

brought to Calcutta, in December, by the ship that was called *Spiteful*—apt name for a vessel that brought such news.

Barely two-and-thirty, he had crowded into his seven years of Afghan service more than the events of an average lifetime. He had won from all who knew him “unqualified admiration,” coupled with the expectancy of greater things to come. He had passed unscathed—but for one severe wound—through perils of hardship and exposure, through perils of sickness, and through perils of the sword, to die of fever when all was over, just two years after his miraculous escape from Charikar. Unspoilt by success, unshaken by discouragement, Eldred Pottinger died, as he had lived, devoted to his friends, his country, and his high ideal of duty.

If those last months of his life were saddened by Government injustice and neglect, he left behind him no word of bitterness or complaint. Yet—could he have reached Home and realized how sincerely his character was respected by his countrymen, could he have known that whenever the tale of the Kabul tragedy was told his name would be honoured in remembrance, he would, no doubt, have died a happier man. For, in defiance of all the copy-books, virtue is *not* its own reward. That he did reap, in his few and brave years of life, a reward more satisfying, the beautiful memorial in Bombay Cathedral bears lasting witness: and from the Great Presidency he served, he could have asked no higher compliment than the life-pension granted, in recognition of his services, to her he had called “Mother” and loved as such.

Vain to speculate what he might have achieved “in the fullness of the years.” He lived long enough to prove the quality of his character—and to die of it; an event less unusual than it sounds.