and burning pans of charcoal. These we are obliged to turn out at night, as several officers have been suffocated by the imprudent use of them.

Our cookery and other domestic arrangements would amuse you, but I fear I shall make you as weary of my account as to our mode of living as I am myself. We are all heartily sick of the whole business, and thoroughly disgusted at the neglect and indifference with which we have been treated by the authorities. I believe there is not a man in the army who would not go from it, if he could do so under any any decent pretext. All enthusiasm has melted away under the hardships and unnecessary sacrifice of life to which the army has been exposed. Our mode of life is not favourable to

letter-writing ; sitting in a hole in the ground with the sound of big guns constantly in one's ears, the thoughts do not flow with the freedom that might be wished. Our French allies are as jolly as possible ; 20,000 of them are encamped near us. They are, day by day, taking the duty from us. I dined with a captain of Zouaves a few days since, and had a dinner worthy of the "*Trois frères.*" I asked his servant how he managed. He told me "he had studied in the Palais Royal," there he had committed some fault and was obliged to leave that nursery of cooks and join an African regiment, whence he came hither. I have also a capital cook. How he contrives to serve a dinner for three, consisting of capital soup, curry and rice or a stew, vegetables, pancakes, or a pudding of biscuits, suet, and plums, on two stoves, with a few dried roots, is a perfect mystery to me. He also makes excellent coffee and *green tea punch* ; moreover, he is an expert thief. Possessed of these qualifications, I need not say how valuable a servant he has been. He now appears in a magnificent hussar uniform, taken from some Russian. Can you imagine me stripping at the Alma and washing my socks, shirt, and drawers, drying them in the sun, and putting them on again ? My horror at the discovery, alluded to in a former part of my letter, was intense, but my servant comforted me by assuring me that everybody was alike, and that "the Duke of Cambridge was covered with *them.*" We are now a little cleaner, and having recovered part of the baggage, possess a change of under garments.

I hear that one of the Lancashire regiments of militia is likely to come out to the Mediterranean. How do the officers like the prospect? A change of life will be agreeable to them, I think. Perhaps, however, they are of that sort of militia who were promised by Mr. Pitt—never to be sent *out* of England until the enemy comes *into* it!

Camp before Sebastopol.

February 12th, 1855.

Our hopes, which had revived a little by a few days fine and really warm weather, are all gone down again. Yesterday and last night were more trying than ever. In the morning, heavy rain and thick mist which wet everyone through. In the afternoon, a violent gale with snow and hail, and at night a piercing frost: all the tents, which were soaked with the rain, are now as hard as boards. We are now reduced to about one hundred duty men, of which thirty spent yesterday in the trenches and were replaced by forty more last night. Can you conceive anything more likely to kill the poor wretches than this exposure to alternate wet and hard frost, insufficiently clad, and without fires or fresh food? The officers now can get supplies pretty well by going over to Balaklava for them, and being content to pay ruination prices for everything, but we have plenty of money. The government has as yet done very little for the comfort of the men. A few boots are supplied occasionally, and fresh meat (but very thin) about every ten days. The hospitals have lately received a very handsome

donation from the "Times" fund, preserved vegetables, arrowroot, wine, etc., etc.—more at one time than our wretched government has issued out in driblets for the last three months. The navvies of Mr. Peto are at work, and contrast most favourably with the slowness of the official undertakings; but they are too late, the mischief is done. The once magnificent army is gone, and what is worse, cannot be replaced. Where will you find the *old soldiers* who won the battles of Alma and Inkerman? The boys they now send here are useless, and have never even fired a shot at a target in practice. How will they stand up eight to one against the soldiers of Russia? Can they be trusted? Some unaccountable delay must have occurred in sending away the two packages. I am sorry to say the "Black Prince" has not yet been heard of. I have, however, well supplied myself with warm underclothes, and have quite enough. All the officers have now abundance of clothes, and whenever I have to pass a night or day in the trenches I borrow a pea coat and so get on very well. All the same, the cases, particularly the food, would be acceptable. I do not care about wine, but we drink green tea punch, an admirable confusion of tea, rum and brandy, with lemons and sugar, boiled and burnt over our pan of charcoal. Everything you hear about the army here is true. Until very lately, no one knew Lord Raglan by sight. Having received a hint from home (I presume) he is now going about a little more, but still much dissatisfaction exists, not so much against

him as the other heads of departments, whose incompetency and indifference is now too apparent. Since I wrote to you, I have received a very gratifying present. The Queen, to show her satisfaction of the performance of the Guards, sent out a few pairs of warm mits, worked, I understand, either by herself or her ladies. The preference was to be given to those officers who had been through both battles, and I, as one of the few survivors, have received a pair; at the same time a *plum pudding* and a *savoury pie* from Windsor was given me. The latter are in process of demolition, but the mits I shall of course carefully preserve and send home to you by the first safe opportunity, with my watch and star. They might get lost here, and are quite useless. By the papers we learn that the ministers are out. We hope the next will do better—they cannot do worse. We hear a good deal about the negotiations at Vienna, but until peace is actually proclaimed we believe nothing. The siege goes on very slowly. Both sides are making preparations; the allies are getting more guns and constructing fresh works nearer to the Russian batteries, and the enemy are vigorously throwing up fresh defences to oppose them. They have greatly the advantage, being at home. The attack, whenever it does take place, will be fearful, at least double the number of guns of far heavier metal will be used on both sides, and even if we are allowed quietly to prosecute the siege without being attacked by the army collecting in immense force in the interior, the capture of the city will be a work of

great difficulty. We do not fire now at all, as only a small part of our guns are in position, and when one does fire, it is sure to bring down a terrific storm of shot and shell, which we are unable to return. There is, however, a constant chattering of small arms, night and day, between the advanced posts, which are within a few hundred feet of each other. The sight of a man above the parapet is sure to attract a volley of balls, and so the greatest caution is necessary.

Camp before Sebastopol.

February 22nd, 1855.

You need be under no apprehension on account of my health ; we have undoubtedly gone through the worst, and hope to improve bodily now that we have supplies of warm clothing and better food. I must announce the arrival at last of the two cases in the "Black Prince." They were actually in harbour at Balaklava at the date of my last letter, but such is the beauty of our system that no one knew anything about it, and they remained on board under shot, shell, and other explosive projectiles, a week before they were landed. I sent for them as soon as possible, and they just arrived in time to prove of infinite service during the very coldest night we have experienced this winter. The evening of the 19th was fine and positively warm, but at twelve o'clock at night the wind veered round to the north-east, became violent, and was accompanied by a storm of fine frozen mist, which penetrated into every tent, and made us all as miserable



and cold as ever. It lasted during the whole of the day following. The ink froze in my pen in hospital, and the tea in our tin cups in our tent. We have no fire, and under the circumstances the only thing was to get under the heap of all our blankets, pea-jacket, fur-coats, etc., etc., etc., and light our pipes. The tent itself became as hard as iron, and cranked in the most awful manner as it was moved about by the wind. The next day, however, was fine, and the sun melted the snow, which hung in long icicles from every point. The poor horses, who have no stables, were covered with them, and their tails and manes masses of ice. We have been in daily expectation of a great attack by the Russians, but we hope that their army must have suffered fearfully in the open country during the late snowstorm, as none has taken place. We are now so reduced that the brigade is going to be moved down to Balaklava in a few days, when we shall be at all events near to our supplies. Talking of supplies, the profusion of everything now sent out to the army is wonderful. Oranges, arrowroot, books, and clothing, quinine, preserved vegetables, combs, etc., etc. If all had arrived three months ago, and the Government had provided the necessary houses and clothes suitable for the climate and duties, we should have now had a fine army, instead of being as we are, reduced to a miserable remnant of shadowy figures, fitter for their graves than for fighting. The health of the men had, however, improved for several days before the last storm, and if it continues fine, we shall doubtless improve still more. The siege of

Sebastopol appears almost lost sight of in the more immediate necessity for the preservation of life, but the French are busily constructing works on the heights at Inkerman, and it is said that in about three weeks, if not interrupted by the enemy or the weather, another attack will commence. We hope it will be successful.

Camp before Sebastopol.

February 23rd, 1855.

I received your letter only yesterday, and was unfortunately out of my tent when it was left there ; but I hope that your friend will find me out another time, as I fear it will be almost impossible to find him. It gives me very great pleasure to hear so favourable an account of yourself. The "compound fractured thigh" (of Guthrie) gave me the most anxiety, although the wound in the shoulder was by far the most frightful looking at the time, and as that is well, or nearly so, I think I may congratulate you on a great recovery. Pray make my compliments to Dr. Guthrie when you show him yourself, a living contradiction of one of his axioms. I have heard continually of you from Dr. Stewart, to whom, as well as to yourself, I wrote, but fear that the letters must have gone on to England, such is the beauty of our postal arrangements. All the various accounts of our miserable condition during the winter fall far short of the reality. We have been treated worse than any gentleman in England treats his cattle. I look upon the whole as a great experiment to show how long human existence can

be prolonged when deprived of all the necessaries of life—without food, clothes, or shelter. It has been a sad exhibition of official mismanagement and incompetency. But I really believe that, with the exception of two or three heads of departments here—the adjutant and quartermaster-general—the fault lies more in our want of system than in any individual. No, Haygarth, as our friend Richardson would say, we have no business there. We do not know how to make war, and ought to leave such occupations to nations who know that fighting is not war, and who have learnt to take care of their armies in the field. The brigade is so reduced, that we are going to move nearer to Balaklava, on some high ground about a mile and half from the harbour, where we shall, at least, be near our supplies. This morning we have ninety-eight effectives, besides the servants, etc., and about forty men on detachment. We have suffered from everything possible : dysentery, typhus fever, scurvy, frost-bites, etc., etc. Sick list to-day, 150. Hard times these, to see the gallant survivors of Alma and Inkerman perishing day by day from the effects of starvation and neglect. You would have been horrified to see the poor fellows dying of dysentery in the mud, without either the means of transport to a place of shelter, or of placing them in comfort where they were. The more I reflect on the horrors we have gone through, the more furious I become. My anger gave itself vent in two long official letters to the commanding officer, which were forwarded to Lord Raglan, and I hope produced some effect in

procuring a tardy supply of warm clothing, and fresh meat and vegetables. I determined that, at all events, they should not be able to say that they were ignorant of our state. Everything has gone wrong and been shamefully mismanaged. Nothing has been where it was wanted, everything in the wrong place. The cattle (getting thin like ourselves) at Varna, while we were starving. Tons of jalap came here when we were all dying of diarrhœa. Fifty thousand pairs of boots were for several weeks travelling between Balaklava and Scutari while the army was barefooted. The warm coats, etc., at the bottom, with the diving apparatus, etc., etc. I find myself breaking out into invectives against everybody and everything. A more agreeable subject is the sympathy which the people of England, from the highest to the lowest, have evinced for our sufferings. When the true state of the case became known, through the letters in the "Times," but one feeling seems to have pervaded every breast—how to offer assistance, and it is wonderful what has been done. I receive almost daily presents of shirts, socks, arrowroot, oranges, tinned meats, and vegetables (more in a day from the "Times," that much and unjustly-abused paper, than I can squeeze out of the authorities in a month) for the sick under my care, showing what might have been done if there had been anyone worth his salt at the head of affairs at home. We have just seen by the papers of the 5th that Lord Palmerston is at the head of the new Government. I hope and trust that he will throw aside all official etiquette, and employ only

those who will really work and try to get us out of this difficulty. Lord Rokeby is doing everything he can to mend matters, and is a far better brigadier than our old one. Blane is quite well. Gordon thanks you for your congratulations. Drummond, Buckley, and Colonel Walker have joined us again, and are quite well. Gipps, Astley, Ennismore, and Hepburn are, we hear, coming out soon.

I have heard of Berkeley's and Shuckburgh's arrival. Both, I fear, will be long in getting well, and the latter will probably have an imperfect use of his foot. Ben has just come in, he is quite well, laughs as much as ever, and sends his kindest love and congratulations.

You asked me to let you know how we were getting on, so you must not find fault with me, if I have wearied you with my grumblings.

I shall direct this to Malta, but almost hope you will have left it for happy England before it reaches you. When shall we see it? This is a question often asked, but we cannot get a satisfactory answer. As to peace, no one believes it.

Camp near Balaklava.

March 2nd, 1855.

You will see by the date of this letter that we have been moved from our position on the heights down to this place, were we are to remain for some time to recruit our shattered strength. We have only been here two days, and, little preparation having been made for our reception, we have been very much occupied. You have no idea what a business it is to move a

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number of sick, seventy of whom required carriages, and all the stores and equipments belonging to a hospital. We are at present very unsettled, but still hope to benefit by the change. The men will have no night work, and wooden huts are being erected for them. This will I hope be beneficial. It was impossible to get them up to the front to our former position, from the want of carriages. We hope, too, to get some of the good things sent out from England, of which we have as yet enjoyed very little. The weather is most changeable. For a few days it was really quite warm, and we hoped that the rigour of the winter was over, but yesterday it became nearly as cold as ever, with hail. To-day it still freezes, but I think, upon the whole, there is an improvement, although not perceptible from day to day. The winter, neglect, starvation, and rags, have done their worst, and I do not anticipate any further serious loss from these causes, against which we should have fully prepared. Now we may look again for another sort of enemy, the Russians, who will be able to move their masses upon us. They have suffered, we understand, great losses, and it is said that a strong division of them was caught in the open country in the sudden severe storm I mentioned in my last, and many perished. We rejoice at this, as it saved us from an attack. The only piece of news I have to tell you is, that the French experienced a sad reverse a few nights ago in front of Inkerman. They have for some time taken this "Attack" from us, and have been constructing works approaching nearer to the batteries of the

Round Tower. The Russians, to meet this approach, made a redoubt on an intervening hill, and the French endeavoured to storm. The Zouaves made their way into the "redoubt," but the support of the "line" lost courage, and ran without firing a shot, leaving their comrades to fight their way back. The loss was 300, and 17 officers; but the worst part is the bad moral effect it has upon the army. It is the first failure in fighting, and is more to be regretted on this account than for the actual number of killed. It took place at two in the morning, by moonlight, and lasted an hour and a half. The noise was terrific, what with the booming of the great guns, the rattle of musketry, and the cries of the assailants. When the French were driven back the Russians began to cheer, and all the bells in Sebastopol were set ringing. They celebrate it as a victory, and I have no doubt you will see Prince Menschikoff's dispatch announcing it as such. We were all turned out; in fact, it was too near for any one to remain in bed, and we were in a most anxious state as long as the firing continued. The next morning we heard the unwelcome news. I visited the ground the next day, at least as close to it as the Russian rifles would allow. The French are continuing their works and will make a trench running up to a nearer parallel, and very powerful batteries. But as the Russians are also making the same, the result is very doubtful. I do not think anyone can form any correct opinion as to the duration of the siege. Since the weather has become drier, the enemy has appeared again in our rear, in

the valley of the Tchernazal, and very probably they will make, before very long, a tremendous attack on Balaklava. Since the battle of the 25th of October, however, many defences have been added, and the engineers say that our lines cannot be carried. We must hope they will not. The railroad is making good progress, and before very long, I believe the heavy goods will be conveyed by it to the camp. In fact, by the time the warm weather comes, we shall be amply supplied with transport for our huts and food, the want of which has reduced the army to what it now is, about 11,000 men. I hear that Lord Raglan, Sir J. Burgoyne, and all the old experienced officers, most strongly advised *against* the expedition, but that they were overruled by the Government at home, upon whom all the responsibility rests, and who are answerable for all the failures and deficiencies that have taken place.

Camp near Balaklava.

March 9th, 1855.

You will observe by the date of this letter that our brigade, reduced from nearly 5,000 to 300 men capable of bearing arms, has been moved from the heights down to this place, where we shall be near to our supplies, have no more harassing night duty in the trenches, and where we hope to save the remnant of the men from destruction, the few who have survived through this terrible winter. You say truly that the allies surpass us in the *Art of War*—their organization is perfect, whereas our army, with the exception of fighting—in which the British



soldier beats all creation hollow—has proved a grand failure. Every department has failed in its duties, from the incapacity or inexperience of the heads and subordinates. The army through this trying period has been without an efficient transport, without suitable clothing for our peculiar situation and duties, and without proper food and shelter. *Ex uno disce omnes.* We landed, as you are aware, on the 14th of September, with one suit of clothes on our backs, and after some hard marches, accompanied by considerable wear and tear of our garment., arrived at Sebastopol and took up our position on the heights. The weather was delightful, the men in excellent spirits, and I really believe that two of our divisions could then have easily taken by storm the town which has since defied the united armies of England and France. That was, however, an irregular proceeding not to be entertained for a moment, and the opportunity was lost, never to be regained. The regular thing was consequently done, and the result was unsatisfactory. In the meantime the season was advancing, the storm of the 14th of November destroyed most of the tents, reduced many of the men to rags, and introduced the bad weather. From this date our calamities began—the constant duties unaccompanied by success, the gloomy prospect of a winter in the field, the constant exposure to all the varieties of frost, snow, and tempests of wind and rain, caused the spirits and health to droop. The daily salt pork and hard biscuit was no longer relished, and often thrown away. As might be expected,

sickness in a very severe form was not long in making its appearance, and the ranks began to thin by fever and dysentery. It was dreadful to see the heroes of Alma and Inkerman sink into the mud and die of disease, the result of privation of the common necessities of life. An English farmer would have taken more care of his cattle—these at least have a warm stable, fresh straw and good food after their labour; while our soldiers in the Crimea returned from passing a wet night in a ditch knee deep in mud, to still wetter tents, starving with cold and hunger, and found neither food, fuel, or dry clothes or blankets. It may be all very well for the authors of this misery to deny these unpalatable facts—but I assure you that the letters that have appeared in the “Times” are *not* exaggerations. I have been with my battalion from the day it left Portsmouth, with one short exception, and have seen these things. It is the fearful magnitude of the calamity alone which staggers the belief. Was nothing done, you will ask, to improve matters? As far as we individually were concerned—nothing. Everything went on in the regular routine. We heard rumours of wooden huts, and railways—and read accounts of provisions and comforts—square miles of lint and many hundred thousand pairs of boots and shoes, but nothing reached us, and it was not until the public at home became aware, by the overwhelming evidence of letters from the camp, of the state to which the army was reduced, that any stir was made or any activity was displayed. As it was, the worst was over before any relief came—

towards the end of January a little warm clothing made its appearance, in driblets at first, afterwards in shiploads, and now when the horse is stolen and the men are dead, we are overwhelmed with every kind of comfort—more flannel shirts, more woollen socks, comforters, mits, gloves, fur caps and coats, etc., etc., etc., are arriving every day. Many of these are served out by our benevolent government, but most of them are free gifts from the people of England, from the highest to the lowest. We all feel most deeply this liberality and the sympathy for our sufferings which has dictated it. The "Times" has supplied our hospital with wine, preserved vegetables and comforts, and the goods sent out by the Crimean Fund are now selling to the soldiers at very low prices. I am at this moment also distributing a great variety of useful articles collected by Mr. A. Smith at the Egyptian Hall in London for the use of the sick. The whole of England indeed appears to have become a vast committee of supply. We have now everything we want—except men—and where can we find again such an army of old disciplined soldiers as left England last spring? Young boys of seventeen or eighteen years of age are of no use for this work. They only fill the hospitals and add to the expense. We have now been here a week, and already our invalids have improved in appearance. The weather too has been really hot and dry. We are rapidly getting our huts erected, and I do not anticipate any further great loss. Balaklava is a very singular place, and under other circumstances

would be a most convenient port, but confusion, mismanagement and dirt of the worst description have nearly ruined its usefulness, and, I fear, its salubrity. The railroad people were very late in coming, but since their arrival, the progress that has been made is astonishing, accustomed as we are to the slow progress of every other work. Mr. Peto did very right to be independent of our commissariat and provide supplies for his own workmen and horses. Already good trains run and convey stores nearly to the foot of the hill. A stationary engine, I believe, is intended to drag the trucks up the heights, and branches will extend to the different parts of the camp.

I have not been able to find any remains belonging to an earlier period than the Genoese. There is a fine old ruined fort which originally guarded the narrow entrance to the harbour, and another fort, also in ruins, which overlooked the approach from the land side at Inkerman. This last is in possession of our friends the Russians, and can only be viewed from our heights across the valley. With regard to the siege I have very little news to tell you; the French are constructing immense works on the heights at Inkerman, and have batteries within 1,000 yards of the famous round or Malakoff tower, but the Russians are equally active in throwing up works to oppose them, and a few nights ago successfully repulsed an attempt on the part of our allies to storm and keep possession of a redoubt the Russians threw up one night within 600 yards of these advanced works. This reverse

is singularly unfortunate. It is the first that has occurred. The French ought to have taken it at all hazards the following night, but to our surprise they made no attempt to do so, and the Russians have now a formidable battery on the spot. The cannonade during an hour and a half was tremendous ; we were all disturbed, and most of us turned out. The Russians celebrated their success with loud shouts and ringing of all the bells in Sebastopol. I took a walk along the lines and defences of Balaklava two days ago. Our safety depends on their strength ; as if once forced nothing could save us. The mail has arrived with news to the 23rd. We have also heard from Vienna of the death of Nicholas. I am surprised the event has not happened before. You appear to be in almost as great confusion at home as we are here. We shall probably suffer accordingly. We all pray for peace to put an end to this miserable business. You will possibly think that I have abused the real British privilege of growling, but the subject of our complaint is too firmly rooted in our minds to be easily obliterated.

Camp, March 30th, 1855.

A good deal of speculation is now going on here as to the effect the death of the Emperor will have upon the war. It is understood that the heir to the throne is peaceable in his views, and not of the old Russian party ; if so it adds to the probability of peace. We heard that a dispatch had arrived from Vienna anxious to know the number of the Russian fleet at present in Sebastopol. Whenever

we *do* hear anything either good or bad it will be direct from Lord J. Russell to Lord Raglan here. Negotiations are going on, we believe, but no authentic account has arrived whether favourably or otherwise. I need not say that the whole army here are for peace.

Since we have come down to Balaklava the health of the men has continued to improve, although some serious cases of fever still occur.

I have been very unwell myself, having had an attack of fever. It came on the day I wrote to you and is just now leaving me. A Medical Board has just sat on me, and I am ordered to Malta for two months to recover my health. When I get there I shall write to mention my address. There is no use in being anxious about me. I shall do very well, and am going away from the Crimea in order to recover completely. You must remember that I have entered the army, and must take it for better or worse.

I have some faint hope of finding Colonel Haygarth at Malta. He was there a short time back, and wrote to me from thence, but he may now have returned home to England.

Pray do not lead anyone into the belief that I like writing letters. Nothing is more disagreeable, and I do not know where I can write to Dr. Skey, Dr. Meryon, or anyone. I do not know how I shall be able to get to Malta, as the communication is not at all frequent; few transports go beyond Scutari, where I have no desire to remain.

Dunsford's Hotel, Malta.

April 18th, 1855.

You will see by the date that I have arrived here quite safe. I am also happy to say that I am getting better. I am still weak, but all the fever has left me, and my appetite is excellent. I think it not impossible, however, that I may be sent on to gain strength in England as soon as I am strong enough to run alone, which I am hardly yet able to do. I am most comfortable here, and am allowed to keep my own servant, who understands me very well. Haygarth sleeps in the room next to mine, and we make use of a common sitting-room; nothing could be nicer. He is wonderfully well, his thigh united, and the wound on the shoulder, which has been very troublesome, healing. We may be ordered home together. I cannot say anything with certainty, as we are entirely in the hands of the military surgeons here, who dispose of one as seems fit in their wisdom. I have been rather long in talking about myself, but I know you will be glad to hear how I am getting on. The "City of London," in which I sailed from the Crimea, arrived here exactly a week ago and, owing to the kindness of some officers on board, arrangements were made, in conjunction with Colonel Haygarth, and a party of soldiers (curiously enough of the Buffs) came down to the landing-place and carried me in a litter up to my *room*, so that I had no trouble and no fatigue. I do not think anything has happened in the Crimea since I left, at all

events, no intelligence has arrived here, but everybody was expecting that the firing would begin again very soon. Peace is the great thing we ought to look to; and every one hopes that no trifling point of national etiquette will prevent the negotiations, now going on at Vienna, from being terminated in a manner to lead to this desirable object. I doubt if we can take Sebastopol in our present method, and to invest it would require at least one battle, another at the Alma, and an immense army. I will write to you again as soon as my destination is settled, but I do not see the use of your writing, as probably I shall be gone before yours can arrive.



III.  
LETTERS  
FROM AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.  
SEPTEMBER, 1866.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF J. A. BOSTOCK, WHEN  
SENT BY OUR SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, TO  
INQUIRE INTO THE MEDICAL AND SANITARY SYSTEM  
OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

Hotel du Nord, Berlin.

September 11th, 1866.

I presented myself before Lord A. Loftus, our ambassador, on Monday. He had expected some one for some time, and we had a long talk. He says that their sanitary and medical affairs were very much mismanaged, and that the Prussians succeeded because the Austrians were infinitely worse. The Prussian army is wonderfully intelligent and united; whereas the Austrians were mere drilled machines, of all races, and disunited. Whole regiments of Italians threw themselves down after the first gun went off, and, without firing a shot, became prisoners. It was not *all* the needle-gun that won the day.

Sept. 12th. To-day, I have seen Lord A. Loftus again. He says I must have patience, as there is

never any hurry in the public offices here, and at present they are in confusion. I went to hear a debate in the House of Assembly, and saw Count Bismarck, now the leading man in Europe.

The building is a very plain one. It was very full, as an important debate was taking place. When the President thinks that any member has said enough, or is not speaking to the point, he drowns his voice by ringing violently a large bell, very like a railway bell. It has a comic effect, but is effectual.

Great preparations are making for the triumphal entrance of the victorious army, which is to take place on the 20th, and the whole of the Unter den Linden is being decorated with flags and *lined* with Austrian cannon, captured in the late war.

Breslau, September 17th.

I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Cameron, a Presbyterian Chaplain in our army, who has come to Prussia with the intention of visiting the sick and wounded. As I found that he was going to Breslau the following morning, I determined to join him. Accordingly, we started at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived here at six. Breslau is the capital of Silesia, and is a very important place, now the headquarters of the army of Silesia, which took a leading part in the late war. The whole town is in the greatest excitement, decorated with flags, triumphal arches and flowers, as the troops are to make their entry with the King and Crown Prince to-morrow morning.

18th. This has been an eventful day. Mr. Cameron and I got up very early this morning and visited the soldiers' hospital and the cholera hospital. Altogether, 3,000 wounded have been received here into the hospitals, barracks, and other private institutions. All soldiers, Austrians, Poles, Italians, and Prussians, received the same attention. Besides all the medical men, ladies of all ranks joined in nursing; visiting and supplying them with comforts. There was great confusion at first, but the committees soon reduced everything to order, and they all speak in the highest terms of the ladies who resolutely attended to their self-imposed duties. Among other things we saw the wife and infant of a wounded soldier, who had travelled some distance to join her husband. The poor woman's face exhibited a mixture of delight and sorrow which was extremely touching. I did my best to talk to the Italians, who were the brightest and most cheerful of them all. Nearly all were doing well. Great numbers have gone home, the worst cases only remaining. The cholera has been very fatal here, but is now declining. In the middle of the day the triumphal entry of the King, the Crown Prince, and a portion of the army took place. It was a most exciting sight. Their reception was enthusiastic, every man was covered with flowers. There was a grand fête given by the municipal authorities, and the town was brilliantly illuminated. The old part of Breslau is very picturesque.

19th. *Leignitz*. Very early this morning we set out for Freiburg to visit a beautiful place called

*Furstenstein*, the chateau of the Count Hochburg. Freiburg is two hours' rail from Breslau, and we drove three miles further to the château. It is a vast isolated edifice of a style quite new to me, and a very good specimen of the residence of a rich nobleman of Silesia. We have no idea of such a place in England. *Furstenstein* is finer than anything I ever saw.

20th. *Berlin*. We, that is Mr. Cameron and I, left *Leignitz* last night at eleven, and got here at five this morning. We were in considerable difficulty, as all the hotels are full, and every bed in the place occupied. After wandering about and trying all the Hotels and likely looking houses, I was obliged to ask the hospitality of a young surgeon now attached to the *Charité* Hospital. It was rather difficult to find *him* in a building containing 1500 beds. But I did at last, and am to have his sofa until better accommodation can be got. The entry of the troops, from which I have just returned, was a magnificent spectacle. The *Unter den Linden* is beautifully decorated with flags, flowers, and trophies. They entered the *Brandenburg* gate, which is also decorated, and marched down the *Unter den Linden* to the palace. Every available space is covered with balconies for visitors, very tastefully ornamented. The King, with the Crown Prince, and an immense staff of officers, headed the troops, and were very well received. He is an obstinate old man, a mere soldier, and has not any of the cultivated tastes of the late king, his brother. Success has made him popular, and it *has* been a

wonderful success for Prussia. She gains more by the recent victories than by any previous success. The humiliation of her great rival, Austria, and the great accession of territory—Hanover and some of the smaller States—are more than the conquest of Silesia by Frederick the Great. Among the smaller trophies are 220 brass cannon, captured in the field, which are now placed in an avenue under the Linden trees. The crowd is never tired of examining these tangible proofs of the prowess of the soldiers. The whole population is wild with delight, and well they may be, for their army is magnificent, and they occupy the first place in Germany, if not in Europe.

21st. This day a second portion of troops entered, with the same enthusiastic reception. There is to be a "Te Deum" this afternoon, in the open air, with preaching. For this purpose a magnificent altar has been erected between the Museum and the Old Palace, under a colossal statue of Victory, and surrounded with flags and military trophies. I got up very early this morning to visit a soldiers' hospital, which was established in the great Uhlan Barrack. The whole thing is admirable, and I mention it to you principally because the nursing is entirely carried on by Catholic nuns. They belong to a Society dedicated to St. Elizabeth, and the parent institution is at Neisse, in Silesia, with many ramifications. There are 400 nuns altogether. A superior and six young and healthy looking nuns came here on a request being addressed to them, and the cheerful way in which they devote themselves to their duties is most pleasing to witness,

and has, without the slightest doubt, been of great benefit to the sick and wounded of both armies. The men are all grateful, and have become so much attached to their nurses, that although they might go home to Austria, Italy, or Poland, they prefer to be completely cured here. I was introduced to "La plus Joyeuse," a nice-looking young woman of about twenty-five, who must impart some of her own happy disposition to the unfortunate men under her care. She was nursing two men with amputated legs. She was delighted when I explained to her that in England we had heard all about their doings. "Even in England!" was her expression, but without any exultation or consciousness of superior excellence. I have seen something of hospitals, but nothing equal or approaching to this. The government only supply the building, everything else is given by one of the many national committees for this purpose. Altogether the way in which the whole Prussian people have assisted the sick and wounded is admirable, and makes one really believe that there must be something unselfish in human nature after all. Physicians, surgeons, ladies, rich and poor, have all done something towards the general end.

25th. *Berlin.* I have witnessed very exciting scenes here, the entry of the victorious army into Berlin, and the subsequent open-air "Te Deum" and illuminations were splendid. The crowd was immense, as the procession only occupied a short distance. I could not get near enough to the front of the Old Palace to hear much of the "Te Deum," but the

sight was superb. About 20,000 soldiers were present, besides the whole court. Luther's hymn was magnificently sung, but the "Te Deum" did not go very well—time was not kept. The illuminations were somewhat spoiled by rain, which came down pretty heavily, but it was very grand. A Berlin crowd is a polite one, and there was no shouting nor rough work. Of course these fêtes entirely suspended my business, and I only received last Saturday evening, from our ambassador, the official permission to visit the Military Hospital and Train Establishment, but I must not regret having been present on the occasion. I told you the difficulty I was put to to get a bed on my arrival in Berlin on the morning of the 20th. I did at last get a hospital bed in the private room of one of the medical officers of "La Charité." I was obliged to remain there, partaking of his hospitality, until Sunday night. I then returned to the hotel, where I am now established in comfort. I have lately paid two most interesting visits to hospitals attached to religious sisterhoods, that of St. Elizabeth, Protestant, and of St. Carlo Borroméo, Catholic. The nursing and whole administration is undertaken by the sisters, and is admirable. I have become a complete convert to female nursing in all hospitals, both civil and military. Not by paid nurses in our hospitals, old hags who drink the wine intended for and rob the sick; but when undertaken by a *sisterhood* trained to, and devoted to the duty. Amateur lady nursing is very undesirable, it is not to be depended on. I have heard some very amusing anecdotes

here about the way in which enthusiastic ladies rushed after the "poor wounded Austrians" and the "bright-eyed Italians." It never lasts. Real nursing requires something more to make it effectual and lasting, and I believe this is only to be attained by sisterhoods. The Protestant house of St. Elizabeth is presided over by Mons. Prochnow and a lady superior from the noble ranks of Prussia. He was formerly a missionary in India; both he and his wife speak English well, and I was with him two hours at least. He is an excellent man. The hospital contains 150 beds, many of which were filled by soldiers. The Catholic institution contains 250 beds. They received in one day 116 sick and wounded Austrians and Prussians. To-morrow I am going to see the Jews' hospital. The new synagogue is one of the finest buildings here, in the style of the Alhambra.

Oct. 1st, *Berlin*. I am now waiting to see a field-train, which I hope to do in a day or two. Now that the war is over, these "trains," consisting of carriages, waggons, and all the means of transporting the baggage, hospital, sick, etc., of an army in the field, are being returned into store, until the next war occurs, and my only chance of seeing one is during this process. I have seen nearly everything else. The Prussian army is magnificent, every man of whatever rank is bound to serve three years from the age of twenty. The only exceptions are professional persons, medical men, ministers of religion, etc., etc., who are let off with one year provided they pass their previous examination in Arts.



About 600,000 men reach the age of twenty every year, and as 62,000 only are required for the army, you see what a selection can be made, and what a splendid body of men can be collected. After this compulsory service everybody is liable to be called out, when the state requires it, until he is forty years of age ; thus the army can be increased to almost any amount at a few weeks' notice. This wonderful elasticity enabled Prussia to gain an immense preponderance in the late war, without permanently burdening the country with a large army. When the war was over, and peace actually signed, all the extra soldiers returned to their homes, and the regular army remained as it was before the war. I have written for instructions to Sir J. Gibson, the head of our department, and his answer will guide my future proceedings. The real object of my coming was to see all things in *the field*, but as this cannot now be, my inquiries have taken a rather different turn.

Oct. 8th, *Berlin*. Yesterday I spent a long morning in the barracks of the second regiment of the Guards. They performed all the public duties, so I saw the whole battalion in parade order, and a finer or more serviceable looking set of young men I never saw. They were all between twenty and twenty-eight years of age, and were up to any amount of fatigue. This regiment formed part of the army of the Crown Prince, and made some most astonishing marches, twenty miles day after day, and were eleven days without their knapsacks, and during the greater part of the campaign without tents or

shelter of any kind. Through the kindness of the colonel, who seemed a capital fellow, a man completely dressed for the field was placed at my disposal, and the captain of his company took us up into his quarters, where, having lighted up, I proceeded to examine into his kit; finally I put it all on myself, helmet and all, took his needle-gun in hand, and walked about to see how it felt. I am particularly directed to report on this matter as affecting the soldiers' health and capability, and I did examine into it completely. I heard lots of stories about the campaign; its history may be briefly told. A week or ten days' forced marches, seven sanguinary battles in as many days, a rapid pursuit to within sight of Vienna—the armistice! I suppose this is the style of what all campaigns will be for the future. Thirty thousand wounded were left to be cared for by the victors. The Prussian dead amounted to 8,000. Cholera attacked 8,000 soldiers, and killed forty per cent., typhus a lot more; these are the results, and I do not think anything has been learnt in this war to modify or lessen the terrible amount of sickness which hitherto has proved so fatal to all armies in the field. No arrangements can be made for such enormous numbers. This morning I spent several hours in the depot of the ambulance train, and saw seven or eight acres of army waggons, packed as closely as books on library shelves. Fancy the horses and the forage for them! This was the train for one "army corps," the Guards only, about 30,000 men. The Prussians had about 250,000 at Königgratz!

and the Austrians something over 200,000. These populations blazing away at each other, as hard as they can for six or seven hours, is something awful to think of. Our little wars are nothing compared to this wholesale business. I think the Prussians would like to have a row with the French. I feel convinced that at present they would walk over any French army, but the emperor is too "sage." I have now finished my work here; I at least have plenty of rough notes, which I must write out and put into decent language at home.

Oct. 11th, *Dresden*. I left Berlin at seven o'clock last night, and arrived here at 11.30. This afternoon I took a walk with Major Smith and my American friend to the Grossegarten. In going there we found one of the earthworks recently raised by the Prussians on their occupying the city. There are six of them round the south side of the town, which is quite open to attack. Dresden is very *triste* now, as there are 20,000 Prussians in possession. The Saxon army is at Vienna. The fate of Saxony is still undecided, but I think it very probable that it will share the fate of Hanover, and become part of Prussia. In fact the new kingdom of Prussia requires a defensible frontier to the south. Dresden is fortified because, in a military point of view, it is necessary for the safety of Berlin itself. An enemy—say a French and Austrian—once victorious in the field, could walk without serious opposition to the capital of Prussia. The mountains dividing Saxony from Austria are the real frontier of northern Germany, and I believe it will

end in poor Saxony yielding to the necessity of the case. I shall spend a day or two here to visit the military hospitals, and then go on to Prague. Captain Smith is going over all the battle fields of the late war ; I do not care to do all this, but shall join him at Königgratz, the field of the last and decisive conflict. It is by far the greatest battle ever fought in Germany, and I shall like to see it before it becomes hackneyed by tourists. This morning I have visited the military hospitals. On the first intimation that a serious war would take place, preparations were made for an inevitable long list of wounded. Twelve hundred beds were prepared in Dresden. A cadet college was converted into a hospital for 500 beds. Another hospital also devoted many hundred beds to the expected wounded, and the Lutheran Deaconess's Hospital was also appropriated to the same purpose. The wards were beautifully clean and well arranged, although the house was not constructed for a hospital. I only hear one opinion about female nursing by the sisterhood, and that is favourable in the extreme. I find that I shall be obliged to remain here until Monday, and then go straight to Königgratz to meet Captain Smith and another officer of the Grenadiers who is with him. They have a German with them who knows the ground well, and the opportunity is too good to be lost. I hope to get to Prague on Tuesday, and to Vienna on Thursday. I hear that there are still hospitals with wounded there, so I may be detained some days.

Oct. 16th, *Tournau, Bohemia*. I am now in

Bohemia, just where the week of fierce battle was commenced. From the train I saw the field of Podol, and also that of the first engagement between the army of Prince Frederick Charles and the Austrians. Our route was through a pass in the Giant Mountains ; and why the invaders were allowed to advance into the open undulating plains of Bohemia, when there were plenty of points which might have been defended, has not yet been explained.

I think Dresden must be a very pleasant place to live in in ordinary times. Now all is sad and depressed, as the city is in possession of a Prussian army, who do just as they like, and I believe will place hard conditions before an arrangement is made, and the King is allowed to return to his capital. The Saxon army is away behind Vienna, and Prussian officers and Prussian uniforms are seen everywhere. The Saxons are passive, but they do not like these patronizing friends. I told you in my last that I meditated an excursion to the battle fields. As I did not like to trust to my French, which has hitherto served me very well, and not thinking it desirable to go quite alone among the Bohemian peasantry, who are not in the best of tempers at having their houses destroyed and their crops all eaten up by the Prussian horses, I engaged a Saxon to accompany me during my little trip. We started this morning from Dresden, passed by Bautzen, in Saxony, the battle field of one of Napoleon's defeats in 1813 ; changed carriages at Reichenberg, turned towards the south, and

approached the range of mountains separating Saxony from Bohemia. Some points of the pass are magnificent. The whole country is covered with towns and detached farms, and I have seen nothing as yet to show that a fierce war has lately raged here. This is a poor little town, and I only stop here for convenience. To-morrow I take a carriage and drive to Gitschin, the site of one of the worst struggles. Then I shall strike the rail again and go to Königgratz, where I shall join Captain Smith, who has been about here two days. The following day I intend to go to Prague, dismiss my attendant, spend a day there, and go on to Vienna. No travellers ever come here, and everything is in the rough.

18th. *Königgratz*. I have just returned from a long day's drive over the whole of the immense battle field. A fifteen mile drive brought me to Gitschen—the site of one of the most bloody of the seven battles. I walked over the field, which is a great extent. Mounds of fresh earth, and a cross, show where the slain are buried. On one of the crosses was written, "Here rest in God seven warriors." In another place a stone slab placed by the King of Prussia, denotes the resting place of "Several officers and men of the Grenadiers." Some of the fields remain as they were, showing the wheat all trodden down, but others have been ploughed over and all traces destroyed. After dinner I drove another fifteen miles—very slow—three hours, and struck the railway at Palkendorf, and so came here late last night. Here I found Captain Smith, and

three other friends, and we arranged a visit to the battle field for to-day. We got up early, and after breakfast set out at eight o'clock, and only returned as daylight was closing in. Here there are greater signs of violence ; villages burnt and destroyed, the brick-work in ruins, and the black and charred timbers lying on the ground. Trees with all their leaves burnt off. The poor inhabitants selling relics, balls, and portions of uniform. Having lost their all, they are crowded into the few houses still standing. The little church of Klom, in the very centre of the Austrian position, has suffered. It is struck in many places by cannon shot ; the windows are all shattered, and the benches are covered with stains of blood, which dripped from the wounded as they were carried in during the fight, and which have not been wiped up. From the tower, also struck by a ball, we had a splendid panoramic view of the whole field. It is far too great to visit in one day, but I saw the most interesting places. Much of the ground remains as it was, and there are even now fragments of clothes, etc., lying about, but everything valuable has long since disappeared. Indeed, the peasantry are accused of dreadful atrocities committed on the dying soldiers of both armies. They not only rob the dead, but murder the dying, to possess themselves of their clothes ; cut off the fingers of helpless officers to rob them of the rings they all wear. If the Prussians only told these stories, one might doubt them, but both sides tell the same story. It is horrible. This place was, of course, filled with wounded, as were, indeed, all the

private houses, and the villages, in the neighbourhood. Königgratz is a fortified city, and was never taken, so that only Austrians and their Saxon allies were brought in here. The Prussians were taken into the farms and houses outside. There the mortality was dreadful, from over-crowding into improper places and the want of sufficient attendance upon so great a multitude. I visited the hospitals here, and a college of Catholic priests, which was converted into a hospital for the wounded. They are all miserable, and very deficient in what is now considered necessary for the proper treatment of sick men. The good sisters from many parts of Germany, both Protestants and Catholics, came to the assistance of the wounded, and took charge of them in the extemporized hospitals. I am very glad I came this little trip ; very few travellers have been here yet, and it is too far to become a popular object like Waterloo. I am now going to start for Prague, where I shall probably spend to-morrow, and then pay a flying visit to Vienna.

Oct. 22nd. *Hotel d'Archduc Charles, Vienna.* I arrived at Prague at 7.30 on Friday morning, and got a very intelligent guide, to save time, and I believe I saw almost everything, as well as two of the most important hospitals—these are bad ; they are old religious houses converted, and are not at all suitable, according to our notion, of what a hospital should be. The smells were dreadful, and fully account for the great amount of cholera they have had, and still have. The mortality is always very high, and the city, beautiful as it is, is very insa-



lubrious. The Austrian garrison is only just returning, the Prussians having left a short time before. I came on here the next morning.

Oct. 26th. *Vienna*. I am leaving here for Munich, to-morrow afternoon ; my late fellow-travellers have gone to Venice, to see the entrance of King Victor Emmanuel into his newly acquired city. I brought letters of introduction to Colonel Crealock, the military attaché to our embassy here, and through him have seen all the hospitals here, and learnt a good deal about their systems, which, however, I do not think present anything worth copying. Yesterday, Colonel Crealock introduced me to an English Officer in the Austrian service, who commanded a very gallant charge of cavalry. He was unhorsed by two lance-wounds, and on trying to get up was thrown down and ridden over three times by charges of cavalry in the thick of a fearful conflict. He was left for dead on the field, but at dusk he was picked up by a Prussian ambulance waggon and taken to one of the many villages on the field. There he found 600 wounded, and got into a hayloft. Here he remained some time, was then transferred to another similar village, and finally was sent prisoner to Posen. After the Peace, of course he returned, and was made a colonel, and received the "Iron Cross," the most prized of all the decorations. I was glad to hear his actual experience when wounded. The Austrian army are smarting under their defeat, and I do not think many years will elapse before they will try to redeem their lost credit. I like them better than the Prussians, there is more open-

ness about them, and they show strangers far more civility. They are more candid in pointing out their own mistakes, while the Prussians keep on praising themselves and telling one how perfect they are.



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