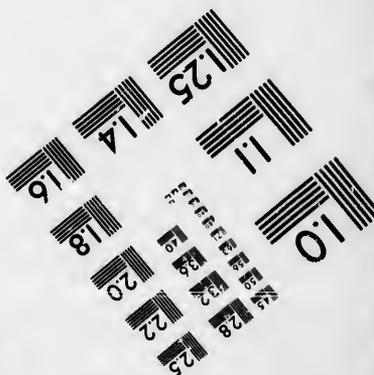
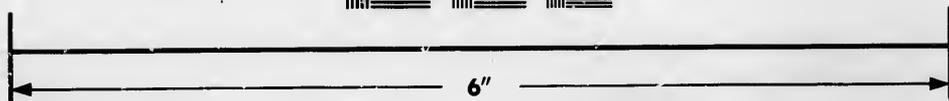
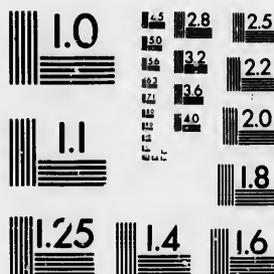


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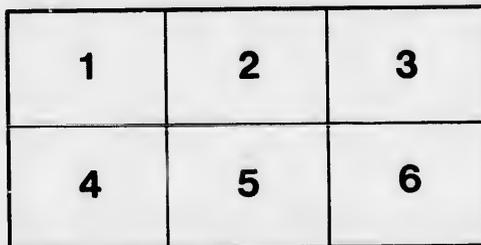
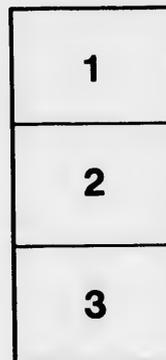
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*E. Sholji*  
*1/48*

SCENES  
IN  
A SOLDIER'S LIFE:

BEING  
A CONNECTED NARRATIVE  
OF  
THE PRINCIPAL MILITARY EVENTS  
IN  
SCINDE, BEELOOCHISTAN, AND AFGHANISTAN,

During 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, and 1843,

UNDER GENERALS LORD KEANE, BROOKS, SIR R. SALE, WILTSHIRE,  
POLLOCK, NOTT, ENGLAND, M'CASKILL, AND SIR C. NAPIER.

BY J. H. WILTON,

AUTHOR OF "ETHALDI," "THE OUTCAST," "THE DESERTERS," ETC. ETC.

~~~~~  
"Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
Of my being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travels' history;  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak, such was the process."

*Shakspeare's Othello.*

~~~~~  
Montreal:

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NEW YORK, BEEFORD AND COMPANY.

1848.

Provincial  
the Office  
year one

70/11/3  
10/11/3

1888

THE BOARD OF TRADE

MEMORANDUM

Resolved, That the Board of Trade do hereby recommend that the Government should purchase the land now occupied by the Board of Trade, and that the same should be used for the purpose of a public market, and that the Board of Trade should be authorized to take the necessary steps for the purchase of the same, and for the construction of a public market thereon, and for the erection of a public building thereon, and for the purchase of the necessary furniture and fixtures for the same, and for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of the purchase of the land, and to report thereon to the Board of Trade, and for the Board of Trade to do all such things as may be necessary for the carrying out of the above resolution.

MONTREAL:  
Printed by LOVELL and GIBSON, St. Nicholas Street.

LOVELL and GIBSON, Printers, St. Nicholas Street, Montreal.

THESE  
SCENES IN A SOLDIER'S LIFE

ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

COLONEL A. GUGY, M. P. P.

LATE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF MILITIA,

AS A TOKEN OF THE ESTEEM ENTERTAINED FOR HIM

AS A

*Loyal Subject, Soldier, Statesman, and Friend,*

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

36152



## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Alexander, Sir Jas. Edward.....	A. D. C. to Com.,-in-Chief,....	1
Adams, Major.....	28th Regiment,.....	1
Adamson, Captain.....	21st N. B. Fusiliers,.....	1
Anstay, Lieutenant.....	20th Regiment,.....	1
Anderson, Dr.....	Rifle Brigade,.....	1
Artrick, Q. M. S.....	Rifle Brigade,.....	1
Adamson, Rev. W. Agar.....	Montreal,.....	1
Aldridge, Thomas.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Adamson, J. A.....	Montreal,.....	1
Allen, H., Sergeant.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Anderson, J. F.....	St. Lawrence Main Street,....	1
Agassiz, Lieutenant.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Abbott, Rev. J.....	Montreal,.....	1
Ayres, S. H.....	Bank of B. N. A., Quebec,....	1
Aitchinson, J.....	Standridge & Co.,.....	2
Alloway, E. M.....	The Derries, Ireland,.....	1
Andrews, Captain.....	28th Regiment,.....	1
Andrews, Mr.....	Water Street, Manchester,....	1
Anderson, Lieutenant,.....	56th Regiment,.....	1
Anderson, J.....	Manchester,.....	1
Alms, Captain.....	70th Regiment,.....	1
Bainbridge, Colonel P.....	D. Q. M. Genl., Dublin,.....	1
Blennerhasset, Captain.....	71st Regiment, H. L. I.,.....	1
Bell, Lieutenant.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	2
Black, Hon. Judge.....	Vice Admly. Court, Quebec,...	1
Barclay, Captain.....	56th Regiment,.....	1
Bainbridge, Mrs. R.....	R. & C. Chalmers,.....	1
Bowers, D. A. C. Gen.....	St. Johns,.....	1
Browne, Ensign,.....	71st Regiment, H. L. I.,.....	1
Belden, J.....	Montreal Academy,.....	1
Blackburn, J.....	Royal Engineer Department,...	1
Balfour, Lieutenant,.....	Rifle Brigade,.....	1
Broom, Templeton,.....	Notre Dame Street,.....	1
Beer, J., Corporal,.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Bowers, J., Corporal,.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Birks, R.....	.....	1
Bain, J.....	Dorchester Street,.....	1
Boys, Armourer Sergeant,.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1

## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Bennett, Color Sergeant.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	1
Boulter, Serjeant.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	1
Belwear, L. I.....	Jacques Cartier Place.....	1
Bryson, J.....	St. Joseph Street.....	1
Burn, Major.....	Royal Artillery.....	1
Brazier, S.....	Compain Street.....	1
Babington, Mr.....	Commissariat.....	1
Beandage, L.....		1
Bethune, S.....	Advocate.....	1
Birch, Mr.....	Provincial Secretary's Dept.,..	1
Brock, J.....	Quebec.....	1
Broom, Frs.....	City Bank.....	1
Ball, Shirley.....	Dublin.....	1
Banks, G.....	13 York Place, London.....	1
Barnes, W.....	Dall Street, Liverpool.....	1
Barnes, Color Sergeant.....	40th Regiment.....	1
Beautflower, Rev.....	Bury, Lancashire.....	1
Beachcroft, W.....	Gravesend.....	1
Becket, Mrs. J.....	Deansgate, Manchester.....	1
Bevin, G.....	Market Street, Manchester,..	1
Bowker, T. R.....	91 St. Stephen Street, Salford, 2	
Bowker, Miss S. H.....	Barton, upon Irwell Cottage,..	1
Brooks, Saml.....	Manchester.....	2
Brode, J. P.....	Newcastle under Lyme.....	2
Buckle, Edmund, M. P.....	Ardwick, Manchester.....	3
Bickerton, J., junr.....	Hat Manufacturer, London,..	1
Baines, H.....	Clements Lane, London.....	1
Boger, N.....	Plymouth.....	1
Byles, Captain.....	56th Regiment.....	1
Bulteel, F.....	Belle Vue, } per Captain Cox,	1
Bulteel, Mrs.....	Per Captain Lawson, } 56th Regiment..	1
Beemish, Mrs.....	Bury, Lancashire.....	1
Beautflower, J.....	Salford, Lancashire.....	1
Beautflower, J. Surgeon.....	60th Rifles.....	1
Bedford, Captain.....	Athenæum, Manchester.....	1
Beesley, John.....	Bombay.....	1
Blackwell, J.....	Banermans, Manchester.....	1
Broomhead, T.....	Montreal.....	1
Baily, J.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	2
Chamberlain, Sir H., Baronet.....	to the Governor General.....	1
Campbell, Major, A. D. C.....	17th Regiment.....	1
Croker, Captain.....		1
Colston, Lieutenant Colonel.....	28th Regiment.....	1
Cotton, Lieutenant S.....	23rd Fusileers.....	1
Crofts, Lieutenant.....	Kingston.....	1
Cruikshank, D. A. C. Genl.,.....	Montreal.....	1
Chalmers, R.....	71st Regiment, H. L. I.,.....	1
Cunynghame, W. A. M.,.....		1



## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

DelHoste, Major.....	D. Q. M. General, Bombay,....	1
Davidson, Major.....	D. Com. General, Bombay,....	1
Dickinson, H.....	183 St. Paul Street,.....	1
Dand, T. S.....	Garrison Sergeant Major,.....	1
Doe, Serjeant.....	77th Regiment,.....	1
Diolet, Alexis.....	20 Main Street.....	1
Davies, J.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Dawson, B.....	Notre Dame Street,.....	1
Dow, Andrew.....	89 St. Joseph Street,.....	1
De Walden, T.....	Canada Hotel,.....	1
Dickenson, Serjeant P.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Davidson, Serjeant.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Derbshire, P.....	Montreal,.....	1
Derbshire, J.....	Montreal,.....	1
Davies, D.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Dallas, Rev. J.....	Manchester,.....	1
Davis, J.....	Bridge Street, Manchester,....	1
Draper, Captain.....	D. A. General, Dublin,.....	1
Dudley, Dr. R.....	Newcastle under Lyme,.....	1
Dimmuck, J.....	Newcastle under Lyme,.....	1
Dale, —.....	Water Street, Manchester,....	1
Darell, Captain,.....	60th Rifles.....	1
Dolan, Color Serjeant.....	22nd Regiment,.....	1
Dove, John.....	28th Regiment,.....	1
Drew, Serjeant.....	60th Rifles.....	1
Dewhurst, J.....	Salford, Lancashire,.....	2
D'Urban, His Ey., Sir B.....	Commander-in-Chief,.....	1
Elgin, Right Honorable Earl of.....	Governor General, A. D. C.....	2
Erroll, Earl.....	Rifle Brigade, A. D. C.....	1
Egerton, The Honorable A.....	A. D. C.....	1
Elliott, The Honorable G.....	Rifle Brigade,.....	1
Evans, T., Major General C. B.....	late 70th Regiment, Montreal,20	
Egerton, Major.....	77th Regiment,.....	1
Evans, Lieutenant.....	Royal Artillery,.....	2
Eden, Lieutenant Colonel.....	56th Regiment,.....	2
Evans, J. A.....	Montreal.....	1
English, D.....	West Williamsburg,.....	1
Eagleton, Corporal W.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Elgie, Serjeant J.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Evans, Serjeant Major.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
Edwards, —.....	Manchester,.....	1
Ellery, Miss.....	Green Heys, Manchester,.....	1
Engledue, Captain.....	51 St. Mary Axe, London,....	2
Evans, W.....	Whip Maker, Birmingham,...	1
Frazer, Colonel Mackenzie,.....	Q. M. General,.....	2
Forester, Captain A. D. C.,.....	to Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,	1
Frith, Lieutenant Colonel.....	Ins. Field Officer, Dublin,....	1
Forster, Lieutenant O.,.....	77th Regiment,.....	1

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

9

Bombay, ... 1	Fleming, T.....	Ch., Exchange, Manchester,...	1
Bombay, ... 1	Fleming, Dr. M. D.....	Broughton View, Manchester,	1
Major, ... 1	Fortune, Quarter Master.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 1	Foy, Major.....	71st Highland L. I.,.....	1
..... 1	Ford, A. J.....	R. E. Department.....	1
..... 1	Florence, J., junior.....	400 Broadway, New York,...	1
..... 1	Favy, J.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 1	Ford, P.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 1	Fletcher, J., Q. M. Sergeant.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 1	Farrow, J.....	Canal Basin,.....	1
..... 1	Farnden, G.....	St. Louis Street,.....	1
..... 1	Fisher, J. C., L. L. D.....	Quebec,.....	1
..... 1	Frew, J.....	Quebec,.....	1
..... 1	Frazer, Dr.....	Rifle Brigade,.....	1
..... 1	Fazakerley, —.....	Bridgewater St., Manchester,	1
..... 1	Foulkes, E.....	Solicitor, Manchester,.....	1
..... 1	Freeling, Clayton,.....	Dublin,.....	1
..... 1	Freke, Surgeon R.....	Dublin,.....	1
..... 1	Freke, W.....	Solicitor, Dublin,.....	1
..... 1	Farmer, N.....	Winchester House, London,...	1
..... 1	Greenock, Lord A. F.,.....	23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers,...	2
..... 1	Granville, E., Major.....	23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers,...	2
..... 1	Gugy, Colonel A., M. P. P.....	De Bleury Street,.....	10
..... 1	Grantham, Dr. D.,.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 1	Grant, Daniel.....	Bury, Lancashire,.....	8
..... 2	Garman, Rev. N.....	Head Mas. Gram. Sch., Man.,	1
..... 1	Glass, John.....	Montreal,.....	1
..... 1	Galway, Lieutenant W.,.....	77th Regiment,.....	1
..... 1	Gallogher, J.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 1	Green, R. J.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 1	Goodrich, C.....	Burlington,.....	2
..... 1	George, Sergeant.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 2	Gilbert, Color Sergeant.....	23rd Fusiliers,.....	1
..... 1	Gordon, J.....	Montreal,.....	1
..... 1	Griffin, Gilbert.....	Montreal,.....	1
..... 1	Grant, D.....	Ordnance Department, Quebec,	1
..... 1	Gillespie, A.....	Ordnance Department, Quebec,	1
..... 1	Gale, D.....	Quebec,.....	1
..... 1	Goodfellow, —.....	Water Street, Manchester,...	1
..... 1	Gough, C.....	King Street, Manchester,.....	1
..... 1	Goldsmith, —.....	Gravesend,.....	1
..... 2	Grettan, Lieutenant.....	Royal Navy, Manchester,.....	1
..... 1	Grundy, E.....	The Wyld, Bury, Manchester,	4
..... 2	Graham, Dr.....	Royal Navy,.....	1
..... 1	Guise, Lieutenant,.....		1
..... 1	Grix, Sergeant Major.....	56th Regiment,.....	1
..... 1	Grundy, Miss.....	Bury, Lancashire,.....	1
..... 1	Hoghton, Sir H. Bold, (Bart.)... London,.....		1

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Harris, Colonel.....	Radford, .....	1
Holmes, Lieutenant Colonel.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	2
Halloway, Colonel.....	Royal Engineers.....	1
Hopton, Lieutenant C.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	4
Hammond, Lieutenant.....	Rifle Brigade.....	1
Hoger, James.....	Grenville.....	1
Hare, Captain.....	56th Regiment.....	1
Hogarth, Major, C. B.....	26th Regiment.....	1
Hare, Rev. H.....	care of Capt. Hare, 56th Reg.	1
Hughes, Lieutenant.....	22nd Regiment.....	1
Hughes, Lieutenant.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	1
Holmes, J. M.....		1
Hamilton, J.....	Custom House.....	1
Honey, J.....	Court House.....	1
Holmes, J.....	Trinity House.....	1
Hall, J.....	Ordnance Department.....	1
Handley, Sergeant W.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	1
Hitchcock, Sergeant R.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	1
Hutchins, J. R.....	St. Paul Street.....	1
Hurvey, A. G.....	Montreal.....	1
Eowell, Sergeant.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	1
Howell, Lieutenant.....	23rd Fusiliers.....	1
Hartley, W. M. B.....	Montreal.....	1
Henderson, Peter.....	36 St. George Street.....	1
Harper, —.....	care of Mr. Loveridge.....	1
Hayes, M.....	Montreal.....	1
Hayes, —.....	Montreal.....	1
Harris, Charles.....	At Mr. Phillips Academy.....	1
Hughes, N.....	Q. M. General's Department.....	1
Henderson, Alexander.....	36 St. George Street.....	1
Hayes, —.....	Montreal.....	1
Hooper, A. C.....	Quebec.....	1
Hall, George.....	Quebec.....	1
Hall, G. B.....	Quebec.....	1
Halkett, C. C., late 93rd High,	London, { Upper Berkeley St., Postman Square.	1
Halkett, H. C.....		1
Halkett, Mrs. C.....		1
Hallpike, Julius.....	73 Lombard Street, London...	1
Harrison, —.....	King Street Manchester.....	1
Harrison, J. B.....	Solicitor, Manchester.....	1
Henderson, Rev. J.....	Manchester.....	1
Heywood, T.....	Harparhay, Manchester.....	1
Hutchinson, W.....	Dublin.....	1
Cooper, J.....	Bank of England, Manchester,	1
Hulme, —.....	Water Street, Manchester.....	1
Hardcastle, J.....	Kirwood, Bolton, Lancashire.....	1
Hargreaves, Jne.....	Newport House, Lancashire.....	1
Hick, J.....	Highfield, Lancashire.....	1

..... 1	Hardman, E.....	Chambers Hall, Bury, Lancas.	2
..... 2	Halkett, Miss Craige.....	1 Silwood Place, Brigh. Sussex,	1
..... 1	Harris, J. C.....	Radford, .....	1
..... 4	Hawker, W. H. ....	Plymouth, .....	1
..... 1	Holt, B.....	Bury, Lancashire, .....	1
..... 1	Harper, —.....	Solicitor, Lancashire, .....	1
..... 1	Harrison, J.....	Irwell House, Lancashire, .....	1
..... 1	Harrison, Jno .....	Green Banks, Lancashire, .....	1
3th Reg. 1	Hodgson, E. W.....	Leberts & Co., Bradford, .....	1
..... 1	Hollond, Dr.....	Philo. Soci., Shef., Yorkshire,	1
..... 1	Heany, Color Sergeant.....	22nd Regiment, .....	1
..... 1	Hindle, Sergeant Major.....	60th Rifles, .....	1
..... 1	Hogg, Captain.....	90th Regiment, .....	1
..... 1	Harvey, J.....	Commissariat, Bombay, .....	4
..... 1	Inglby, C. H.....	Lieutenant Royal Artillery, .....	1
..... 1	Isaacson, J. H.....	Notary, Montreal, .....	1
..... 1	Idler, Ernest.....	Corner of Dorchester Street,	1
..... 1	Irwin, Corporal.....	23rd Fusiliers, .....	1
..... 1	Ibbitson, H. L.....	Globe Works, Sheffield, .....	3
..... 1	Jones, Captain.....	23rd Fusiliers, .....	1
..... 1	Jones, D. Captain.....	60th Rifles, .....	1
..... 1	Jarvis, Judge.....	Cornwall, .....	2
..... 1	Jane, Assistant Surgeon.....	71st Regiment, H. L. I., .....	1
..... 1	Jarvis, Color Sergeant.....	77th Regiment, .....	1
..... 1	Johnson, S.....	23rd Fusiliers, .....	1
..... 1	Johnson, James.....	2 St. Mary Street, .....	1
..... 1	Johnson, J. G.....	Montreal, .....	1
y,..... 1	Jones, George.....	Quebec, .....	1
ment, 1	Jackson, G.....	Bridge Street, Manchester, .....	1
..... 1	Johnson, —.....	Bury, Lancashire, .....	1
..... 1	Jerrutt, Frederick.....	22nd Regiment, .....	1
..... 1	Jones, J. Sergeant.....	22nd Regiment, .....	1
..... 1	Kerr, Lord Mark.....	A. D. C., to the Gov. General ..	1
St, 1	Kaye, Alderman.....	Manchester, .....	1
e, 1	Kingsford, W.....	Montreal, .....	1
a... 1	Khriecoff, Cornwallis.....	Great St. James Street, .....	1
..... 1	Keane, J.....	Ordnance Department, .....	1
..... 1	Kinton, J.....	Barclay Place, .....	2
..... 1	Keary, Sergeant.....	23rd Fusiliers, .....	1
..... 1	Knapton, Serjeant.....	23rd Fusiliers, .....	1
..... 1	Kays, J.....	Gain Street, .....	1
..... 1	Rain, C.....	.....	1
er, 1	Keith, John.....	Campbell Bryson, .....	1
..... 1	Knapp, —.....	DeBleury Street, .....	1
e, 1	Kelly, Color Sergeant.....	22nd Regiment, .....	1
..... 1	Lance, Captain.....	Newcastle under Lyme, .....	1
..... 1	Love, Captain.....	91st Regiment, late 60th Rifles,	1
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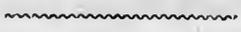
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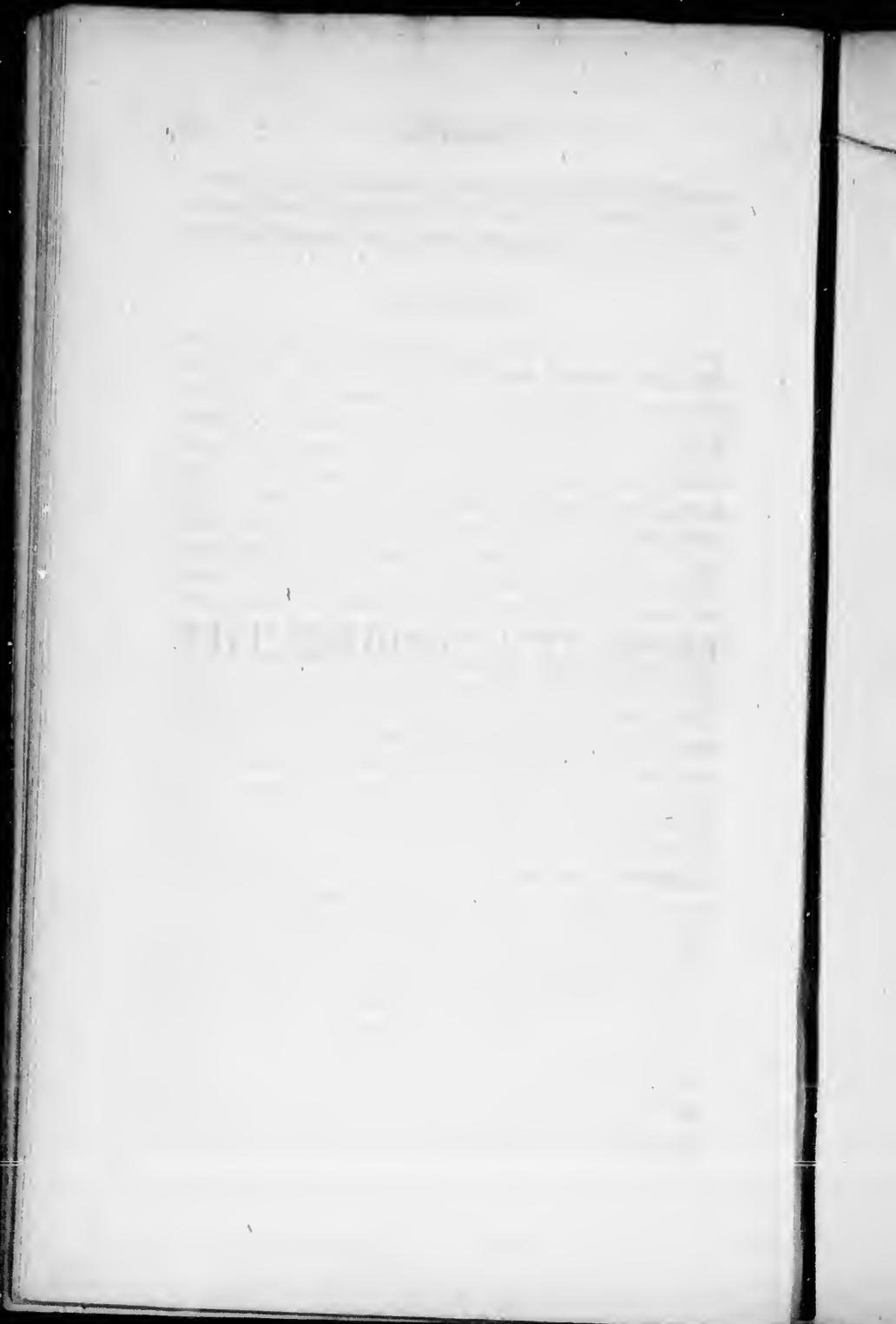
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## SCENES IN A SOLDIER'S LIFE.



## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

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AT the request of numerous friends who have taken a lively interest in my welfare, and as I cannot but appreciate their kindness, I will endeavor to give a few of the very many ups and downs in a Soldier's Life, and, as far as my humble talent will admit, demonstrate the characteristic features thereof, with a view to stimulate the soldier's feelings, in pointing out to him how clearly British honor and courage are developed, and how much more honorable a position it is to serve in an army than is generally conceived by those unacquainted with it; to illustrate, by simple description, the precarious situations the soldier is prone to; the praiseworthy fortitude with which he combats them; and the unremitting vigour so universally displayed among our troops, in all ranks, owing to the nobility of our discipline, and the much-admired steadiness and bravery consequent thereon.

The various climes in which a soldier, during his career, is obliged to serve, if he be a thinking man, give him an opportunity of contrasting and improving his earlier instructions; travel teaches him to study men and manners, and is calculated in itself to convey much practical knowledge, not otherwise

to be obtained. The offices he may have to perform, the difficulties he has to contend with, the glories held out to him, the self-denial, the toils of the field, and the pleasures of peace, coupled with the ultimate bright prospect now before the deserving soldier, are all stimulants calculated to raise our army to a pitch that will outvie the world for its ability and respectability; and the soldier will be looked up to and acknowledged as the instrument by which the glory and protection of our country is so gallantly upheld. It is with this view, to point out the vicissitudes consequent upon the safe keeping of Britain's honor, that I am induced to develop the trials and privations suffered by these instruments.

Having been a participator in most of those disastrous events, so fresh in the memory of my readers, as those of Scinde, Beeloochistan, and Affghanistan, during 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, and 1843, and during the whole time kept a daily journal, composed of many thrilling circumstances, considered, perhaps, by many, as too trivial for the public mind, but being connected with the murders, assassinations, treacheries, &c. &c., of individuals whose near and dear friends, no doubt, are to this day unacquainted with the particulars of them—and as there must be many thousands of such friends, they will, perhaps, prove doubly interesting to them, as also to the reader generally; and if the brief and simple statement of these facts, from per-

sonal observation, will thus tend to aid the same, and at the same time give any satisfaction to my friends, I am willing to do my utmost; trusting never to be considered as unworthy of their kindness, I shall, in a few chapters, arrange so as to give a plain narration of the principal and most interesting events; and give in them some incidents that will, no doubt, induce the memory to reflect on their miseries and results—not forgetting the murder of Captain Hand, the burning to death of three British Officers, description of the Indus, Hyderabad, Sukher, Dadur, the much-talked-of Passes, the Bolun, Gundavie, Mysore, Kojuk, Tezeen, Jugdulluk, Gundamuck, Jellalabad, Khiva, Peshawa, the Punjaub; also, the battles at Dadur, Kunda, Candahar, Baba Walla, Killa Shuk, Killat I Gilzie, Gowine, Ghuznee, Midan, Cabool, Istaliff, Jellalabad, Ali Musjid, Meeanee, and Hyderabad; the principal operations of Generals Brooks, Keane, Wiltshire, Sale, Nott, Pollock, McCaskill, England, and C. Napier; the army under Lord Ellenborough; the massacre of the Cabool Army, Sir W. McNaughton, Sir A. Burns; the prisoners under Shooms ood Dien Khan, and his cousin, Akbar Khan; Ladies Sale and McNaughton; the King of Cabool, and the Ameers of Scinde.

It is not my intention to enter into any lengthened history of the country, further than will be necessary for the introduction of matters so ma-

terially connected with this narrative as to require such detail, because, were I to do so, it would take, instead of a duodecimo of 300 pages, an octavo of 1000—but my sole object is to give my kind readers a soldier's simple story, and in such a manner as will enable them to see their way clearly—and if they will but weigh well such circumstances, they will at once discover my object. I would also beg to remind my reader, that in hurrying over the details of 1839, with Sir John Keane, is simply because the campaign under him has already undergone such a series of description, and would therefore be a mere superfluous story; and would hinder the introduction of other incidents which have before never appeared in print. We find Lieutenant Eyre's—Dr. Atkinson's—Lady Sale's, and others, giving a very clear account of that campaign; but as I was connected with that army, and a great portion of my primary occurrences are belonging thereto, I shall have often to revert to them. For instance, Lieutenant Eyre gives a description of the recapture of Ghuznee, by Shooms ood Dien Khan, and of the prisoners at that place as well as at Cabool; and annexes Lieutenant Crawford's own description. Now when we again captured Ghuznee in 1842, amongst other researches I discovered in the prisoners' room, letters written on the wall by the Prisoners, which I copied, and in themselves go far to shew their feelings, while thus confined; and in fact nearly every circumstance

which he leaves a mystery I have found opportunity of discovering, and feel proud of being able to corroborate his work. It is of course impossible for one individual to be able to relate all the events of so extensive an affair as the campaigns of this country, and in common with every day life, the oftener a thing is gone over the more can be added; having been therefore one of the last to go over the ground, I have endeavoured to bring up the rear, leaving as little behind as possible. I would strongly recommend my readers, should they be anxious for a comparative reference, or a companion to the story—to get Eyre's Operations at Cabool, and as I propose making this the same size, to form one. I shall, however, in order notwithstanding, place this before my reader, trusting my efforts will not be miscalculated. Of a vast region like Asia, much has yet to be learned; and I must confess, that in my opinion, much more war will accrue, and that ere long, another, and I fear, far more serious affair it will be than before, although the loss of souls on our side, during the whole affair, must have been nearly 100,000. I would revert to the subject of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Connelly, but Dr. Wolff appears to give a very clear account of his expedition; yet nevertheless, one fact is certain, that there are at this moment, many of our countrymen in Affghanistan; numbers were missing, and they being yet unaccounted for must leave it a mystery, as to what is their fate, in

our late victories of Aliwal, Sobraon, &c. We have instances of Europeans being discovered in the ranks of the enemy; the thought makes one recoil, but let us not be too hasty, and as is too often the case, judge the thing illiberally—Could they escape?

One instance I know, a man named Howel, on the capture of Hydrabad by Sir C. Napier, was discovered directing the enemy's guns on us; he was taken and imprisoned. He said that they held a drawn sword over him, to strike him down if he did not direct the shot, and that he aimed indirectly, till he could get a chance to escape. Whether this is to be believed or not I cannot determine; but I must admit, that I cannot think that such baseness, such cold-blooded treachery, exists in the breast of a Briton; I think it must be circumstances that alter these, as well as many other cases; however, I merely introduce this to point out the uncertainty of the fate of many of our troops even to this day. I shall also revert to the Somnauth Gates more fully than has yet been done,—the recall of Lord Ellenborough from the Governour-Generalship of India, still remains unfolded, although many surmises are afloat, and as the conduct of a man is the true index to his character, we may better judge by that than any other.

It will be remembered, the Proclamation relative to the evacuation of Affghanistan, his assemblage of an immense army of reserve, upwards of 64,000

men, with its attendant staff, including himself—his directions relative to the prisoners, and his great expenditure of the public funds, the Somnauth Gates—their history,—and in fact innumerable other circumstances, all tend to enlighten us, leaving us, as the old saying goes, to judge for ourselves.

The operations in Scinde being also under his guidance, and call down much serious reflection, and more particularly because it was, after all this, he was so suddenly called home by the Directors of the East India Company, who did not even give a public reason for it, but called a meeting, and with scarcely one dissenting voice, directed his immediate removal from the seat of Government in India.

I shall conclude these few remarks, with a hope that I shall be successful in my attempt in the relation of a soldier's simple Tale.

In order to prepare my readers to enter a country which previous to the time of these campaigns, was almost unknown, or at least, was seldom heard of or alluded to, and as it will occur that names of individuals and places, during the narrative, will be introduced, it will be read with infinitely more pleasure to know something of them.

Affghanistan is an extensive Territory in Central Asia, bordered by Hindoostan on the east, on the south by the Persian Gulf, on the west by extensive Deserts, and on the north, by the Caucasus

mountains; in fact, generally mountaineous throughout the principal part of the country. The population is nearly fifteen millions, consisting chiefly of Affghans, Beeloochees, Tartars, Hazarahs, Parnas, and other Indian castes, the former being the greatest, amounting to nearly two-thirds. The lower country, Scinde and Beeloochistan, is flat and fertile, but as it progresses towards Affghanistan, becomes thronged with Mountains, Passes wild and desolate; but although so overspread with barrenness, from the immensity of their regions, the valleys which innumeraibly intersect the country, are rich with productions of grain and other vegetation. The dotted plains of the Dooranee Empire, are crowded with orchards,—trees having the richest fruit,—the apple, peach, plum, grapes, of every possible flavour and delicacy; large trees are almost unknown in Affghanistan; nothing but the small vine, and bushwood, with here and there, a short timber can be obtained, it is owing to the want of which that the buildings are usually flat-roofed, or otherwise domed.

The people are fine, tall, powerful, and in a great measure handsome; the women are particularly fair, and approach the European feature; they are always covered from head to foot whenever they move abroad, and generally wear white. The children are usually very fair, and the males are schooled up to warfare. Their principles are Mahommedan of the Soonee race, believing themselves the rightful

successors of the three first caliphs ; but their opponents, the Sheahs countd Ali, the prophet's lawful successor, they being divided into tribes to which is born a chief. The continual hostility, reigning from this hereditary feeling, is productive of much discomfort and struggle for power. They are particularly tenacious, and ambitious, filled with pomp and pride ; and thirst for position at any cost.

Nadir Shah is the first we find to have borne any very figurative part in this country worthy of note, that is to say, which more immediately connects it to this tale. Although Baber Shah, at an early period, on taking possession of the Empire, lavished great wealth in fortifying the mountains round Cabool, for its protection, and which still exist. From that time up to that of Nadir Shah, about 1728, matters were extravagantly kept up in warfare, the people ever raging and unsettled, and were called Abdaulees, whom he succeeded in bringing into a greater state of tranquillity ; they were then tributary to the Persians.

Nadir Shah died about 1740, when one Ahmed Shah, head of one of the old Tribes, took the reins of government, and was crowned at Candahar. He was filled with superstition, and notions of predestination ; nay so far did he rely upon his fancy that after a dream of a favoured saint, he changed the name of his tribe from Abdaulees to Dooranees ; hence the Empire of that name.

The Dooranee will be better known to my readers when it is remembered that it became an order, and was extensively and liberally distributed amongst our officers and officials during the first campaign. The Dooranees were divided into nine sects, and were called Populzie, (their head,) and from whence issued all the royalty. The Allekozee and Barukzye ; the latter had for its chief Dost Mahomed Khan, and were extremely powerful. Next the Atchikzyes and the Noorzyee, also very numerous and influential. The Alizee, Iskhaukzyee, Khongaunee and Maukoo, tribes of somewhat inferior race, but nevertheless of the aristocracy. Ahmed Shah having been crowned king, adopted the Persian mode of ruling. He was a fine enterprising youth of about twenty-three, and was well skilled in literature ; his delight seemed to be in a military occupation, and he had several brilliant encounters with the Sikhs. The enormous extent of his dominions, gave him great scope for practice, and it appears to have been his continual toil to put down tumult and war amongst the tribes, which, however, he ill succeeded in, owing to their universal hatred to their numerous and opponent tribes. No sooner one tumult quelled, than another would rise. He died in 1773 or 1774, and was succeeded by his son, Timor Shah, who was born about 1746, and who bore a character of being incapable of governing the country, owing to indolence ; and this was soon

proved by the insurrection in Balkh, Khorassan, (the famous place for steel,) Kashmere, &c. &c., which Ahmed Shah had succeeded in conquering before.

Timor marched, in 1789, against the king of Bokhara, Shah Morad, with 100,000 men, with a view to overthrow him, which, however, terminated amicably; in 1793 he was attacked with sickness, and died at Cabool. His demise created much confusion amongst his family as to the kingdom, but Shah Zeman succeeded him, and reigned about seven years; he was cruelly blinded by his half-brother, Shah Mahmood, who deposed him, and assumed the government, by the aid of an influential and popular chief of the Barukzyees, named Futteh Ali Khan. This latter chief played a very active part in the drama of those days. He was notorious as a deceiver, and disloyal. His conduct may be better judged than described by the perusal of the works of Masson and Elphinstone. His name brings us to the more familiar part of the country's history, and will tend to develop the incorrigibility of the Chief. Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk, who, after the dethronement of Shah Zeman, being the full brother, was the rightful heir, and consequently, spite of the Proclamation of the usurped monarchy of Shah Mahmood, and his agent, Chief Futteh Ali Khan, marched with a strong force from Peshawar upon Cabool, but was overthrown by the Chief, and fled to the hills;

but not satisfied with this overthrow, he made two or three other attempts, equally unsuccessful; but at length obtained a victory in 1802, when he de-throned and confined Mahmood. After having gained the Turban or Throne, his first object was to secure the rebel Chief or Futteh Khan, who, with Prince Kamran, the eldest son of the deposed usurper, had repaired down to Kandahar, and with a strong force held possession of it.

Shah Shooja was also successful in this affair, and the Chief would have made terms, and did offer alle-giance to Shooja, which was, however, peremptorily refused, and he retired to Ghrisk; being enraged, and disgusted at his bad success, he commenced an intrigue, and his first attempt was to gain Candahar.

Ahmed Shah had at this time been appointed by Shah Shooja, Governor of Candahar, and Futteh Khan succeeded in persuading Prince Kyser, a son of Zeman Shah, to seize the Governor and cast him into prison, to declare himself king, appointing him (Futteh Khan) as Grand Wuzeer, which was done, and they immediately marched against Cabool; but during their route, Ahmed was released and rein-stated at Candahar.

The Prince and Futteh were defeated, and Ahmed gave up Candahar after his release, to Prince Kam-ran; the young Prince Kyser after his defeat, find-ing himself outdone at Candahar, surrendered to Shah Shooja, who being ever distinguished for his charitableness and liberality of feeling, forgave the

young man. Futteh Khan now made off to Herat, and commenced an agitation there, and concluded by persuading Haji Ferooz, a brother of Shah Shooja, to assert his right to the kingdom; but the latter, receiving intimation of the matter, sent a force to stop its progress, and succeeded; with this third overthrow Futteh Khan again retired to his home. The young Prince Kyser, who now began to see clearly the treacherous disposition of his former adviser, Futteh, and with a view to shew his loyalty and repentance, and at the same time perform a service to the King, in return for his kindness, managed to seize the Chief, and would have put him to death, but that Futteh Khan, who is described to be a man of insinuating ways, proved, by his turning the wrath of this youth, who was about assigning him to Shah Shooja, or rather to death, actually succeeded not only in persuading the Prince to spare his life, but to commence a fresh attack on his benefactor, Shah Shooja. He was released, and entered into almost immediate arrangements for carrying his plans into execution; but having lost sight of the Prince for a short time, next found him in the hands of one Kojeh Mahomed Khan, a Chief of great power, who dissuaded him from the plot, and Futteh, finding that his plans were thus thwarted, charged the young Prince with treachery and sedition, and offered to deliver up Candahar to Prince Kamran. Prince Kyser was about to take refuge in the hills; but met, by appointment, Futteh

Khan, at night, and great were the arguments adduced on both sides, being men of vile dispositions; it however terminated in that of Futteh, exacting an oath from the Prince, to follow his plans under any and every circumstance, and the following day they proceeded to attack Kamran. Futteh Khan, here again acting the double traitor, led on the van, but privately advised Kamran to retire, saying that he was merely entangling the young Prince Kyser; but he found himself set at defiance by Kamran, who determined on risking the result of the field, which was in this case against him, Futteh gaining a complete victory over him.

Shah Shooja, the King, not remaining as quiet at Cabool as may have been all this time surmised, had gained by fight Cashmere, and Kojeh Mahomed, whose loyalty was very great, and whose influence over the chiefs and people even more so, managed to remove the easily led youth, Kyser, from the advice of Futteh Khan, who made off to Ghrisk, where he again renewed his wily, cunning influence over Kamran, who was foolish enough to be led by him, spite of his proved hypocrisy, and desertion in a former case. They, in conjunction, went against Prince Kyser, and drove him to Beeloochistan. Shah Shooja, finding these things going on, headed a large force and proceeded to Candahar, defeating Prince Kamran, who fled, and Futteh Khan, who managed to insinuate himself, and joined the Shah.

About 1808, Mahmood Shah, who, it has been stated, was dethroned and imprisoned, managed to escape, and with the Grand Wuzeer of the Shah, raised an insurrection, and was joined by Prince Kyser; they made an attempt on Cabool; but the Shah manfully opposed and conquered them, and beheaded the Wuzeer who led them on. Shah Shooja, up to this time, was in every place successful; but in 1809 Futteh Khan, seeing an opportunity, while in the Shah's service, of privately exciting several influential Chiefs, and completely overthrew Shah Shooja, who was necessitated from fear of assassination to take refuge in the Mountain Passes, and ultimately threw himself on the protection of our ally, Runjeet Singh, the Maha Rajah of the Punjab, but afterwards made several attempts to reinstate himself, unsuccessfully. Runjeet Singh, from some private feeling hitherto kept close, threw the Shah into prison, and treated him most shamefully, using every means in his power to render his life miserable. It was well known by the Rajah, that Shah Shooja had possession of many costly jewels, and one more particularly known as the "Mountain of Light," which the Shah had secreted, and which he most determinedly refused to give up, and after a long incarceration effected an escape, and went to the British dominions at Lodiona, for protection.

Cabool, after his defeat, was ruled by Futteh Khan, under the sanction of Shah Mahmood, who

treacherously possessed himself of Herat, and repulsed the Persians, who demanded tribute, in the name of their Ruler.

Mahmood reigned for some seven or eight years, and, owing to circumstance of state, blinded Futteh Khan, who was a short time afterwards cut to pieces; some assert it was owing to his having advised Dost Mahomed to dishonor the sacred rights of the Zenana or Harem of women, in the violation of no other than Mahmood's daughter,—and thus ended the career of one of the most arrant, remarkable characters, that ever reigned in Asia, who would turn with any body to attain power or command—a man, who alas! stands not alone for perfidy and treachery, for we see it developed in almost every nation.

His brother, Dost Mahomed Khan, after the death of Futteh, became King of Cabool and Shuruk, and was much admired for his knowledge and manner. Kamran took possession of Herat. Candahar, once the seat of the Affghan Government, now became low in its power, and after passing from hand to hand, fell at last to be the depôt for the Governorship of a Sirdar or secondary Chief.

The vast Empire of Central Asia was now much disordered, of which all the neighboring rulers took advantage, and crept in and secured considerable additions to their own territories, Runjeet Singh, the Ameers of Scinde, not the least.

It had been, for a considerable time, a matter of

discussion amongst the Indian authorities, as to the best mode of preventing a rumoured invasion of the Russians, *vid* Herat, on India, who, it was said, were fast gaining power over the Affghans; even as early as 1809, it was suspected that Napoleon was negotiating with them to pass through Affghanistan, and possess themselves of India; and in 1836, Burns was sent as an Ambassador to the Court, to feel the way, but retired, with a fearful development of the fact that there was a great want of stability on the part of the Dost towards us. A treaty of friendship had long existed between us and that Nation, but in 1837 things bore a curious appearance, from the fact that the Persians had gained possession of Herat, which established treachery on the part of the Dost, and gave us room to act our part. The first thing concluded necessary to be done, was that of removing Dost Mahomed from the possibility of being influenced by either party, and the Dost declared that he would stand by the British, provided they would prevent Runjeet Singh from making attempts or encroaching on his power, Runjeet already having taken Peshawar; if not, that he would offer the same terms to Persia. Runjeet Singh was our ally, and the existing relationship between him and us, removed the possibility of acceding, and the matter would be still worse if the Dost was permitted to throw himself on Persia for protection; and therefore the only course left for us was to dethrone him, and reinstate

Shah Shooja, with the two-fold object of gaining possession of Central Asia, and securing an influential power over Persia. The remainder has yet to be told.

A large force was raised for the purpose, and Sir John Keane took command, with Generals Sir W. Cotton, Fane, and others, the upshot of which was the surrender of the Dost, the capture of Ghuznee, and the dreadful catastrophe, too well known, of the destruction of an immense force, by treachery; the assassination of the envoy, Sir William McNaughton, and the massacre of Sir A. Burnes and his suite; and ultimately, by the murder of the reinstated monarch, Shah Shooja, leaving the country desolate and miserable, and teaching us a bitter lesson. The principal features of the difficulties experienced, will be seen in the various chapters of this simple tale, and it now remains for me to express what came more particularly under my notice, and I trust the humble endeavours will be met in the view they are intended. I claim no right to become an historian: my attempt is not at that: but simply to connect in a tale, the events, in one thread, and place in the hands of my readers a period of seven years, that was filled with a continued series of events, which were overwhelmed by every tact of treachery, cruelty, and villainy—left, as our unfortunate countrymen were, in a region almost unknown to them, and open to the perfidy, conspiracy, and bloodthirstiness of an almost innumerable

foe. Let my readers, ere they venture an opinion, weigh well the matter, and place themselves in the unfortunate position of those whose lives are devoted to their protection, and who scruple not to relinquish every hope of worldly happiness, to secure and uphold the necessary means of ensuring their safety.



S C E N E S  
IN  
A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

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CHAPTER I.

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War in Central Asia; Army under Sir John Keane; Her Majesty's Ship Wellesley; Embarkation of H. M. 40th Regiment for Kurrachie; Brig Hannah, with the Bombay Artillery; Arrival at Minora, mouth of the Indus; Fortification of Minora; A Summons to Surrender; The Flag of Truce; Preparations for Battle; Disembarkation of the Troops; Admiral Maitland and Colonel Valiant; Ascent of the Troops up the Mountains; Evacuation of the Fortress by the Enemy; Kurrachie, its environs; Traffic; Native Government; Food soon supplied; Markets; Difference of Camp and Quarters; Miseries of the latter; Troops visited by Cholera; Awful ravages of Disease; Unremitting attention of Surgeon M'Andrew; Scinde and its People; United Hostility against the British; Faqueers or Native Priests; their power over the people; their mode of living; Harrassing Route from Minora to Kurrachie; Precarious situation; Development of British perseverance.

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At the commencement of the war in Central Asia, an army was formed near to Bombay, the command of which was entrusted to Lieutenant-General Sir John Keane, afterwards Lord Keane, whose death, during the period that a second campaign was in full rage, has deprived his country of an able General, a faithful subject, and a zealous servant.

The object of this armament was to place Shah Shooja-qol-Moolk upon the throne of Cabool, to which he was said to be the legitimate heir.

To effect this, it was first necessary to obtain possession of Kurrachie, the key to Scinde, it being situated at the mouth of the Indus, whither Her Majesty's Ship Wellesley, commanded by Admiral Maitland, whose instructions were "to go to Kurrachie and take it," was ordered to proceed, calling first at Port Mandavie to take on board Her Majesty's 40th Regiment, which a few days previously had received orders to march from its quarters at Deesa, to that place, and to await the arrival of the noble vessel which was destined to convey them to the rendezvous at the mouth of the Indus. The utmost dispatch was observed, the regiment arrived at Mandavie, and immediately after came the Wellesley; they were embarked, and within a few hours she again put to sea, with the regiment on board, and sailed for Kurrachie, attended by the H. E. I. C. brig Hannah, bearing the 3rd Company of the first Battalion of Artillery, together with a numerous train of natives, servants and camp-followers. On the 4th of February, 1839, these two vessels arrived at, and anchored near to the fortress of Minora, being the chief fortification at Kurrachie, and commanding the entrance to the Scinde Country, by means of the noble Indus.

Minora is a strong fortification, situated on the extreme point of a chain of mountains facing the sea, and is capable, from its commanding situation,

of effectually preventing any vessel from approaching the mouth of the harbour. It is strongly built of stone, and presents a terrific front in three directions, covering also on the fourth a safe retreat, and affording, from its great height, an extensive view of the whole country, which effectually preserves it from any landward surprise.

A summons to surrender to the British Flag was the first step taken on the arrival of the armament before this fortress, and Capt. Gray of the 40th Regiment, was sent with a flag of truce to demand its submission. The overture was rejected; the boat with Capt. Gray on board returned to the ship. The officer commanding the British forces then sent to warn them that he would allow them one hour to consider their refusal. All on board was hurry and bustle; there was much anxiety to learn the result; the propositions for landing were expected; all the boats were prepared for the instant disembarkation of the troops; every man was in readiness, arms in hand, and every one anticipated a fierce and fearful conflict; the difficulty of overcoming the situation of the fort, great as it was, could be contemplated, but none knew the state of the garrison. The British Force, *i. e.* the Military, did not exceed 1200 men. The Military portion of the forces was under Colonel Valiant, and the Naval under Admiral Maitland.

After an hour of anxious suspense, and every man at his post, orders were given to open a fire

upon the fortress ; the guns were well and rapidly served, and under the cover of the cannonading the soldiers got into the boats, rowed towards the shore, and effected a landing without accident or mishap ; they were immediately drawn up in columns of companies, and set forward to ascend the mountain, under the most favouring circumstances of which they could avail themselves. On attaining the platform on which the fort stands, and when forming into order of attack, it was perceived that the enemy had evacuated the fortress, but whether from fear of meeting the European soldiers hand to hand, or in consequence of the destructive fire from the shipping, it is impossible to decide.

It was a great satisfaction to find that we had obtained possession of such a strong fortress without any sacrifice of human life, for the beauty of good generalship is to effect a victory with as little loss as possible. The Wellesley had expended about seven hundred and thirty 36-pounders, a Morrisonic mode of administering such large pills, which the defenders must have found anything but agreeable, and so preferred the adage of " Living to fight another day," which they fully kept afterwards.

Kurrachie is situated about two and a half miles from the outpost of Minora ; the town is irregularly built, and the streets narrow ; the houses are of mud, and the general appearance of the place is miserable and filthy. The suburbs are somewhat

more pleasant, having a few gardens, which are, however, much disfigured by the surrounding filth, and the accumulation of the dead bodies of camels, dogs, cats, &c. The town contains about two or three thousand houses or hovels, and has two bazaars or market places. Its general traffic is tanning leather and selling fish; and it is the emporium of trade for a large portion of the interior of the country. On entering the town, which surrendered on our approach, we found it to contain little of any value.

The natives of Kurrachie, although not of extraordinary stature, have yet a very austere and reserved appearance: some among them are excellent workmen, when judged by the Eastern standard of excellence, and are, speaking generally, a very stirring people: they have a great number of large boats, called "Patamas" or "Bugalows," which somewhat resemble our wherries, or rather the Chinese junks, in which they carry on an extensive trade with India and Muscat, in indigo, cotton, and other articles, which are brought hither, from the interior of Scinde, for exportation. Leather, fish, grapes, mangoes, &c., are great objects of traffic, which are exchanged for food, clothing, &c. Many of these boats are armed for their protection at sea: they are built of teak or very hard wood produced in the East, and are somewhat like the Chinese junk; the sail is formed, like ours, of a number of seams, but their cloths seldom exceed

six or eight inches in breadth, and are of cotton. Two, three, or seldom more than four, manage a large boat, and have a curious mode of sitting down to work the vessel; in fact the greater portion of the work done by the natives of the East, is seated; and without compass or chronometer they navigate them both fearlessly and expertly.

It is governed by a Chief, called a Jemedar, who receives a tithe on every camel load of goods which may be brought to the harbour for exportation, and the Ameers of Sciude (of whom more hereafter) call him to a close reckoning of the revenue thus collected.

Fish is very plentiful—some being very large; they have fine turbot and soles, lobsters, oysters, crabs, cockles, muscles, and eels; and a rock salmon, very fine, plentiful, and cheap.

On our first arrival the natives, probably from fear, shunned us altogether, but, as they are great adorers of that terrible manmon, money, they, after a few days, began to venture into our camp, and, finding that the Ferringees (Europeans) were not quite such fearful ogres as they had anticipated, began to bring in their milk, fruit and fish, for sale. An ample supply of fresh provisions was a desideratum to the Army; and as the natives found themselves fairly dealt with, our markets daily became more extended, and the increased supply reducing the price, the demand also increased, to the great satisfaction of all parties. It has often been a subject of surprise to me to see

how soon natives of other nations adhere to our systems, that is to say, as far as dealing with you, and will waive many circumstances to win you; they, amongst themselves, deal most unfairly, and seem to delight in fraud.

It will naturally be supposed that the transition from a comfortable barrack to an encampment would be greatly felt by the Europeans, when thus suddenly removed from all the cleanliness of an airy, well ventilated barrack, excellent bedding, and proper nourishing food, to the cold, damp, and ill-regulated accommodation of a tent, which, containing about fourteen square feet, is expected, and indeed does, accommodate sixteen soldiers, allowing about twenty-one inches in breadth to each for all his domestic purposes. This great change in the soldier's habits, added to the trying effects of the weather, the extra exertion, and, as is too often the case, the deficient supply of food, both as regards quantity and quality, tends in no trifling degree to induce disease, and I am sorry to say in our case, no exception to the grand rule could be found. Early in March the cholera visited Kurrachie and its vicinity, and it caused a vast mortality among the Europeans. There is something truly appalling in this terrific and voracious disease. Even now you may be speaking and jesting with a dear friend and an esteemed comrade, and within an hour he may be almost transfigured by the fell disease, and in a

few more short hours, all that is mortal of him will have been consigned to the grave.

How few survive the fatal and dreaded attack ! Some few may a couple of days. Three, four, or five have often been buried in one day. Unfortunately, at this time our medical assistance was very limited. Surgeon M'Andrew, H. M. 40th Regiment, laboured most unremittingly ; for days and nights consecutively has he often sat and watched his dying patients. Remedy after remedy he has applied, but there was nothing which availed to check the dreadful plague. He, in the most fearless and praiseworthy manner, constantly exposed his own life to contagion and risk, as well as the fatigue and exertion he underwent to save the men ; such conduct is worthy of all praise and commendation, and I feel it a high privilege to be allowed this opportunity to do him honour ; our loss in the course of a few days amounted to three officers, and thirty-six rank and file.

Subsequent observation convinced us, on our arrival before Kurrachie, that the town was full of the enemy's forces, but finding that the European soldiers were so much superior to themselves, they adopted Falstaff's opinion, that discretion is the better part of valour, and therefore retired before they felt the awkwardness of being driven back, or in other words, they fairly ran away.

Scinde is inhabited by many tribes, each being

at enmity with the other, maintaining themselves by plundering one another, and never happy but when engaged in those internal hostilities, and, like the ancient Britons, only uniting against a common enemy. Such being their state of policy it is no great stretch of vanity to say we found ourselves selected by them as an enemy worthy of their confederating together to work our overthrow. Our arms were chiefly conciliation and forbearance, but as we severally obtained the friendship of some rival tribe, we aroused the outpouring wrath of another. These angry feelings were fermented and nourished by the Faqueers, of which class there are one or more in every tribe; this *man of holiness*, they believe, can protect them from danger and misfortune; he is their priest, he prays for them, he interferes in their quarrels, and he possesses an extraordinary influence over them, both for good and evil, being supposed to be especially under the guardian care of Vishnoo, the Preserver. The Faqueers are a set of miserable and disgusting wretches, scarcely human in appearance, and obtain a vast influence over the ignorant multitude, from their ascetic devotions, and the self-torturing vows which they impose upon themselves; the wild beasts are said to respect them; it may be so, but I should rather be inclined to suspect they have no stomach to make a meal upon any thing half so loathsome.

Many of these wretched specimens of degraded humanity were so embittered against the Europeans that they considered that they were doing the country and their *Deity* a service, if they could procure by any means, and at any cost, the massacre of an European.

These wretches are to be seen in every part of the East; even the most affluent make much of them; being buoyed up with idolatry and superstition, they are in a great measure kept under by them, and it would be tantamount to a curse of fate to scruple to relieve them. I have seen them in all the most disgusting forms possible; they look hideous, and, in fact, are barely human, being to a Christian, the most detestable of all other objects.

The advance from Minora to Kurrachie, though now often a subject of merriment to the parties concerned, was a tedious and harrassing march to the soldier: having advanced as far up the river in the boats as was available, we entered a little creek, and rowed until the boats were aground, owing to the shallowness of the water: we had still a considerable distance to march ere we could arrive at the road,—no not road, track—which led to our destined object. No difficulty must daunt a soldier; no obstacle must prevent his onward progress, if there be the most remote prospect of success. And therefore, thus stranded in the middle of a swamp, we had no alternative but to attempt to wade through

the saturated mud. Each step in advance occupied several seconds, and the mud, which was black and soft, affording no resistance to our weight, at every step we sank two or three feet deep into the horrible mass. It must also be remembered that every man was encumbered with a musket, accoutrements, and a pouch containing about five pounds of ammunition, on the preservation of which depended his hopes of success and safety; this unpleasant march of one mile and a half occupied nearly nine hours, which, extraordinary as it may seem, will not be *apocryphal* when it is stated that they crawled along in this quagmire very much in the same style that a fly *progresses* in a jar of molasses: some fell at every other step, others actually stuck fast for many minutes at a time; some were in imminent danger of being entirely and permanently submerged; others, overcome by the exertion, fatigue, and hunger, were on the point of giving up all exertion. The officers, being in precisely the same predicament as their men, could scarcely make any exertion to encourage them in their efforts to surmount the danger and difficulty in which they were placed: but there is little which the indomitable resolution, courage and perseverance of the British soldier will not eventually overcome; but what a position to be in, as a preliminary entree into an enemy's country! what an opportunity for a slaughter! At length, after terrific exertions, and Her-

culean labour, the whole mass once more found themselves safe on *terra firma*. The danger and toil was no sooner passed than it was forgotten, and, regardless of the pressing calls of hunger, they urged on, impatient of delay, until they advanced close to the town, which, as has been stated, surrendered at their approach.

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## CHAPTER II.

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Safe arrival into Camp; Uncomfortable Lodging; Barren Country; Effects of Filth; Position of Camp; Second Grenadiers Native Infantry; Massacre of Captain Hand; Exploit of Lieutenant Clarke; Desperate Leap down a precipice; Cry of Revenge; Troops in Camp; Dust Storms; Miseries thereby occasioned; Force increased; State of Scinde; Reserve Force; Sir John Keane's advance on Cabool; Rumours of capturing Hyderabad; Description of Hyderabad; Policy of the British Functionary, Sir H. Pottinger; Ameers of Scinde; Removal of their Body Guards; Substitution of a British Subsidiary Force; Scinde made tributary to the British Government; Sir John Keane resumes his March for Cabool; Monotonous life of the Scinde Force; Troops put into Huts; Description of Huts; Bad made Worse; Hospitals crowded; Minors selected as a Sanatorium; Benefit derived thereby; Curious Phenomenon; Boiling Spring; Sacred Alligator Lake; Picnics; Fate of a Dog.

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HAVING now performed the duty allotted to them, the men began to find time to reflect upon the necessity of immediately providing themselves with some of the creature comforts which nature has rendered imperatively necessary to the well-being of the body corporate; and as no provision could be procured but from the ship, a barrel was filled with pea-soup and sent ashore, and, under existing circumstances, was considered no small luxury by every individual. In the evening, which followed hard upon the dinner hour, pickets were told off,

and sentries were placed to prevent surprise, and the remainder of the forces bivouacked on the sand, and on the first dawn of the morning the bugle summoned the sleepers from their primitive beds, *à la belle étoile*, to prepare the ground for an encampment; the equipage was speedily disembarked, and having procured camels from the town's-people, the forces proceeded to the appointed spot, which, in a military point of view, was eligibly situated, about two miles north-east of the town, where the tents were pitched in a jungle infested with every feature that could lend wildness to the picturesque effect of the martial array, and on which each man had to clear the ground before he could attempt to pitch his tent. The surrounding country appeared a wide expanse of dreary barrenness, with here and there a small patch of cultivated ground, through which the natives turned with zealous care every available stream of water. The little plantations were rich in fruits, and amply repaid the labour and care bestowed upon them. The insufferable stench and malaria which arose from the tan-pits, and from the decomposition of the dead carcasses before named, which were heaped around the town, would have been, even at that distance, the source of much disease, and, perhaps, death, to the Europeans, had it not been for the periodical sea-breezes which blew over the country, redolent of health, and bearing on their purifying wings the most refreshing balm to the dwellers in the camp, which had occasionally

to be moved, in order to prevent the troops suffering from the consequent accumulation of offal—and it may therefore be more easily imagined the trouble and toil the entire re-arrangements required, if only even to change the front of the camp, or move it perhaps five hundred yards.

The second Grenadier Regiment of the Native Infantry formed part of our force. The sepoys of this regiment were indeed a fine body of men; and were without exception the finest specimen of native soldiers I had ever seen. Their equipment was very nearly that of our forces; and they seemed to delight in the life of a soldier. Two of its officers, Captain Hand and Lieutenant Clarke, rode out into the country one day, venturing about three miles from the camp into the hills. Struck with the beauty of the very romantic scenery which surrounded them, they determined to ascend the top of a hill which promised to afford them an extensive view, which, after some difficulty, owing to the badness of the road, they succeeded in doing. Whilst enjoying the beauty of the surrounding scenery, which greatly surprised them, they were attacked by a party of one of these infatuated tribes, about six in number, who, instigated by the Faqueer, (Priest,) of the tribe, fired, and shot Captain Hand, who instantly fell from his horse; they also hit Lieutenant Clarke on the thigh; Captain Hand's wound was mortal; when he fell they flew upon him, hacking him most cruelly with their

scimitars. Lieutenant Clarke, seeing all hope of escape for his friend was vain, and very doubtful in his own case, grew desperate; he was an excellent and an active horseman, and his charger seemed conscious of his rider's danger, who, with great presence of mind and a courageous heart, clapped spurs to his steed and rushed to the edge of the mountain; a precipice presented itself; the height was appalling, upwards of eighty feet; yet it was the only alternative, and he took the leap down the fearful abyss. The horse fortunately found a footing, and furiously galloped towards the camp; during all this time Lieutenant Clarke's thigh was bleeding profusely, and when he reached the cantonment he fell fainting from loss of blood. Assistance was instantly rendered, and, as soon as returning consciousness permitted, he related the fate of his friend. The scarcely-completed tale roused the feelings of the troops; a cry of horror burst from every heart, and a strong party hurried to the spot described by Lieutenant Clarke, and found the body of Capt. Hand dreadfully mangled; they brought it back to the camp. A coffin was prepared, and in a few hours the body was buried: Captain Hand left a widow, and, I believe, two children, to deplore the loss of a fond and an affectionate husband, and a father. Lieutenant Clarke soon recovered from his wound.

The sickness shortly afterwards disappeared, still the weather continued very trying. During four

months in the year the weather is very hot, and for six weeks blows one continued cloud of dust from about eight, A. M., to four, P. M. This moving mass of gravel dust is about twenty-five feet high, and smothers every thing which offers any resistance to the drift. During this disagreeable season the situation of sixteen soldiers in a tent of fourteen feet square must be any thing rather than agreeable, their only defence against this battery of small stones being two folds of cotton canvas; consequently their flesh, their clothes, their beds, were literally buried in it. Some would cover themselves with their blanket, and try to sleep away the day; should they be for one hour in the same position, a casual observer would scarcely distinguish the mass from a mound of earth. The food whilst being cooked, was filled with dust, and when placed upon the dishes, before it could be eaten, would be covered thick with sand; this, accompanied with ardent heat, and, its attendant, intense thirst, rendered the soldiers' lives very miserable. Sometimes, during the blowing of the dust, it would rain, which, combined with the closeness of their small tent, inflicted a misery upon the troops which exceeded any thing described by Beresford in his amusing little work, clever and comprehensive as it is; and, if the proverbial statement have weight, that a man shall eat a peck of dust during his life, we eat a bushel each in a year. The monsoon does not visit Scinde, as it does India, although periodical

rains fall, more or less, every year; and in 1839 very severe and heavy rains fell, which did not at all tend to increase the comforts of the campaigners in that barren region.

The force stationed at Kurrachie, now consisted of Her Majesty's 40th Regiment, 3d Company, 1st Battalion E. I. C. Artillery, 2nd Regiment Native Infantry; the whole under the command of Lieut. Col. Valiant, acting Brigadier, which, with an efficient Staff, formed the Scinde Reserve Force. The number amounted to about 3000, with the usual Camp-followers, which generally exceeds that of the Troops; the Commissariat and Ordnance Departments were becoming very strong, and every arrangement was fast proceeding for the establishment of a strong force, and all bore the appearance of having soon much to do.

Sir John Keane, who was in command of the whole, had marched from the Presidency, and was advancing with a strong army towards Cabool, *viâ* the route through Hydrabad. On his arrival at the latter place he halted some days, and there was great speculation and rumour in the army, as to whether the town of Hydrabad would, or would not, be attacked. It will be hardly necessary for me to inform my readers, how far public rumour has its effect, for if a mole hill makes its appearance, it soon becomes a mountain, and so it was with the conjectures on this occasion; more than once the whole force was *en route* to join the attack, nay, had it taken, and

all settled; if we believe one half of public rumour, it is the extent of its right.

The fortress of Hydrabad is situated about two miles from the right bank of the Indus, and has a citadel of immense strength, commanding on one side the whole country near it; on the other it is so hemmed in by the suburbs, that, until they be destroyed, full scope cannot be given to its efficiency. The entrance is very strong, and through a well fortified passage, crossing a very deep moat, which surrounds the whole building. The walls of the fortress are built of brick and stone, and are of immense thickness; it is about half a mile square, and contains nearly 1800 dwelling houses; some of them are the palaces of the Ameers of Scinde; in its interior there is also a very lofty tower, mounted by seventy-six steps to the top, in which are placed four large pieces of ordnance, 84-pounders, of Persian manufacture. A successful attack upon this strong fortress would be a difficult undertaking, and could scarcely be accomplished without a great risk, and probably a great loss. The Ameers being rich, powerful, and influential, perhaps induced our Resident, Sir Henry Pottinger, to endeavour to overcome the obstacle rather by diplomacy, than by force of arms; and certainly he decided wisely, for as the Indus presented our only advance into Scinde, it was absolutely necessary that Hydrabad should be neutralized; the task of attempting to take it by force might have failed, and the British

Army would have been thus effectually checked on their onward march. After a short durbar (conference,) the *political Agent*, Sir H. Pottinger, brought the discussion to a favourable issue. It was stipulated that the Ameers of Scinde should become tributary to the British, that they should pay to the E. I. Company an indemnity of twenty-seven Lacs of Rupees, (£270,000,) and that several thousand British soldiers should be supported by them in Scinde, for their protection against all enemies.

Prior to this arrangement the Khan of Kelat, Merab Khan—had been accustomed to furnish these Ameers with troops, he receiving a certain sum, and paying and equipping the men. Of course when the arrangements made by Colonel Pottinger and Sir John Keane were carried into effect, these forces were withdrawn, and replaced by our subsidiary force. It was also necessary, that, in order to secure our more certain protection, the removal of their hired men should take place at once, and our own armies perform their duties. Besides, there was reason to suppose that the Ameers were, in a great measure, implicated in the up-country matters, which compelled General Keane to look before he leaped. The army then resumed its march, crossing the river for Cabool, in the greater security, as they knew they had now a strong and friendly fortress in the rear, which would serve alike to strengthen them, and keep the disaffected in effectual check.

During this time of excitement we yet pursued the dull monotony of camp duty at Kurrachie, still forming the Reserve Force. In May, Brigadier Valiant was called to Bombay to assume the command of that garrison, and was temporarily succeeded by Lieutenant Colonel Spiller, until relieved by Col. Farquharson, which occurred in a few days. Early in June, arrangements were made for "Hutting the Troops," and by the end of July the men took possession of them. They were of a very temporary nature, being merely stakes of jungle wood driven into the earth, in the form of oblong rooms, the roof and walls being formed by pieces of coarse India matting stitched together, and covered with turfs, which, from the coarseness of the material, was a very insufficient protection from rain or dust, and when the former fell in large quantities, which was often the case, the roofing became speedily completely saturated, and poured down upon the men in continued streams of mud, deluging them, their beds, their clothing, and even their food; but when the fine weather set in, things were comparatively comfortable. Our life of listlessness still continued to wear on, and many and many a time was change prayed for; the mountain pass, the battle field, the stormy torrent, or the dusty plain, all, or any would have been preferable to the dull tedium of Kurrachie at that time. Alas! it was to be, and to heighten our annoyance, sickness again visited us; this time the scourge came in the shape of fever,

almost as terrible as cholera, and scarcely less fatal; this fearful malady was only preferable, inasmuch as it gave the medical officers a better chance to arrest its progress, as it was less sudden in its career. The hospital was crowded, the medical officers over-worked, and the men not positively attacked were not in a condition to render any essential service; the whole country around Kurrachie, was infected, and as a last resource a kind of sanatorium was erected at Minora, whose lofty situation, and sea-beaten shore, contained the elements of health, and thither were sent the sick, the invalid, and the convalescent, and the event justified the judgment and discernment of the proposers of the plan, for though many died, a very large proportion recovered. This baneful malady having passed away, we again began to look for amusement, or indeed excitement of any kind.

It will naturally be supposed that the wonders of nature in our immediate vicinity were among the first objects of interest; and we made many pleasant excursions to a very extraordinary phenomenon about five miles from Kurrachie; it was a tank, or well of hot water continually boiling and bubbling up, at a temperature of 196 of Fahrenheit, called Muggeer Tank. It was situated near a small lake, which was infested by a great number of alligators, some twenty feet in length; these reptiles were considered sacred, and were attended by a Faqueer, who prayed to them and protected them.

Parties of pleasure would resort thither, forming very delightful Pic-nics, and would make tea with the water from the boiling tank—and most excellent tea it made. One of the amusements of the visitors to this sacred spot was to purchase dogs and goats, to observe the ferocity with which these amphibious godships would devour them. On one occasion when a very large party were enjoying

“The cup which cheers but not inebriates,”

“at Piresco,” among the venerable trees which shade that silent lake’s pellucid shore, a favourite little dog, belonging to the Sergeant-Major\* of the 40th Regiment, ventured to the margin of the lake to quench his thirst, probably unconscious that it was a temple devoted to a Scindian Deity, or more probably finding its limped coolness more congenial to his then wants, than the contents of the boiling fountain. In a moment the unconscious and profane intruder was attacked, and in an equally short space of time devoured. I could not learn that they had ever attacked a human being.

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\*This worthy man, S. Snelling, is now Lieutenant and Adjutant of the same Corps, having risen through merit, and in every rank, from the Private to his present, he has ever proved himself an amiable member of society, and a most valuable and zealous servant to his country, and richly deserves all that can be bestowed on him.

### CHAPTER III.

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Improvement of Kurrachie; News from Upper Country of the Capture of Ghuznee; Cabool; Coronation of Shah-Shoojaool-Moolk as King of Cabool; Sir T. Wiltshire takes Kelat; Return of Sir John Keane's Army; Arrival in Kurrachie; Favorable opportunity; Brilliant Staff; Prince Hyder Khan; Presentation of New Colors to the 40th Regiment; Departure of the Cabool Army for Bombay; Wreck of H. M. 17th Regt., in the "Hannah"; Dreadful loss sustained by the Corps; Prospects of an Insurrection; Call upon Brigadier Farquharson to supply Troops; His inability to comply; Despatch of the Right Wing 40th; An Affghan's opinion of European Power; Preparations for March to Tatta; A slight retrograde step in the story; Embarkation of Troops in the Ship Stalkart, laden with Powder and Camp Equipage; Alarm of Fire at Sea; Expectation of being blown up; Description of Scene; Discovery of Cause; Effect Produced; Arrival at Destination; The Murderers of Captain Hand; The Commander of the Party; A Priest hanged; March of the Wing to Googah. Its beauties; Arrival at Tatta; Embarkation in Boats; Departure up the Indus.

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OUR lives now became much more at ease at Kurrachie; daily improvements were making to perfect the state of the camp; a place for landing was formed on the shore of the creek, and two small steamers were sent from the Presidency to ply up and down a small river, to enable the troops to move with greater facility up the country, which

almost every day was now being called for—ships arriving with stores of food, ordnance, troops and equipage, and adding every thing towards completing the efficiency of the field force; and by the end of 1839 the arrangements were so much so that Kurrachie was indeed the key to Scinde. The natural consequence of these constant arrivals was the circulation of varieties of rumours; many a time the hundred tongues of a celebrated babbling old lady of ancient days had destined us to proceed onwards; sometimes we were positively going to Hyderabad; again it was confidently asserted we were to proceed to join the force before Ghuznee; and another as positively affirmed that we were to share in the attack upon Kelat; but alas! for our wayward destiny! there lay the force in Kurrachie, hearing of wars and rumours of wars, but living a life of inactive peace on the inhospitable plains of Scinde, surrounded by a treacherous foe—and more galling still, doomed to hear in rapid succession of the glorious career of the remainder of the army under Sir John Keane, a few of the Kurrachie force only proceeding with him, and returning soon after to relate the fall of Ghuznee, the conquest of Cabool and Kelat, and the coronation of Shah Shooja-Ool-Moolk as King of Affghanistan; returning with the glories so much prized by the British Soldier—the victory over an enemy.

There is something particularly envious in the mind of a British Soldier; when he hears of battle,

victory, or exploit, each seems to think he ought to have shared, and are ever sanguine to join in the efforts to distinguish and uphold the dauntless fame of the service; they look upon fate to be unkind, in not allotting something for them to do, in order that they may reap laurels, and be held up as a participator in that strange name, Glory. Such was the case with the Scinde Reserve Force.

In February, 1840, Kurrachie showed another sight; we received intimation that the army of Sir J. Keane, having completed its operations, was now on its march to embark at Kurrachie for the Presidency; the troops soon followed the news (which was brought by the few of our men who were attached) of their coming. In a few days the town was crowded with the army, which consisted of a squadron of H. M. 4th Light Dragoons, the 2nd or Queen's Infantry, and H. M. 17th Regiment, together with a number of native Corps, the whole accompanied by the usual numerous host of native servants and followers.

Early in the year the officer commanding the 40th had received a case containing a new stand of colors for the regiment, and as they still remained unrepresented, this was considered as a most auspicious and fitting opportunity for their presentation, as there were some very distinguished persons then in Kurrachie, among whom was Prince Hyder Khan, the younger son of Dost Mahomed, the dethroned King of Cabool, who was kept under

the protection of Sir John, and is now, I believe, in England for education, whose presence would certainly add to the appearance and sensation in witnessing the splendid spectacle.

Sir John Keane undertook the honouring and honoured office of presenting the colours, and on the 16th February the Regiment was drawn up in Review order, and, after having been inspected by the Lieutenant-General and Prince Hyder Khan, it was formed into three sides of a square, and Sir John Keane, Prince Hyder, General Wiltshire, and a very splendid Staff, formed the fourth; the two senior Ensigns were in the centre of the opposite side, and somewhat in advance of the line, bearing the two old colours.

The new colours were brought out and consecrated by the Rev. Mr. Burnell, as is usual in these cases, who read a history of the achievements of this distinguished old corps, and a splendid category of noble deeds it displayed. Its renown, begun in Egypt, spread to South America, and was identified with every glorious battle-field in the Peninsula, the South of France, and in the Netherlands, ending with that fight, which will never pass from the page of history, the battle which decided the fate of millions, and restored peace to the world—the battle of Waterloo. Eloquent as was the language of this pious man, and reverend clergyman—glorious as was the strain of gratulation in which he spoke—not a member of the corps then present but

felt his heart echo the fervent strain, as he dwelt upon feature after feature in the history of its long and noble career, and when appealing from the past to the present, and calling upon those who then composed it to emulate the conduct of those who had won for it such a splendid reputation, the burst of enthusiastic concurrence could scarcely be suppressed, and every one on the ground felt that, come when it would, the trial would not find them wanting, and that the colours, if the opportunity offered, would be adorned by names as bright and glorious as any in the list the old ones bore emblazoned on their broad bright folds.

The history having been concluded, and the consecration over, the two junior Ensigns advanced to the front, the band playing the Regimental March, until they reached the spot where Sir John had advanced to meet them; and there, whilst the bands played the National Anthem, Sir John presented the colours to them, the regiment presenting arms and the officers saluting. So runs the ceremony.

Sir John addressed the regiment in a most kind and affecting manner, pointing out to it the great and important charge it had undertaken; he related several interesting events in the history of the regiment, which had come under his personal observation, in engagements at which he had been present; and stated, in a manner highly flattering to the 2nd Somersets, that if he had ever again to command a regiment, he did not know any which he could

prefer to the gallant 40th. Having concluded his address, the band again began to play; the two Ensigns bearing their new colours, took their post in front of the line; the Ensigns bearing the old and time-honoured remnants withdrew with them to the rear, when they were honourably consigned to the care of a guard, by whom they were escorted to the Commanding Officer's tent; the regiment again presented arms, and the officers again saluted, the band playing the "Point of War," as the new colours, for the first time, were waved over the ranks they were speedily to lead on to war and victory.—This truly imposing and heart-stirring spectacle being past, the interesting ceremony having been concluded, the parade was dismissed, and the men were dispersed to their tents, with proud hearts and swelling bosoms, if I may judge of the impression made upon them, by the feelings which were excited in my own, feeling as I did as a soldier.

To the eye and heart of a soldier, out of the many sights he sees, none can prove more interesting than the presentation of standards or colours to that corps of which he forms a part, and does, in the strongest sense, fill him with patriotic feeling such as it is impossible to describe.

I revert to this ceremony in a greater detail than I had originally intended, because I know so well the feelings of soldiers on such occasions, and particularly as it is somewhat remarkable that the corps

should be on active service with a set of colours, whose remnant would scarcely cover a square foot, and, after a long sojourn in "piping peace," should re-enter on an expedition, receive a new set in the field, and, as will be afterwards seen, encountered many fights, to add to the many honors already borne on those gained by their predecessors.

Truly it may be said, they are a mere bauble, but custom creates much inconsistency, and although the true tenor of the bearing colors in a Regiment is nothing in itself, yet they contain a history, and a sort of gravity, exhibiting the many series of conquests and trials which those who rallied beneath underwent, and at once become a monument, and a relic, and in common with other revered relics, are carefully and warm-heartedly viewed by a soldier, that determine him to go and do likewise.

Shortly after, a sufficiency of transport having been obtained, Sir John, and the whole of the field-division of the army of the Indus, embarked for the Presidency. H. M.'s 17th embarked on board the "Hannah," and were only preserved from the dangers and difficulties of their land undertakings, to be exposed to others even more terrific, and disastrous, at sea, for, on their passage from Kurrachie to Bombay, they were wrecked, and lost almost every thing except what they had upon their backs, being obliged to leave the vessel to its fate. The Prize Master of the Kelat treasure was enabled, by great risk and exertion, to save some of the more valuable portion,

but the men and officers generally were left in a state of almost destitution, and thought themselves fortunate in being able to reach Bombay without loss of life or limb. They were picked up by some passing boats; and one or two officers, who succeeded in saving some clothes, shared with their men. What a toil after that of so dreary a march as coming from the upper part of Affghanistan! Many of the men, who had succeeded, up the country, in getting valuables, lost their all, and were forced to pocket the satisfaction of getting a new supply of necessaries the best way they could, for truly the compensation granted for the indemnification of a loss to the soldier, is little compared with the inconvenience and misery endured in such cases.

The compensation granted from government, is far from sufficient to repay the soldier's loss; because, in such a case the soldier loses his all, his little collections, either in cash or curios. His clothing may from care, be superior, or more extensive than the regulations require, but the allowance to meet the loss barely supplies the stipulated quantity; thus is he left to toil afresh for another stock; the government never consider the privation or suffering in this case, as it would indeed be expected, but the term duty envelopes all this; private feelings or suffering, cannot be recognised; it therefore remains for those for whom we suffer, to sympathize.

But a very short period had elapsed, after the withdrawing of the main army from the upper provinces, before the chiefs of Beloochistan, embittered at the superiority gained by the British Arms, determined to rise, and, if possible, annihilate the few British garrisons then holding the different forts, and posts of communication in that region, placed there by Sir John Keane on his return, to keep the country. The authorities having received intimation of the proposed outbreak, directed forces from Ferozepore and Kurrachie to co-operate with the garrisons already in the country, and make preparations to carry on the campaign on an extensive scale. By the advice of, and in compliance with, the desire of the Political Agent, Colonel Farquharson was called upon to send the 40th Regiment on emergent service, to proceed in pursuit of Nusseer Khan, son of Merab Khan, Chief of Kelat, who fell on the storming of that place by Sir T. Wiltshire, but Col. F. found it impossible fully to comply with the wishes of the political authorities, owing to the very important station Kurrachie had become, and which required a much stronger force to retain it than there was present. But notwithstanding its littleness, he directed the Right Wing of the 40th to proceed, being one-half of his only European Force—and Europeans do not figure very small in an enemy's country, for an Affghan once told me, when asked what he thought of the Feringees, (Europeans,) that he looked upon an Affghan to be

worth four Sepahee's, or Sepoys, (native soldiers) and an European to be worth four Affghans. So much for our discipline and courage, which have, many a time made an enemy quake at even the thoughts of meeting us.

The Right Wing was ordered to Tatta, to embark in boats and sail up to Sukkur. This was, at all events, a commencement, and promised fairly to be followed up with hard campaigning. A striking incident happened at this time, which, although it may not directly be on the journey up the Indus, yet as it occurred prior to the final arrangement for that expedition, I feel persuaded it will not be considered by my readers unworthy of a place. A despatch duty had to be performed to the Presidency, and being done, the ship "Stalkart" was ordered at Bombay to receive on board a detachment of fifty European Troops, six officers, two hundred followers, and cargo of camp equipage, and ordnance stores, including about three hundred tons of powder, for the magazines and stores at Kurrachie. We sailed from Bombay, and had been about five days on board, wending our way through the unconscious world of waters, and stemming the trackless deep most peacefully. All was light and comparatively happy; the troops enjoying themselves in the merry strain of a song, or tale, on deck; the natives were, as is very common with them, indulging freely in smoking the hookah and relating their Arabian stories.—The mode of smoking the hookah is, no doubt, well known: it

is, amongst the common classes of natives, formed of a cocoa nut-shell, many are made of glass, silver, and sometimes gold for the more affluent, and filled with water, with two holes bored in it; in one is placed a long tube, on the top of which is a bowl to contain tobacco, and is usually half filled with the weed, and filled up with red cinders of charcoal, and a small pipe from the other hole enables the smoker to draw the smoke from the bowl through the water. This certainly makes the habit a greater luxury, and far more pleasant than imbibing the essence of tobacco directly from the crucible, as it were, and it must be confessed, considering our being so far in advance of Asia, that they greatly excel us in the use of tobacco, purifying it through rose or spring water, and consequently receiving it cool and free from that oft-complained of burning effect produced by the use of the common pipe or cigar—not that I recommend the practice of smoking at all. The natives being such incessant consumers of tobacco it will not be wondered at, that the accident I am about to relate occurred.

It appeared that, owing to the hurry in stowing, boxes of powder, tents, shot, and provisions were all placed irregularly together, or rather, not properly separated, and it happened that one afternoon as the officer whose duty it was to issue provisions, was getting out more from below, a native close to, let a cinder from his pipe fall down amongst the powder in the hold—it passed between some of the boxes and

could not be seen ; an alarm was immediately raised that fire had got among the powder, and the ship was expected every moment to be blown out of the water. Every hand was on deck—some screamed, some prayed ; none knew what was best to be done—each looked for that moment to be his last, and every voice uttered cries of appeal to the Great Giver of life. At such a time, or such a crisis, a million thoughts come into the mind. Every cheek lost its colour, and many clung to the shrouds of the ship, unconsciously, as though that was safer than in the hold itself. There were several females and young children on board, and you may picture the situation of a mother then. I remember sitting on the step of the gangway, awaiting the looked-for explosion of the powder, and imploring that mercy so bountifully promised and held out to us, wondering what had best be done.—Several minutes elapsed ; it was well known that the powder was covered with pitched canvass, and a wrapper over that, and it was conjectured that the cinder had fired the wrapper, and that it was making its way, and although no explosion had yet taken place, it was fully believed one would very soon. Never was a scene so horribly depicted, or the career of human life so near its end ! it would baffle all possibility to describe it, and I must, therefore, leave it to be imagined, which no doubt it can be, by my readers, who will naturally like to know the upshot of the affair. We waited for nearly twenty minutes, when

I proposed, *nil desperando*, to go down with the Purser, and if possible, discover what was likely to be the result—at first it was negatived; if a draft was admitted, explosion was certain, but down we went, and after removing box after box, we discovered the cinder lying on the top of one, and on examining it, it appeared that when it fell and rested, it (as is usual with charcoal) became immediately covered with a white ash, and thus was almost harmless.

I carefully picked up the “leutel” thing that had caused so much uproar, brought it on deck, and found even then, on blowing it, that it revived, and was not harmless; but it was soon hurled overboard, and all hearts leapt for joy. I must say, I was never in so peculiar a predicament in my life,—that is an acknowledgment, although I have been in several disasters at sea, for on my first voyage to the East, the unfortunate ship I sailed in, the “Morley,” was twice dismasted, her provisions short, and all hands on board, for a considerable time, obliged to live upon salt beef, and water, every other kind of provision fore and aft, having been consumed—and in all, in addition to being six months and a half in making the passage from England to Bombay; which on another occasion, in the ship “Forfarshire,” we effected in less than 100 days—and the natives, who are naturally black, most certainly depicted an inclination to change colour on this occasion; and it was the first

time I had ever seen a Black nearly white in the face through fear. We, however, soon got all tranquil, and arrived at the Bay of Minora, and landed at Kur-rachie, with an incident in each of our lives, never to be erased, at all events, from mine, and I think I can venture to say the same for the rest.

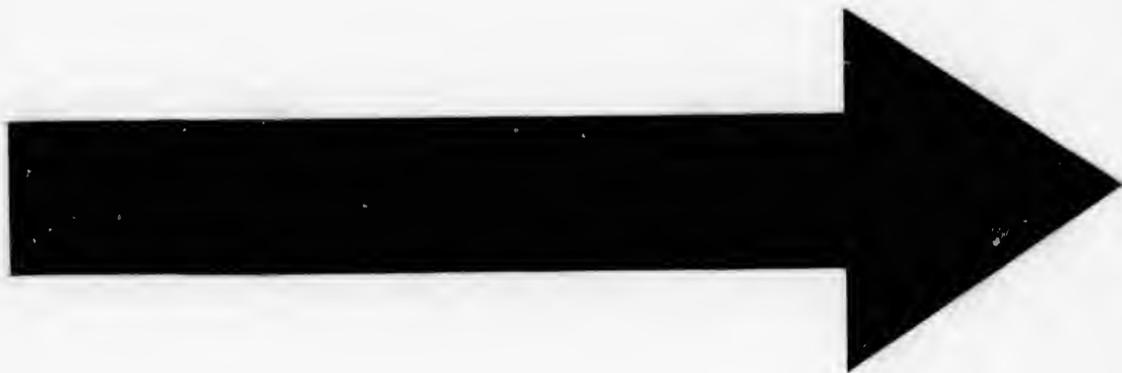
Before the small force proceeded on the duty allotted them, our authorities had not forgotten the calamity that befel poor Capt. Hand, and had been using every possible means to discover the perpetrators of so treacherous a piece of villainy. The Chiefs had all been warned that unless the fugitives were forthcoming, and that soon, that Government would take other means to find them out. It soon occurred that three of the party were brought in, and were tried by order of the Ameers of Scinde; and it turned out that the party who attacked the two unarmed men were six infatuated miserable beings who lived in the hills, and were part of the Brahoe Tribe; and, as usual, were influenced by their Faqueer, who commanded and directed the plan of attack. This despicable object of the European's wrath was one of the three arrested, and was sentenced to be taken to the spot where he had ordered the murder to be committed, and there to be hanged in the presence of the majority of the troops. And never was the instalment of a revenge more welcome to those present; the wretch himself seemed to think nothing of launching into eternity; the rest were to work in chains for life. The other

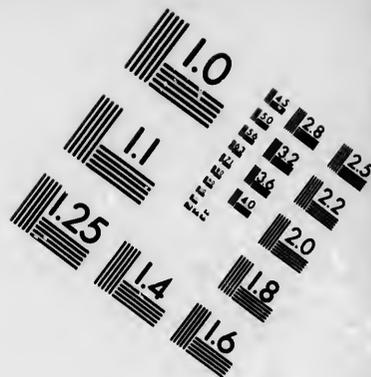
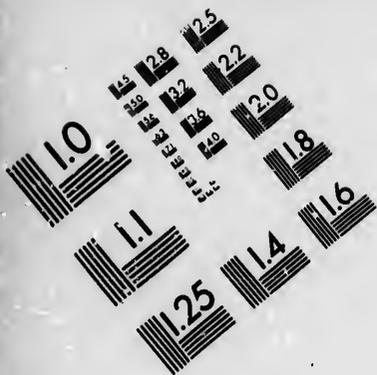
three were not discovered, and there is every reason to believe that they, and other parties of their Tribe, were hired to take every opportunity of annihilating small parties, as will be seen by the sneaking unmanly tricks practised on us.

The wing, on the 10th August, 1840, marched for Tatta, via Goojun, which was the first day's march, about twelve miles; the camp was pitched in the centre of a cluster of tall shady trees, with here and there a large Banyan tree, whose noble arms spread and formed a canopy for a hundred—it was bordered by a beautiful lake, whose clear and murmuring streams added much to the pleasantness of the scene, and seemed to lull the soldier to sleep on his cold and flinty couch of war; the lake hemming in on the one side the loveliest orchards, and watering the grounds of Goojah, which is the ruin of a once noble place, and even yet has traces left of its Eastern grandeur, and overhung by the lofty Lucknee Mountains, that run, intersected with lovely vales, from Dera, Himaylle, and Herat. The sun seemed to have lost its power, and shone as it were merely to renovate the air, and add to the magnificence of the view around, which would have done justice to the most choice portfolio. But whatever the beauty, or however satisfactory to the mind, the thing is but momentary; it passeth, and the campaigner must move on, hoping for change to meet his wishes, and lend its aid to make each scene as lovely as those already thought

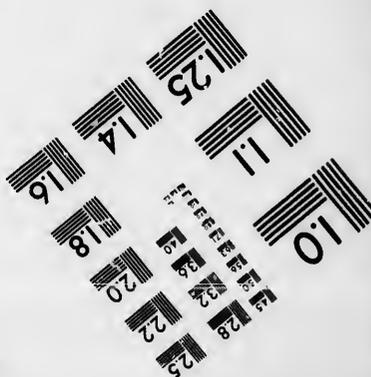
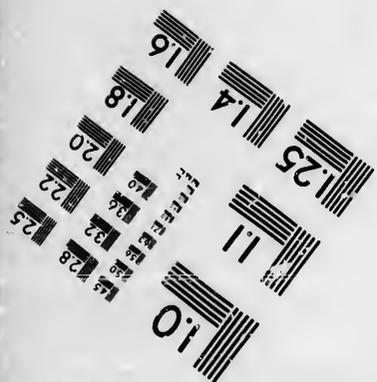
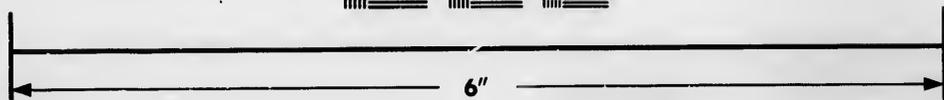
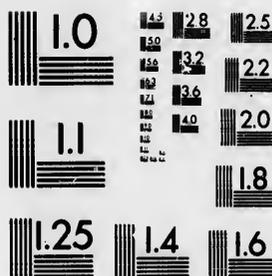
so ; for in such as that first day's march would make one say, we'd like, " To live and die in scenes like this, with some we've left behind us."

Here, however, as is almost universally the case, it may be truly said, that God made the country and man the town. A more wretched, miserable, and filthy combination of mis-called dwellings, it has never been my lot to see ; no, not even in Interior India, that region of miserable villages. I left this spot the following day with a silent but heartfelt sigh of regret. About one P. M., on the 15th, we arrived at Tatta ; the roads were good but the way was long, and the sun's power intense. Just before we reached the place of encampment many became exhausted from over fatigue and from the effects of the sun's overpowering rays : numbers fainted ; many became sick ; and all suffered more or less. This harassing march was fortunately the last we had to undertake, for some time at all events, as on our arrival at Tatta we found three small steamers, and a number of boats waiting in readiness to convey us up the Indus, and we embarked on board them, the same day. Captain Boscawen, and his company, in the steamers, and the other companies under the command of Capt. Adamson.





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## CHAPTER IV.

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Tatta; Its appearance from the Indus; The River Indus; Its Inundations, like the Nile; Danger of being overpowered by the Current; Whirlpools; Curious modes of Swimming and Navigation; Description of Jerrick; Dreadful Catastrophe; Burning of Dr. Hibbert and two others, British Officers, by Firing the Jungle; Impossibility of Escape; Surmise as to cause; Shikarees or Hunting Grounds of Ameers of Scinde; Appearance of Hydrabad from Indus; Lucknee Mountains; Pleasure Boats of the Ameers; Description of Workmanship; The Ameers of Scinde; The Power and Source of Revenue; Lake of Harran; Larkana; Arrival at Bukkur; Conjunction of Troops; Description of Sukkur; Fortress of Bukkur: Its Situation and Employment; State Prisoners; The Prince of Shawl and Grand Vizier of Kelat; Strict Guard on them; Their Treatment and Allowances; Short History of the Prince; Release of the Prisoners; Their Employment by Government; Ross Bell, Esquire, Political Agent; Captain Bean; Defeat of Lt. Clarke's Force; His Death; Dreadful Loss of Stores, &c.; Awful situation of Troops in Sukkur; Preparations for War; Press for Cattle; Effect of the appearance of British Troops; March of Troops to Shikarpoor; Equipment of the Force; Appearance of Shikarpoor.

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TATTA is built upon the site, and contains many striking remains of a city of ancient grandeur, particularly a large round mausoleum, which stands near the centre of the city; several ancient temples, although now partially in ruins, are still beau-

tiful, and exhibit many splendid specimens of skill in the art of sculpture. These temples are built of brick, and covered with a sort of glazed or enamelled square earthenware material, of different designs, and though rude, their decorations show evidently that much labour was bestowed upon them. The larger dwellings are built also of brick, but the workmanship very so so; the smaller dwellings are, as elsewhere, of mud. This was the last city taken by Alexander when he invaded that country.

The fact of the earthenware being enamelled, struck me that the art existed at a much earlier period than may be at first supposed; and the designs introduced were very similar to ours. Blue, green, and red, were the principal colours used; and their style of gilding, although inferior to those of finer European taste, is really most delicately carried out. Their general ideas of drawing are coarse, and amount to a daub, having no idea of perspective. The bricks are commonly sun-dried clay or mud, mixed with chopped straw, and are about eight inches square, and two or three thick. Wood, though small, abounds here; and the natives are principally Murrees.

The general appearance of the town is noble, and even elegant when seen from a distance, but when its realities are "*oculis subjecta fidelibus*" that impression rapidly fades away, and the whole place is seen to be disfigured by the filth, wretchedness and poverty of its interior, which may be consi-

dered as a reason for the virulence of the attacks of cholera and fever, to which this town in common with many others is subject. The 26th Native Infantry were stationed at Tatta, during the time we suffered from the cholera at Kurrachie, and dreadful were the ravages committed among them by that fell disease; it was reduced to a perfect skeleton, and was removed to enable the number to be again filled up. I found, upon enquiry, that trade at this time was in a flourishing state at Tatta, and the traffic up and down the Indus very extensive, it being generally considered as the mart of the Indus.

Our sail from Tatta to Sukkur, in the boats, occupied twenty-eight days; there were twenty men in each boat, and they carried thirty days' rations each, in the same boat with themselves.

The Indus is in many parts very wide, and in others very narrow, and it has many tributaries, some of them being very noble streams. The Indus, like the Nile, is subject to periodical overflowings, which are looked forward to with great anxiety by the natives, and revered with a feeling nearly allied to veneration. This inundation is the most apparent cause of the vast inequalities in the width of this mighty river, as the weight of water frequently so much weakens and emaciates the banks that they fall into the channel in vast masses, and are afterwards rapidly swept away by

the strength of the current, which in the summer season is very great, when the whirlpools are very numerous, and very dangerous, sweeping away in their vortex the ablest and strongest swimmers; inevitable destruction is the certain consequence of being once caught in the range of their centripetal force. As the whole of many parts of the country are entirely overflowed, the natives have to remove, and return when it has subsided.

Alligators and porpoises are very numerous, and attracted a great deal of attention during this long voyage.

The various modes of native navigation are very curious, and to strangers would seem particularly dangerous, from the vast swarms of alligators to which I have alluded, but I did not learn that accidents often happened from their extraordinary aquatic tactics; one plan is to take the skin of a sheep or goat, as whole as possible, and making it into a bag, which they ingeniously contrive so to stitch that it is completely air tight, and which is inflated when required for use. It is then laid on their breast, and the two fore legs are brought round and fastened together behind the neck; in like manner, the two hind ones are passed round the waist and tied behind the back, the basket or parcel which they carry is fastened either to their shoulders or fixed on their turban, and they then lay themselves down upon the water, and propel themselves by their arms and legs at a very rapid rate.

This mode of travelling is common to the couriers, the fishermen, and even to those who may occasionally require to cross the river. There is another plan equally strange and more surprising to the European traveller, which is by means of a large earthenware vessel of a globular form, with an opening at the top; the traveller places this primitive argosy with the opening against his chest and the air contained within it, as sufficient to bear up him and his fishing net, and he boldly swims or sails—I know not which to call it—up and down the river, propelling himself by his legs, and casting his net most dexterously. I have seen few things any where which more excited my wonder than these two extraordinary floats, or buoys,—for they are nothing more,—and the ease and rapidity with which the navigators darted from point to point was truly wonderful, particularly to the stranger. The natives of the east are most certainly a clever race, and require but to be cultivated in the higher branches of art, to make them eminently so. There is one general feeling I ever observed amongst them—which is, they seldom can be prevailed upon to alter their old plans, although it may be in the clearest possible manner proved to them, the great advantage to be derived from a change—for instance, in cleaning their grain, they never thrash it; because custom says, let the oxen tread it out,—and they still uphold it—and innumerable other things, of which I shall say

more anon—they adhere most devotedly to the laws of Moses.

We passed Jerrick, or Dhyjrik, which stands on a rock, facing the river, and presents a very formidable appearance—this place recalled the melancholy fate of three officers of the grand army, when stationed here, in 1839. They went out on a shooting excursion, and got into the jungle; they had penetrated a considerable way in, and found themselves completely hid in the underwood and bushes; they suddenly saw a large broad sheet of devouring flame, sweeping onward in the direction in which they were, somewhat in the form of a half-moon, and each moment it seemed as if some gigantic genii of fire were approaching them, with extended arms, to catch them in their terrible embrace. On, on it came, cracking, roaring, thundering, and stretching far and near for miles, the extremities now so nearly meeting each other, and at no distance from themselves, that all attempts at escape were utterly impossible; in the course of a very short time the flames had entirely encircled them, and they all fell victims to the devouring elements. One was Doctor Hibbert, the names of the others I forget. It is unknown if this terrible calamity originated in design or accident; we were inclined to think the former, after poor Hand's affair, and knowing the love they bore us; although its rapid progress must have been greatly

increased from the long droughts and intense heat which had prevailed for some time previously.

The hunting grounds of the Ameers of Scinde, were in the immediate neighbourhood of Hydrabad, to which we were now rapidly approaching; they are walled for upwards of fourteen miles, lie close to the Indus, and abound in game, being preserved by keepers, called Shikarees, much in the same way that these matters are managed in England. I am happy to say, however, that game laws there, are very different from those which in Britain are the fertile source of so much cruelty, tyranny and crime.

There is something magnificently sublime in the panoramic scenery of Hydrabad and its environs, where we arrived without accident. We passed close under the termination of a lofty range of mountains which reach to the banks of the river, on the summits of which stand several splendid mausoleums or tombs of the great, the warlike, and the noble! their lofty magnificence, at such an elevated position, made them appear to be strikingly grand to the admiring traveller, and renders them an interesting picture from whatever point of view they may be observed.

The noble and sublime mountains sweep away far as the eye can trace their swelling mound on both sides of the river; they are intersected by many roads and plains. On the bank of the river stands a range, known as the Lucknee Hills, over

which Sir John Keane led his forces ; and a painful, wearisome, tedious, and dangerous march it was, the road being long, steep, and narrow ; its summit could not be less than 1200 feet above the water. And the road which wound about its sides seemed like some great serpent crawling up its almost precipitous slopes. The pleasure boats of the Ameers are kept in little covers near this place, and being built in a very curious and highly ornamented style, give a very flattering idea of the taste and skill of the artificers. They are built similar to our ancient state barges, and the workmanship exhibits the great patience they are endowed with. A considerable portion of the work in the saloons is perforated, and whole doors, windows, ceilings, are formed of carved wood, in small pieces, perhaps not more than an inch and a half long, some not a quarter the length, ingeniously joined together, without the aid of composition or glue, other than the fitting of the joints ; the carving is extremely delicate, and must have taken an immensity of labor and time ; besides, the tools they work with are so rude ; seldom indeed, do we see a carpenter with more than three or four coarse chisels, a saw, and an adze, which is also his hammer.

The Ameers govern the whole of Scinde, and the larger proportion of Beloochistan, and derive their revenue from an impost laid upon the possessions of every individual in their widely extended domains ; this impost appears to be very oppressive, and also

very rigorously exacted. There are eight Ameers, brothers, Meer Shadad Khan, Meer Hosein Ali, Meer Nusseer Mahomed Khan, Meer Mahomed Khan, Meer Sobdan Khan, Meer Roostoom Khan, Meer Ali Morad Khan, and Meer Shere Mahomed Khan. These brothers are divided into the various portions of Territory, having one Rais or head, to whom they look up as arbiter; but they are continually at logger-heads, owing to jealousy in their divisions of power; the turban or crown being allotted to one by right, and the chicanery practiced by these Ameers, or Lords of Scinde, will be more fully pointed out in the concluding portion of this narrative, when I have to speak of the conquest of Scinde, in 1843, who resided in and near Hydrabad, in all the luxurious indolence which is so characteristic of the Eastern regions.

After leaving Hydrabad we came to Sehwan, which is in no wise distinguished from the generality of Scindean towns; its market was abundantly furnished with excellent fish, and its trade seemed to be in a flourishing state. After a few hours sail up the river from this place, it opened into a wide expanse, which is called the Lake of Harran—another of these delightful spots the eye loves to rest upon, and the memory to recall; as we sailed along, its lovely banks rose at first beautifully, and then as they receded into the distance, swelled magnificently until the clouds of the horizon seemed to rest upon the bright clear outline of the deep blue

summits. The breeze from the shore came redolent, and laden with the perfumed sweets of the wild violets and the indigenous roses; the melodious warblings of the singing birds, as they hopped from sprig to sprig, among the thick branches of the gigantic forest trees which formed the undulating foreground; the waving play of the lofty cedars as they gracefully yielded to the gentle breeze, just permitting the azure tints of heaven sometimes to gleam between them, and gleaming from point to point, the dazzling tints of the bright and refulgent sunbeams, lent a charm to this lovely spot, which fixes it on the mind as one of those efforts of nature, which are created to be once seen, and never forgotten.

We passed on to Larkana, a place of extensive trade, and in which is held a noble bazaar, and is a mart for all the surrounding country. We made no stay here, but started on to our destination, Sukkur, which we reached on the 13th of September, heartily glad to know that, for the present at least, our voyage was at the end, for although the banks of the Indus are marked by many and great beauties, the intense heat of the sun, from whose scorching rays we were defended only by a matting roof, prevented us feeling the delight we should otherwise have had in beholding them. Our boats too, being very small and uncomfortable, did not tend to make the passage more convenient or agreeable. On our arrival we found that the

two companies which had preceded us, had all arrived safely, and re-union with them was a source of mutual satisfaction. Our number of sick was now very small, and the prevalent disease was fever, from which India is scarcely, if ever, free. A few days was quite sufficient to render the right wing, now wholly engaged at Sukkur, perfectly efficient for field service.

Sukkur stands on the left bank of the river, Roree on the right, and the fort of Bukkur stands on a small island almost amid channel, and between the two other towns; access to this fort is sometimes, owing to the force of the current, very difficult, if not altogether impossible. It is a very desirable position, and, garrisoned by Europeans, is quite capable of offering the most complete resistance to any native force; it had, therefore, been established as a complete arsenal for the accommodation of our forces, and at that time contained an immense store of ordnance, provisions, ammunition, and other apparatus of war. And what was still more necessary, a very large amount of treasure—that oil, without which the wheels of any machine, however perfect it may otherwise be, will not long continue in working order. It also contained the State prisoners, the Prince of Shawl, and the Vizier of Kelat; the former was taken prisoner when leading his troops to the assistance of the chief of Kelat, and the latter at the storming of that place by Gen. Wiltshire. These being two very influen-

tial persons in Beeloochistan, their safe custody was of very great importance to the British Government, and they were, therefore, kept in close arrest. As in one or two instances lately, means had been found to forward letters and even weapons to them, by their friends outside, the charge of them was transferred to the Europeans, with strict injunctions that they should be strictly guarded and closely watched, for which purpose two sentries simultaneously mounted guard over them every two hours, with imperative orders that they must never both have their eyes off them at the same moment, that they were to accompany them whenever they moved, and never permit them to make use of any writing materials whatever, or to retain in their possession any knives or any thing else which they could in any manner render available to effect their escape. They were at first allowed one and a half rupees, equal to three shillings each per diem, for their subsistence, but after a time, the allowance was reduced to one and a half rupees for both, which at best, was certainly but a sorry allowance to maintain the dignity of princes, prisoners though they were.

They used occasionally to receive small presents, such as a telescope or other small articles of that description. They each had one, and were agreeably surprised at their powers, as they sat and viewed from the fortress the boats coming up the Indus; and more than once has the Prince expres-

sed his anxiety to see *Lonedone* (London,) which he used to say must be very great.

The prince of Shawl at length became so familiar with our men, that he learned to speak tolerably good English. I gleaned from him that he was a great warrior; he showed to me, and to many others, eight wounds which he had received in different battles in which he had been engaged, with several hostile tribes. The last was through the hand, from a musket, in a combat near Kelat. He told me, also, that he had a son, who was in command of about 2000 men, formerly belonging to Merab Khan.

Mahomed Hassan, the Vizier, who bore a very noble and aristocratic appearance, was tenacious and proud, was seldom seen to speak to any one, and wore a very dignified air. His beard was long and black. He seemed to pride himself much in his hair, had it often dyed; his nails were stained red, being a mark of superiority, and, in short, his gait would at once impress the stranger with his lofty station; he was subsequently released, and sent on a mission with an officer of our service into the interior of the country; and about the same time the Prince of Shawl was also liberated, and, having entered into terms of amity with the Company's officers, he was appointed contractor for camels and other carriage to the British troops in Beeloochistan and Scinde, receiving an advance of 6,000 rupees, to enable him to carry on his new office, which he managed with great tact and ability.

There were some other subordinate Beeloochee prisoners in the Fort of Bukkur, who were afterwards also released.

The Fort of Bukkur is capable of being rendered one of the strongest in India, and is of very ancient origin; it is the one mentioned in history as having been taken by Alexander the Great; but is now, however, fast going to ruin, and some of the walls have actually fallen into decay.

Roree on the right bank of the Indus, is very thickly populated, and serves as a great support to Sukkur; it also fell into the hands of Alexander's pervading power, but was restored to its people.

The Fort standing on an island in the centre of the river, speaks much of its commanding situation. It contained several hundred houses, and was capable of affording protection to upwards of 20,000 people; the citadel was of immense strength, and in itself would contain a large army.

The Political agent at Sukkur was Ross Bell, Esq., and Captain Bean was his Assistant. Captain Bean is the officer, who, with his lady, encountered such dreadful hardships during the siege of the Fort of Kahun, which he so long and so gallantly defended. Lieutenant Clarke, who was wounded at the time Captain Hand was murdered, a brave, but unfortunate, young man, was conducting a convoy with succours to Captain Bean, when he was attacked and overpowered: as soon as he saw himself attacked, he boldly led on his

valiant troupe sword in hand, but, with one or two exceptions, they were all left dead upon the field, yet not until, encouraged by the valorous daring of the unfortunate Lieutenant Clarke, they had made a terrible example of their enemies: a solid mass of dead bodies marked the spot where this heroic young man breathed his last; in the true spirit of English Chivalry his men fought around him whilst he lived, and covered his remains with their dead bodies when he was no more.

The weather in September was excessively hot during the day, the thermometer standing often at 110° and 115° in the shade; but we suffered far more severely at night, for the camp being between some chalk hills, which, becoming intensely heated by the sun's rays, retained them till the evening, when they returned as to the atmosphere, rendering it excessively close, sultry and oppressive. In these regions the animal frame recovers in the coolness of the night from the exhaustion of the day; but this unfortunate circumstance prevented all hope of rest or sleep, and induced such a feeling of languor that our food was very often left untasted, or taken in pure desperation. An attempt to eat the smallest portion would at once throw us into a state of the most extraordinary perspiration; to leave it uneaten, left the un-recruited frame in such a state of weakness as rendered it totally incapable of performing any of the duties allotted to it. No one could lie down on his mattress without imme-

diately falling into a state of perspiration, which entirely saturated his bed and bedding, rendering him obnoxious to the severest cold from the most gentle breath of air which might pass over him. To make matters worse, at this hot season of the year, a rash very commonly breaks out over every part of the body, marked by small red pimples, filled with water, and attended by a very severe and uncomfortable irritation. This rash is forced out by the great heat, and is sometimes so bad that men who put on a clean shirt at eight o'clock in the morning, after taking it off at eleven, to change, were in such a state, from the rash, that large flakes of flesh would come away with it: so dreadfully painful is the burning irritation of this disease, that men often, although conscious that it is at the imminent risk of their lives, would go down to the river and sit up to their neck in it, for the sake of a few minutes of temporary relief.

The political functionaries were unremitting in their endeavours to procure troops from all points, and detachments were daily pouring into Sukkur; the 38th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry arrived on the 9th of October, in perfect field order; the right wing of the 40th that same day received instructions to hold themselves ready for a like duty at the shortest notice. Sukkur now became the scene of active preparation, and everything now wore the appearance of immediate war. Some difficulty having arisen in the procuring of trans-

port, in consequence of resistance having been offered by the native Chiefs of Roree to the parties sent out to procure camels and carriages, Major Forbes then commanding, ordered the Grenadier company of the 40th, two companies of Sepoys, and two 6-pounder field pieces to proceed at two hours notice into the Roree District to enforce obedience and compliance. The whole party returned the next day, followed by vast numbers of camels, which, it is presumed, were sent in consequence of the sudden appearance of the British Troops, for their march scarcely attained the importance of a demonstration, and of enemies they certainly saw none. My experience in the eastern nations has taught me that there is something in the prestige of a British Force, before which the bravest of the Native Troops constantly quail.

Had it been a suite of their own countrymen, who so peremptorily demanded carriage, doubtless, there would have been much bloodshed, but I have ever seen that when the British wish to effect an object, they seldom or never fail.

On the 10th of October, the 38th Native Regiment marched from Sukkur under the command of Capt. Burney, and on the 12th were followed by five Companies of the Queen's 40th, under the command of Capt. Boscawen, who was ordered on his arrival at Shikarpore to assume the command of the whole, as a Field force, having been joined by about 200 irregular cavalry and two field pieces, then stationed

at that place, which was three days march from Sukkur. Immediately on our arrival active measures were adopted to organise the whole force into the most perfect and efficient order—each man equipped for active service, and furnished with extra rounds of ammunition, to be carried in his pack; his allowance of baggage was reduced to twenty-eight pounds weight, including bed and bedding. Each soldier carried his kit, weighing about eighteen pounds; his musket on his shoulder, his accoutrements, bayonet and pouch, containing forty rounds of ball cartridge—a havre-sack containing his knife, fork and spoon, with sometimes two or three days' rations, and also, a tin pot to drink out of; and, in addition to all these, a small wooden canteen, or round *flat* keg somewhat the shape of a Staffordshire cheese, but not so large in circumference, holding, and to carry, about two quarts of water—a tolerably good load for a long march.

The general appearance of Shikarpore is very pleasing, but too close inspection shows the prevailing vices of the country, filth and misery. It apparently carries on a flourishing trade, and contains a very extensive depot of government stores, for the use of the troops employed in Scinde, Beloochistan, and Cabool. Food was very cheap, and fruit of many kinds very beautiful, and plentiful.

We had here an extensive godown, or store for grain, &c., and owing to the great supplies brought into this town's market, our stocks were kept up at a

cheaper rate ; the plans adopted by the Indian Government were excellent, and, as practice makes perfect, so did they improve, although the expenditures from the coffers of the East India Company were vast indeed. I shall give a brief account of the enormous outlay of several departments, which will give an idea what the total would be.

The first department to which I allude is the military establishment. The British Government has expended upwards of £100,000,000 in the purchase of arms, accoutrements, and other military stores, and in the maintenance of the Indian army. The second department is the civil establishment, which has cost upwards of £50,000,000. The third department is the public works, which has cost upwards of £30,000,000. The fourth department is the education, which has cost upwards of £10,000,000. The fifth department is the public debt, which has cost upwards of £20,000,000. The sixth department is the public revenue, which has cost upwards of £10,000,000. The seventh department is the public expenditure, which has cost upwards of £10,000,000. The eighth department is the public debt, which has cost upwards of £20,000,000. The ninth department is the public revenue, which has cost upwards of £10,000,000. The tenth department is the public expenditure, which has cost upwards of £10,000,000.

The total amount of the outlay of the British Government in India, from the year 1757 to 1857, is estimated at upwards of £1,000,000,000. This sum is not only a vast amount, but it is also a sum which has been expended in a most judicious and economical manner. The British Government has not only maintained a large and powerful army in India, but it has also maintained a large and powerful civil establishment, and it has also expended a vast amount of money in the purchase of arms, accoutrements, and other military stores, and in the maintenance of the Indian army. The British Government has also expended a vast amount of money in the purchase of land, and in the construction of public works, and in the maintenance of the public debt, and in the maintenance of the public revenue, and in the maintenance of the public expenditure.

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## CHAPTER V.

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Description of a March in the East; Extreme Change of Weather; European Constitution; Young Officers; Their Praiseworthy Conduct; Preparations for Active Service completed; Departure of Force; Destination; Dadur; The Enemy; Nusseer, the Youthful King of Kelat; His Mother, Beebee Gunjan; His Uncle, Gool Mahomed; Their Efforts to Annihilate Small Forces; Attempt to recapture Kelat; Lieutenant Loveday, Bombay N. I.; Massacre of his Force; His life ransomed by two Banyans; Becomes a Hostage; His Treatment; Nusseer's unsuccessful attack on Dadur; Three times Defeated; Arrival at Rojan; Fatiguing March across the Desert of Scinde; Confidence of Captain Boscawen in his Men; Certainty of British Valour; Enemy Encamped on the other side; Arrival at the Spot; Decampment of the Enemy towards Kunda; Cavalry despatched after them; Movement of Force to Kunda; Appearance of the Enemy; Battle; Description of Scene; Private Feelings; General Acknowledgment; My First Battle Field; Prisoners taken; Arrival of Nawab, Mahomed Shereave; Sentence passed on Prisoners; Mahomed's Manner; Anecdote of an English Rifle; Night Alarm; March to Oodana; Want of Water; Encampment on a Barren Plain.

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HAVING fairly got on the march, it perhaps will not be out of place here to give my readers an idea of an army on the line of march in the field, in India, as it materially differs from that of one in England, where the soldier, surrounded by countrymen and

friends, halts at some town the same day, weary enough, I dare say ; still there is a billet, a bed, and a comfortable meal, although he has often a long way to go ere he finds out his resting place, owing to some very great mismanagement in the arrangements of billeting in Europe. However, the march in the field proves a very different scene. Picture the bustle, confusion, and excitement of an army on the march, being preceded by the skirmishers and advance guards, accompanied by the Quarter-Master General, who, in the most systematic manner, on the arrival at the destined encampment, proceeds to calculate the relative distance required for each corps and department, and allots it to the parties attached from each regiment, for their further division. They from practical arrangements, measure the necessary distance for each individual and tent, marking the spot, and awaiting the arrival, which quickly follows. The main body reaches the ground, and each corps marches at once to its quarters. The individual to the site of his palace for the day. Shortly comes the numerous train of baggage, carried by camels, elephants, mules, horses, asses, bullocks, carts, &c. &c, many thousands in number, and followers far exceeding the number of troops. The followers attached to the various portions of baggage proceed at once to their spots of ground. The tent and its baggage arrive together, and all is prepared to "Pitch Camp." A signal is given, and as if it were by magic, a town,

a fort, and a strongfold is formed in a few minutes. Guards are mounted, pickets arranged, and sentries placed, and all is quiet and settled for the day. The Commissariat proceeds to kill the cattle, and issue the provisions. The baggage cattle are all sent out to graze under strong guards. The bazaars (one to each corps) open their stores of merchandise, and expose it for sale, at an enormous and extortionate profit, of which I shall speak more fully in some future chapter. The authorities at the head are engaged in the arrangement of the objects in view; emissaries are sent out; chiefs are received and negotiated with for the supply of provisions; the weary soldier, after smoothing down for his domestic comfort his parlour of twenty-one inches by six feet, lulled by the aid of that refreshing genius, sleep, beguiles the long dreary hours of the day, filled with anxiety, and overpowered oftentimes with the intense heat, rendered more so by the trifling protection under canvass. At length comes the night, and every precaution having been taken, all is prepared for a fresh start, the cattle are placed in front of their tomorrow's load, each soul devolves into that earthly heaven; which soon relieves the mind from the world's anxiety and care; at the dead of night is heard the trampling of the patrols carefully visiting the guards and pickets, and the reliefs cautiously challenged by the watching sentries. And shortly after midnight are heard the shrill trumpets and bugles arousing the tired soldier from the midst of

perhaps dreams of the happy hours of boyhood and home. The sound carries with it a volume of directions; and in a few minutes all is again confusion—yet regularity is there; all on a tip-toe of bustle—yet all is steady, and each at his place. The camp appears as one blaze of fire from the darkness of the night, and bushes or piles of brushwood collected, being fired to give light to enable the packing and loading to be carried on; and should you stray a dozen yards perchance it will take you half an hour to find your place again. And I have often seen from the dream of the sleeper to the movement off the ground of more than 20,000 souls and cattle, not more than half an hour elapse. Long ere day dawns, all are again on the march; the keen morning air striking chilly, through the wearied soldier, disturbed from refreshing sleep, and forced to trudge along an unknown path; all passes on in silence, nothing is heard, save the neighing of the horses and the heavy measured tread of the moving mass of men; line after line of connected camels and cattle, move on, carefully guarded and guided by the troops and followers, each eye heavy from broken rest, and looking anxiously for the opening of the distant horizon to admit the day, and distribute the welcome rays of the sun, which at first are pleasant in the extreme, but ere a few hours are passed, become even more oppressive than the midnight air. All this it is which has so much astonished the natives of distant lands, and placed our system at the top of the tree.

Within a few days the weather had undergone a very complete change, the mornings and evenings were so cold that our wooden canteens, when we arose at day break, were covered with, I had almost said a *thick* coating of ice; the mid-day sun was just as hot as ever, and the extreme transitions were very trying to the European constitutions, although I have no doubt even this extreme degree of cold was not without its attendant advantages.

I have often been surprised, when on service, to behold how the officers, particularly the younger ones, endure the hardships and privations to which they are often and suddenly subjected: many of them are carefully and tenderly nurtured to within a few months of the period, when they may be all at once deprived not only of the luxuries, or comforts, but even of the absolute necessities of life. The hardships to which the warrior is subject may be told, but not comprehended by those who have not experienced them, and it has often been to me a matter of great astonishment that their minds and energies do not quail before the fearful phalanx of evils, exceeded by none which flesh is heir to. It seems as if nature rises with the difficulties which present themselves, and by taking arms against a sea of troubles, end them indeed; but in a very different manner to the rule laid down in Hamlet's canon. I, myself, have been as tenderly brought up as most in my class, have been educated in a manner to teach me to make the best of every

thing, and yet at times a *leetle* inclination to regret my fate has floated through my mind; I have striven to overcome it, and have generally overmastered the feeling. But if such were my sentiments, is it not wonderful that those who felt, and must have felt, their physical privations to be greater than I felt mine to be, should have succeeded? It was truly gratifying to see how cheerfully our officers submitted to that same measure of comfort which was allotted to the men; cheered by their example, the best effects resulted, and the soldiers, prompted by the zeal and energy of their officers, set to their toilsome duty with earnestness and good will, and discontent was lost in the eager hope to be among the first, whether on the battle plain or mounting the imminent deadly breach.

Every preparation being now perfect, we were in hourly expectation of immediate and active service, which we were taught to expect would be severe, and most certainly our anticipations were not belied. On the morning of the 16th we accordingly set forth, our first destination being Dadur, a temporary fort, in which Sir John Keane had left a small garrison, our direct progress to which, as will be seen, was however casually delayed. To understand the cause of the sudden movement it will be necessary to digress a little from the thread of my narrative.

Nusseer Khan, son of Merab Khan, the chief of Kelat, who fell in the defence of that place, was a youth of sixteen years of age, and had been placed by

his mother, Bebee Gunjan, under the guardianship of an uncle, Gool Mahomed, who having been, with the rest of the family, driven out of his possessions at Kelat and its vicinity, acting under the advice of his uncle and guardian, as well as his mother and the other chiefs, who continued to share his fortunes, had resolved to take up arms, collect all his followers, and endeavour, if possible, to restore the fallen fortunes of his house. He proceeded to attack the British out-posts, and had resolved, if possible, to cut them off in detail, hoping by this means to clear the country of its unwelcome invaders. He had gathered a force of about 5,000 men, all armed, and many mounted. His first effort was to retake Kelat, which had been left with a very weak garrison—one company of Sepoys, commanded by Lt. Loveday, 6th Bombay N. I. Though up to the moment of attack, everything seemed peaceable and quiet in Kelat, the arrival of Nusseer Khan and his forces was the signal for a general revolt—every British soldier was slaughtered on the spot, and Lieut. Loveday was only saved from the same horrible fate, because, if preserved, the chiefs thought that he might hereafter prove a valuable exchange, and, moreover, great intercession was made for him by two Banyans;\* he was, however, detained as a prisoner, closely watched, and ignominiously drag-

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\* A Banyan is a man of peace. He deals in every kind of merchandise, and is generally a Hindoo. The Banyans are always exempted from taking up arms.

ged about from place to place as a spectacle. Nusseer's next object was to destroy Dadur; for this purpose a large proportion of his force, which was daily increasing, took up an excellent position, about two miles from the fort, and immediately commenced the siege. Three times had he tried to take it by assault, and as many times had he signally failed. Three hundred British troops were sufficient to repel every attack of his numerous host, and the siege was turned into a blockade, and they succeeded in cutting off all supplies, as well as preventing the transmission of any correspondence, either to or from the fort. At length the commanding officer succeeded in forwarding, in safety, a despatch to the political agent, Lieutenant Postens, then at Shikarpoore, requesting him to send immediate help and supplies to Dadur. It was in consequence of this requisition that we received our sudden but not unwelcome route. Nothing is more agreeable to a soldier than variety—give him a change, and he cares for no more.

We left Shikarpore on the 16th; on the morning of the 17th we reached Rojan, an extensive village bordering on the Desert of Scinde, known as the Gundavie run, which next presented itself to us; and news was received by Postens that the enemy were encamped on the other side at a place called Bushera. The distance across this wild expanse of dusty, drifting, stormy plain, was by the nearest cut forty-five miles, and we had then

marched seventeen, notwithstanding our commander called our attention to the service required at our hands; and although it was contrary to his wish to harass his men by forced marches, yet he felt sure that every heart would leap with approbation when he informed us that our enemy was so near, and that it was necessary for the safety of our comrades stationed beyond them, to at once remove the insurgents; why needed our captain for one moment to imagine a single instance of unwillingness?—it was doing an injustice to the brave heart of a British soldier, for had the distance been thrice multiplied, and he called upon to go, who dares to question our acquiescence? None will, and with such a commander too as Capt. Boscawen, I firmly believe that had difficulties of the most intense nature presented themselves, calling upon them to proffer every heart, aye,—and had each had a hundred hearts, all would have been devoted to him and his cause. So on the evening of the 17th, we commenced the march across the barren plain, light as air, and as no water was procurable on the road, each man replenished his canteen, and several camels were laden with mussocks (leather bags) filled for our use. The night fortunately was illumined by a beautiful moon, whose rays aided our guides to navigate the trackless space, and our march passed off in comparative quietude, and about noon, on the 18th, having reached the desired spot, we discovered that the enemy had left a few hours ago, evidently having been aware

of our approach; we found their fires yet unextinguished, and the natives of the village reported that they had proceeded to Kunda.

Capt. Boscawen immediately despatched our cavalry to dislodge them if possible, and further because Bushara produced very little water, not sufficient even for the infantry, for we had to dig small holes, and filter the muddy water through towels, and drink it as thick as milk with clay. And after a march of seventeen miles, succeeded immediately by forty-five more without rest, it need hardly be commented on by me, the exhausted state of the troops, who had scarce half pitched their tents when every eye was closed in sleep, save the sentinels, who were relieved every hour, to enable them to gradually refresh themselves with rest.

If any of my readers have ever been really fatigued, weary, and nature almost exhausted, they can easily enter into the feelings of this little band; and it is only those who have experienced these trials, who can truly appreciate the sufferings of those thus situated; it is all very well to undergo trial and privation, when there is a source from whence you can back it up with refreshment and care, comforted with friends and home, but when the same prospect is before you again and again, without comforts, it is then the soldier feels sympathy of the smallest kind to be great.

On the morning of the 19th we resumed our march for Kunda, not without expectation of being

intercepted by the enemy, who, we had reason to believe, was mustering in strong force before and behind us. We, however, greatly to our satisfaction, reached Kunda, our halting place, about nine, A. M., and immediately set to preparing the ground for an encampment. The guards had just mounted, and we were full of activity in our labor of love, when our ears were suddenly assailed, and our senses astonished, by hearing the bugles of the out-posts sound the alarm, instantly answered by those of the main body sounding the assembly. In a few moments every man had donned his clothes and accoutrements, and, having seized his arms, was seen hurrying to the rallying point of his company. Less time was taken to form and tell off the respective corps than it would occupy to describe. Well for us it was that we were thus readily prepared, for immediately we were drawn up, the enemy were in sight, crowning the summit of the hills in front of us, in considerable strength. The cavalry was despatched to keep them in check, and the infantry were moved forward to the strongest position which the suddenness of the attack would permit us to select. As all the baggage of the detachment was on the ground, the 38th Regiment (Native Infantry) were ordered to form square around it for its protection. Our right wing was then moved forward to support the cavalry, which was divided into two divisions of one hundred each. We advanced in double time over uneven and rugged ground, taking

the enemy in front, whilst the cavalry moved by divisions to either flank, narrowing the space as we approached the enemy, until it became evident to himself that our intention was to hem him in, and, if possible, to prevent his escape: this brought him to a pause, and as we advanced very close to his front, the cavalry dashed off into a rapid charge, and assaulted him on both flanks, and we, of course, not being idle in front, gave him a much warmer reception than he had anticipated: about one hundred and eighty of them were cut down; the rest perceiving the fate of their friends, being well mounted, and doubtlessly deeming discretion to be the better part of valour, instantaneously wheeled about, and, owing to the excellence of their horses, were soon safely out of all risk of pursuit, which, owing to our long march, and our ignorance of the face of the country, it would have been extremely difficult for us to make. We were, therefore, ordered to halt: five prisoners only were made upon the ground, one of whom, offering considerable resistance, was killed, his head being struck off; the other four yielded quietly, and we returned to our encampment.

As we recrossed the field of strife, I counted, and was obliged, in *propria personâ*, to stride over upwards of fifty dead bodies of the enemy. I stood for the first time on the field of slaughter, and I think, ages of ages, should I live so long, would fail to obliterate the sensations of those few minutes. The fierce and angry feelings of the strife had passed

away. I stood upon the ground on which those, I could not call my enemies, for we had never met before, and who a short time since, had stood in the proud array of battle, full of hope and full of confidence; and where were they now?—scattered, dispersed, dead! It is a strange situation to be in, to stand calm, cool and collected, amidst the dying and the dead, who have fallen by our own hands, and against whom we have not had one angry feeling, save a country's right,—and that is much. It is well for us soldiers that we feel that sensation but once; the constant recurrence of it would unman us quite.

It is not every one who will confess this, but I think I may venture to say, if every soldier whose lot has led him into a similar situation, will confess to himself the true sentiment of his heart, he will I am sure consider with me, as regards the feelings, which is far from being daunted or overpowered by fear, but nature will give vent at times.

As we halted, to re-form in our original position, previous to our resuming the march to our encampment, there they lay around us—the scene of death in every direction was awful: there lay, the young, the brave, the beautiful; the son, the sire, the brother and the friend: headless—limbless—dead and dying; some groaning in the agonies of extremity, and thirst—others, in the last stage of ebbing existence, too weak even to wail, or to weep,—too exhausted to ask that drop of water which they would have freely bought, had they the means, with the

world's wealth. This was my first action; wonder not that I shuddered at the scenes which on every side met my sickened gaze; and wonder not if, even in the moment of victory, and the excitement of success, I paused to contemplate the horrors which on every side met my aching sight; fancy not that it was fear—the time of fear has passed when the first shot is heard: hundreds, thousands, have quailed before the fight, scarce one has quailed in it. The thunder of the cannon, the roar of the musketry, the shouts of the combatants, the braying of the trumpets, the rolling of the drums, the neighing of the horses, and the cries of the wounded and the dying, leave no time for fear.

The excitement of the battle hurries along the coward and the brave: the latter is sometimes distinguished by his presence of mind. Even in the midst of that fearful scene, a sweet, delightful vision rose up to mind's eye, and, as I stood there amidst the mangled and bleeding bodies of my foes, my feet upon their native soil, death, misery, and desolation all around me, I could not repress the thoughts which rose to my mind, in deep and bright contrast to the sad scene around me, and my mind dwelt in anxious suspense for the future on the land of my birth, and the home of my childhood. And I could not but feel too, that for me years must elapse ere that loved scene could again shed its balmy sweetness to greet my returning footsteps; haply that I was doomed never to see it again, never

to meet the cheerful and happy greetings which ever welcomed my return, even from the short absence of my boyhood's school seasons. If these feelings did obtrude, if they did obtain the mastery, it must, in excuse, be still remembered that I then stood on my first battle-field.

We had now leisure to complete our encampment, and to survey the surrounding country. Kunda was a small town, and at a short distance, which, as well as all the surrounding villages, we perceived to be almost entirely evacuated; they formed the principal residences of the force by which we had been attacked, and their ill success was soon well known in every direction.

In the course of the afternoon a Nawab, a petty Governor, named Mahomed Shereave, of one of the more distant of the neighbouring villages, and who was an ally of Sir John Keane, came down to investigate into the affair. And as we had, during the day, succeeded in discovering several of the enemy who had secreted themselves in huts in the town, he immediately proceeded to enquire into their conduct. A small hovel was speedily converted into a justice hall, and Mahomed sat there, and began to examine and condemn the prisoners, brought before him, and after mature deliberation he ordered about eleven of them to be put to death, and this sentence was speedily carried into execution. When the executions were over Mahomed Shereave offered his services and the aid of two hundred men to Capt.

Boscawen, which were readily and cordially accepted, and it was agreed that he should accompany us to Dadur on the 22nd.

Mahomed appeared to be a man of letters, and exhibited a degree of dignity and command not to be resisted by those over whom he exercised authority. His figure was commanding, his height being over six feet, and his form robust, he was armed with an English manufactured rifle, a scimitar sword, a solid shield, ataghan, &c. His rifle excited considerable attention, and many were the surmises as to the manner in which it came into his possession; there were not wanting many who did not hesitate to attribute to him a wrongful possession; for although he professed himself an earnest and faithful ally of the British, still he was a Beloochee, and therefore belonged to a class it was very unsafe to trust. Several very exaggerated reports obtained currency; some were of opinion that it was a prize taken from some murdered officer of the British Army, some were charitable enough to surmise that he might have obtained it by traffic; but the real fact came out at last, that it had been presented to him by an English officer of the grand army, for some former services which he had rendered the British force. Our loss in this short but brilliant affair was one man killed and four wounded; we had also two horses killed. We captured eighty camels of first-rate quality which were sold, and the proceeds added to the prize money gained by that action.

The Government being at that time greatly in want of cattle, ordered fifty of them to be selected for the Commissariat Department.

As the night closed in we received orders to sleep on our arms, and a numerous chain of sentinels surrounded the camp, as it was the general opinion that the enemy would make another attack upon us at night. We were not disturbed, and remained recruiting our strength until the 22nd, when we marched on towards Dadur, *via* Oodana, and a long and dreary march we found it to the latter place, where we were to halt; but finding no water we had to continue our march beneath the burning rays of the sun, until we could meet with a stream or spring. The heat was so intense that many of our men fainted by the way, and it was seen that the whole force would have to wait until the evening set in. To march in the heat of the day is, in India, fatal to many, and it would have been a great risk to sacrifice the Europeans, on whose intrepid courage every part of this expedition depended. About one o'clock, P. M., Mahomed Shereave discerned, in front, a pool of water; fortunately, indeed, although in the midst of a plain of the most apparent destitution and barrenness, an immense plain of dried clay—sun-parched, and cracked by the over-powering heat—was all that presented itself. We, however, soon arrived at the spot, pitched our camp, and halted until the next day. And glad indeed we were.

## CHAPTER VI.

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Another Retrograde Movement; Interesting Account of one of the Banyans, who ransomed the Life of Loveday; Curious Discovery in the Merchant; Sudden Metamorphosis into a young Englishman; A brief History of his career; March to Kotra; Re-appearance of the Enemy; Straggling Shots; 25th Regt., N. I., left at Kotra; Welcome of the Force at Kotra by the inhabitants; Havoc made by the Insurgents; Situation of Kotra, with the Gundavie Pass; A Blockade; March to Sunnee; A Night's March; Distressing Route; We reach Seran; Mysore; Departure; Sudden Route; Arrival of Despatches from Dadur, announcing a Grand Attack on the 2nd November; Necessity of a Reinforcement at Dadur; Dreadful situation of Troops; Seven weeks on sentry; Orders to force march to Dadur; Detention of Couriers for Guides; The Mysore Pass; Midnight; Description of Pass; Previous Position; Sudden Alarm; Suspicions of Treachery; Route Intercepted; Discovery of ravine flooded; Impossibility to proceed; Night 1st November; Interrogation of the Guides; Their protestation of innocence; Another very long Route discovered; Determination to proceed; Troops re-formed; Serious reflection; Miseries of the night; Credit due to the Native Troops; The break of day; Poor progress made; Energetic advancement; Determination to accomplish; Dadur in sight; And happy welcome.

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ONE of the Banyans who ransomed the life of Loveday for 2,000 rupees, was a young Englishman, an outline of whose extraordinary adventures I must give here, in order to simplify my tale. He

resided in Kelat, in the character of a Hindoo dealer, unknown to all, and finding that an insurrection was rising, which would most probably result in the massacre of Loveday and his men, he waited upon him, still disguised, and informed that officer of the rumours afloat; the officer treated the humble Hindoo merchant, as he thought him, with contempt, and rebuked his audacity for even hinting at such a matter. M. remonstrated in vain, and at length left Loveday; but next day visited him in another form. After a few words on the subject, M. addressed him in English, to the great astonishment of the officer, and at length matters were disclosed. And although it was then too late to prevent the unfortunate result that happened, still he said that it was agreed to ransom his life. He informed him that he was not known as an European, or he should most certainly share the same fate—and that it was his intention to proceed down the country to the Presidency, there to arrange his own matters with the Government, in whose secret employ he had been for some years. Lieutenant Loveday gave him a letter to Captain Bean, then resident Political Agent at Quetta, about ninety miles distant, which place he would have to pass.

It appears that this young man, in the earlier part of his career, enlisted in the Artillery of the East India Company, remained a few years with them in Bengal, and acquired an extensive know-

ledge of the manners, customs, and various languages of the natives of Hindostan, but, from some unexplained reason, became dissatisfied with his position, and ran off. He made his way, in the character of a native, for many hundreds of miles, towards the Seikh country, entered the service of Runjeet Singh, but soon after left it, and then commenced a tour in the passes and mountains along Hemaylee and Bamean, to Bokhara, begging his way as a "Faqueer." This seemed his delight, and he made some excellent researches, being a tolerably well educated man, and kept a note book in short hand, as in his travelling character he could not carry an extensive office. In 1836, when Sir Alex. Burnes was Envoy to the court of Cabool, and passing that way, he thought it would be as well to make himself known to Sir Alexander, who entered minutely into his affairs, examined his reports of the country, and after a strict interrogation into other matters, was highly gratified with the information he received. The consequence was, that he remained for some time with the Baronet, who wrote to the Presidency, forwarding his opinion, and obtained for him a pardon for his misdemeanor, and a salary of 400 rupees per month, to continue his travels, and reconnoitre the country for the benefit of Government, on which mission he left Cabool to proceed towards Herat and Persia. It so happened that on the road to the latter place, he was attacked by sickness, and lay ill for some time, and

after his recovery was detained a close prisoner for a very long period. Now, about this time a report was rife that the Russians were likely to attempt to invade India, *via* Herat, through Affghanistan, and Scinde—what an absurd idea!—and shortly after this, the affairs which compose my chapters occurred. All this time nothing is heard of him, further than reports are received that he is in Russia, Bokhara, and the surrounding countries, and in consequence of his, probably somewhat indiscreetly, discontinuing to correspond with Government, it was suspected that he had engaged with the Russians, and was acting as a spy for them. This impression was intimated to all the political authorities about, and all were on the alert; nothing more was heard of him until the disclosure made by him to Lieut. Loveday, who I mentioned as having given him a letter to Captain Bean, which letter was nothing more nor less than an order to arrest him as the Russian spy, which Captain Bean did; but he succeeded in refuting the foul imputation, and being released at once, he proceeded down the country towards Bombay, called at the different posts occupied by the British troops, and amused the messes and men with most interesting details of his really hazardous undertakings. This I had from his own lips, and, but that it would digress too much from my story, and would take up too much space, I would say more, but perhaps I may at some future period, and more so, if I thought it would at

all add to the amusement of my friends. He, however, reached Bombay in safety, was received most graciously by the authorities there, and appointed to a situation sufficiently lucrative to enable him to do well; he was also appointed a member of the Royal Asiatic Society. He is now in Europe, and has figured highly in the literary world, since his return.

We resumed our march, our halting place being appointed at Kotra, which we reached without much inconvenience, except a few random shots fired at us by a flying enemy, who hovered around our front and flanks; but as we had sent out a strong party of active skirmishers, we kept them at a respectful distance, and moving steadily on, entered our place of encampment, little delayed by their unwelcome attention, and with no loss. On our arrival at Kotra, we found orders awaiting us, desiring that we should remain there until joined by the 25th Native Infantry, and two field guns, under the command of Major Smea, who made his appearance with his forces on the 24th.

We found that an attack had been made on the fort of Kotra by the enemy, who retired on our approach, having first, however, plundered and destroyed the place, leaving the inhabitants totally destitute of the most common necessaries of life.—The inhabitants welcomed our arrival with every demonstration of joy and gladness, kneeling and lifting up their hands to hail our approach, and to

implore our protection. We had come too late; the wolf had fled with the lamb, and pursuit would have been fruitless.

On the 26th we again set forward, leaving the 25th Native Infantry, and the two guns to defend the place, being a position of importance, as it was situated only six miles N. E. from the entrance of the Gundavie Pass, which lies between very lofty and rugged mountains, and it was not unreasonably supposed that the enemy had wisely secured that narrow, and easily defended defile, where he could with little effort, and less risk, offer a most effectual bar to our further progress in that direction; and as our force was so small that it would have been almost madness on our part to attempt to force it, it was resolved that we should proceed by another and a more circuitous route, leaving the forces named, at Kotra, to prevent the enemy from leaving the Pass, should they be posted there.

We proceeded to Fort Gundavie, and afterwards continued our march to Sunnee on the 29th: this march was very harrassing; we moved all night, a distance of eighteen miles, through a narrow defile in the mountains, and, shortly after day-light, when we expected to be at our encamping ground, we found we had to traverse five miles of a hot, dry, arid plain, covered with loose stones, such as the English roads are paved with. It is almost impossible to describe the fatigue of such a journey, to men who had marched without any refresh-

ment whatever. The men and cattle were quite knocked up, after having gone twenty hours in heavy marching order. On the 29th we proceeded to Seran, another long march of seventeen miles, but not so harrassing as the last, because the roads were much better than those we had travelled to Sunnee.

It may be easier imagined than described—the condition one would be in to travel across a road like that to Sunnee, a vast plain of loose stones presenting itself, and no alternative but to traverse it, with tender feet, from excessive marching, and fatigue from loss of rest; but it is impossible to know what can be done, until tried; had it been laid out to me what I have undergone by way of fatigue, I could never have been brought to think nature could overcome it; it is well we don't know what is before us.

On the 1st November we arrived at Mysore; as it was a short march of about six miles, we were there about seven, A. M., and had a very grateful and refreshing rest. There Lieutenant Postens received a communication from the officer commanding at Dadur, to say that the enemy had made another attempt to overcome him, but had failed; he was anxious for assistance, as he expected that another, and the grand attack, would be made on the 2nd, and entreated him to urge with all speed to their succour and defence, the enemy having now very greatly increased in numbers: he also stated that

the soldiers in garrison had not been in bed for seven weeks, and that they were constantly under arms: and every effective man on sentry, posted double, in order that whilst one watched the other slept beside him; the enemy so constantly hovering around them that they on the piquets did not dare to retire to their tents or guard-rooms.

Captain Boscawen immediately issued orders that we should march that evening for Dadur, and that the Tappals, (Couriers,) who had brought the intelligence from Dadur, should accompany us as guide: for the route, it having been ascertained that they had come the nearest way. At four, P. M., we commenced our march, and, after having gone three miles, we entered the Pass of the Mysore, which is also situated between two lofty, rugged, and craggy mountains, with butting rocks overhanging the narrow way beneath, threatening death and destruction at every stride: the Pass was so narrow in some parts, that the camels could not pass along without rubbing against the rocks on either side; and, as the shades of evening were now beginning to mantle around the pathway, gloomy, even at mid-day, our progress was slow, and became almost nothing when the darkness of night closed around our weary, unknown, and dangerous road.

Our position was anything but agreeable; we were in an unknown country, led by two guides equally liable to lead or to mislead us, and within

a short distance of a powerful enemy, from whose attacks we were in no way secure ; if they opposed our onward progress we were no match for them, aided as they were by their intimate knowledge of the localities, and we should be totally without the means of resistance, should they assault us, as it was most probable they would, if in no other way, by rolling down upon our long array vast portions of the superincumbent rocks, which would be to them a work of little labour, and to us one of utter destruction.

We had set our lives upon a cast, and we felt we must stand the hazard of the die, for we had but one path before us, so we boldly kept our onward way, in spite of, though not unapprehensive of, a fatal result. We were there to face danger, and in good sooth face it we did, for every deep and heavy measured tread of our advancing force, seemed to shake the very rocks beside our path, and more than once we were alarmed by the accidental fall of some previously half detached boulder which came rushing, dashing and bounding down the steep and rugged rocky precipice.

As we thus pursued our doubtful and weary way unguided, as it so happened, by even one fitful star, the bugle attached to the advanced guard suddenly and unexpectedly sounded the "Halt;" and we soon learned that our progress was stopped by a deep and wide stream of water, which dashed and burst across the road in the depth of the wild gully

we were then descending. This unexpected obstacle, of course, raised suspicion against our guides; they were immediately stigmatized, and, in our minds, convicted of treachery, and it was at once concluded that they had brought us hither to delay us, and thus enable the enemy to act upon us from before and above simultaneously, and whilst our column was in confusion, more than one voice demanded their instant execution as spies, and traitors. Lieut. Postens, however, who was very conversant in their native language, proceeded to examine them, when they positively declared that when they passed the defile in the morning the water was not more than two inches deep;—it was now more than ten feet, and had increased proportionably in breadth, and with a very strong current to-boot. They attested the truth of their assertions, by swearing by the most binding of their oaths, by the stars, and by Mahomet. When Lieutenant Postens found them thus pledging their truth by the most sacred oaths, he felt half inclined to think with them, that the flood had been turned through the Pass by the enemy, to prevent our progress, should we attempt to move towards Dadur by this route, and as it is a national characteristic to turn the floods of their various streams in many different directions,—and which to them, owing to the nature of the soil, is not a very difficult task,—this explanation seemed so much like the truth, that it was resolved to retrace our steps, and by

another but far more circuitous route. We did not abandon the attempt until several ineffectual efforts had been made to cross the stream; for could we have succeeded, the Pass would have given us very great advantages in our attempt to relieve Dadur. The road lay quite close under the mountains, between which and Dadur, lay the camp of Nusseer Khan, and it had been chosen to enable us to get into their rear; this would have exposed them to an attack from the Dadur force in front, and by ourselves from the rear and flanks, by which means they would have been most certainly entirely defeated, and perhaps totally annihilated. Our mortification at being obliged to return was very great, for we were at most not more than six miles from them, when we were thus unwelcomely checked.

Our situation was now one of great and anxious difficulty; we could not safely conclude what steps to take, whether to turn, or what to resolve upon. In this state of uncertainty, one false step might prove our destruction; and if the enemy had really turned the water course across our path, we had reason to believe that they would take equally effective means to prevent our advance by any other route towards Dadur. The darkness of the night, and the difficulty of the Pass, had all but destroyed our formations; each soldier had lost his comrade, and like an ill-assorted pack of hounds, we had no confidence in the advice of those we knew not. Captain Boscawen perceived this easily-to-be-reme-

died difficulty, and ordering the buglers to assemble each company by its own call, order was very speedily restored. The men thus again surrounded by their old familiar comrades soon recovered their confidence, and whilst our leaders were anxiously engaged in discussing the most eligible plan of future operations, the men began to amuse each other with their reckless wild wit and uncouth practical jokes, thus giving a striking proof that even in doubt, danger and difficulty, circumstances cannot effectually daunt the heart of the British soldier, and gives an additional proof that however trying his position, his courage and resources always rise with the surrounding dangers.

The guides having been carefully re-examined, one still pertinaciously adhered to his opinion that he could lead us safely to Dadur by another road, and although we were informed that it would be adding twenty miles to our march, the confident assurance was received with a truly British cheer, and every man was impatient to proceed.

The buglers sounded attention, the strictest silence was observed, and we received, in short but clear orders, what would be expected from us, and although we had then marched sixteen miles in the darkness of night, and over roads of uncommon difficulty, we proceeded at once to obey. The "Advance," or rather it should have been the "Retire,"

was sounded about midnight, and we yet hoped to reach Dadur early in the forenoon.

Many an anxious eye was turned to the point from which the day should dawn, as our small army slowly dragged its weary length along. After some time the moon rose clear and bright, above the dark outline of the gloomy rocks : her welcome rays shed a bright beam upon our path, which enabled us to make far better progress than we previously had done—they gladdened our hearts, and called forth that energy and buoyancy which ever accompanies the light, and we trudged on with redoubled vigour, enabling us by increased activity to resist the bitter coldness of the night, which was almost too much for the native troops, who, however, deserved the highest praise for the courage and exertion with which they struggled against that which is to them the most unendurable of ills this mortal flesh is subject to—the night cold.

When the day light broke upon us, and the welcome and cheering rays of the sun began to glow over the sublime scenery, we were all far better able to encounter the fatigues of our march, but they revealed to us the unwelcome fact that we had made but little progress. However, we reached Dadur about eleven o'clock, A. M., on the 2nd of November, to the great joy and relief of the force, holding possession of the fort. They consisted of a few companies of native infantry, with four guns

manned by native artillerymen, (Golundauze,) who made speedy arrangements to join us in attacking the enemy, who had so long held them in durance vile, and whose camp we could see in full preparation for the forthcoming conflict.

## CHAPTER VII.

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Preparations for Battle; Energy of the little Drummers; Conjunction of the Dadur Force; Position taken up by Mahomed Shereave; Captain Boscawen's arrangement; Young Malcolm's Cavalry; The Advance; Position and Movements of the Enemy; Discovery of a Trick; Sudden Retreat of the Foe; Admirable Practice of our Artillery; A Noble Cavalry Movement; The decampment of the Enemy; Retreat into the Bolun Pass; Vexatious Scene; Advance to the Deserted Camp; Appearance of an European Tent; Distressing scene; The Discovery of the murdered body of Loveday; His last breath; His servant; His situation; Story told by him; Brutal treatment; Gool Mahomed, the instigator; Feelings of the Troops; Two of the Enemy found secreted; Effects of drunkenness; Hints to Soldiers; Dangerous position; Slight wound; Too much sanguinity at times dangerous; Necessity of implicit obedience in the Service; Ability of Commanders; 38th Regiment, N. I., left in charge of Prize; Encampment; Dadur; Its situation with the Bolun; State of the Troops; Burial of Loveday; Description of British Stronghold at Dadur; The severity of the climate; The effect of the water; Painful malady; Scarcity of Provisions; Annoyance of the Enemy; Troops always under Arms; Original recipes for cooking; Precaution of Major Boscawen; 38th Regiment ordered up the Pass is weather bound.

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WE were immediately deployed into line, piled arms, and lay down to take a few moments rest, whilst the plan of operations was discussed by the principal officers. There was not one in the whole

detachment who would not have slept gladly for a few hours, but an important task lay before us; at a distance of something less than three miles, the enemy's camp was seen stretching from the north to the west. Their forces were drawn out and preparing to move towards us, and the approaching sound of their tom toms (drums) was heard; but I doubt if they inspired the courage of the enemy more than they aroused that of our forces. Britons do not love to be challenged, and it is difficult to restrain their impetuosity when they behold an advancing foe. At the first sound of their tom toms, our officer gave orders to our drummers to sound the fall in; and in real earnest the little fellows laid on, as if they thought victory alone could be won by the energy of their response.

Anxious as the moment was I could not help recalling to mind Faulconbridge's Dauphin :

—————Start

An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
 And ev'n at hand a drum is ready braced  
 That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.  
 Sound but another, and another shall,  
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

*Shakspeare : King John.*

We were speedily in order of battle, and obtained from the fort, if fort it could be called, the assistance of the few cavalry attached to their garrison, and two of their guns, the former under the command of young Malcolm, who was an officer in

the service of Shah Shoojah, and a promising youth he was—and seemed delighted with the prospect of being freed from his prison, and if possible, giving his oppressors a sound drubbing. We awaited the slow advance of the enemy with great impatience; at length their advancing line halted, and their cavalry moved a short distance to their front, to cover as it were some intended operation, which seemed to have for its object a more ready communication with the Bolun Pass, which was somewhat more than a mile to the rear. Orders were immediately issued to Mahomed Shereave to advance, accompanied by a detachment of infantry, to a small hill which commanded the entrance to the Pass, and whence he could proceed to attack the enemy, should he advance, or to annoy him should he attempt to retire into the Pass. The bugles sounded to the main body the welcome sound to “Advance;” and the object of the enemy now being evident, as he had brought his cavalry to keep us in check whilst his infantry, or rather rabble, secured their retreat by the Bolun Pass, Capt. Boscawen ordered the artillery to play upon the retreating masses of infantry; at the same moment we advanced to the attack of their cavalry line, and Mahomed Shereave to that of their retreating infantry. The conduct of Mahomed's force was admirable; they took advantage of the confusion which the hurried retreat of the infantry had thrown them into, and which was greatly

increased by the dense crowd being jammed into the narrow defiles. The number of dead found after the action amounted to nearly 300, and all in a narrow space; indeed they were slaughtered in heaps—the dying falling upon the dead!

In the meantime we advanced cheerfully and eagerly, but slowly, towards the line of cavalry, as we had to cross a plain intersected by deep and strong streams of water, and broad "nullas," or ditches, which greatly increased the harrassing nature of the ground over which we had to pass. And as we did, the enemy's cavalry still continued to retire before us, at intervals, and very slowly. By the time that we had come within musket range they perceived that their object had been attained; their remaining infantry had gained the Pass, and they immediately faced about and fled with the rapidity of a route, leaving their camp equipage entire, and a large quantity of treasure. It was, however, not without vexation that we beheld the majority of the enemy we had taken so much pains to get at, thus scampering off almost unharmed, and unscathed, dashing up the, to us, apparently almost inaccessible sides of the mountains; our guns played at intervals with grape and spherical shot, admirably aimed, so as to burst and meet the ascending foe on the sides of the cliffs; and it was the only satisfaction left us to see them fall by dozens on the explosion of each shell, as they were driving furiously into the Bolun pass by a route

which secured them from the attack of Mahomed's cavalry, even had they been strong enough to venture upon a pursuit, which they were not in any one particular, principally owing to the long and fatiguing march which their horses had performed the night before. Our skirmishers, who consisted of about one third of the Europeans, being called in, and who, we were glad to find, had met with little loss, and being once more together, our attention was now turned towards the deserted camp, in the midst of which we perceived a very handsome European officer's tent, which had met our gaze on our first set out towards their encampment, and which we supposed to be one taken in the overthrow of some small force, which was now become a daily occurrence. On our arrival at the deserted camp, I with two or three others, ran immediately to the tent, and alas what a spectacle presented itself! There lay the body of poor unfortunate Loveday, with his throat cut, and who had about that moment breathed his last. A native boy was weeping across his mangled body, who turned out to be his servant, the only one allowed him, and that in consequence of his being a Mahomedan, and who used to cook for him, which none of the Brahoe or Murree Tribe composing the enemy would. This native, who had faithfully followed and served his master in oppression as well as in affluence, gave a most melancholy narrative of the treatment of Lt. Loveday during his career as a prisoner in their

hands. We found the body in the tent laid on a small piece of carpet, with nothing to cover him save a pair of cotton "pajamas" or drawers. He was barefooted, and his ankles were lacerated, owing to the friction of the chains then upon him. Two pieces of paper were near him; one was addressed to his dear sister, and the other, a partly written one, to a friend.

It appeared from the tale told by the servant, that every time the enemy moved their camp, poor Loveday was placed on a camel, a most uncomfortable beast to ride, and taken with them, well watched, and often had to walk in the state mentioned, except that his man sometimes gave him his turban to protect his head from the heat of the sun. Often after arriving in camp has he been exhibited in the bazaar, and buffeted by new comers of their tribes, and beaten if he attempted to remonstrate. And often has he expressed a sincere wish for them to serve him as they did the small force he commanded at Kelat; but as often they refused, and seemed to take delight in being insolent and oppressive. He uttered exclamations of delight when he heard the report of the shots from his friends, and his heart throbbed with joy at the prospect of being so soon amongst them, little dreaming his fate was allotted, and the assassin in waiting, so barbarously to take his life; for it was arranged, on the appearance of our forces in the front of Dadur, that should they prove victorious, Loveday should be killed; but the

servant stated positively that Nusseer was against the murder, Gool Mahomed being the sole instigator, for early at the time of our advance, Nusseer, with his mother, were the first that fled into the Pass, and Gool gave directions that the last leaving the ground should cut the prisoner's throat, which was most peremptorily carried into effect; a deed of double shame on the perpetrators of so foul, and cowardly an act. Revenge seemed to call aloud from every breast, and although upwards of forty-four hours had passed since they had tasted food or slept, and were of course extremely fatigued, and, in fact, almost exhausted, they would cheerfully have pressed forward had they been called upon to join in the pursuit of the ruthless, and cold blooded murderers. In the same tent were found four boxes containing valuables, which, together with the camp military chest, &c., were seized upon as prizes.

On emerging from the tent we began to reconnoitre the captured camp, and I and a serjeant of the force were proceeding to a small tent, or rather a rug thrown over three crossed sticks, when from amongst a heap of bundles rushed out two of the enemy, overpowered with opium, and other intoxicating drugs, who, in consequence, had become so stupified that they were unconscious of their dangerous position—I regret to say, as is too often the case amongst soldiers, who forget their duty, and seem to take a pleasure in rendering themselves unfit for it by inebriety. In a future chapter, I

shall have to speak, much against my will, of the awful consequences of drunkenness amongst the soldiers in the field, the relating of which, if read by a soldier, will, I am sure, cause him almost to shudder at the result. How careful should the men be of that simple virtue—sobriety! when they know that the safety of their comrades, the honour of their corps, and the maintenance of their country's fame, depend on the conjoined steadiness of the army at large; and how terrible it must be to the consciences of those men, in their sober moments, to reflect, and find, that in consequence of their dissipation, they have been not only ciphers and useless members to aid in the duties required of them, but a burden to those who were called upon to perform the duty, which their sovereign requires.

I shall, however, forbear here to dwell much on the too many serious consequences of drunkenness amongst the soldiery, as it will shortly occur, that the relation of certain incidents, immediately connected with this subject, will call for the remarks, which I would otherwise give here, and would fain find it out of my power to give at all. They attacked us, and one succeeded in cutting down the sergeant, by a blow with the sword, which penetrated his cap and cut his ear; the blow was scarcely given when the giver lay lifeless, for at that moment I fired, and the ball went into his head; at the same moment the other unfortunate wretch, who had just risen from a drunken sleep, and knew

not of the retreat of their force, had lost his sword, and seizing upon a large knife, some twenty-eight inches long, rushed at me and made a blow, which I guarded with a musket I had in my hand; but I received a slight cut in the left hand, as I held the piece at the charge, and I inserted the bayonet, which went quite through him, and forced him down, never to rise again. Several seeing the danger we were in, incautiously fired at them, and though we were so near them, they very fortunately missed me, though one ball grazed the serjeant's epaulette. Though no damage was done, it gave a lesson, that soldiers, although it generally is good to be sanguine and valiant, should wait for the orders of the officers over them, whose superior judgment in the time of need, I have, in nine cases out of ten, seen to be used most effectually, with sound judgment and reason. And although there may be many a Nelson and Wellington in our lower ranks, still, when command is entrusted to one, who convinces all of his ability to act, let every soldier study steadiness, and strict obedience, forbear rashness, and put implicit confidence in his officers, whose intrepid conduct I have proved to be most praiseworthy.

The 38th Regiment was ordered to remain on the ground until the whole camp taken as prize was taken to Dadur, near to which, the remainder of the force was removed, and they formed their encampment. Each man took some hasty refreshment,

which the native cooks were preparing in the stronghold during the affray; and within two hours from the firing of the last shot, save the guards, and those on sentry, there was not a sleepless eye in the whole encampment.

Dadur, situated about four miles from the entrance of the Bolun Pass, is a rude town, and has but little traffic; it contains about 5000 inhabitants; the fort is an unimportant work, being simply a breast-work, erected to protect some store-houses, with the additional security of a surrounding moat, or trench. The enemy had plundered the town, and all the surrounding villages, of every thing they could remove, and in some instances had destroyed their dwellings, leaving the inhabitants in a perfect state of destitution, which we could pity, but were unable to relieve.

Lieutenant Loveday was buried on the following morning, with every military honor our capabilities would afford, for we could not spare powder for the due form on these occasions, and the whole force saw the last rites paid to him with feelings of profound grief, as they laid him down, to take his last rest in a soldier's grave. There was something peculiarly painful and distressing to see a noble-minded youth thus cut off in the day-spring of life, by murderous and felon hands; there was something inexpressibly sad in the reflection, that he who had been beloved and cherished by the kind, the good, and the gentle, should be thus con-

signed to the dark shade of the valley of death, unwept by one of all those who had known and loved him in his infancy, and in his childhood. That of all the friends and relatives who had watched his dawning years, there was not one who could know that he was dead, until months had elapsed since the hands of strangers had deposited his mutilated body in a solitary grave, in the midst of the wild deserts of a distant and foreign land.

“ We thought as we hallowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,\*  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow.

“ Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—  
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.”

*Wolfe.*

Our camp was now arranged, and all made as secure as possible. The force had suffered much in the breastwork, which had been erected as a depot for grain, &c., for transmission up the passes—it was nothing more than a hard wall, about eight feet high, and surrounded by a trench about twelve feet deep and twenty wide—in this there was erected a temporary citadel, for four guns in the centre, a barrack for about two hundred men, stabling for about fifty horses, and rather extensive granaries for stores. During the repeated attack of the enemy for the last five months, the men had never been unaccounted—were continually under arms,

and for seven weeks previous to our arrival, had all been posted as double sentries, one sleeping 'neath the wall, whilst the other watched, and waking his comrade to relieve him at the appointed time, as mentioned in the last chapter. Every one was alike, and most unremittingly did they labour, and succeeded in keeping possession—and how gladly were they relieved when we approached! their first trial became as nothing, and all was again free. After a few days the enemy began to re-appear, and alarm our guards at night—the weather, too, began to grow very cold, even so much so, that by the end of November, although the heat of the day would raise the thermometer invariably to 125°—I have seen it 139°—the same night would bring ice on our kettles of water, and was, indeed, very trying to the constitution of us young campaigners, having no other protection from these varied powers than the canvas tents. The water we procured, issued from the mountains by which we were surrounded, and was from a spa, the rock producing much lead and copper, and occasioned much unpleasantness amongst the troops, in the shape of large boils breaking out over the body, and our hospital tents became crowded with men in sound health, but disabled in consequence of this painful malady. Almost nightly would our troops be turned out three or four times, owing to some straggling shots being fired at, and exchanged by our pickets, and in consequence all men fit for duty

were constantly accoutred. From the 10th November, 1840, until the 13th of January, 1841, they never knew what a sound night's rest was, nor free from being equipped and lying on their arms. Food was extremely scarce, the Commissariat supplies being very so so. The men, for want of tea or coffee, used to burn small biscuit crumbs black, pound and boil them, and make a sort of wet and warm mixture, *minus* taste or sweetness—but hunger knows not delicacy. When biscuit became scarce, we had to grind wheat with a hand mill, mix up the coarse flour or chaff, add a little bitter rock salt, &c., like alabaster, and in order to bake it, dig a large hole in the ground, fill it with ashes, throw in the dough, and after it had been in the fire for some hours, it became not a bad though coarse loaf. Our original ideas of cookery were much practised, and many a lesson was learned. A mode of cooking a fowl has since assisted me often when travelling, and is certainly very simple: kill the fowl, enclose in clay, feathers and all together, put it in amongst hot ashes, much the same way as the loaf, and in an hour it will turn out, plucked and deliciously cooked. So much for experience. Thus we carried on for weeks, during which time our small corps of cavalry were always booted and saddled, and our few guns loaded ready for action.

The precautions taken by Major Boscawen, (who just now got his promotion,) to prevent surprise, were most admirable, and were carried out in a

manner that proved the confidence we all felt in our leader. The quiet, gentle, and systematic manner in which Captain White, 40th Regiment, performed the duties of staff officer over our little army, will not be soon forgotten by those who were present at Dadur in November and December, 1840, and January, 1841; he showed in this his preliminary step or outline service, which was most fully appreciated by the Government, how most deserving he was, and it will be seen ere I leave off this narrative, that Captain White proved himself a thorough soldier, and worthy of all he afterwards gained. When the enemy became tired of his ineffectual campaign, he again retired into the mountain fastnesses, and the 38th Regiment Native Infantry, which had been relieved by the 2nd Grenadier Regiment, was sent up the passes to Candahar, but were weather bound by the snow, which completely blocked up their route.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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Sojourn at Dadur; The Kotra Force; Nusseer still determined; Lieutenant Chamberlain; Colonel Marshall at Kotra; Encampment of the Enemy near Kotra; Secret Expedition; Silent preparations for Battle; Midnight Surprise; Glorious Victory; Escape of Nusseer; Dreadful loss amongst the Enemy; Colonel Stacy at Quetta; His Directions to Negotiate; Unjust liberality of the British; General Brooks; A large Force for further Exploits; Evidence of another War; Assembly of a Grand Army at Sukkur; Its March to Mungal Ka Shier; Left Wing 40th with the Grand Army; Orders for the Right Wing to join Head Quarters; Second Grenadier Regiment left at Dadur; March to Mungal Ka Shier; Arrival at Aji Ka Shier; Route thereto; Night marching; Defile; Arrival in Camp at Midnight; Commissariat lost; Bad look-out; Camp Surprises; Recollections of Major Clibborn's mishap; Despatches to Dadur; Collection of a meal; Arrival of a lost friend; Conjunction with the Grand Army; State of the Country; Position and Power of Political Agents; Demand on Kojuk for Tribute; Preremptory Refusal; Attempt at a Breach; Colonel Wilson defeated and wounded; Rascally conduct of the Sepoys; Daring Exploit of fifty European Artillery; Serious loss; The Storm; Fall of its Commander, Lieut. Creed.

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As we are sojourning here some time, I cannot do better than collect the exploits of the detached portions of our force together, and let my readers know how they got on. It will be remembered that the 25th Regiment of Native Infantry, with

two guns, were left at Kotra, to hold the entrance to the Gundavie Pass, which Nusseer took care to keep; and finding himself overcome by the Dadur party, he worked round by a route over the mountains of the Bolun, towards Gundavie, and practised several manœuvres to annoy us, which to a certain extent, had effect, inasmuch as they harassed the troops in the manner described in the last chapter,—and Nusseer, not willing to give himself up to the British, and let his misled force return to their homes, resolved to annihilate the small force at Kotra. The few men there, after we left, had been increased by two troops of Skinner's and Haldine's Local Horse, one commanded by Captain Haldine, and the other by Lieutenant Chamberlain. The valiant, noble, and courageous conduct evinced by the latter officer will be seen in several future chapters. The whole was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, 25th Native Infantry. Nusseer took up his position here similarly to the one taken up at Dadur, *i. e.* betwixt the hills of the Pass and the Kotra camp. Major Boscawen, who left no means untried to procure information, learned from his emissaries, Nusseer's intentions, which he communicated to Marshall, who also had received information, and had already arranged his plans to attack the camp of the young Prince, and, if possible to take him. Colonel M. ordered the majority of his force to prepare to march that evening, or at a moment's notice, without tents,

or any camp equipage, or baggage whatever—to carry some provisions with them, and to move as silently as possible. Nusseer was to arrive at his ground at sunset, and to pitch camp four miles N. W. of Kotra, in a valley approaching the Pass. Marshall directed his force to move at dusk, and all proceeded without a word; they advanced by a somewhat circuitous route, and every word of command was passed down the ranks in almost a whisper; every precaution was taken to prevent the glittering of any of the arms or appointments; and after the night had well set in, and the guns were brought up, they continued to move on, until they came in sight of the fires of the enemy, who little suspecting a foe was so near them, were busily employed cooking their victuals, and others, with the exception of a few of their anything but alert sentries, had retired to rest for a few hours as, at midnight, it was intended by them to have surprised Marshall's camp. The Colonel, after having satisfactorily worked round, arranged his force so as to cover as much as possible the whole length of their camp. The cavalry were posted so as to effect a charge; but the danger lay in this movement as to whether they might not kill each other, if they came into a personal contact with the enemy, in the dark; all being the same color,—for it must be made known to my readers that the Local Horse having no precise uniform,—it would be somewhat difficult to distinguish them, so situated; how-

ever, they flanked, and the artillery were well supplied with grape and shell. All was quiet and prepared—the very horses seemed conscious of the project, and forbore to neigh,—and the Colonel at length got within musket range, in ambush, leaving the cavalry a short distance in rear. He at length gave the word, and let fly into them a volley from all pieces in the front ranks, and in another minute a second from the rear ; the whole being immediately reloaded, they charged into the camp. The enemy were so stunned, and taken so much by the surprise they had intended for us, that they knew not their duty, and many suffered themselves to be cut up without offering even resistance ; and few, indeed, escaped to tell the tale of woe. The exact numbers killed on this occasion I cannot say,—but I know it was several hundreds, with but one casualty on our side. Nusseer on this, as well as every other occasion, managed to elude the vigilance of the attempts to secure him, but how or where it could not be ascertained ; however, this havoc and mishap caused him to reflect and see the probable result of so foolishly attempting to overthrow the British Forces. He took to the hills and fled towards Quetta, and the few remaining of his force left him and returned to the villages which they had deserted in their country's cause. The gallant Marshall returned with his brave little band to his camp, crowned with a victory worthy of being recorded in our annals to the world's end ; for never

was the overthrow of a treacherous enemy so completely accomplished as that by Lieut. Col. Marshall's small force of the 25th Native Infantry, Local Horse, and the Native Artillery at Kotra.

Colonel Stacy, then at Quetta, received intimation of the flight of Nusseer, who, though a boy, had caused so many disasters, and wrote to the Government on the subject, who directed that he should endeavour to negotiate with him, and bring him in, under promises of protection and other advantageous terms. The Colonel made several attempts after him with a mere guard, and several times came in sight of him, but could not effect an interview, and at length returned to Quetta.

Oh, John Bull! thou art too liberal to thy foes: the fable of the woodman and the viper is very applicable to thee.

Major-General Brooks was busily engaged assembling a large force at Kurrachie and Sukkur—consisting of two Brigades, the first commanded by Brigadier Valiant, and the second by Brigadier England—to be in readiness to proceed to the upper provinces. From these proceedings it was evident that the war in Affghanistan would be very shortly resumed in good earnest;—and in December, General Brooks assembled his whole force at Sukkur, whence he moved by easy marches to Mungal-Ka-Shier, about twenty-four miles from Dadur. We were now full of anxious anticipations, and were greatly surprised that we had not received a letter of rea-

diness to rejoin our head quarters, which we understood formed a part of the newly organized force. We had no wish to be left longer to rusticate—or rather, I should say, to rust, at Dadur, and it was with a deafening and an enthusiastic shout of joy that we responded to the order of readiness that was promulgated to us on parade on the 1st of February, that we must be prepared to march on the 2nd to join the Left Wing, and to leave the 2nd Grenadier Regiment in charge of Dadur.

Our baggage was soon in marching order, and on the 2nd of February, full of joyous hope, and eager anticipation, we commenced our route to join the army via Aji-ka-Sheer; the march was long and tedious, as we had to pass through a defile six miles in length; the roads were very stony, and resembled nothing in nature that I had ever seen, except a stone quarry immediately after a powerful and extensive blast; huge masses of stone were strewn upon the path in every direction, and the dismal and hollow echo of the measured tread of the advancing troops, in the dead hour of the night, did not much contribute to make our progress either more easy, pleasant, or agreeable. "Time and the hour ran through the roughest day," arose to my mind, but brought little consolation; I remember I once repeated it to my comrade, and parodied it by saying, "Would I were time, or the hour, in this rough way!"

Patience and perseverance, it is said, will do wonders ; on this occasion they worked what may be called a miracle, for they brought us through the defile, and when we gained the open country, we got on better, as the road greatly improved, but it lay through a jungle of large extent, and there being no regular cut roads, the different detachments lost each other in the dark.

When the day dawned, we fortunately found ourselves at no great distance from the appointed halting place, but some of our companions were not so fortunate ; at length all arrived except the most important department of all—the Commissariat—the department which could be the least spared of all.—Like Shakspeare's Hal, there were few of us but could have said, "I could better spare a better man." We had been marching all night, and we had, of course, carried a very small portion of refreshment with us, and that small portion had been long since despatched, and thus we were depending for our supply upon that, which was not yet come. Every one asked our Commissariat officer, where are they ? and hungry men, as echo, cried where are they ? Men were sent out in different directions to look for them ; they fired off their muskets and pistols, they hallooed and shouted, and called, but the more they hallooed, shouted and called, the more they would not come. Their continued absence gave *éclat* to all sorts of surmises and suppositions ; it was supposed that some ac-

tive party of the enemy's cavalry had succeeded in cutting them off, but then, this could not be, for we had not heard a shot fired, and would Britons yield without one struggle? Oh! no—*that* could not be. It was then conjectured that they had confided in some treacherous guide, who had misled them, and placed them in the power of the rebels—here, then, treachery could be suspected. This was, indeed, a more reasonable conjecture than the former, for we called to mind the sad and unfortunate affair of Major Clibborn, of the 1st Grenadier Regiment, Native Infantry, who, when conducting a large convoy of stores and treasure from Sukkur, engaged two guides, who proved to be spies, and led the force into the very mouth of the foe, who succeeded in cutting off nearly the whole of his men, and capturing upwards of six hundred camels, bearing the baggage and treasure besides; his Sergeant Major, and a warrant officer named Shean, only escaping. This sad reverse of fortune will ever be remembered with regret, as the difficulties and the improbability of success are so numerous that they cannot be imagined, unless by those who suffer by it—and let it not be judged harshly or unwisely, but bear in mind that circumstances alter cases. Mean time it was discerned that conjecture and supposition were no substitutes for provision and arrack, and that talking only made men more hungry, and it was resolved to despatch a communication to Dadur, stating the predicament we were

placed in, and to request that two days supply of provisions might be forwarded immediately, and at the same time, Major Boscawen proceeded to the town, near to which we were halted, and purchased as much food as he could procure, for our present pressing necessities,—which he immediately issued out to the men, who at once set to, to make up for lost time—and having first solaced the inward man, with the more solid comforts of this world, they next sought for happiness and enjoyment in that land of rest and quiet, which soldiers call the Land of Nod. When we awoke, we were delighted to see that the first supply from Dadur had arrived in camp, and the Quarter-Master and his assistants as busy as they possibly could be, making arrangements to issue out a fresh supply to the troops; his operations had scarcely ceased, when our own Commissariat came in sight, *now* indeed, like a useless Alexandrine, dragging its weary length along. Never, perhaps, did the arrival of the Commissariat and its stores in the jungle or desert, cause so little sensation as this did, so far as rations were concerned, and never, perhaps, had a Commissariat been honoured with so many kind and anxious inquiries, as were made upon the present occasion; one man's reply was very curious—he told me, when asked the cause of their late arrival: “We have been wandering like an ill-tempered comet.”

On the evening of the 3rd, we resumed our march to Mungal-ka-Sheer, and on the morning of the 4th, were met a few miles from that camp by many of our companions of the Left Wing, who had come thus far to welcome us home to Head Quarters. About nine, A. M., we reached the camp, and an imposing sight it was; the army consisted of 9,000, and this fine body of men, combined with all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war, made a great impression upon me, as we drew near, having never seen so large a force assembled before. We found on our arrival that the dreadful note of preparation had even now begun, and that immediate and active operations were speedily about to commence.

Since the campaign of 1838-9, almost every territory in that vast region into which we were now about to enter, indeed had in reality entered, had been made tributary to our Government; it will be readily believed that the petty Sovereigns of those diversified realms, were ill-disposed, save upon compulsion, to pay a tribute, which pressed so heavily upon their revenues, amounting in many instances to nearly one-third of the whole, for the aggrandizement of one nation, and that nation at a great distance; a nation, too, said some of them, which had no claim whatever upon their territory. Many of their native princes, miscalculating their own power, or mis-judging that of the British, refused to comply with the demands of our

Political Agents for their respective tributes. In almost all those places in which we had a considerable force, there was also stationed an officer, acting as Political Agent, whose duties were very various, and very onerous ; he had to treat with the Chiefs ; to make contracts for the Government ; to lay fines and duties upon all traffic ; to collect the tribute, imposed upon the native chiefs by the orders of the government, or by treaty. The Agents in fact were kings, in all but name ; I had almost said despots. Whenever they moved abroad they were always accompanied by a strong guard ; and it has often happened, that when resistance has been offered to the collection of tribute, they have not hesitated to take immediate and summary proceedings against the whole State.

Ross Bell, Esq., our Political Agent, having to receive tribute from the Chief of a neighboring territory, Rojuk, sent to demand it ; compliance was refused, and the chief went so far as to say that if the Feringees wanted it they must come and take it if they could ; as they were determined to resist its collection. This was an affront to his authority, which Mr. Bell could not submit to, and he accordingly proceeded to give them a specimen of Feringee authority ; and a force, consisting of the 3rd Regiment of Light Infantry, six guns, and one troop of Bombay Horse Artillery, with the 21st Native Infantry, were placed under the command of Lieut.-Col. Wilson, of the 3rd Cavalry, who had

instructions that would justify him in attacking the town and fort, should they still persist in their refusal to pay the tribute.

On arriving before the place, Col. Wilson made the proper demand, which was most peremptorily refused; upon which he placed his guns, and attempted to make a breach, but without effect. The Cavalry and Infantry surrounded the fort, and did their best to return the destructive fire which was kept up from the walls of the fort. Their defence was so obstinate, that Col. Wilson's sole hope of success lay in a sudden and violent assault, and accordingly orders were issued to storm; but here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself. The 21st Regiment, on receiving the order to charge, most unexpectedly and most provokingly hung back; their officers vainly urged them forward, but they had no stomach for the fight. The Europeans attached to the Troop of Artillery, about seventy, volunteered to accompany their officers, and alone to make the attack. The event, with such a small force, seemed inevitable failure; there was now no time for hesitation, and, therefore, leaving the smallest possible number to take care of the guns, the remainder were formed into a column of attack, which, however, rather partook of the nature of a Forlorn Hope, and were placed under the immediate command of Lieut. Creed; they dashed forward gallantly, and made an attack upon the principal gate, and they were greatly surprised to see the

women in large groups, sitting on the walls, holding the Koran in their hands, and pleading for mercy and forbearance. Our little heroic band advanced; they gained the gateway, and a long and desperate struggle ensued; they at length effected an entrance, but as soon as the soldiers entered the narrow and winding way they were cut to pieces by the defenders, till at length, after a desperate and terrific rally, they rushed in, and overpowered the immediate defenders of the gate, but were again driven back, and whilst re-forming in front of the fort, the remainder of the enemy, taking to flight, left the fort by another entrance, and sought for safety in the neighbouring hills, leaving us to enter and take quiet possession of the fort, dearly purchased by the death of the gallant Creed,\* who fell in the first assault, having been the first to effect an entrance into the gateway; his loss was generally and greatly deplored by the men and officers of his Regiment. Col. Wilson was carried back to the camp wounded; seven of the Artillery were killed, and several were severely wounded.

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\* The father of Lieut. Creed is the esteemed and universally respected Secretary of the London and Birmingham Railway Company.

## CHAPTER IX.

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Retreat of the Enemy; Possession of the Fort; An attempt at swamping the Camp made; Admirable conduct of the Troops; Prevention of annoyance; Old Proverb realized; Despatch sent to General Brooks; Reinforcement ordered; Sudden March; Advantages and disadvantages; Threatening thunder storm; Awful prospect; Description of scene; Precarious situation; A dreadful storm; Miserable condition of Troops; Anxious prayer for day; Horrible attacks of Cramps; Indescribable prospect; March resumed; Arrival at Kojuk; Loss of Cattle, &c.; Plunder of the Fort; Re-establishment of a Commissariat; Mode of making dry ground; Soldiers never lost for means; The Enemy disappears; Death of Colonel Wilson; March to Dadur; Preparations for Route through the Passes; Appearance of a suspicious Camp; Destination of 40th is learned.

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HAVING thus obtained possession of the fort, we were ordered to form an encampment, and to pitch our tents. Whilst we were thus engaged, the enemy returned from the hills, having being greatly reinforced, and their numbers far exceeding ours, they easily surrounded our camp and proceeded to hostilities. The first effort at annoyance was to turn the water course, at which all their tribes are very expert, their object being not to deprive us of a supply but to give us too much; for, had they succeeded, our encamping ground would have been converted into

a marsh or bay. As soon as we perceived this to be their intention, we set to work to counteract it—and every man in the camp at once provided himself with the most fitting tools he could lay his hands upon. Some got picks, some shovels, and many who could not find any other tools fitting for the purpose, took their copper or brass dishes, plates, knives, and pieces of sticks, and zealously dug away until they had surrounded the camp with a trench or large gutter, which carried the water past us, and effectually foiled the attempt of the enemy; the only consequence of their endeavour being to provide us with a plentiful supply of water, as we might say, even at our own doors. Of course we could not but be very grateful to them for their kindness—our fatigue parties were most especially so—and thus it often happens that the most evil intentions of our enemies are, by a benign Providence, turned to our most unexpected advantage. A despatch was forwarded to General Brooks to acquaint him with the dilemma in which our little force was thus unexpectedly placed, and urging upon him the necessity of an immediate and sufficient reinforcement. The messenger was fortunate enough to outdo the vigilance of the enemy, and arrived at our camp without hindrance or disaster. Immediate orders were issued to the 40th Regiment, two Troops of Artillery, 300 Cavalry, and to the 25th Native Infantry, to be ready to march within two hours to reinforce the Troops at

Kojuk ; and at four, P. M., the whole were formed into column of march, and set forward *en route*.

We had had some very unpleasant specimens of night marching, and therefore had no high anticipations of ease or comfort, but with the exception of a few camels and men going astray in the darkness of the night, we had no very serious disasters. At two, A. M., we halted for the day, and at four, P. M., we were again on the line of march. To prevent accidents on this occasion, the Artillery were put in the van, and preceded the main body for at least two hours. The road for some distance lay along the half dried bed of a river, and afterwards stretched across a lovely plain, which was not intersected by a ditch or a hillock, but the beautiful green verdure enamelled by a thousand beautiful, and to me unknown, flowers, seemed to cheer and gladden every step we took. There was a mild soft southerly wind which just breathed upon our cheeks, and wafted on its zephyr airs that calm refreshing glow which is the more welcome in those desert regions, because it most often rises just after the passing away of the sun's scorching heat. It continued to blow until after the glorious orb of day had sunk slowly and majestically to rest behind the distant and lofty mountain ranges of Beeloochistan, leaving us to plod our weary way beneath the beautiful and glittering canopy of heaven. For once we fancied we should find a night march might be pleasant ; the breeze had now acquired more strength, and its refreshing

coolness was doubly welcome, now that we began to grow warm and fatigued with marching. Encouraged by the delightful scenery and grateful odours with which the night air was redolent, we pressed on cheerfully, some of the men singing a gay and merry stanza, in which all joined in the full and hearty chorus with right good will, by which many a weary mile was beguiled of half its distance.

Full of joyful anticipation, with no thought but of the dismay our presence would cause to the enemy on the morrow, we were still moving on at a very brisk pace, when we were all at once surprised to find the breeze suddenly die away, and the light and fleecy clouds which had been flitting along before, becoming slow, heavy, and dull. The bright blue of the heavens gradually became dimmer, until it presented one deep, dark, unvaried mass of murky gloom; the bright stars became more and more dim until they began entirely to disappear, and one by one, star after star, went out, and all was night.

The column, which but a few minutes previously had been moving along proudly, safely and joyously, was now scarcely able to advance at all, every foot being set, for fear of accident, cautiously, and doubtfully; each restless eye being involuntarily turned upward, in earnest and anxious dread of what might next come. We were not long left in surprise, for far, far away, in the horizon, we heard the first low rumbling murmur of the distant thunder, which gathered strength as it rolled along,

and came terribly on—until at length, it broke over our heads in one wild, fearful and tremendous crash, seeming to shake the very ground we trod upon. The clouds gathered low and thick round about us. Lightning in terrific flashes, and thunder in awful bursts, alternately smote our eyes and ears. Owing to the intense gloom, numbers of the men and camels were lost, and every now and then, between the rattling and roaring of the deep-mouthed thunder, the bugles of the main body were heard, shrilly sounding to recall the wandering footsteps of our straggling companions; still we contrived to advance, tracing our pathway by the frequent flashes of the lightning, the rain still continuing to hold off.

The dreaded storm at length came—large drops of water fell at intervals, a sure precursor to those who are acquainted with the storms of the east, that ere long, the flood-gates of the heavens would be opened upon us; and in good sooth, within half an hour, we were marching in a flood of water, that spread over the whole plain, and reached above our ankles. We contrived to advance in this state for some time, until the water became so deep that to proceed would have been impossible; we were ordered to halt, and gather as close to each other as we could, and in this state we were compelled to await the dawn of day. It is now impossible to describe the sufferings of the men during the interval, until morning came. Some were seized with

the most violent cramps, which attacked many in the limbs, and others in the stomach. So painful and acute were their sufferings, that many fell down struggling into the water, and shrieked aloud with agony. The medical officers rendered all possible assistance, and the officers, many of whom carried a small quantity of brandy with them, generously placed it at the disposal of the surgeons, although they knew not but that they might be the next victims. The conduct of the officers was most praiseworthy.

About five o'clock, A. M., the day began to dawn, and seldom has it dawned upon a more miserable spectacle than that on which it dawned that day, and seldom by any beings, however miserable they may have been, has it been welcomed as we welcomed it on that occasion, although it lighted us to a scene of misery, devastation and despair. Far as the eye could reach, we looked forth upon a flood of water. It was impossible to behold it, and not to remember that beautiful verse in the eight chapter of Genesis :

*"The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto Noah, into the Ark; for the waters were on the face of the whole earth."*

With the returning light our energies seemed, also, to a certain extent, to return; but we were more than half paralyzed by cold, wet, hunger, and fatigue, and what was worse than all, in the prospect before us, there was nothing to encourage hope,

that friend to all, when every other friend forsakes. Effie Deans said, "Better sit and rue, than flit and rue;" a wise saying and a true one, under certain circumstances; but wise as it may be, it would have been anything but wise in us to act up to its spirit on the present occasion, so we at once prepared to move on, if our crab-like motion could be called moving on at all.

I have seldom seen a more distressing sight than I beheld that morning, and much as the men suffered, the cattle suffered much more, for many of them, after staggering and floundering about for some time, would at last fall, and where they fell there they lay and died. To render them assistance was an impossibility to those who were unable to help themselves, and thus we continued our march, and at the expiration of ten hours we reached Kojuk, at least as many of us as formed the main body; but we had neither baggage, tents, nor provisions.

Now and then a stray camel would arrive with one or two tents, and as the rain had ceased at mid-day, or soon after, the waters began to abate, and here and there a small portion of land would appear above the level of the flood; thither the experienced campaigners would proceed, and digging up the spot, were enabled to procure a comparatively dry site by turning the wet surface downwards, and on this they would pitch their tent. Those who

had no tents were glad to avail themselves of the invitations of those who had,

————— to share,

Their lowly cot and humble fare.

There we were, thirty and forty men crowded into a small space some fourteen feet square. Rest and comfort soon restore the equilibrium of a soldier's temperament, and we were now beginning to treat our late calamities as a jest, but when we began to overhaul our stores, first we found our biscuits ruined; our flour made into paste, before the fruit was gathered; our rice softened before the currie was dressed; our arrack so diluted with muddy water, that Farady himself, I believe, would have been puzzled to analyze it; and as for our cocoa, it was, aye! where was it? none of us could tell. We were very likely to be somewhat in the situation of shipwrecked mariners on a desert Island; we had water around us, and earth beneath us, and heaven above us; and lo! all we had. We had, however, this advantage, our ocean was fordable, and at no great distance lay a newly captured Fort, and one of us, not one of the sit-and-rue race, took it into his head that where there had so lately been a marauding garrison, there would very probably be a Commissariat store; he was not one of those deep thinkers, who make discoveries only for themselves; no, with him once to think, was once to be resolved, and he cried: "Hey, boys, for a foraging party to the

Fort; I'll engage ye, we find something to eat there."

Away he dashed, and a noble tail he had; their search was short, but minute and zealous, and they soon stumbled upon a magnificent store of grain, cattle, and such other of those creature comforts as the natives usually collect to preserve that union of soul and body which some of us believe to be Nature's first law, and some, I fear, the chief, perhaps the only one, they care to obey.

We soon afterwards discovered a grinding-mill, and whilst some killed the cattle, prepared food, made soup, &c., others ground the wheat into flour, and made cakes, &c., so that ere long we were feasting happily and plentifully; and, as we had worked our newly discovered mine to our own satisfaction, we failed not to spread the golden treasury to our famished comrades. I trust, under all these circumstances, this little trifle of felony will be overlooked, and that, for once, we may be looked upon rather as self-invited and famishing guests, than as daring and reckless burglars, which we might be considered at other times, and in other places.

By nightfall the waters had almost disappeared from the face of the land; and the sun, which, after a long and desperate struggle with the clouds, broke forth about four, P. M., shone brightly, gloriously and powerfully until a little after six, when

he left us as happy as though the night of the 21st of February had never frowned upon us.

The enemy, who had caused so much alarm at our camp at Kojuck, only waited the arrival of our main body; and even in the miserable plight in which we were, on our arrival, we could not help laughing to see them scampering away towards the distant mountains as soon as they saw our colours and bayonets, without even staying to notice the swarm of drowned rats we resembled, and who could scarcely have given them any annoyance, had they but staid to try our metal; for our ammunition was saturated with water, and our firelocks, in those days never the best in the world, were so much injured by the continual deluge to which they had been exposed, that I think they would have missed fire three times in five.

Colonel Wilson died of his wounds a few days after our arrival, and was buried with all the honors the circumstances would admit.

There was no appearance of any enemy, and we were very anxious to return to the main body of the force, which we had left at Mungal La Shier on the 20th, but this, owing to the flooded state of the country, was impossible, as the roads were entirely impassable; in the mean time that force moved to Dadur, and was ordered to wait our arrival at that place, which did not happen until the 16th of March. We lay there for some time in a state of complete

inactivity, but we were exerting ourselves greatly in preparations for that coming campaign, in which our young and inexperienced warriors looked out for that indefinable something called death or glory. The again dull monotony of our existence was interrupted by our perceiving one morning by the first rays of the break of day, that a large camp had been formed during the night at no great distance from us, and of very imposing appearance. Some of our men ran out hastily to reconnoitre, and if possible ascertain if they were friends or foes, and what was their object in coming so near to us; their sudden and unforeseen appearance caused much excitement in our camp; but we were not long left in doubt, for it was soon ascertained to be an encampment formed by the inhabitants of some of the nearer villages, who having been plundered or attacked, gathered up their treasures, and had come to place themselves under the protection afforded by the vicinity of our camp.

It was now for the first time ascertained that the destination of the 40th Regiment was Quetta; and that we should have to traverse the Bolun Pass by the same route through which the troops of Nusseer Khan had fled after they had been defeated by Major Boscawen.

## CHAPTER X.

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Arrival at Dadur; Conjunction of Troops; Meeting of 41st and 40th Regiments; Active Preparations for marching up the Country; Description of ground near Dadur, and the mouth of the Pass; March of the First Division; Road to the Entrance; A Boar Chase; Description of first day's March; The Serpentine Stream; Soldier's case; Sublime not always pleasing; Second day's March; Continuance of the stream; Soldier's boots; A three mile wade; Fatigue of the day; Third day; Appearance of the Enemy; Halt at Bebee Nannee; Capture by the Enemy of Cattle; Recovery of it; Destruction of the Rebels; Precautions taken to prevent harrassment; Fourth day; *Abi Gaum*, or the Region of Hidden Waters; Romantic appearance; Scarcity of firewood; Entire want of Forage; Fifth day; Curious appearance; Awfully grand; Narrow defile; Power of defence; Sixth day; Narrowness and danger of the Pass; Description of the Mountains; Length of Pass; Seventh day; Description of scene; Beauties of the Valley of Shawl; Comparison; Emerging from the Pass.

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On the 18th of March we moved to Dadur, and on our arrival saw a wing of the 41st Regiment also marching into the camp, and many small detachments which had lately been posted around in different directions. We halted here several days, and during that time we were making great preparations for our expected passage through the different and difficult Passes we were soon likely to encounter.

The ground between Dadur and the Bolun Pass is very irregular and uneven, and there are a great many running streams which spring from the hills, and are perfectly chalybeate, in consequence of there being several mines of metals of different descriptions. The right wing of the 40th Regiment, during the time they lay here, I mentioned as having suffered very much by these waters, and were not cured without great difficulty.

On the 25th of March a considerable portion of the force under the command of General Brooks and Brigadier Valiant, with a numerous staff, entered the Bolun. The force consisted of H. M.'s 40th Regiment, H. M.'s 41st Regiment; the 1st Troop of Artillery and several Native Regiments were ordered to follow afterwards, as they should be directed from Head Quarters.

The road to the entrance of Bolun Pass, for about a mile, was covered with large loose stones; and the mountains forming the entrance are exceedingly rugged, of a light brown colored sandstone rock.

We were highly amused, soon after we had started, by the sight of a boar chase, which animals run wild about these regions; two of them were speared, and brought back to the head of the column in great triumph. After marching up the Pass for about three miles, the mountains began to rise to a much more commanding height, and the way, which had at first been rather wide, began to

be much more narrow. From time to time we came to a small spot of verdure, but sterility was the general feature of the ground ; and loose and large stones still continued to strew the road in sufficient quantities to make marching particularly inconvenient and disagreeable. A knee deep and serpentine stream runs through the valley, or rather ravine ; and in the course of nine miles we had to ford its strong current not less than eighteen times. When we first arrived on its banks, preparatory to crossing it, the men sat down and took off their boots, and having reached the opposite bank sat down and put them on again ; this *agreeable* process was practised three or four times, but was eventually found to be so tedious and troublesome, that on all future occasions they just marched on, as though no stream was there ; but I must confess our situation was anything but pleasant, and the discomfort of having to struggle on, over the continued masses of detached rock, tended very much to diminish our admiration of the celebrated Bolun Pass. It was not for the first time in my life, however, that I made the discovery, that the beautiful is not always the agreeable, and the sublime is not always the pleasing ; and I have no doubt that there were many who marched through the Pass, who scarcely deigned to notice the vast region of nature's fortification, or could even describe its casual appearance. There are many amongst our soldiery, who misuse the opportunity of making themselves

acquainted with the beauties of foreign countries, oftentimes from indolence or want of taste. How many there are who would gladly sacrifice much to get the chance of seeing the world, as much as the soldier has.

Our next day's march was to Gunnah, and we had to cross our wandering and erratic friend eleven times, whence it will be readily inferred that we became much more intimate with him than we could have desired, as we parted with him for the last time.

Our boots suffered very much in consequence of this continual succession of baths; the upper and lower portions parted company, and left our bruised feet to the tender mercies of the rugged pathway we had to traverse; many of the men endured great pain and annoyance, for they were only allowed thirty pounds of baggage, including bed and bedding, save what they could carry on their backs, and therefore they could not be supplied with a reserve battalion of boots, and less would not have availed to protect them during such a march as this. In one part of this day's journey, the Pass became so narrow that for three miles the stream occupied its entire width, and we had to march that distance, up the bed of the river, if it may be so called, knee deep in water, which was of a very black colour and very offensive. The bed of the river was filled with large pebbles and rocks, over and among which the water dashed, leapt and

bounded, and made such an impression on my mind and recollection, that I now never hear even one of our native brooklets bubbling and foaming along its pebbled bed, without thinking of that terrible threemile wade,—for it could not be termed a march.

At our next halt, at Beebee Naunee, a high hill in the centre, the Pass was very wide, but the encamping ground, consisting of loose round stones, gave us great trouble in pitching our tents, as it was almost impossible to drive the poles and pegs, and quite so without blunting their points.

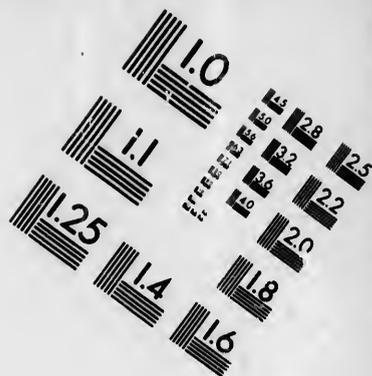
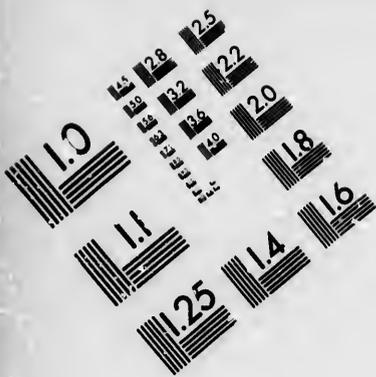
At this place the enemy again made their appearance, and did their best to annoy us; they made an attack upon the sheep and bullocks belonging to the Commissariat, and succeeded in driving off a portion of them. Our General, who could not at all understand that any predatory band, at least of such like pretensions as that which had thus presumed to beard the lion in his den, should do so with impunity, ordered the Grenadier Company of the 40th Regiment, and two guns, to pursue them to their retreat. A straggler they met with guided them through some mountain pathways to the cave whither they had retired, after securing, as they thought, the cattle in a secret place. On approaching the cavern we set fire to the grass, and threw in some shells and grape shot, which killed a considerable number of them, and then, having recaptured the cattle, we returned to the camp at a very late hour, and excessively fatigued,

as we had been long out, and without food. The force remained at Beebee Naunee the whole of the next day, to enable us to recover from the effects of the great fatigue we had endured. Our horses, camels and cattle had as much need of rest as we ourselves, and owing to the barren nature of the Pass, their condition was the worse, as they had no chance of meeting with any green food during the march, and in consequence many of them had died, and many more were likely to die. The Commissariat alone lost seventy camels, during the three days, whilst the loss of the Regimental Departments was fully in proportion.

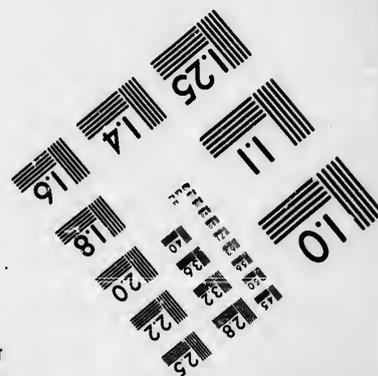
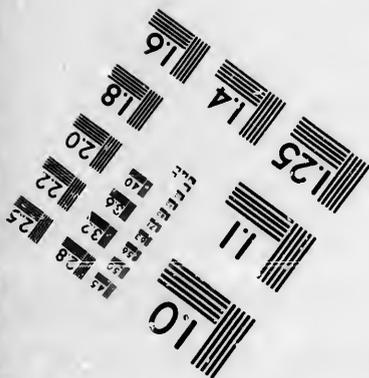
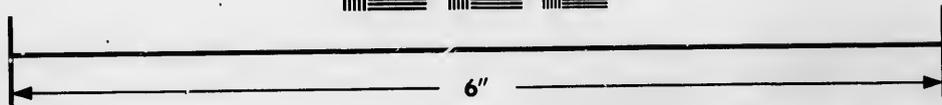
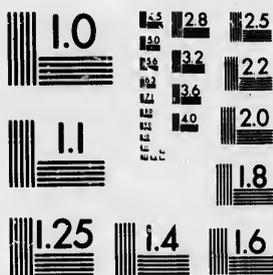
As we should have to cross the stream again, the General ordered the Sappers to make a temporary bridge, and a great comfort it was, for there was something very unpleasant in crossing a strong stream as cold as ice, before day-break, and then to have to march forward in wet clothes for many a long and weary mile, over tracts that deserve not the name of roads.

On the 29th March we proceeded from Beebee Naunee to the region of the Hidden Waters. It was called Abi Gaum, one of the most romantic places I had yet seen in the country. The ground was strewed with a much smaller kind of pebble, and had much of the appearance of gravel in its constituent parts. The running streams of water gave out a bubbling, gurgling sound, which echoed among the high craggy hills, and died away in hollow murmurs. All these





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water courses were invisible, but on removing the pebbles, and scraping away the under-lying soil, to the depth of an inch or two, a most beautiful spring of clear, cold and refreshing water bubbled up. This part of the Pass was very barren, and even bare of any bushes that we could cut for fire-wood. Our fatigue parties had, consequently, to seek at a distance, and bringing it home, most certainly justifying their claim to the name of a fatigue party. We marched next day to Sir-i-aub-Bolun, halted in a narrow part of the Pass, and pitched our camp in a very irregular form, as owing to the nature of the ground all attempts at systematic arrangement were perfectly hopeless. Our next halting place was Dungar, which we reached after a long and tedious march, the Pass still continuing very narrow, and becoming more dangerous. The heights, on each side of the Pass, presented a very formidable front, and often over-hung the way in such a manner as to cause a well grounded fear that the slightest accident might detach them from the larger mass, and topple them headlong down into the yawning chasms below. These over-hanging masses greatly increased the gloom of the narrow and serpentine way along which we had to march. The echoes were wonderful and startling, and a whisper often reflected an unamiable sound.

Although the mountains of the Bolun Pass are not so lofty as first impressions would lead us to believe, they are yet striking and grand; their near

approximation at different parts of the Pass, also, induce the belief that they have a greater altitude than they really possess; their apparent height is also increased by inequality and irregularity. Nature has perhaps made few places more capable of effectual resistance, and I have never seen another place so fitted to destroy the advantages of numbers as some particular points in the Bolun Pass; there the merest handful of men might maintain their ground against the advance of a host more numerous than that of the Persian Warrior. In many parts of the Pass even a few peasants, if tolerably resolute, and judiciously placed, might offer a very serious obstruction to a most determined invader, by hurling down upon the advancing foe those huge masses of rock which lie most plentifully along the summit of the hills, and which also afford the most effectual cover to the defending forces. I have often been amazed at the supineness of the leaders of the Native Troops in thus permitting us to prosecute our march unmolested through one of Nature's strong-holds. The Bolun Pass leads through the mountains about seventy-five miles; at the seventy-third mile we began to mount a very large and very steep ascent, and on attaining the summit we looked down upon a most lovely plain, which was spread far and wide before us, looking gay, bright and smiling. We gazed upon it with the greatest rapture, inasmuch as for seventy-four miles nothing had greeted our

sight but sterile rocks and barren mountains. When we looked down upon the bright sunny valley before us, the mind wandered, involuntarily as it were, to the regions of Palestine, and I thought that there was something that strikingly reminded me of the visit of Moses to the top of Pisgah, whence he surveyed the land ages before predestined as a residence for that rebellious people, which, for their sins, he had been doomed to behold, but never to enter. The face of Nature, when undisfigured by the hand of man, is always lovely—is always pleasing. I cannot recall that I ever gazed upon a landscape which awakened so many and such deep thoughts of holy reverence. It was impossible to behold that region of sylvan beauty, and not confess with veneration and devotion, the hand that made it is Divine. It was called the Valley of Shaul, and never a valley laid a juster claim to the appellation. Its beauty and fragrance could scarcely be surpassed.

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## CHAPTER XI.

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Arrival at Quetta; Uncomfortable prospects; Scorpions unpleasant companions; Effect of their sting; The venomous Sentepee; Determination of Government to treat with Nusseer Khan; Colonel Stacy's endeavours; Quetta and its appearance; The British Residency; Government Stores; Preparations for a long Campaign; A new Corps raised; Arrival of H. M.'s 41st Regiment; Captain Blood's Artillery; Prospect of taking the Khan; Despatch of a force; Harrassing route; Spies; Forced marches; Wild Goose chase; Sickness; Troops die in great numbers; Another failure; Feeling of the Troops; General Brooks; His unpleasant position; His character; Who was to blame? Peculiarity of situation; Trying circumstances; Forced to make the best of bad; Thunder storm; Miseries in Camp; Unexpected arrival in Camp; The Prince of Shawl turned Traitor; Dreadful havoc through sickness; Fever, Ague and Dysentery; Hospital Tents crowded; Insufficient accommodation; Scarcity of comfort; Enormous prices paid for them; Indefatigable exertions of Dr. McAndrew and Mr. Xavier, the Apothecary; The probable cause of the sickness; Vast mortality; Death of Ross Bell, Esq. and Lieut. Valiant; Removal from Command in the Field of General Brooks and Brigadier Valiant; Cause of removal; Sad affair; New Commanders; Arrival of Nusseer Khan; Levee; Review; Appearance of winter; Prospect of returning to Quarters; Preparations; Route changed; General Nott's Despatch; Orders to march to Candahar; In Afghanistan.

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THE next day we marched to "Sir-i-Aub," and from thence to "Quetta," where we arrived on the 2nd April. The first thing presenting itself for our comfort was the ground being infested with

scorpions, and we were cautioned to search well beneath the stones, and remove them if any were discovered. They are the small light-green scorpion, scarcely as large as a small frog. There are also the black scorpion, a most deadly reptile. The sting creates most excruciating pain, and causes the part affected to swell and turn black: if the hand or foot be stung, the whole arm or leg becomes inflamed, and swells twice its natural size. The best remedy I ever found was the application of an onion to the part, or tincture of opium. The ground was also thronged with sentapees, another dreadfully venomous reptile; it is about half an inch broad across the back, and varies from three to ten inches long, is of a greenish brown color, with about forty legs; the sting, as with the scorpion, is in the tail, which issues from a small bladder filled with the poison; and which on the insertion of the sting, is diffused. These creatures are commonly found in beds, and clothes, very often in boots; it is therefore very necessary to be exceedingly cautious, and examine everything, not only here in Quetta but in all the Eastern climates. Persons often suffer much when stung in the jungles, some distance from aid, as the pain being so great, overpowers, and the result has often been known to be fatal, owing to the want of assistance.

Government receiving despatches of this and so many other disasters, occasioned by running after this child, Nusseer, considered it better to try to negotiate, and offer some advantageous proposal to him,

in order to bring him in, for as the old adage goes, "prevention is better than cure." Colonel Stacy, then in the Political Department, was directed to treat with Nusseer, and with a strong guard went after him; but as often as he came near Nusseer, Nusseer again fled, for he could place no confidence in the British, inasmuch as his uncle, Gool Mahomed, who was with him, was the headsman of Loveday; he therefore looked upon it as a trap to catch them, in order to be revenged for that officer's death. However, leaving the Colonel after his object, and to return to Quetta; nothing of note occurred by way of fighting or annoyance for some time, save now and again, some robbers, I should call them, would meet parties of our followers out for forage, &c., and murder them, and other trifling outrages of this kind. The weather was extremely hot, and we still being under canvas, made it still more uncomfortable and oppressive.

The town of Quetta is of mud, rather large, and very irregularly built; it has two entrances, and few of the houses are more than kennels, to enter which you had to stoop, and sit down when inside. The surrounding country was lovely and fertile; grain and fruit were in abundance. The hills surround the whole of the vicinity, about seven miles from the Camp; within one mile and a half from the town stood the British Residency, a beautiful building, of mud, but covered and ornamented with white plaster. Capt. Bean, Ross Bell, Esq., and other public function-

aries resided here; the Camp stood about two miles south of the Residency, and about midway was erected a large store, with high mud walls, about two hundred yards square, for the purpose of containing our Commissariat, provisions, &c.; and as Quetta was in the heart of Beeloochistan, surrounded with plenty, Government directed that supplies should be laid in for about two thousand Europeans and five thousand Natives, for two years, as a store to be kept up. Accordingly, contracts were entered into, granaries were built, cattle were sent to a distance, with Natives, to cut firewood, (there are no coals,) and in fact Quetta became one scene of business; a new corps was raised and disciplined, called the Bolun Rangers, and were employed in attending convoys to the interior of the Passes, and other intricate parts of the country. Quetta is described as being very hot, but what is somewhat surprising, about twenty-seven miles east lies Moostoong, which climate is most delightful, the Thermometer never exceeding 90°. About a month after our arrival, the Brigade left below the Pass arrived, and Her Majesty's 41st Regiment proceeded to Moostoong, and Captain Blood's 3rd Company of Bombay Foot Artillery marched on to Kelat, which, by the bye, in consequence of its being evacuated by the inhabitants, who had gone with Nusseer, was again taken possession of by us.

Colonel Stacy had got some clue to Nusseer, who it appeared had again collected a considerable mob,

and determined on attacking and retaking his city, "Kelat," as he had assembled in its vicinity; the rumour was well founded, so General Brooks ordered a strong force to be in immediate readiness to proceed after the enemy. And it was reported, and authentically too, that there was a large portion of treasure with them; this is what we wanted, as a few lacs would have been very acceptable to John Company, to make up for the many losses he had had in the rupee way, with Major Clibborne's, Lt. Clarke's, and several other defeats. The force ordered, were Her Majesty's 41st Regiment, eight pieces of Artillery, 1st Regiment of Native Infantry, and followers; after some delay on the part of the heads, (which delay did not benefit the expedition) waiting for some further intelligence from Colonel Stacy, the force marched on the second of June, when the season was at the highest of heat; the thermometer stood in Quetta, in the shade,  $110^{\circ}$  in the hospital, which is of course the coolest possible place. The enemy gained intelligence of our approach, and proceeded two or three marches ahead; they kept a line of communication from post to post, and thus gained information, and though our troops made forced marches, making three into two, and sometimes two into one, still the enemy kept in front; they pressed at length at some village all the camels they could, and two soldiers mounted on each, and getting them into a trot, made the best of their way, beneath a sun hot enough to

broil a steak; all was of no use, the enemy's spies were out in every direction, and being better acquainted with the country, rendered it dreadfully harrassing to the force, making a complete wild goose chase, at the risk of killing every man with the heat.

It must here be observed that a campaign in Scinde or Affghanistan, in which country you are compelled to remain, and on whose tranquil inhabitants you are depending for supplies, that to discover spies was almost impossible and in fact seldom looked for. The enemy's spies could bring us supplies, in the shape of fowls, milk, fruit, &c., reconnoitre the camp during the sale, and go round with them, without the least interruption or direct suspicion; nay your very follower or servant might be one, and how are you to know it? therefore it is not to be wondered at them getting so much information of our positions, strength and movements; many plans were devised and tried, to prevent them from entering our camp; Major Boscawen, I remember, issued an order that no native was to be seen in the British camp without a blue belt, which he issued to every one connected with Government. Other officers have issued orders for only certain castes or religions (for any native knows the difference of each other) to be admitted, but it was useless, in they used to come, in the garb of a villager, probably some of the very Tribes allowed, who had become outcasts to society, and so forth,

would be amongst the first to enter your camp as spies ; it was through this that the harrassing chase was caused to the force in question ; they were misled, and after a dreadful toil of twenty-nine days, reached Noosky, where they were obliged to halt ; the weather was so oppressive, that it brought on the fever amongst the men and to a very great extent ; it grew worse hourly, and nearly every man was laid up ; it continued, and raged like a plague ; the men died in numbers every day, which continued for about a month, and in July they managed to return without success, reduced to a complete skeleton, with scarcely one man in health ; this shewed itself in the eyes of several judges, rather unwise generalship, and raised a feeling amongst the Troops of something in the shape of want of confidence on the part of our General ; he blamed Ross Bell ; Bell blamed somebody else, and somebody else, nobody knows who ; but here it ended—a second failure in the short career of General Brooks in the field ; it is not for me to enter into the private character of the General, as he was always considered to be an able one, when he commanded a station in Quarters, and when in the field his character as a warrior bore to all a brilliant aspect ; had he been properly tried in battle, and had the same opportunities as others had, I feel fully persuaded, from his manners, that he would never have been found wanting in British valour. But several individuals, through the exigencies of the service, were thrown

into very arduous and powerful positions—such as were quite inexperienced in such important matters as life and death; and have, in several instances, from errors in judgment and otherwise, subjected themselves to censure and sarcasm, by a world that is too prone to err in judgment, and cannot appreciate the intrinsic feelings of moments like those I refer to. It may be truly said, why did not Government make more certain arrangements? select more experienced men? adopt more Wellington-like plans? and such like; true, but how could a Government make such, when our army was in the heart of a country, surrounded by a treacherous foe, whose object was cutting off correspondence, and thus, very very often, despatches, &c. never reached their destination; and what was to be done in the mean time? Why, to make the argument short, do as they do in France in such cases, “as well as you can.” Quetta resumed somewhat of a more tranquil appearance; a temporary race course and cricket ground were made, which formed the bulk of our pleasure. About one mile west of the town is a curious spot, formed by nature; it is a spring or well, about two feet deep, has a floating bottom of loose sand; the water above was crystal and clear, and nothing would sink to remain below that floating bottom. I have thrown in huge pieces of stone, or part of a camel's skeleton; all would descend past and through by the force of throwing, but rise again and float; several men have dived down, but

could find no bottom, but stated, immediately after passing the loose sand, there was a clear well of water. On the 28th of July, a dreadful storm of rain and dust visited Quetta, blew down several tents; this was a common occurrence, but I mention it for this reason, the camp was pitched in a valley, and the rain that fell in the mountains lodged there for some time; we had got comparatively dry, when the waters burst from the hills, and flooded the whole of the valley below, and the road from camp to town, for some days was rendered impassable, and the reader may judge the misery of the Troops, in tents at such a time; to describe every immediate circumstance connected with these little catastrophes would be laughed at by a soldier, as his life is one complete chapter of trials; but those who rest beneath a roof, at home, and on a soft bed at night, in a land free from jeopardy, cannot dream of the sufferings the soldier undergoes to secure him those comforts; it is for this reason I wish to point out a few of the most glaring; at the same I must say that the innumerable unmentionable privations of a soldier's life on a campaign, would of themselves strike terror to the minds of the inexperienced. Shortly after this, an escort came into camp of about two hundred men, bringing with them no other than the "Prince of Shawl," whom I mentioned as having been released from the Fort of Bukkur, and appointed a Government cattle contractor. He had been detected holding an

intercourse with the enemy, and was taken, conducting, I believe, a convoy of stores, treasures, &c., to Nusseer Khan's force, he at the same time being in our service; he remembered many of the 40th, and after remaining some time in prison was released for want of sufficient evidence to prove his traitorism.

Sickness I regret to say made its appearance at Quetta, and rapidly increased; the hospital tents began to fill—it was thought well to change ground—we did—still it grew worse, two and three dying each day; few who fell sick lingered more than a week; the whole force began to look dejected and pale; the spirit of the 40th Regiment grew quite abashed; our Brigade Major, Lieut. Henry Valiant, son of the Brigadier, and Lieutenant in the 40th, died—then Ross Bell, Esq., and several other officers died. Early in September there were one hundred and sixty bedfast in hospital, and about as many convalescent. The regulated number of hospital tents was found insufficient to accommodate the sick; so there were one or two taken from each company, to hold their sick. Fever and ague, followed by dysentery, was the prevailing disease, and I must again here mention the unremitting attention and kindness of the surgeon, McAndrew, of the 40th, and Mr. Xavier, the apothecary. Their exertions were great; night and day did these individuals attend over their charge. The doctor used every effort to procure and adminis-

ter every and any comfort the country and stores would afford. Comforts at this time, such as wine, beer, spirits, &c. were extremely scarce. Some few enterprising Indian merchants, had followed the army thus far with a few supplies; but they were sold at most enormous rates. Government, in order to meet the demands of the medical officers, for comforts for the sick, had to pay as high as six and seven shillings sterling for each bottle of beer, from twelve to twenty shillings a bottle for wine, and so on. If Government had to pay so much for comforts, taking large quantities, what of the poor soldier?—they were unknown to him. Those who could afford it, paid most dearly; not less than a thousand, or even much more, per cent, on every article. The men had to pay five or seven shillings for simply putting on a pair of soles to their boots—finding their own material; and every thing in like manner. Such was the state of the times at Quetta, misery depicted in every countenance, and scarcely one free from sickness. Not only to the improvement of the sick, but for the healthy; did these arms of valuable medical aid, look to; and I can proudly and happily say that it is to the indefatigable exertions of these, and other medical parties, headed by divine Providence, that the troops at Quetta did even so well as they did, which in the best was bad. The constitutional part of this was to be attributed to that dreadful

night going to Kojuk, and the exposure since to the different overwhelming climates and seasons.

As I observed before, the enemy made a practise of meeting our couriers, destroying their packets, and murdering them ; thus it was mere chance when the correspondence reached either party ; but however a despatch arrived shortly after the death of Ross Bell, ordering Major General Brooks, and Brigadier Valiant, K. H., to proceed to the Presidency, the latter to command the Fort of Bombay, and to resign their respective commands in the field, to the two senior officers then present, who were Brigadier England, K. H., then Lieut. Colonel of H. M. 41st, and Lieut. Colonel Soppett ; this order came from the Supreme Government, and was promulgated from the Board of Directors, who, in consequence of circumstances connected with the Court of Inquiry, held at Sukkur, to investigate into and opinionize on the unfortunate affair of Major Clibborne's defeat at "Noofoosk," these two officers, one President, and the other a member of the Court ; and some injudicious conduct, contrary to the custom of the service, in the eyes of Government, led to the withdrawal of them from their commands in the field ; there is now in print the whole of the affair, under the head of the Clibborne Commission ; and I would introduce more of the matter, but I am necessitated to be rather brief in my details, as they are so numerous and connected ; the whole of the correspondence, &c. &c., on that subject, may

be found on reference to that publication, which is one of a most interesting character.

This removal worked greatly on the minds of both these officers, and the few little failures I have already shown would add to its weight. They parted with their force amid the well wishes of all, I think; and Brigadier Valiant with his Regiment, with a full heart, having anticipated glory and laurels by their aid—which to such a soldier as Valiant, was a rack indeed.

The encamping ground was again changed, as the sickness still remained. About this time Colonel Stacy sent in word that he had succeeded in winning over the object of his search, "Nusseer Khan," who, under the promise of protection, restoration of his territory, &c., would surrender himself to us; he was brought into the camp of Quetta, on the 8th of September; and much was made of him, he being by birth the heir to Kelat, and of course the "Khan," (king.) He held a levee, and all officers who wished to be introduced, attended, for the purpose of being presented to "His Highness Meer Nusseer Khan," Chief of Kelat; on the 10th, Brigadier England ordered a general parade, for his Highness, although the majority of the men were in so weak a state as to be pronounced unfit for service; but they appeared very well considering; the artillery shewed him what we could do at a long distance, and the general alacrity with which the men went through the different evolutions greatly surprised Nusseer,

who, no doubt, doubly regretted playing so long with so fine a disciplined army as that of the British. The mother of Nusseer, Beebee Gunjun, also came in, but his uncle, Gool Mahomed, fled; and would of course have been put to death, if ever he had been caught. On the 20th of September, the camp was again moved, for the change of air, but all of no use; the winter was fast approaching; even now the snow appeared on the tops of the Hemaylee Mountains, and the weather was getting very cold at night, but extremely hot in the day. The ground was again changed on the 30th September, and back again on the 2nd October; the news of our sick state was sent some days before to General Nott, commanding Scinde and Lower Affghanistan, then at Candahar, who directed Brigadier England to despatch H. M. 40th Regiment, and all the sick troops that could possibly be marched or carried, to winter at Candahar, in some barracks that were just finished. This news was rather unexpected and unwelcome. Already we were unable to march a day, and we had anticipated going down the Passes towards Bombay; nay, so far was it arranged that even the stores and carriage were prepared for that purpose but one day before this order arrived from General Nott, when of course it must be obeyed, and the route was changed to go still more into the interior of the enemy's country—to leave Beeloochistan and enter Affghanistan.

## CHAPTER XII.

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**March to Candahar; The foot of the Goths; The Kojuk Pass; Description of route; Troops greatly harrassed; The Desert; Arrival at Candahar; The Cantonments; Their unfinished state; Candahar; Its people; Trade and state; Description of the City; Tomb of the Emperor, Ahmed Shah; Timor Shah; Sufter Jung; Military force; Vicinity of Candahar; Ghuznee in want of succour; Major McLaren despatched; Is intercepted by the snow; Great loss; Unfortunate result; Winter sets in; Troops desert to the enemy; Old adage; Appearance of an Outbreak; Alarming prospect; Troops continually under arms; Dreadful news from Cabool; Orders to Evacuate; State of the Country; War rages; Preparations for Battle; The City blockaded; Trade suspended; Precautions taken; The Enemy makes a stand; Orders to attack; Craft of the Enemy; 7000 Troops proceed to the Field; March to the Fight; 12th January, 1844; Battle of Killa Shuk.**

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THE preparations for commencing our march were completed, and on the 6th of October, 1841, we proceeded towards Candahar. I must now state that I did not entirely escape a share of the sickness. At Quetta I was attacked with the ague and fever, and was in a very weakly state for several months—but thanks to th<sup>t</sup> Being who governs all things, I recovered: The road was not the worst we had travelled, but there was one great object before us to be got over, which was to cross the much

dreaded "Kojuk Heights." I must here make it known to my readers that I was laboring from the severe sickness all the way to Candahar, but, though sick, kept up my note-book as well as I could; therefore, the description of the route to Candahar will be, in consequence, somewhat brief, and will, I trust, be excused; suffice it to say that nothing of note took place, with the exception of crossing the heights. *En route* to the mountains, we crossed the head of the Laharra River, and on the 13th reached the foot of the Goth, where the camp was pitched in the valley, and night came on; there was an advance force formed of the sick, &c. to enable them to get over, ere the guns and the main body arrived. So on the morning we commenced the ascent, which was very great, and the road narrow, and caused much difficulty in gaining the summit; so steep was the path that we had often to stop to gain breath. Having gained the top, the path led down a deep abyss; it was in the side of the mountain, and it perhaps may be more fully understood if described as nothing more than a shelf cut in the mountain; it was, from eight, to twelve feet wide; only one camel or horse could pass at the same time,—on the right looked up to an immense height, and on the left into a dreadful abyss, not less than from 1200 to 1400 feet below; there are several small valleys, occasioned by the ruggedness of the mountains, which formed a sort of circuitous route beneath; the great difficulty

was to get the guns and heavy baggage over the height; to allow the horses to draw them up would have been madness, for the least fright, on the narrow shelf, which is the best name for it to be understood, would have brought destruction on the whole connected with a gun, which would not be less than ten to twelve men, and should be many more, and as many horses, for had there been the least slip, they would have been dashed to pieces down the awful craggy precipice: the same with the camels, and many instances occurred, of cattle falling down, and of course were destroyed; therefore the whole of the Infantry had first to cross the heights, and having arranged their baggage, had to return and draw up the guns, which rendered the march one of the most fatiguing almost possible; the deep ravine on the one side, and the craggy hills on the other, rendered the scene very picturesque. The narrow winding of the shelf or path enabled those from the summits to see the whole before, and as far as the eye could carry behind him—soldiers, followers, camels, horses, bullocks, and every thing appertaining to an army, formed a very imposing sight; the dreary appearance and echo of the pass, was dismal, and seemed to inquire why we intruded through so secluded a path. In the mountains were small caves, in which were a few individuals, who gained a livelihood by plundering travellers, of whom there were comparatively few, and in this case dared not venture to practise their profession; they, however,

brought us out pomegranates, grapes, &c., for sale, which were very acceptable, to refresh the harassed soldier. At length, after a very tedious march, (for it was about twelve miles ere the foot of the Goths were reached, and our toil in dragging the guns over,) we reached the bottom, and pitched our camp, tired and weary, and every one glad to take a little rest,—the whole or lighter portion of the army's baggage not getting over till midnight; the force halted the next day, and the following was another long and dreary march, across the Kojuk Desert, about twenty-three miles. The road was level and light, which in itself was a treat, and with the exception of its extreme barrenness, and there being no water, the march was not to be complained of; the next day we had to march to our destination, Candahar, after eighteen days on the route, into cantonments; these were three buildings erected for the Sepoys; but as the cold weather was setting in, and the Europeans had suffered so much, they were ordered to take up their winter quarters, to the great joy of every one,—for anything before canvass, to protect from the variable inclemency of the weather in Affghanistan.

The principal part of the Troops left at Quetta, went down through the Bolun and *via* Soomeanee, towards the Provinces, and the 40th were still in the field, to await some further opportunity of distinguishing and adding to the established gallantry of the corps.

The Sepoy cantonment spoken of, in which we were quartered, was in an unfinished state, and was built in three squares, each capable of holding one Regiment, or about one thousand men; they were built of mud, the walls nine feet thick, about two hundred and fifty feet square, arched roofs, no windows, simply a sort of embrasures as ventilators; the rooms or barracks were ranged two on each side, and formed three entrances; they were about sixteen feet wide, and the floors were nothing more than the earth rudely levelled, no doors, and in fact was short of being a good stable; but even these were comfortable indeed, when compared with the tents, in which we had been nearly three years, save in the wretched huts at Kurrachie, and as the sickness of Quetta still prevailed, we hoped to rest in obscure peace. This, however, was not to be.

Candahar is a city and fortress about three-fourths of a mile square, contains four main streets, or bazaars, abounds well with trade, and has about 10,000 inhabitants; traffic and merchandize of every description carried on to a very great extent, and the adjacent country appeared much to depend on its general market; almost daily convoys were arriving from 'Kelat,' 'Cabool,' and other distant places, and generally speaking, produce was sold at a reasonable rate—and trade at this time was flourishing, as there could not be less than 9,000 or 10,000 Troops, who, of course, had to be supported from their markets. On the west side of the

Fort stood a splendid (though almost in ruins,) Citadel, the residence of the Governor; it was well fortified, and afforded a fine refuge in the time of need; it fronted one of the main streets, which led to a large dome that stood in the immediate centre of the town, and formed a sort of exchange, and its rear formed part of the west wall of the city. There are five gates or entrances to the city, called:—The Topah Khana, or general entrance, the Herat, Shikarpore, Edgar and Cabool Gates. The first named led directly to the cantonments, which were about one and a half miles from the city; the Herat Gate was in the same side of the square of the Fort as the Topah Khana. The other gates, Shikarpore and Cabool, were called so from their leading directly to the routes for those places, and formed the entrances to the north and east sides; and the Edgar was the one used by the Governor, as his private entrance on the north side, and was called so from its leading to the Temple, where he worshipped; all the gates save the Topah Khana and Herat were generally closed, and opened only on particular occasions. Near the first named gate, inside the city, stands a beautiful Temple or Mausoleum, in which are interred several ancient great families. Its entrance, like every other Eastern town, is rude, dirty, and void of all taste; nothing more than a small gate in a narrow dirty lane, which opened into a neglected though spacious court-yard, in the centre of which stood the Mausoleum; about

nine large steps led to a fine portico, and exhibited a lovely piece of architecture, in the exterior and interior richly carved and gilt; it had one circular domed roof, which was peculiarly and beautifully knit together in carved wood, and terminated with a central ornament, from which was suspended a large piece of solid gold; round the temple were boxes for pews, in front of which were marble slabs, with Persian inscriptions, from the Koran. Opposite to the entrance stands an altar for the sacred volume, on a pedestal, and each book locked up, covered with scarlet and other cloths; the floor was covered with a splendid Persian carpet. To the left was the Tomb of 'Ahmed Shah,' grandfather to the present King of Cabool, Shah Shooja, and great grandfather to Timor Shah, then Governor of Candahar; the front was of white marble, and covered with a crimson silk velvet pall, edged with black; at its head stood the standard of the resting Monarch, with the sacred symbol of their religion, an open hand. There were several other tombs, the details of which I did not inquire into. In the streets leading from the Citadel, is a large building for general assemblies, to which are attached the Governor's baths, in which, also, are several fine gardens; there are many other noble buildings in Candahar, and altogether I looked upon it as one of the most flourishing and handsome Eastern cities I had seen.

Timor Shah, the Governor, and Sufur Jung, the Sub-Governor, his step-brother and son of Shah

Shooja, were present at Candahar; the latter looked after the dispositions of their army, and the former governed the place.

Major General Nott commanded; Major Rawlinson was the Political Representative. Captain Anderson commanded the Shah's Artillery—Captain Leeson his Cavalry; and each officer who commanded a Regiment of the Shah's Infantry, had full charge of it, and it was called after him. Shah Shooja's Troops were in a very high state of discipline, and, if I may be allowed the remark, I think their general knowledge of the use of arms, bespoke an unwise and ungovernment-like act on the part of our authorities, to permit the Troops of another, almost strange nation, to be instructed in our art of war; many times has this proved itself a gross error. Shah Shooja, having been placed by us on the Throne, was permitted to have a certain number of Regiments organized by British officers, and instructed precisely in the same art as we practice; no doubt with a good intention, being allies, &c. So far was this permission carried out, that Shah Shooja had not less than an army of over 10,000 disciplined men.

About two and a half miles north west of the cantonment, in a low range of mountains, was a narrow defile or pass that led to a fine fertile country called Babba Wallie, and Killa Shuk, on the right hand, and on the left a still finer country, through which ran the River Urgun-Daub. Canda-

bar was so completely surrounded by mountains, that, turn which way you would, you must enter the hills, and there appeared nothing but desolation and hardship for the soldier.

The enemy up to this time had been pretty quiet. Despatches were received from Ghuznee, that Colonel Palmer, commanding there, was in want of assistance, there being very great appearances of an outbreak. Accordingly, General Nott sent off a detachment, well calculated to reinforce Ghuznee, under command of that gallant officer, Major McLaren, who commenced his march, taking with him provisions for the force at Ghuznee. He had not proceeded far before the weather grew very inclement, the snow fell profusely, and the country being very mountainous, and the roads in many places narrow and intricate, the snow filled up the defiles in a great measure, and prevented their proceeding, either forward or even back to Candahar. The greater portion of the cattle carrying his provisions were asses, and the remainder camels and bullocks; the weather was extremely cold, and there being no shelter for the cattle, and nothing more than a tent for the Troops, the expedition began to look unfortunate, and the position alarming; the Major was anxious to return, or to assist the needy at Ghuznee, but could not; he was also anxious to re-fit his force by returning, but could not; but had to remain several days in camp, in the most awful of miserable weather; the consequence was, that the

cattle died in great numbers ; the provisions, having no place to shelter them, became saturated with the thawing snow, and were in great quantities destroyed ; the road in advance was well known to be worse than that already traversed, and therefore the distressed Major had with extreme difficulty to return to Candahar, in an alarmingly helpless state, with comparatively no cattle, and the Troops sick and weak, having suffered great loss in every way. Daily the weather at Candahar grew colder, which was miserable for the Troops, particularly for the Sepoys, not being able to stand cold so well as the Europeans. About this time several natives of a suspicious character appeared in the city, and were arrested as spies ; and, from intelligence gained, a rumour broke out that all was not right, and seldom does a rumour exist in a camp, but there is some ground for it, though they may not immediately be discovered ; this rumour was corroborated by occasionally small parties of soldiers (*disciplined,*) belonging to the Shah's Regiments, deserting, and more so by a circumstance which happened, which the reader may judge for himself.

Suftur Jung, stated to be in charge of the Native Army, (*not disciplined,*) of the Governor, his brother, and being of the same *caste* as greater part of the *disciplined* Troops of his father, had made an agreement with numbers of these men, that they should desert and go with him into the hills, collect the surrounding Tribes, join in one grand assembly

with Akbar Khan, and attack the British at Candahar: this was settled upon, and it got out. The European officers, who commanded the Shah's Troops, did all in their power to prevent such a proceeding, but a number of them attacked two of their officers and killed them, and afterwards deserted to the enemy; the greater portion of these were belonging to the Shah's Artillery, all more or less instructed in our art of gunnery, and disciplined by us, thus bringing the old adage to bear—"You make a rod to beat yourself." This of course greatly roused the half-grounded suspicions of the Government in Candahar, and they commenced to operate on matters as they stood. On the 25th of December, 1841, about seven, P. M., a body of men were seen advancing towards the city, with the intention, it was thought, of making an attack; the alarm was sounded, and in fifteen minutes every man was under arms, and drawn up ready for action in any quarter. This was the first symptom of warfare we had seen in Affghanistan, and from this hour our troubles commenced in right earnest; but this was soon lulled by the disappearance of the body in question; the night was dark, and no doubt from the sound of so many bugles, trumpets, drums, &c., they judged it wise to make off. The Troops returned to their quarters, but remained accoutred, and lay on their arms all night. One thing bore out another; and led to the conclusion that the country was up in arms. No mail had been received since the 15th inst.

and it was concluded that the enemy had adopted the plan of cutting off all correspondence ; everything remained in anxiety, suspense, and anticipated wretchedness. The whole of the Troops were constantly under arms, the guns ready loaded for action ; provisions lay alongside the cattle, ready for loading ; cattle were placed with each Regiment and Detachment, ready to march at a moment's warning ; the Commissariat had a month's provisions prepared to place upon cattle ; in fact everything was in uproar, but order ; and scarce any knew what was going on. Sentinels were placed in the most advantageous places. Field pieces were stationed to fire in any and every direction, look-out sentinels were placed by day, with telescopes, on the mountains near, and as night came on, out-lying piquets and patrols were mounted, and the rest lay on their arms and slept but for short periods ; the distant, lonely sentinel, would probably observe from his post some party in the distance ; shots would be exchanged, and this would of course raise an alarm ; every man would be roused and stand to his arms ; this would occur many times during a night, and thus was the rest of the poor soldier continually broken. About the middle of January, 1842, a cossid (courier) having escaped the vigilance of the enemy, arrived with despatches from Cabool, giving an account of the awful catastrophe there—of the total annihilation of the 44th Regiment and the army of Cabool. Orders were also received from General Elphinstone, to

evacuate Ghuznee, Kelat-I-Gilzie and Candahar, the former to be made over to Shooms-ood-dien Khan, who would cause the Troops to be conducted safe to the provinces. These orders were, it appears, under the direction of the Envoy, M'Naughten, at Cabool, who found it necessary to evacuate Affghanistan; but Major Leech, the Political Agent, and Captain Craigie, Commanding at Kelat-I-Gilzie, and General Nott at Candahar, could not, under existing circumstances, comply with the order. Of course obedience is the first duty of a soldier, but in this case it remains to be judged whether such disobedience was discreet or not. The Troops still remained under arms, the enemy was a great source of annoyance, which, with the coldness of the nights, and the heat of the days, made the men weary of their existence. The awful intelligence was corroborated by the arrival of another cossid from Cabool, reporting the murder of Sir Alexander Burns, Sir Wm. M'Naughten, and several others, also of the taking of Ladies Sale, M'Naughten, and a great many other prisoners. The loss of the British Troops was said to be upwards of 12,000; this was dreadful news indeed; the reader may no doubt imagine the feelings of the Army at Candahar; the same enemy was *en route* to, if possible, destroy every British Force in Affghanistan, and that enemy in numbers four to one against us. General Nott, however, was still in possession of Candahar, and issued an order that every inha-

bitant must immediately lay in six months' provisions at least, as he expected to be besieged; all possible purchases were made, of any and every kind, for the Troops; all valuable property, stores, &c., were placed in the Citadel, and everything was in readiness for battle. General Sale had reached Jellalabad from Cabool before the out-break, and was then similarly situated to Nott, with the 13th Light Infantry, and the 35th Bengal N. I., and all waited the approach of the enemy. It appears that the insurrection was under Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mahomed Khan, the late King of Cabool, and now a prisoner in our hands at Calcutta. Akbar, finding that matters, in their present state, were all in his favour, and having a strong army, determined to make the best use of it.

The particulars of this unfortunate affair, I will give in their own place, when I shall relate the story of the days at Cabool, briefly, but sufficiently clear, to enable my readers to know the principal features of the facts. It is impossible to describe the feelings of the Troops at Candahar, at learning the sad situation of the ladies as prisoners—the women, the pride of Britain, the joy of our hearts, and the only source of happiness in our worldly travail! Can it be supposed we could evacuate the country in which they were incarcerated? I should not like to be the man to say yes! unless I intended to war with mankind, and become the most odious of my sex.

The state of Candahar, in January, 1842, was unenviable, and the Troops dreadfully harrassed, and in the depth of winter; but to proceed.

Suftur Jung, mentioned as having left Candahar, had taken the field and joined the rebels, who had come down from Cabool, and collected themselves under Actar Mahomed Khan, a general of Akbar's, and who had dispersed them in several bodies hovering round the vicinity of the city; they annoyed us very much by attacking our outposts, and small foraging parties, destroying the mills and crops, murdering the work people, hamstringing the cattle belonging to the tranquil natives bringing in supplies, turning off water, and in many other ways; thus woe and misery were the ruling features; the sentinel on his post at the dead of night would be fired at, and alarms would consequently be raised. We had all been under arms, booted, spurred and accoutred, since the 25th December, night and day; twice, thrice, or even oftener, we would have to fall in ready for action during the night, in consequence of the shots of the enemy coming into camp; the guns were distributed in such a manner that, come which way they would, they confronted the enemy; this was, night after night, and week after week, carried on; our rest, little as it was, broken, and each hoped with the dawn of day to see the enemy, in order to have a contest, and end the miseries we were enduring; and at length our wishes were in some measure realized.

The spies our functionaries had out, were continually bringing in accounts of the movements of the enemy, who now appeared to have made a sort of stand, and taken up a determined position at Killa Shuk, about eight miles northeast of Candahar.

General Nott, having become somewhat confident as to their numbers and probable power, determined to attack them, and on the 11th of January, 1842, warned about 7000 Troops, including Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry. The 40th, being the only European Regiment then at Candahar, of course became the base of the Army, and the General remarked that every man with a white face was looked up to as the stronghold for the support of Candahar. In consequence of the order to be in readiness to march at daybreak on the following morning, all became bustle. The cantonments were to be evacuated. The sick of all the corps, together with all heavy baggage and stores, were to be left in the Citadel, where already our Commissariat, Treasure, Ordnance, and the Governor, were. Four 18-pounders were placed in front of the Citadel, facing the dome, and up the principal street. These were primed and loaded—ready for action—as it was surmised that, after the Troops named, had left the city, no doubt the inhabitants would rise in rebellion and attempt to take the Citadel. These precautions—together with the whole of the gates of the city being ordered to be immediately

blocked up with bags of sand, flour, rice, &c. in fact anything brought by the natives,—were very praiseworthy.

The troops proceeding to the field were lightly equipped, taking nothing more than one shirt and a pair of socks, also a towel and a day's rations in their haversacks, ready cooked; all the bedding and additional necessaries belonging to the men were thrown in a heap in labelled bundles, and with the sick and unfits, were sent to the Citadel.

On the 12th, at daybreak, a very cold morning, we commenced our march for Killa Shuk. The route led through a narrow defile, situate about one-and-a-half miles from the cantonments, and from thence into a lovely valley, intersected with small rivulets and nullahs; here and there was seen a village, and a few tranquil natives, driving their asses and camels to our camp. As we approached, the country became more level, and in the distance were seen small bodies of the enemy, and again came deep nullahs or ditches—these had to be jumped or waded over. The sun had now risen, and shone upon an immense sheet of water. This, it appeared, arose from the enemy having turned the water over the land, with a view to swamp the country, and, if not intercept our approach, greatly to annoy us. The country was in this state for about three miles—and, what with the severity of the weather, having to wade up to the hips through water, and standing continually or walking through it ankle

deep—greatly tried the younger branches of the force, who were just recovering from the awful effect of the late sickness. But this was not to be considered when the enemy was so near, and we advanced as well as we could. Having come sufficiently near the “field of fight,” though the ground would not admit of the General making any very practical formations, we were drawn up in columns of divisions. The force was in two brigades; we advanced and soon saw the main body of the enemy in front, situated behind a bank or ridge of a dry ditch, in which position it was impossible for them to lose many, and whilst thus situated they could rest their matchlocks on the banks, and take uninterrupted and deliberate aims at us from the traverse. Seeing our near approach, they commenced a heavy fire upon us; the balls whistled through our ranks and over our heads, and each thought his time had come. General Nott threw out skirmishers to the front, to cover the brigades during formation: they advanced in gallant style, and kept up a fine irregular fire in opposition to the enemy. It was towards the left of the enemy's line a man, apparently a chief, sat, taking cool aim, with pieces loaded for him by parties hid behind the bank. This chief, distinguished by a white turban, killed five, but was at length popped off by a shot from one of ours, which hit him just in the head, and soon quieted him. The brigade having formed up, the bugle sounded the retire for the skirmishers, and the enemy, seeing

this, and being unacquainted with our tactics, thinking they had driven them back, raised a shout, and waved their swords and banners to come on. A buzz was heard in our ranks, with an anxiety to get at them. The British courage being roused at this shouting, Lieutenant Lee, of the 40th, wishing silence to be observed, held up his hand to draw the attention of his men to his orders, when he received a shot through the palm. Up to this time our loss was about twelve men. The line advanced, and at length arrived at the river Urgun Daub, which we had to cross: the stream ran very rapidly and with great force; its depth was about up to the hips of a middle-sized man, and it was with great difficulty we got over. Several men were carried down the stream for some distance. The shorter men were unable to protect their ammunition, and the artillery was very hard to be dragged through the stream. Immediately any got over they were thrown out as skirmishers to cover the landing of the rest, and at length having reformed, a heavy fire was opened; the skirmishers were called in, our artillery played well on the enemy and town hard by, which was thronged with men, women and children. The General offered a reward of 5,000 rupees for Actar Mahomed, dead or alive; several more haughty shouts came from the enemy. But we, exhibiting that splendid part of our discipline, steadiness in the ranks, heeded not their cries. At length, after a

smart battle for some time, the General gave the word "Charge!" Every heart was filled with apparent desperation; a rush ensued; the enemy flew like chaff before the wind; the guns played with grape, shell, &c. The Cavalry and Infantry charged in fine style, and in the course of a few moments, hundreds of the enemy lay dead on the ground, though many, principally mounted, escaped; had we but had a Regiment of European Cavalry, not a man would have escaped. The town was routed, and after a severe action of about four hours, a victory was gained, and I am happy to say, with comparatively little damage on our side.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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The Return; Severe Weather; Miserable Prospects; Forlorn state of the Sick; Miseries of Hospitals in India; Conduct of Native Servants; Followers cut off; Massacre of a Guard; Fighting for Forage; Severity of the Winter; Enormous loss of Cattle in consequence; A Defeat; Great loss; Forage procured; Sad news; The loss of Ghuznee; Treaty broken; Enemy still about; Preparations for hard warfare; Seven days' bivouacking; Description of Route; Narrow escape of General Nott; Skirmishes too numerous to detail; Harrassing attacks; Enemy Cowards; Unsuccessful journey; The Return; Attack on the City; Valiant conduct of the sick; Bravery of the Troops; Noble conduct of an Artillery Guard; Treachery of some Native Sentinels.

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THE Cavalry having returned, the force was ordered to march back to Candahar, in consequence of the extreme frost at night, and the men having walked and stood so many hours in water; on reaching about half way, the advance guard saw another or the same body of the enemy assembled on a hill to our left, but seeing us advance towards them, fled, and we arrived at the cantonments about sun-set. Immediately after the sun went down, the frost came on very severe; we repaired to our nominal rooms, tired and weary, cold and miserable, the frost so severe that the woollen

trousers of the men, being saturated with the water, were frozen stiff round our legs ; and to render it more wretched, the men had no bed or change of clothes, as previous to marching to the field of fight, as before stated, the whole of the baggage was sent to the Citadel, and thrown into a heap, so that it was useless at that hour of night to attempt to find and distribute it ; besides every man was so weary and tired ; no fire, no food, because that day's rations were taken with them, and eaten ; in fact there was no comfort wherewith to nourish the poor harrassed soldier, just returned most miserable from the scene of death. Most awful sensations visited me, as well as I may say every one, who, comparing our present situations with that of home and tranquillity, with friends to console and soothe our affections. It was oft in these extreme trials that I have thought on by-gone days ; but, it was but a thought, and 'twas over ; it recurred to my mind I was a soldier, and it ill became me to give way to so weak and disadvantageous ideas, and I have found myself raised by hopes that it would soon end, and that I was serving my country.

Next day, every one was busily employed in re-fetching and regulating their few necessaries.

The city during the battle of yesterday, was all quiet ; trade of all kinds was suspended by order of the General, and those natives who were in the city seemed anxious to know the result of the battle. The sick of our Troops were very miserably

situated, suddenly removed from off a still bed in the hospital of the cantonments, to that of a cold hovel, with every privation, scarce attendance enough to perform the common necessities of nature, so weak and forlorn; coarse food, badly cooked, none to sympathize, none to ask the soothing question, "Is there anything you wish for, or that I can do for you?" none to administer those little comforts so beneficial to one in a state of sickness; with a mattress of straw on the cold ground, amid every kind of disturbance and uproar, unable to rise from off the pillow, to even reach a draught, and afraid to ask, lest a reluctant and indolent native attendant should feign ignorance, refuse or neglect. If there is one thing more than another which ought to be strictly looked after and attended to, on a line of march, it is a sick soldier. It will be almost impossible for any one unacquainted with the life of a campaigner in India, to even conceive the miseries of an hospital in the field. A more dejected, lost creature, does not exist, than a sick soldier on a long march in India; it must, nevertheless, be admitted, that the allowances of Government to the medical branch of the Army in India, is on a most liberal scale; surgeons, apothecaries, apprentices, stewards, and a most extensive establishment of not less than three hundred attendants to each Regiment, are allowed for the sick; no stint is given to the allowance, comforts of any and every kind at the discretion of the surgeons; but it is the

attention evinced by these attendants ; it becomes a mere nominal duty to them ; they are of different castes, Hindoos, Mussulmen, &c., and they perform their respective duties to a certain extent, but do not enter into that fine feeling of humanity towards the Christians, as is shown in an English Hospital. Let a man be ever so sick, though in the last stage of life, if the Troops are ordered to march, he must be carried in a palanquin, and jolted on the shoulders of four men a day's march, averaging about twelve miles. The chances are, on his reaching the new ground, through the non-arrival of the hospital tents, that he may lie exposed to the heat of the Indian sun two or three hours in the palanquin, perhaps in a high stage of fever or dysentery (and several times have I seen when the palanquin has been examined, that the poor wretched man was a corpse ; none knew the exact time of his death ; suffice to say, he was alive when he left camp in the morning,) or on the arrival of the tent, tossed helpless into it, on an unprepared bed, on damp ground, with perhaps bad brackish water, and have to remain so, four, six, or eight hours, before the coarse meal would be ready, and when ready, issued in a most rude manner ; truly it may be said, every nicety of comfort cannot be expected in a place like that, which will be readily admitted ; but it is merely to point out the absurdity of our Government in India, in placing so much trust in these native attendants, whose general idea is to plunder

the allowance of the poor sick, and who, from a conviction that the Europeans are in a sphere above them, and infidels in their belief, contrary to their caste, and averse to the white face, feel an inward pleasure in privately (for openly they dare not,) oppressing and filching at any little opportunity they can. I could speak at a far greater length on this subject; but, perhaps, my readers may be able to form an idea of their general conduct from what I have already said, and one cannot be found that could exaggerate this subject; it may be said, Does not the surgeon prevent this? Yes, would be the true answer, when he can ever detect anything; but they are too cunning: who is there that has travelled in India, but will agree with me in describing the general character of the menial native, to be that of the most hostile to humanity, and whose extreme craftiness and truly mean, dishonest disposition, render them almost hated? In short, the menial native servant of every European feels a pleasure, and considers it a matter of course, that a portion of anything entrusted to him, is his, and it is well known that an imaginary item in a gentleman's account of expenditure, is, so much pilfered by these servants; and there is no evading it.

But to proceed. The day following the battle, all was arranged as before it, still the enemy hovered in the vicinity of our camp; a few days after our Commissariat sent a quantity of wheat to be ground at a neighbouring mill, accompanied by

about seven men with twenty camels. The enemy attacked them when there, destroyed the grain and mill, took away the camels and heads of the seven men, who were discovered next day.

A few days after this a small out-guard, consisting of a Havildar (Sergeant) and six Sepoys, were attacked at dead of night, and all but one were beheaded; the one left was tied, to tell the tale, and he would not have been allowed to escape but it happened that he was a Mussulman, same as themselves; those that were murdered were Hindoos, and belonged to the 16th Native Infantry. They were discovered when the new guard went to relieve them the next morning. It was never known how they came upon them past the sentinels, but it was surmised the guard was not as alert as it ought to have been, or an alarm must necessarily have been raised, which would have been heard in camp.

On the 21st of February, a considerable force was sent out for the purpose of collecting forage for our cattle, consisting of about four regiments, and five hundred followers, with several hundreds of camels, mules, horses, &c., and on their arrival at the place, a village about four miles south of Candahar, it was found to be occupied by the enemy in apparent great numbers; the ground was a fine plain, and our troops formed a line, and the enemy sallied from the fort and village, and attacked in a manner worthy of praise; we kept up a fine fire, which was opposed strongly by them; they endea-

voured to work round our flanks, but without effect ; a charge was attempted, but they retreated into the fort ; they again sallied out, and I regret to say that after a severe contest of about four hours, our force was obliged to retreat, with the loss of about fifty Sepoys and one hundred and fifty followers, together with a great number or nearly all the cattle. I watched the battle for upwards of three hours, from the top of the mountain that I have already described as being situate opposite the cantonments, and used for two sentinels, one European, and one native, with a telescope ; it was by means of a glass that I was able to discern the exact movements of the battle ; several others went up to look at the affray, and the whole camp was in uproar, fully expecting that a reinforcement would be sent out ; but the retreating force soon arrived in camp, and sad indeed was the loss of cattle, because carriage of every description was extremely scarce, and had we then to proceed on a long march, I question if we could have moved with facility, for want of carriage. In consequence of the severity of the winter, the number of casualties amongst the cattle was enormous ; every morning would be seen the carcasses of ten or twenty camels, besides bullocks and horses ; the Commissariat, as well as every other Department, lost nearly all their camels. To shew more clearly the extent of the loss sustained in the Government cattle, out of the number of camels brought from Quetta, in October, 1841, to

Candahar, which were seven hundred and thirty, only thirty-three remained on the 1st of March, 1842, independent of all the private and public cattle belonging to other sources. The same epidemic appeared in all the stations of troops down the country, such as Killa-ab-Doola, immediately below the Kojuk Heights, Quetta, Dadur, Shikarpore, Sukkur, Hyderabad, Tatta, and Kurrachie; the total loss of camels, from the latter place to Candahar, was not less than twelve thousand during the winter of 1841, besides the loss sustained with the force which advanced on Ghuznee, under Col. McLaren, who, in consequence of extreme inclemency of weather, it will be remembered, was obliged to return; what those were in the Upper Provinces I know not, but if compared with these now named, they must be very great; each camel costs Government from eighty to one hundred and thirty rupees,—about thirteen pounds; the almost innumerable incidents that occur to me, I fear too often draw my attention from the precise subject, but I trust I shall be excused, as it is with a sincere wish to convey as much interesting matter as possible to enable the reader more fully to define the situation of our troops.

After the failure of the foraging party, the General was determined to route the insurgents from their rendezvous, and directed a still stronger force to proceed to the same place, under Colonel Wymer, 38th Bengal Native Infantry; and great care was taken

to have a good supply of ammunition, and a reinforcement was held in readiness; they marched early in the morning, and on their arrival found that the enemy had evacuated the place; but not before burning and destroying all the forage and grain in the fort and vicinity.

On the 1st of March, another force was despatched about four miles on this side of Killa Shuk, and the 40th, together with a native Regiment, were despatched in a hidden direction through the narrow defile, as a reserve force, in the event that the party should be attacked; several were seen hovering about at a considerable distance, and in order to prevent the tranquil villagers from bringing in supplies, they used to hamstring their asses, and strew their loads on the ground, and thus render them useless to all parties. Nothing of moment, however, occurred, and about sunset, having got in a fair supply of forage, we returned to camp.

Candahar still remained dormant as to the receipt of news; the Kojuk Heights, and the various passes and routes from the upper country being in possession of the enemy. Sometimes a casual cossid (courier) would arrive with a secret letter for the General or Political Agent; the cossid must have escaped miraculously, for death was the lot of any native found carrying any letter or succour whatever to us; it was by one of these secret portions of correspondence, that we learned the fate of the force at Ghuznee; news arrived

one morning from that place, and brought us the sad intelligence that the prisoners of Cabool were still in the hands of Akbar Khan, and that Sirdar Shooms-ood-Deen Khan, a General, and relative of Akbar's, had been despatched to Ghuznee, with instructions to treat with General Palmer, who had already received directions from General Elphinstone, to the effect, that he should give up Ghuznee to the Sirdar (General) on his arrival; and that he, the Sirdar, would see the force at Ghuznee safely conducted to the Provinces. This treaty, it appears, was entered into by the parties; but on the Sirdar obtaining possession of the fortress, instead of conducting the force, as anticipated, he caused them all to be made close prisoners; kept the officers, and a lady, Mrs. Lumly, as state prisoners in the Citadel, and numbers of the Sepoys, of the 27th Native Infantry, were sold as slaves to the surrounding farmers.

This second act of treachery led us to conclude that Akbar was at the bottom. The bare idea of entering into a solemn negotiation, and then with all the odiousness of an assassin to break it, and become an oppressor, called forth the loudest acclamations of revenge from every British subject in the country.

We also learned the fate of M'Naughten, at a greater length; he was killed by Akbar Khan, at a hostile meeting, called for the purpose of furthering the subject of evacuating Affghanistan. The

particulars of this will be seen in a future chapter—treating on this particular subject.

Killat-I-Gilzie, the stronghold in our possession, between Candahar and Gluznee, was still besieged, and the provisions there were reported by Captain J. H. Craigie, commanding, to be about sufficient for four months.

The enemy still kept up that spirit of warfare, by hovering round the vicinity of the camp; and so great was the annoyance, that it was dangerous to walk even a few yards from the cantonments, as the chances were, that some infatuated few of the rebels would be secreted behind a bush, and rush out with drawn swords or huge knives, and spite of the almost certainty of being killed, would risk it by making a cut at a passer by.

On many occasions did this occur, and, of course, the consequence was that the wretches generally, not more than two, were killed on the spot. So repeated were the acts of this outrageous nature, that it began to open the eyes of the General, and he determined to rout them if possible; accordingly he issued orders, to the effect, that he anticipated a movement of the greater portion of the Troops for a few days, for the purpose of scouring the vicinity of Candahar. His orders were very rigid, and his arrangements in the town, prior to his moving, excellent. He prohibited any traffic or trade during his absence, directed all the gates should be blockaded as before, and that a

guard equal to two Regiments, composed of parties of all corps, and also the sick and convalescents, to be left in the Citadel, where the Governor, Timour Shah, resided; all the baggage, as before, was deposited there—the Troops proceeding were to take no tents, only one blanket, (which weighed about two and a half pounds,) and one change of linen, to enable us to meet any difficulty chance threw in our way. Thus equipped, on the morning of the 7th March, the 40th Europeans, the 16th, 38th, 42nd, and 43rd Regiments Bengal Native Infantry, together with European Artillery, (six guns) marched east of Candahar, and in full hopes of having a chance of soundly drubbing the cowardly rebels, who had been the cause of so much harrassment to us during the last three months.

The emissaries had given information of the enemy's position, and in short, everything led us to hope that we should soon have the opportunity we wished for.

After marching about eight miles under a chain of mountains, already described as being situated near Candahar, we halted; this was about sunset, and in a village some half mile in front of our bivouaked encampment, we saw the enemy thronging into it, and seated on the walls. An attack was surmised; but the General was of opinion, that as it was growing dark, we should defer it till the morrow, when, no doubt, they would be greatly increased, and on the morrow, we should have a

long day to thrash them in, and with a decidedly better chance of a glorious victory. Our night's rest was not to be envied. The force being divided, formed a square, having the guns at the angles; each Regiment being in line, broke into open columns; the rear rank facing to the right about. Each man had to lie on his arms, in case of alarm: nothing remained to be done but rise, take up his piece, and closing the ranks, every man was in his place, ready for any movement. Our scanty meal was cooked, and we sat on the cold ground, in the dark, to partake of it; some sat up awhile to talk over the various rumours in the camp, and in a short time, every one, save the guards, rolled himself, in his martial cloak, and lay down to rest. The comforts and pleasantness of such a bed, such a place, and such a position, may be easily imagined. The simple act of lying out all night in the open air, and exposed to the heavy tropical dews—is nothing of itself, as a hardship; but when coupled with the probability of a night attack of a treacherous foe, in a country almost unknown to any of us, rendered it alarming, indeed. So much for a bivouac.

After a cold night's rest we found the enemy had evacuated the village, and we recommenced our march at six, A. M., towards the valley of "Kuk." We came to a wide plain betwixt the hills, when, about seven o'clock, on the left was seen the enemy assembled in large bodies. The Brigades

wheeled into line, flanked by Artillery and Cavalry : the General ordered each Regiment to advance by echelon from the left.

The enemy seeing our movement, advanced also. Our skirmishers were thrown out at a considerable distance to cover our advance. The enemy adopted our plan, and threw out an advance to meet our skirmishers. The fire kept up by both sides was almost terrific. As we came up, the enemy fired a volley, but happily without effect. We again formed line : the skirmishers were called in, and our artillery played in fine style. Several mobs of the enemy seeing us formed up, began to retire. We still advanced, and it was really amusing to see the havoc our shells and grape had on the mobs here and there ; about eighty or a hundred would be assembled, when suddenly a spherical case shot, or small shell, would burst immediately over their heads, and of course kill a number of them. They would scud away as if frightened to death, and decamped, evidently with their weak nerves astonished. The plain was, as usual, intersected with deep nullahs and ditches of water, the crossing of which greatly affected our line, and those acquainted with military discipline can easily imagine the difficulty experienced in advancing in line under such circumstances, as a line, if possible, should never be broken ; an irregular fire was still kept up at alternate periods when opportunity offered, and at length we arrived on the banks of

the river Urgun Daub, which was wide, and its sides were too steep to get the guns over. The enemy had already crossed, and we could not, with discretion. The General finding it impossible to get at them, directed us to retire two miles and form camp. The baggage had been kept *en masse* in rear of the line. We retired accordingly, but not without inwardly expressing a deep regret at not having the satisfaction of thrashing the wretches who had caused us that day so much fatigue. We had then marched about fifteen miles after them, nearly seven of which we advanced in line, and with extreme harrassment, and what rendered it more galling, we could plainly see them entering a fort about a mile and a half from us on the other side of the river.

They must evidently have suffered a great loss, but to what extent we never can know, because, as usual, they carried off their killed and wounded. They will not permit their dead to lie on the field, if there is the slightest possibility of carrying them off. Many tie themselves to their horses, and, when killed, the horse scampers off and is caught by some of them. As we came up we saw several horses lying dead, and two or three wells half filled with bodies.

Having retired sufficiently, we again formed our gipsy camp about two, P. M. The sun was very hot, so to shade ourselves, some piled their arms and threw a blanket over the bayonets, to form a

covering ; others got bushes, jungle sticks, ramrods, in fact anything to stick in the ground, threw their blanket over it to form a shade simply sufficient to protect the head and eyes from the sun's rays, in order to indulge, after so fatiguing a day, in a little sleep. Having again regaled ourselves with the soldier's sorry meal, the sun set, and the usual precaution for the protection of the camp attended to, we lay on our arms to wile away the night, ready again to proceed after them on the morrow, as the General was determined, if possible, to drive them, or lose by it.

As day broke in the morning we rose and marched about six, A. M. We had not proceeded far, say half a mile, coming under the brow of the mountains to our left, when about thirty of the enemy were seen in a crag, one of whom fired his matchlock, and the ball whizzed close past the General's ear. I shall never forget the feeling that ran through the ranks, fearing that our dear commander was wounded ; but happily it was not so, and immediately skirmishers were sent to man the hills. They were very steep and craggy. As we advanced, several more small bodies of the enemy hid from crags in the dark hills, in numbers of two, three, four, six, eight, and so on ; and from the firing of our men, distributed on the sides of the hills, the tops of the mountains soon became covered with the insurgents. So lofty were the mountains that the men looked about two feet high, and they evidently were taken by sur-

prise, and no doubt were part of the enemy who had been dispersed yesterday. The fire of our men told in fine order; every now and then would be seen one or two dropping from an attempt to climb and escape. The body, when shot, if only slightly, would roll with great violence down the precipice and be dashed to pieces. The enemy kept up a fire into our ranks from their high station. They, however, at length finding that British valour was not so easily overcome, managed to retreat to the other side of the mountains; and the General, unwilling to harass his men more than was actually necessary, called in the skirmishers, and we proceeded on to Pang Wail. The loss on their side was very great, and on ours *vice versa*. We marched in open columns, the road being pretty wide, and on the right, about a mile and a half off, we saw a strong body of the enemy approaching. Notice was not just now taken of them, and we proceeded to a fort about eight miles from our last encampment. The fort was reported by our spies to be one of the places of rendezvous. A short distance from this fort was a small hill detached from the chain of mountains, which was occupied by about fifty of them. A company was sent to dislodge them, which was soon done, and we took possession of the fort, which was found to be evacuated. The enemy on our right made off in the direction of Candahar, it was thought; but we were soon deceived, for suddenly we saw, by means

of glasses, we were surrounded by large bodies in every direction, and we of course formed up in the same manner as yesterday, but divided into brigades; and as the enemy worked round into one mass, we proceeded towards them with a view to attack them. They retired as we advanced—and being principally mounted, the General considered it was useless to attempt to follow them, as it would only be killing his infantry, and determined not to harass his troops by hunting so dastardly a set of cowards, we repaired back to the fort and formed camp round it. It was in a deserted state, not a soul occupying it. The roofs were in a great measure knocked in, dirt and filth in every place. A few bags of wheat and barley were found, and the dead bodies of two old men, who, apparently, had starved from want, being too old to join the insurgents, and no one left to comfort them.

This was not the only fort that was evacuated, but every village or town we came near was in like manner deserted. The lovely valleys whose crops were springing up in fine order—the fertile lands were going to decay—buildings were destroyed—and every inhabitant had left all to join the rebels, and would sooner serve an idolizing monster than tranquilly work to cultivate their lands and homes, which, for want of care and industry, would be entirely lost.

Our camp this night was much annoyed by straggling shots from the enemy at our videttes.

An extra piquet was placed at some distance from the camp, and in short the arrangements entered into for its protection cannot be too highly spoken of; but when we remember that Major General Nott was the commanding officer, it is quite sufficient to guarantee the correctness of the system; for where so brave a man as Nott acts under such soldier-like principles, all must go right; and I think I may confidently speak for every one who ever served under him, that a braver or more discreet, kinder and better man, could not possibly rule over an army, in difficulties, and in the field; and I fervently trust that his name may be honored with glories, and that the just meed due to such worthiness may be showered upon him, for, in short, he was beloved and honored by all who knew him; but alas! he is dead.

We may as well now, I think, advert to the state of Candahar. The majority of the troops having left, it was strongly suspected that the enemy would attempt an attack on the town, as they would very reasonably judge, from the strength of Nott's army in the field, that few remained in the city; and on the 10th it was attacked at the Herat-gate, already described as being one of the five entrances, and at the same side as the "Topa Khana," facing the cantonments. The General, prior to his departure, had taken care to leave two 18-pounders, to be placed in front of the Citadel. It was strongly thought that in the event of the enemy attempting

to storm the city, the inhabitants would rise in rebellion in the interior, open the gates, and annihilate the British in the Citadel; but strict orders were given to the officer commanding, in the event of such an outbreak, to open a destructive fire of grape and shell from these large pieces of ordnance, and destroy all before them. Guards of artillery were stationed on the ramparts over each gateway, and every available individual, sick or well, if able to fire a shot, was placed at equal distances round the walls of the town, to expel the enemy from the embrasures. It may easily be imagined what were the feelings of so small a force, especially when it is considered that the majority of that force were weakly and sick; but it is not in the heart of a Briton, I think, to scruple to lose his last drop of blood in defending a cause that places the honour of his country at stake. Such was the case at the time under our notice. The enemy fully determined to have possession of the town, but finding that the gates were blockaded inside, they collected from their stores large dubbas (bottles made of skin) of oil and ghee, (clarified butter,) and set it on fire at the foot of the gate, with a view to effect an entrance by burning it down. The entrance to the gates I have already described as being a somewhat circuitous route, and the space would contain about two hundred. About this number had assembled to rush in as soon as the fire had sufficiently disabled the gate

for them to force it down. Another party of them proceeded to the government gardens hard by, and cut down the young trees, and made scaling ladders to get over the walls, but were despatched as fast as they attempted it, by the heavy fire kept up from the sentinels placed round the ramparts. The artillery guard immediately over the Herat gate, being unable, from that situation, to level their pieces down into the body assembled there, got a large thirteen-inch shell, cut a fuze short, lighted it and threw it down. It immediately burst in the midst of them, and dreadful indeed was the result. It killed nearly one hundred, for it had full effect, and a great number were wounded: I should say, that in no one instance did ever a shell burst with greater effect. This of course discouraged them much, and they declined any further attempt upon the town, but decamped, taking with them as many of their wounded as possible towards the cantonments. And much credit is due for the precaution taken by the guard over the gate in dispersing, with so much advantage, an enemy employed as they were with every probability of success, in forcing an entrance by firing the gate.

Nothing on the part of the native inhabitants in the city appeared to give rise to suspicion as to their becoming hostile, though not a British subject placed the least dependence in them; for there was scarcely a doubt that had the enemy effected an entrance they would have joined them, and not

one in the Citadel would have been left alive. I must here observe that some persons among the nativesentinelns (whowereprincipally Shah-Shooja's Infantry) acted most basely, and a suspicion arose that they were hostile to us; the fact of a great number of balls being found on the ramparts and in the trench, on the following morning, fully proved they had fired blank at the enemy and thrown away the balls. Such facts caused a great deal of consternation, and could it only have been proved, the guilty parties would of course have suffered for their treachery.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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Return to Candahar; Prospect of fighting for Quarters; A cold night's rest; Our welcome in the city; Appearance of the cantonment; The Herat Gate; Visit to the scene of death; Discovery of two well known faces amongst the dead; Suspicion corroborated; Dost Mahomed's remarks; Good Friday of 1842; Smart battle; Awful death of three young soldiers; Disgraceful conduct of their murderers; The old shepherd; Situation of Captain Craigie's force; Killat-I-Gilzie; General England; His advance on Candahar; Route intercepted; Cowardice of Native Troops; Forced to retreat; Enemy victorious; Severe loss amongst the Europeans; Probable cause of defeat; General England's second and successful advance; Arrival of a strong reinforcement; Abundance of news; More War; Sad news from the Upper Country; Force despatched to the relief of Killat-I-Gilzie; Description of route; Candahar attacked; Bravery of young Evans; Another victory; Active preparations for marching; Destruction of Ghrisk; General Nott proceeds up the country; General England down; Candahar is evacuated.

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THE General, considering it useless to hunt after them farther, and looking upon it as a wild-goose chase, at the imminent risk and great discomfort of his few men, directed his force to return; but not before reducing the fort, around which we had taken up our position, to ruin, and after a cold and dreary night's bivouacking, had but one satisfactory hope, that of returning to Candahar.

We had not proceeded far, before it came on to rain heavily, and there is scarcely anything which adds greater misery to troops on the march, than rain, but onward we pushed, and were met by a cossid, who stated that the enemy, after having been defeated at the city, had taken possession of our cantonments, and made one into an hospital for their wounded; therefore we had the comfortable prospect of having to fight for our barracks, ere we obtained our hope of rest in temporary quarters.

The General did not, as was expected, proceed direct to the city; but pitched camp about four miles south, and under the impression that a night attack would be made, it was ordered that the cattle should remain laden, and all ready for a movement. Night now began to appear, and with it came a keen wintry wind, and occasionally rain; we, after walking and exercising the best way we could, being fatigued, lay down to make the attempt to sleep; the small gravel dust, driven by the strong wind, came like a battery of small shot, and the limbs soon became numb with cold, and the morning was most anxiously looked for, which, when it did appear, was, as oftentimes before, most welcome.

Many a time has this seven days' bivouac been talked over; but it was no sooner over, than, like all other privations to which a soldier is exposed, it became a subject for jest and light conversation; but it has always appeared to me, that the British

soldier is a child of invention, and is a perfect dread-nought to difficulty and exposure; enjoying very little comfort. A pipe and tobacco, generally speaking, are the only companions in such places and cases, to many. The extortion practised on the soldier is beyond conception, but may be easily calculated, when judged by the enormous rates charged at Quetta, for comforts, and articles of merchandize; it was a common price to pay fifty rupees for a pair of imported Wellington boots; eleven rupees a pound for tobacco, which in the presidency could be purchased for as many pence, eight rupees a pound for English cheese, and so on; but the soldier, unable to meet such extortion, was necessitated to content himself with his ration.

We recommenced the march to the city, and reached there without molestation, about noon. On entering at the Cabool Gate, the natives seemed most heartily to welcome our return. Each regiment went at once to its old quarters, we to the cantonment, which it appeared on our approach had but just been evacuated.

Our barrack rooms, which, by the exertions of the soldiers, had been made somewhat comfortable before, were now rendered almost unfit for use. The enemy had made stables of part of them. The horses had raked up the clay floor, and the rascals had taken down what few window frames and doors there were, which were in only four small staff rooms; and the whole place was one scene of dirt and filth.

The other buildings had been formed by them into an hospital for their wounded, and here and there were large patches of congealed blood, which left them very uncomfortable ; however, such trifles are not to interfere with the campaigner ; he must take things as they come, and right well they did, for in a few hours after our return everything looked almost as if nothing had happened.

The next morning I, with several others, visited the scene of destruction occasioned by the attack on the Herat Gate, and an awful sight presented itself ; the space in the gateway had been cleared, and the bodies killed by the explosion of the shell, had been brought away, and heaped up some distance from the city walls. I counted fifty-two ; the remainder had doubtless been carried off, and but for our arrival these would also ; their appearance was truly dreadful ; some without heads, others without arms, legs, many with their skulls half blown off, and their brains dragging in the remaining hair ; more with their entrails trailing after them, and lying in most agonising positions. The majority of them were fine, tall, noble-looking fellows, and on examining their features, we discovered two of the inhabitants of the city, one a goldsmith, and the other a saddler ; the former had his skull shattered, and the latter had his left breast and arm blown off. These rebels, being natives of the town, and very influential men too, went fully to corroborate the already well grounded suspicion, that

had they gained an entrance, the whole city would have joined them, and there would not have been a British subject left to tell the tale.

Not only did the fact of discovering the bodies of these two men amongst the enemies killed, prove the probability of the inhabitants of Candahar being connected with the rebels, but many others were discovered,—that of a sentinel on the gate, some time prior to the outbreak, whose duty it was to examine all parcels or cattle laden, entering the city, discovering two camels, apparently laden with boosa (chopped-straw,) in which were secreted, arms, matchlocks, swords, &c. Query, for what purpose? No doubt it will be concluded, with me, that nothing was wanting but a breach, and all would have risen, and acted in the manner of those at Cabool in the winter<sup>d</sup> of 1841, and at Vellore some years ago.

Having now once again returned to cantonments, we fully hoped and thought that we might in a great measure rest in peace; for after the very numerous conflicts, and arduous attempts to convince them of our determination to conquer, and the awful manner in which they had suffered from so trifling a specimen of our force of arms and bravery; it might have been expected that they would retire to their homes, and as usual after peace resume their tranquil labors; but fresh hardships awaited us, and I cannot better account for it, than by reminding my readers of the very numerous tribes, who

seemed at home in combining against a common foe ; so extensive a country, and so numerous a people, are not easily conquered, and Dost Mohammed, very sententiously, and somewhat wisely, observed ; "You may take my possessions, destroy my cities, and kill numbers of my people, but conquer you never can, because my tribes are born to hardships, and inured to difficulties ; they can live in the hills, can sow and reap in almost barrenness, therefore the mountains are their protection, where you cannot come, and where you could not find means to subsist, did you even reach them." How true the remark of the Dost ! None can form a sufficiently strong idea of the intricacies of this mountainous country, whose high and barren hills intercept the direct route through the vast territory of Affghanistan ; range after range meets the eye of the traveller, and when compelled from service to crown the heights of the lofty eminences bordering the route ; the eye, when cast around, would fall on dell and hill, as far as it can possibly extend, and would often cause the soldier to reflect on the precarious situation in which he was placed, 'mid the gloom of these regions, inhabited by a race of beings, awaiting every opportunity to oppress and destroy us ; it was in these various regions that the many tribes were detached from each other, so that when a few of them combined, warred, and were defeated, others would come in the same direction, with the same view, to our destruction, and thus were our lives rendered those of the most excited and miserable.

It was on Good Friday of this year, that another large body of the insurgents assembled and hovered about the camp; it was of course necessary to remove them from their position, and, as usual, a force, about 4000 men, was despatched to attack them; the scene of action lay in a valley about three miles from camp, and on our Troops coming within sight, a heavy fire was opened from our artillery; we advanced, we met, and the battle was kept up fiercely for some time; now would the enemy retire, and now, taking fresh courage, advance on the attacking force; the weather being in the day excessively hot, and, coupled with the overpowering numbers of the enemy, the battle bore the appearance of a losing game; the commanding officer immediately sent off to camp for a reinforcement, which was despatched and soon reached the field; it had scarcely arrived when the fury of the battle was much in our favor, the enemy were falling fast, numbers were seen decamping, and after a smart, and indeed hazardous fight, of several hours, we all returned to camp delighted, though greatly fatigued, satisfied though oppressed, at the favorable result of our fracas. The Troops returned to the hovels, bearing the name of barracks, and no wherewithal to appease or comfort the wants of those, whose very lives had been risked so rigidly, save the small pittance of a told out ration, which, what with being coarse in material, and worse cooked, was poor indeed!

It must again be observed, that the enemy, not choosing to remain in one body, hovered about, in small parties, with a view no doubt of reconnoitring, and acquainting their main force with our position, and would often in their trails, meet a few of our men, perhaps strolling a mile or two from camp, to some neighbouring tranquil village, or in the fields for recreation. It happened about the first of May that for some time previous, pipe-clay, an article much used by soldiers, had become very scarce, and none could be got in camp for money, save a small quantity, which two merchants brought from the Presidency, and for which they charged a rupee-and a half a pound, (three shillings;) this of course was quite inadequate to a soldier's purse, and it was necessary that something should be got as a substitute. It had been discovered, that in the hills about two miles from camp, a great quantity of the article could be got, which, if manufactured, would do as well as the best, and a deal of it was brought into camp; three young men, thinking by going further, better could be got, and they could have a walk in the fields, which was now a luxury, unfortunately bringing to bear the old adage, "go farther and speed worse," determined on trying, and armed themselves with bayonets fastened to the end of sticks, but had not proceeded more than a mile and a half, when they were attacked by eight of the insurgents, who fired their matchlocks at them, and shot one; they then flew at them, and the struggle

was very great ; the two remaining men killed two of their opponents, when the other six succeeded in disarming the two poor fellows, who by this time were quite overpowered, and one who had received a severe wound, fainted from loss of blood ; these unfeeling wretches tied the two soldiers together, and dragged them some distance, and kindled a fire, round which they sat for some time, smoking and amusing themselves by stabbing the two bound, miserable mortals, unable to defend themselves. They, not satisfied with piercing them with their swords, thinking that insufficient torture for them, began to burn them with fire-sticks, and after keeping them in excruciating torture for some time, the men begging to be put to death out of their agony, were, according to their wish, killed, their heads were carried off as a prize, and their three bodies left, as food for the beasts and birds. It, however, fortunately happened, if fortunate it may be called, that an old man, a tranquil shepherd, was watching his flock hard by, and witnessed the whole proceeding. At the cantonments, when the roll was called in the evening, the three men of course were missed, next morning the same, and until the afternoon of the second day, all kinds of surmises were afloat, but none knew the right one ; several parties of men armed themselves, and went out some distance, in hopes of finding their comrades, but returned unsuccessful, till suddenly the old shepherd appeared with the three bodies tied

on a bullock, carrying them to the camp, and related the whole affair. There were several versions of the tale told, but I managed to get the old man in the bazaar, and through the medium of the Chowdry, (a petty magistrate,) who was an interpreter, I succeeded in getting the exact detail, which I give as above; the heads of the three men would of course be a great prize to their chief, and would entitle the men to a large reward, though they lost two of their number; the old man stated that the three young soldiers fought most desperately; he could not say which of them killed the Affghans. On examining the bodies they were found to be awfully hacked and cut in several places; the whole were quite young, and had not joined their regiment more than three years, this was another warning to the men not to venture too far from camp, which was contrary to orders. Let the soldier strictly obey orders, and he will be much safer; the old man was rewarded for his trouble, and would no doubt have brought in the bodies much sooner, but was afraid he would be detained as being connected with the massacre. I regret very much to say that this was not the only instance of these acts of desperate cruelty, and but for such outrages the country in our vicinity was now in a great measure tranquil, but this tranquillity will be easily accounted for, by concluding that the Affghans had gone to some other of our outposts to try if no better luck attended them, than contending with the deter-

mined spirit of our gallant Nott. The General had received secret communication from Captain Craigie, and Major Leech, who still held possession of Kelat-I-Gilzie, stating that provisions were falling short; that the enemy had surrounded the fort, and it would be impossible to hold out much longer. With a view to explain the situation of this portion of our army, which consisted only of a regiment, (one of Shah Shooja's,) under command of Captain Craigie, a few Sepoys, and some other Native Artillery in charge of Lieut. Cormick, and the whole under the Political Superintendence of Major Leech, of the Bombay Engineers; it will be as well to describe the nature and position of this fort or stronghold, which was indeed worthy of the name, and will be recorded as one of the greatest moment. Killat-I-Gilzie is situated on the top of a high hill, in the centre of the only main road from Candahar to Cabool; the summit formed an oblong of about two hundred yards; near the centre there was a large mound of chalk, from which issued a most beautiful fountain of water; the road led in a serpentine direction from the foot to the height, which was upwards of 2800 feet above the level; this oblong space was walled round, and rendered a complete fortification; the soil that was dug from the interior was applied to building barracks, magazines, and storehouses; these were tolerably well supplied, and the little force occupied it, protecting that part of the country from all invaders. This

post was formed by Lord Keane's army, and it may be said was a complete Alexandrian, for one of greater power commanding so much space to so great an advantage could not possibly exist; it was in this fort that the enemy, finding it impossible to get them out by storming, which they had tried several times, determined to besiege it, and knowing well that their provisions could not last much longer, anticipated a complete triumph. This was of course coupled with cutting off all correspondence and supplies. Wheat, barley, and water, were the principal stores in the fort, the latter being the grand and main thing. The little oppressed band remained for some months unable to procure anything else, except on a few casual occasions, when the enemy would retire a short distance, and a flock of sheep would be passing, a detachment would venture out under the cover of the artillery, and capture a few, which was a luxury indeed. It was on one or two of these favorable opportunities that the Commanding Officer managed to send a courier with despatches, to General Nott, at a great risk, and reward in case of safe delivery, and from the extreme case of the latter communication, the General determined on sending a Brigade to release the force, and destroy the stronghold, and directed the whole to return to join him at Candahar, but owing to the unsettled state of the weather, the non-arrival of the correspondence from the authorities, the General thought it

better to await the arrival of Major General Sir R. England, who was daily expected to cross the Kojuk Heights, from Quetta, with a reinforcement for the Upper Provinces, and a convoy of stores, cattle and treasure. There being still no mail, we were quite in the dark as to when his movement, towards Candahar, would be made. At length a courier arrived with news for Nott, and reporting the departure of General England early in February, from Quetta, for Candahar, with a large convoy of cattle, &c., and a force consisting of eight guns, three regiments of Light Cavalry, H. M.'s 41st Regiment, 21st Regiment Native Infantry, and eight light companies of different corps, forming a Light Battalion; the greater portion of these troops, by the bye, were recalled when *en route* to the provinces, which I mentioned as having left Quetta in 1841 for that purpose. It appeared that on their reaching the second days' stage, a strong body of the enemy, who had long held possession of the passes and main road, intercepted their route.

Mahomed Shereave, who had been in our employ, had joined the rebels and headed a strong force against us; and held possession of the Kojuk Heights, cutting off all supplies and correspondence from both Candahar and Quetta. On the approach of General England, he formed for an attack. The General directed the baggage to collect, and the 41st Regiment, with a Native Corps, were

ordered to advance up a hill which was held by Mahomed's force. The light company of the 41st was commanded by Captain May and Lieutenant Evans; the line advanced a short distance, when the Sepoys began to lag, and all but refused to advance; spite of the entreaties of their European officers, they still hung back. The portion of the line formed by Europeans was considerably in front of the others, and were in action long before the rest. Mahomed having possession of all the cover, took advantage of their approach, and several of the 41st were cut up. The Captain of the light company was killed, and the command fell on Lieut. Evans, a gallant young officer. He cheered on his men, and, I regret to say, the majority of the light company of that Regiment fell; a finer set of fellows could not have been, and their loss was much deplored. The success of the affray terminated in the favor of Mahomed. General England was necessitated to effect a retreat with a severe loss, but I believe nothing could be more praiseworthy than the conduct of the Europeans, and the greater portion of the Natives, on this occasion. The 21st Native Infantry were much to blame, for it was believed that, had they advanced to the charge with the 41st, victory was certain. The cause of this catastrophe I never learned, further than the General was proceeding under the guidance of the Political Agent at Quetta, a Lieutenant Hammersly, whose youth was much against him. It is the practice of

the Indian Government to place young men (who doubtless are exceedingly clever in a scholastic view,) in charge of the political powers of certain portions of the country, whose duties I have already detailed, and whose orders were always to be considered peremptory. Now, when we consider the fact of an experienced General, like England, Nott, or Pollock, commanding a large army, and necessitated to act under the directions of a mere boy, whose negotiations with chiefs are likely to have been misled, owing to their taking advantage of his youth or consequent want of practical knowledge, the chances are ten to one against their success. Sir T. Wilshire would not listen to them, nor did Nott. The force generally regretted the result, lest it should be said, or even surmised, that anything was wanted to establish their valour. They acted nobly, and I was told by Lieutenant Evans that the affair was most unfortunate; that the General had been assured by Lieutenant Hammersly that the route was secure, and there was no danger of being intercepted. He told me that the conduct of the men, except the 21st Natives, was all that Britain could wish; and I must confess that whenever I saw the 41st engaged, they always behaved most nobly and courageously. It was unfortunate, because it was the first engagement Sir Richard had had an opportunity of commanding in the country, but he was known to be a gallant officer from his earliest career. News was still a stranger to

us: correspondence was cut off in every direction; we were a completely ignorant mob of beings. However, after a short time a courier arrived with the news to the General, that England was to make a second attempt to advance on the 1st March;—and Nott, under the impression that the enemy had got possession of the Kojuk Heights, despatched a brigade of two Regiments and four guns, to the pass, in order to act in conjunction with General England, who was on the other side, and thus hem in the enemy, and at once capture him. On their arrival, however, they found that the foe had disappeared, and the whole returned to Candahar without even the risk of placing a spot on British fame. I would speak much more on this subject, but my incompetency to judge the acts of fighting Generals further than what I see, bespeaks I should not express my opinion; but this I must say, if General England in this case was unfortunate, it was not for want of courage. When all were together at Candahar, we mustered a force of 9,000 to 10,000 men, which, under such command, were able to stand against almost any force the Affghans could raise. Amongst the host of arrivals with General England's force, were several camels laden with boxes of letters, newspapers, &c., being the gatherings of upwards of four months' European mails, which left us in possession of abundance of news. The press had been hard at work about us, as none knew what had become of us. One pa-

per issued an advertisement,—“Lost, stolen, or strayed, the 40th Regiment,” &c. Amongst other parts of the news came the accounts of the disastrous doings at Cabool, Ghuznee, &c., developing all the treachery of the insolent Affghans, and the determination of the government not to permit British honor to be trampled on so indignantly without being rejected. Orders were received to scour the country from right to left, and it had been decided on sending a strong army into the country to revenge the insults practised on us. A strong division was assembled at Peshawur, at the mouth of the Khiva, under Major General Pollock, who was prevented from immediate advance towards Jellalabad by the inclemency of the weather. Orders were also received by Nott to move towards Ghuznee. A large army was forming at Ferozepore, called an Army of Reserve, under the command of the Governor General Lord Ellenborough. The mails brought so much news that we were all on the tip-toe of information, and many indeed were the different versions of the stories. Letters from public and private parties all tended to add—and I must here remark the ecstasy that is felt at receiving a line from dear friends must only be felt to know; for, true, indeed, it may be said, that “Absence makes the heart grow fonder.” The press of matter now will, I fear, prevent my entering too freely into the sentiment of feelings—as this part of the narrative, up to the

end, will be one series of successive trials, that they will alone, I feel persuaded, speak for themselves. I will endeavour to point out the various places as we come to them, as clearly as possible, but not so lengthy a description as I could wish, did space permit.

The first thing the General considered necessary was the relief of the oppressed force at Killat-I-Gilzie, of which I spoke in a preceding chapter. Accordingly, on the 18th May, 1842, a force, consisting of the 40th, the 2nd Native Infantry, and a brigade of Artillery, were despatched under the command of Colonel Wymer, to the assistance and relief of Captain Craigie and Major Leech. The road from Candahar to Killat-I-Gilzie, which is nine days' march, was somewhat difficult, owing to the many ascents and descents met with. The mountains on either side are particularly lofty—contain beautiful springs watering the valleys, which were plentifully cultivated. As we passed through these beautiful dales, filled with grain just ripening, and merely awaiting the hand of the industrious reaper to collect a rich crop, we were obliged to destroy hundreds of acres in pitching camp and grazing cattle: and thousands of acres remained this year ungathered, owing to the natives, who inhabited the hills, having deserted them and joined the mob; our cattle, therefore, fed most sumptuously on the neglected harvest of the foolish Affghan villagers. In three or four parts of our route,

where the springs from the mountains were hidden from our view, the wells dug proved brackish, and tended greatly to discomfort us. On the 28th of the month we reached the desired spot, and glad they were to see our approach, and happy at the sight of friends once more; immediate preparations were commenced for evacuating the place, and prepare to brave the field again with an auxiliary on whom they could depend. It appeared that, five days before our arrival, the enemy, who had succeeded for so long a time in keeping off supplies, and had rendered them in consequence most wretched, and no doubt aware of our approach, made a general attack on the fort, making several attempts to storm it, but were ably kept off. On the east side of the hill it appears they made a noble one, having got scaling ladders, &c., up to the wall, but were not so fortunate as they might have expected: the small band in possession, seeing their drift, waited an opportunity of attacking them when they were on the side of the mountains, and succeeded so far that the enemy retired, leaving a great number on the hill side, dead; I carefully examined the plan of defence, which reflected the greatest credit on all parties. I have already given a description of the commanding position of Killat-I-Gilzie, and when we consider the difficulties this small force had undergone in keeping off the enemy, and holding out for so many months, it is indeed one which must crown Captain

Craigie with fame; as also Major Leech. After all that was considered useful had been taken out the buildings, they were destroyed, and the force returned towards Candahar. During the absence of this brigade, the folks at Candahar were not permitted to be idle; for the enemy, which had assembled under Suftur Jung, made its appearance, under the impression that General Nott had again left the city bare of troops, and that this time they would most certainly effect their purpose. They emerged from the narrow pass described as being near the front of the cantonments, several thousands in number, when the General directed a brigade to move out and attack them. The 41st, with some other troops (natives), advanced to meet them; and Suftur, finding that the Fort was not so empty as he expected, was forced into the fight; the General commanded, in person, and throwing skirmishers out—commanded by young Evans, who performed his duty most nobly—the General formed up and chased them, and after a smart affray, forced them to decamp with a great loss. I very much regretted having been absent from so gallant an affair, being with Wymer's Brigade; I read the despatch of the General to Government on the subject, and he spoke in the highest possible terms of the conduct of the Troops, particularly the 41st Regiment, and Lieutenant Evans, who never permitted an opportunity to pass where he saw the least chance of gaining honor; the 41st

Regiment were a fine body of men, and when it is remembered the extensive marching they had undergone, for, I believe, they marched, whilst in India, more than any other corps; they kept up their discipline and appearance remarkably well. After this the vicinity of Candahar became tolerably quiet, and early in June, Suftur Jung, doubtless tired of the life he had been leading, surrendered to the General, as a prisoner, and was accepted, to the great disappointment of the Force at large, who fully expected he would have been hanged as a traitor, after such crimes as he had committed. Soon after this, orders were received from Lord Ellenborough, to evacuate Candahar, and retire to Hindostan; this was indeed glad tidings, such as had not been heard for years; and my readers may imagine the effect of such on the minds of those who had been so long subjected to the hardships of the field—the joy we felt at the prospect of a return to a tranquil spot; active preparations were at once commenced for our departure; all heavy stores, for which carriage could not be procured, were destroyed; and the General, with a view to prevent the possibility of the inhabitants of Candahar from acting upon us as they did at Cabool, ordered every gun and implement of war in Candahar, likely to be of the least use in such a case, to be destroyed, leaving them armless and harmless; there were about thirty pieces of Persian manufactured Ordnance, consisting of nine and twelve pounders,

with an immense quantity of small arms. Many of our own pieces, such as belonged to men deceased, or surplus armoury, were all destroyed. The Commissariat was collecting all the cattle possible, purchasing at any price, camels, mules, bullocks, asses, or any beast calculated to carry at all, in order to prevent the destruction of Government property as much as possible. Carriage was very limited, and the quantity allowed to individuals was very small; one camel only to be allowed for ten men, and each camel's load not to exceed three hundred pounds; therefore, the extent of the soldier's comfort was wrapped up in a pigmy packet of thirty pounds weight, including his bed; but this had been the constant practice, and therefore was no deeper felt now than before. One very gross act existed, that the soldier, who was undergoing all the hardships for his country, had to pay out of his small pittance, for the carriage of this twenty-eight or thirty lbs., at the rate of two or three shillings a month.\* The Commissariat were directed to carry with them forty days' supply. It was arranged that General England should proceed down the Passes towards Sukkur, and on his way, collect all the Troops stationed in any part of

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\*The soldiers lost during four years in the field, owing to wear and tear—having to pay extortionate prices for necessaries, carriage, &c.,—not less than 200 or 300 rupees each—and the Government compensation was about 80 or 100, setting aside the hardships and privations.

Scinde and Beeloochistan, whilst General Nott proceeded towards Ghuznee, in favor of our comrades, who were in "durance vile." Prince Timor Shah, not willing to remain in the city without the protection of British Troops, was placed under the charge of General England, to proceed to Sukkur; all having been satisfactorily arranged, Candahar was evacuated by the British on the 5th of August, 1842, and formed in camp close to its walls, with positive directions from the General, that neither soldier nor follower was, under any pretence whatever, to re-enter the city.

At Candahar, the Troops passed one of the severest winters known in Affghanistan; the thermometer for some time being much below freezing point. The Monsoon does not visit Affghanistan, although we had some very rainy weather; on more than one occasion, it prevented a movement against the enemy. The weather in June, was the hottest I had ever felt it, the thermometer standing as high as 148°. During this sojourn in camp, we were awaiting a small force, who had been despatched to Ghrisk, a stronghold affording great security for the enemy, and Nott determined on its destruction, ere he left it. In short, his work was intended to be one of destruction generally, and he was evidently determined to lose no chance of revenging the foul treachery of the massacre at Cabool. The Troops ever since, had been kept in continual excitement, and exposed to every kind

of danger and hardship. The sick of all the Regiments, unable to proceed with Nott's Army of Reserve, were attached to General England's division downwards. The party from Ghrisk returned; the General issued most rigid orders on the subject of plundering. He stated, that as we were about to march through an enemy's country, he trusted every man would feel he was a Briton, and that none would attempt to violate the law by plundering; and he declared most positively, that any one, either soldier or follower, whom he discovered so offending, he would surely hang, and that nothing should prevent his order being carried into execution.

## CHAPTER XV.

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March towards Ghuznee; Strong force; Extensive supplies required; Difficult to procure; Major Leech, an excellent caterer; So far pretty quiet; Skirmish on the 28th August; Bravery of Lieutenant Chamberlain; Severe affray with 3rd Light Cavalry; Loss of Captain Reeves, and Quarter Master Berry; Indignation of the General; Injudicious conduct; Advice to young Officers; Awful example; Preparations for Battle; Destruction of a fortress; Three prisoners taken; March to Gowine; The enemy our constant companion; Shoams-ood-Seen; Khan, the Commander; Arrival at Gowine; The battle; Bad ground; Captain White's Light Battalica; Anderson's and Blood's Artillery; Narrow escape; Unpleasant discovery; The heat of battle; The charge; The return; The enemy proceed to Ghuznee; March across the Plain of a Thousand Forts; The Hazaras, a friendly tribe; Provisions no longer procurable; Discovery of grain and forage; Doings at Cahool; Treachery at Ghuznee; Situation of Colonel Palmer's Brigade; Misery experienced; Treaty signed and broken; Palmer tortured; Officers taken prisoners; Their treatment; Awful situation; Nott advances; 5th of September; Attack on Ghuznee; Noble conduct of the 16th Native Infantry; Storming of Balloon Hill; Success; Unwelcome visitor in Camp; Necessary retreat; Preparations for storming the Fortress; Night before the battle; Doings in the dark; Morning of the 6th September; Glorious sight; Ghuznee ours.

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ON the 7th of August, we re-commenced our march General Nott proceeded to Abdool Azeez, only six miles; merely to put all things in order of march.

On our arrival, we found ourselves deserted by a great number of camel attendants, who, being of the opinion that fighting was the object in view, chose rather to remain at Candahar; however, others were engaged; although characters of a suspicious nature, we were compelled to employ them, and we experienced great trouble for several days. We marched on in peace, except on one occasion, a grazing party out with cattle were attacked, and most barbarously murdered, and were brought in, many of them headless; on the road to Killat-I-Gilzie, which we had again to pass, many of the valleys of ripened grain, which I stated to be fit for cutting, had been reaped by the natives, after the affair with Craigie, and it left our route very clear. There was a great annoyance experienced by the loss of camels, and consequently their loads; the attendants we had been forced to hire, being Affghans, used to lead the cattle off the line, and decamp with them in the dark, as the system of moving along is by tying the nose-rope of the camel, to the tail of a leader, and they move along as far as you like thus to attach them, having an attendant to the first one; whenever they are detached, they can be led in any direction, and, on a dark night, and spite of all flanking parties, many lines may be formed,—and it became almost an every day occurrence, that cattle were thus stolen. The force used to march early, perhaps at one or two, A. M.,

and if the moon assisted us, even earlier. There was a great scarcity of wood, it being indispensable for cooking, and required an enormous quantity, to supply daily upwards of 20,000 persons, and any thing we could get, was purchased; if the villagers whom we passed, would cut down trees, a great price was given for them; if they refused to assist us, why, of course, we did not scruple to assist ourselves, and sooner than go without a meal, we were obliged to unroof their huts, and burn the beams; there was a root or brushwood, which grows in great quantities, in and near the camp, but not sufficient for so great a force.

Major Leech, who I mentioned as the Political Functionary at Killat-I-Gilzie, having been in this country for many years, and appeared to be well known by all the natives in the places we came to, was most indefatigable in his exertions to collect supplies. The great number of cattle attached to so extensive a force must necessarily require a great supply of forage, and I being personally attached to the Commissariat Department at this period, was in the habit of accompanying the Major, whose knowledge of the Affghan customs, was very extensive, and his arrangements with them very praiseworthy; we would proceed on a short distance in advance, and the natives for several days' march, seemed to revere him, and acquiesce in his wishes at once; he would form a market, see them paid for their goods, and thus

ensured us supplies we should otherwise have been very much short of; and in fact, so popular was the name of Leech amongst the natives that a mere mention of it was sufficient to soon bring a quick supply in the market.

Our further progress, however, bore a different aspect, for as we came to towns, forts, villages, we found them deserted in a great measure, and on our nearer approach towards Ghuznee, entirely so; on the 27th we reached Mokur, and nothing of importance occurred up to this time, save a few straggling shots. They, however, now began to make their appearance in small bodies, and on our arrival here we discovered the enemy had but just quitted it, and on our approach had gone into the hills. Our camp was pitched under a large mountain, which to a great extent overhung the tents, and the enemy, who were on the other side, ventured to fire their matchlocks, though without damage, although balls came into a tent I happened to be in amongst the men, two or three followers, who went up the mountain, were cut up. One of the enemy purposely straying into the camp, began a series of enquiries of some sepoys, as to the strength of our force, who, seeing his drift, soon settled him, in order that he might not return with the information he had received. Mokur is one of the most beautiful and salubrious climates I was ever in; it abounds with verdure, and every kind of fertility; the thermometer never exceeded 80°, and the water

excellent ; it was recommended on the early occupation of Afghanistan, as a first rate station for Europeans ; fruits and vegetables were in abundance, and in short, but for the great lonesomeness of the situation, I must say I should have liked to reside there. The force was ordered to march at four, A. M. ; during the route on the 24th, about five miles from our destined encampment, some three or four hundred of the enemy were seen to lie from the adjacent hills, with which we were surrounded, and shewing a bold front began to wave their swords in bravado. The General directed three troops of the 3rd Light Cavalry, and two Resillahs (troops) of Christie's Horse, to go and dislodge them.

The small party galloped off, but on reaching them, within about four hundred yards, a deep ravine made its appearance, which before had not been seen ; this the enemy well knew would be an obstruction, and had taken up a position on the other side ; our gallant band, nothing daunted, soon got over, and most manfully charged them : they, finding themselves likely to be overpowered, as usual made off, except about eighty, whom our cavalry cut up. We lost two men, and several wounded, amongst whom was an unexceptionably brave officer, Lieut. Chamberlain, who commanded Christie's Horse, whose intrepid conduct on this, as well as on every other occasion, has been most honorably distinguished ; this was the third time he had been wounded. Dr. Colquhoun, who

accompanied the detachment, evinced great skill and bravery, and most certainly did honor to his profession, as a soldier; he fortunately escaped unhurt.

The country we were marching through was one of the most mountainous, surrounded in every direction by defiles, and occupied in many instances by a treacherous foe; it was impossible to move but in imminent certainty of a sudden attack, either from some overwhelming position impossible to oppose, or else by some undue means of treachery; to us the country was, speaking generally, unknown, and left us therefore in a most pitiful position. On our arrival in camp this day, a body of Affghans were seen to emerge from a defile in front of the camp, and the greater portion of our cavalry, commanded by Captain Reeves, who with other officers made off to attack them, being piqued with the recollection of the Cabool affair; but on their reaching near, it was discovered that the body in question was merely a decoy, and that their main force was encamped behind the hill, from whence they were seen to come; some nine hundred of them rushed out, and but for the greatest dexterity on the part of our few in making a retreat, must have inevitably been cut up to a man. The Affghans suffered no loss, and we lost twenty-five men, amongst whom was Captain Reeves, and Quarter Master Berry; we had several, both men and horse, wounded, including Lieutenants Ravenscroft and Mackenzie.

This sad mishap I regret to say was an entirely misled affair, and was totally unknown to the General, who expressed his utmost displeasure at such a proceeding. It was fortunate indeed that more of our officers were not cut up; for several headstrong young fellows, who were big with glory, and snapped at every little chance they could get of having what they called a cut at them, little considering what a risk they ran of losing their lives, and forgetting that too much neglected thing, the probability of depriving their country of their service, entrusted as they are with commissions, and so soon to forget the use they are required to make of them. Let this be a word of advice to all young officers, not to be too rash, or to do other than their precise duty, nor even to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger, by too much voluntary zeal. Let them bear in mind that the former places their men without a leader, depriving often the General of an able member on whom he can rely in time of need, but who in consequence of undue, uncalled-for bravery, is lost to him; and oftentimes deprives his country of a brave and most noble soldier, who has the most right to his life, if it is necessary to give it up; forbear and think, and never expose yourselves when you are not required. Several officers who accompanied this party learned a dear lesson, amongst whom were Lieut. Evans, 41st, Meason and others. Oh! our feelings were racked when on returning to camp, and looking back on

the enemy, we were obliged to witness the barbarous rascals cutting the bodies of poor Reeves and Berry into pieces.

Touched with displeasure, as the General was, he could not quietly put up with this loss ; he directed a division of six Regiments, and sixteen guns, to move on, and attack them ; he led the van, and advanced for about three miles. The enemy, however, seemed unwilling to make a similar effort on this force, and made off into the mountains, and the General well knew, it was useless to follow them, because, as I before explained, the intricacies of the country being entirely unknown to us, and the enemy knowing all the secret paths, with horses like mountain goats, enabled them to lead us a sorry life ; the main satisfaction we could get was to destroy their forts and dwellings. The force was ordered to return to camp ; the vicinity of our route was intercepted with several forts ; on passing one several shots were fired at us, and it proved to contain a considerable number of the rebel foe, who, not permitting us to move unmolested, opened a fire from the battlements. The General ordered a storming party of the 40th and 41st, and directed a nine-pounder to be taken to another gate, in order to effect a second entrance. This was soon done, and a severe scuffle took place ; it contained several women and children, who were allowed to depart unhurt ; but the men were destroyed, the fort was set on fire,

and we returned to camp, after a three and a half hours fatiguing job: we brought in the fragments of the bodies of Reeves and Berry, and buried them in front of the camp; the 40th had four wounded, and the 41st one. The force was ordered to march at six, A. M., though only two miles, and merely to enable us to change our position of camp, from a line, to a square, the last ground not admitting of it, and it being a better protection from the dangerous enemy we had to contend with, and also, that a camp like ours in line, was so long, and was left in its rear, almost unprotected by even the guards and piquets, whereas, in square, we had four faces, and our baggage, hospital, and followers, in the centre.

On our arrival at the new ground, the cooking places of the enemy had got a fire in them, and they were seen in large numbers on the hills; we, however, remained pretty quiet here, and were ordered to move at four, A. M.: three prisoners were taken, and shots were frequently exchanged during the night, by the sentinels. One of the prisoners was despatched with a letter to the commander of the hostile party, and was directed to return with an answer, by twelve o'clock, or the other two would be sacrificed.

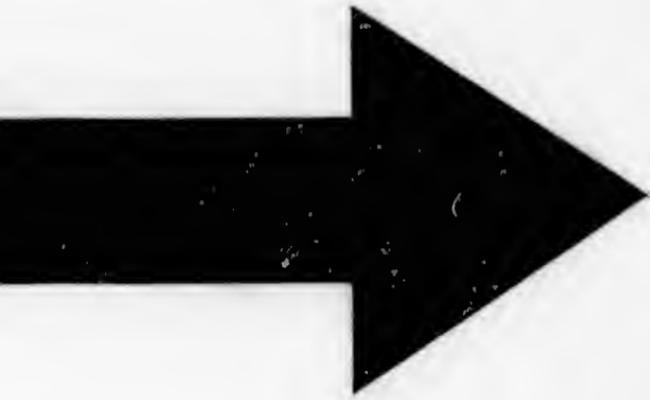
We commenced our march this morning, the 30th, for Gowine, and the enemy accompanied us, keeping up in fine style, about three miles to our right. We reached our ground without molestation, and

pitched camp; the enemy halted also; some stationed themselves in forts, in the vicinity of our camp; we could distinctly hear their drums; and a great portion of them encamped on the hills. Shooms-ood-Dien Khan, cousin of Mahomed Akbar, who murdered M'Naughten, commanded the Force, and mustered about 16,000 men, horse and foot. The ground at Gowine was ill-calculated for a battle-field; for Shooms-ood-Dien seemed inclined to give us a little fair play, or rather a foul chance at him this time—but ground to a British Force is not the object,—the enemy, and the word, is all, and the rest will soon tell for itself. Nott ordered the troops to be in readiness, to move into action at three, P. M., in two brigades; the first to move to the right and front, and the second to move in like manner to the left, thereby enabling us to surround the forts as we went along, and settle them, ere we approached the main body. The first brigade consisted of H. M. 40th, the 16th and 38th Bengal N. I., two 18-pounders, four 12-pounders, and six 6-pounders, under the command of the General. The 2nd Brigade consisted of H. M. 41st, two Regiments of Native Infantry, and an equal proportion of Artillery; in addition to this, the light companies of the corps formed a Light Battalion, under the command of Captain White, 40th. Captain White, and his Light Battalion were exemplary during the campaign, and performed some most brilliant and arduous duties.

The Brigades took up fine positions in a valley, unseen by the enemy, until all was prepared for immediate action; when both Brigades suddenly made their appearance, about three hundred and fifty yards from their principal fort, and about one thousand eight hundred yards from the main body. Detached parties of them were seen to our right; but a small hill which obstructed our view, left us unable to ascertain their strength on it: a portion of the Light Brigade were detached to take the hill, and a severe conflict took place, which ended in our getting possession. A severe fire was commenced on the forts from the heavy battery, under Captain Blood, and a breach was effected on the large forts.

Anderson's guns made fine play on the main body in front, and we were soon answered by a dreadful volley of Artillery from them, which at once astonished us, for although we had heard of their having guns, we did not before believe it. They commenced a severe practice on us, and seemed to understand the use of them, to a greater extent than we anticipated. A company of Infantry was sent to cover each of our heavy guns, and the enemy made them occasionally a mark, and succeeded in wounding several. On one occasion, as I was standing somewhat carelessly in the ranks, a 6-pounder passed between my legs, and took the feet off a native follower in rear; the direction of the enemy was turned on our lines, but seemed

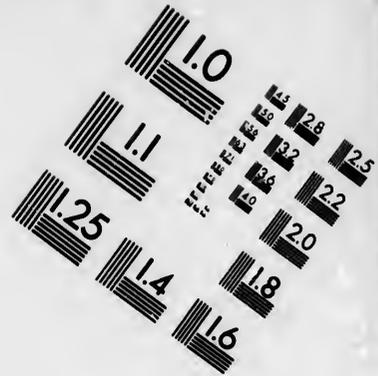
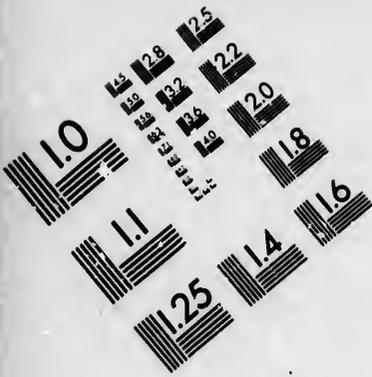




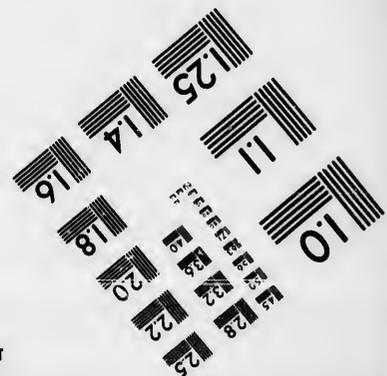
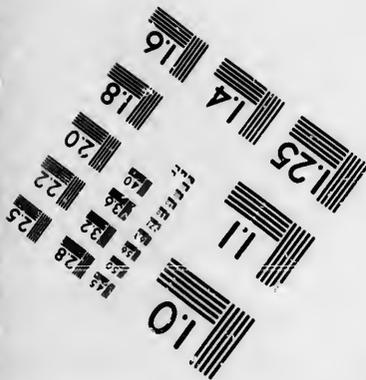
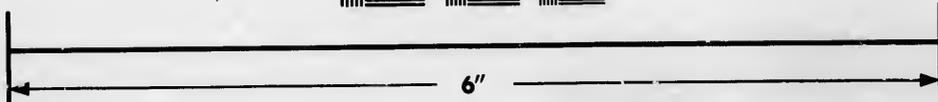
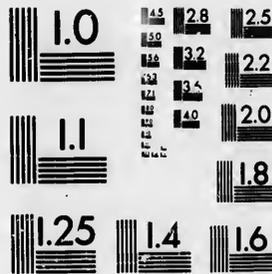
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not to guess, as well as us, the mode of good aiming. The General directed our best shots, to aim for disabling their guns, which was done in two instances. The enemy now began to advance, their Artillery men proved themselves excellent shots, and were doubtless, some of those who deserted from us at Candahar.

I had on several occasions been exposed to the fire of musketry, but never before to artillery, which is not the most pleasant situation to be in, nor do I suppose I shall be much envied! As we advanced, skirmishers were thrown out, to cover the two brigades, who were now formed into one line; the enemy likewise sent out skirmishers, and the two lines kept up a heavy fire, and numbers of both sides fell. After advancing for a considerable time the General called them in, which was no sooner done, than he gave the word, Charge! and a more awful sight scarce ever met my eyes. The enemy, I fancy, must not have expected it, or they were ill prepared for it; they made an attempt to retire, but not before we had cut up immense numbers. As we advanced it was difficult to keep the line, the dead and dying and wounded being strewed over our path; we were suddenly halted, a volley fired, and re-charged again; the General directed the cavalry to follow them, and as it was now growing dark, we retraced our steps back towards camp, leaving a Regiment to bring in the captured guns, and collect our dead and wounded. The gallantry of

the whole force on this day was all that could be wished for ; the conduct of the Light Companies of the 40th, 41st, and 16th, in the hill to the right, was really great indeed ; the whole returned, doubtless, greatly fatigued, but crowned with a glorious victory. Shooms-ood-Dien made off, I dare say, with a flea in his ear. On returning, I saw, and took from the bodies of the enemy, lying dead, great portions of our ammunition ; the rascals had actually been shooting at us with our own shot, evidently that taken from Ghuznee ; the loss of the enemy was very great, but owing to their old system of carrying off their dead, we could not ascertain the precise number ; ours was comparatively very small. We were ordered to halt the next day at our present encampment. The halt day was occupied in replenishing our stores with the grain, &c., from the captured forts, and very acceptable it was, for Major Leech's power was gone ; his voice no longer recognised by the villagers, and our only chance now was to do the best we could. This part of Affghanistan was in a high state of cultivation, and was studded with small forts, which were built very compactly, but were nearly all deserted, the inhabitants having gone to join the force towards Ghuznee. The enemy, no doubt tired from the severity of the Gowine affray, left us to rest in quietude this day, and glad enough all parties were.

We had no alarm, save their being seen to move off in the afternoon, which of course caused us to be under arms. The engagement of the 30th was the most severe I had up to this time ever seen, and most certainly it did credit to our men. The General issued orders, returning his thanks for the energy and bravery evinced by every man, and expressed his opinion that he should very likely ere long have an opportunity of again witnessing their conduct in battle. The force was ordered to proceed to "Chupper Khana." On our march we saw several small bodies of the scattered foe moving off, and we discovered the track of two guns having gone towards the hills, which corroborated the fact that they had yet more with them.

The natives of this part of the country are Hararahs, a tribe peculiar in their habits; they are a fine, robust, noble looking people; the countenance, flat and round, after that of the Mogul Tartar, or Chinese; they follow the form of worship of the Persians, and do not scruple to eat with another race; but they will not drink out of the same vessel with you; they are a people of great muscular power, and live principally by farming, and proved themselves to be great friends to the British; and were mentioned by Sir John Keane as having assisted him much in supplying his force, and shewed their anxiety to do so now. They immediately filled our bazaars with provision, and gave every information in their power relative to the enemy.

This place, as well as the last we left, was thronged with small, neatly built forts, erected in two lines, and was called, "The plain of a thousand forts;" the one side was occupied by the Affghans, and the other by the Hazarahs; the former were all deserted; and we could therefore get no supplies from them; we had therefore to plunder and destroy them; we wanted grain principally for our cattle, our other supplies of food being more easy to procure; the meat required for the troops was killed daily, the cattle being driven with the force; the flour required for bread and biscuit, used to be ground by native followers, with hand-mills, on every halt day. It however turned out that the Affghans, finding in the lower country that we were determined to have supplies by force, if no one would sell, intimated to the upper posts for them to secrete their grain, and thus prevent us from plundering it; but I was passing round a fort one day with a stick in my hand, and I found the earth weak, and driving it in, I soon found out the spoil. I took from holes round the outside of one fort, grain, barley and wheat sufficient to load two hundred camels, and our first look out after that, was of course for the grain graves. We were ordered to halt here for a day, but in consequence of news of importance arriving from Ghuznee, where we had spies, we were directed to march at five, A. M., next day.

During the time that Sir William McNaughten and General Elphinstone were negotiating with

Akbar Khan, for evacuating the country, it may be remembered that orders were sent to Ghuznee, Killat-I-Gilzie, and Candahar, for the commanders there to evacuate them also ; the two latter were however, fortunately, not complied with, or no doubt Nott's force would have met a similar fate to those at Cabool, having a similar route to travel, *via* the Kojuk and Bolun Passes. Ghuznee was, however, after considerable parley between Colonel Palmer, who commanded, and Shooms-ood-Dien, who was directed to treat with, and protect the Ghuznee force through the country, given up according to a treaty solemnly sworn to by the Sirdar and his colleagues.

General Nott, it will be remembered, despatched a brigade under Colonel McLaren from Candahar, to the assistance of Palmer ; but from the sudden inclemency of the weather, and heavy falls of snow, was weather-bound, and unable either to advance or return ; the Ghuznee folk knew not of this, and assistance was expected daily by them. Colonel Palmer, who held Ghuznee with the 27th Regiment, Native Infantry, and a few others, had been long held in jeopardy, and about the end of 1841, news came that Ghuznee was surrounded by 20,000 men, being a division of Akbar Khan's army, who had massacred the Cabool force, in the Tezeen Pass ; in the early part of the year 1842, the weather became very severe, the thermometer standing sometimes ten, twelve, and more than that

below zero ; and it may be imagined, the sufferings of the natives of India, 'in such a severe clime, was dreadful indeed ; the cold has an awful effect on the native soldiers ; they lose all courage, and I do not hesitate to say, that had the enemy, in any instance, summoned pluck to attack us in cold weather, they could have gained a victory ; that is when Europeans were not a part of the force. They were compelled, from the constant annoyance of the surrounding foe, to keep in the fortress, and soon after brought the arrival of Shoods-ood-Dien Khan ; and the Colonel, unwilling to give up the place, kept the Sirdar at bay, or in treaty, till the middle of March, when the chiefs, determining to stand it no longer, resolved to commence hostilities, and stop all supplies. The force, having no water in the citadel, were in a helpless condition ; the snow now disappeared,—and the provisions were consumed, the fortress surrounded with an overwhelming foe, no arrival from Candahar, no prospect of succour, only one solitary regiment of some six or seven hundred men to oppose 20,000,—left the Colonel no other medium, than to enter into the best terms he could, and he hoped to effect an arrangement which would at least secure them protection. A treaty was then entered into, to the effect that the force occupying Ghuznee should be conducted with safety and honor to Peshawar, with all their property inviolate. This was most solemnly sworn to by all concerned, and the troops left the citadel, and were

quartered in the town, under the walls of the citadel, it being impossible to proceed until the snow had subsided from the passes. The troops had no sooner quitted the citadel, and the enemy in possession of it, than they turned traitors, violating their oaths; and mocking the troops as infidels and culprits; they commenced a severe battle, and succeeded in annihilating many of the troops. Palmer, however, who had arranged in the treaty that each man should carry fifty rounds of ammunition, formed up his few remaining men, and succeeded in keeping off the enemy till night; but alas! his ammunition was all expended, several of the officers were wounded, and there was no chance of escape; efforts were made to dig a hole through the wall, which, after a long time, having nothing but bayonets to work with, was accomplished, and one by one numbers escaped, but to meet a worse fate; the enemy, discovering this, stopped it, and the houses occupied by them in the town were filled with the dead and dying; poor Mrs. Lumsden, and her husband, with all the servants in the house, were put to death. Colonel Palmer was in a most dejected state, no provisions of any kind, nor prospect of any; the scene was horrible; the day broke, and the few remaining collected together at headquarters; they burnt their property, some their watches, rings, miniatures, and the colors of the regiment, lest they should fall in the traitors' hands; one man, having some gold, loaded his piece, deter-

mined, if he did sacrifice it, it should be in some of their bodies. The few remaining Sepoys now became desperate, and gave up all idea of discipline. Shooms-ood-Dien and the chiefs again swore by all the most sacred oaths, that if they would lay down their arms, all would be right, and that they should be sent to Cabool, and honorably treated, as soon as possible. The Sirdar sent and begged they would come into the citadel, to treat on the subject, as they were in the utmost danger, as the Ghazees were only awaiting for their lives outside. They went up to the gate, gave up their swords, and were ushered into the presence of the chief; those who refused to enter the citadel were cut to pieces or alike made prisoners. The chief for the first few days treated them tolerably well, but afterwards very severely; they were placed in small rooms, about twenty feet, by nine, together, without beds or comforts; not even changes of linen, in consequence of which they were soon covered with vermin and filth, open to every chance of contracting a loathsome disease—dirty, and miserable. They tortured the Colonel with ropes and tent pegs, by dragging his joints and feet; they were told they would be each tortured in turn, and the pleasantness of such a life may be imagined, never an hour certain of being alive; but life was worse than all then. News at length arrived of the murder of Shah Shoojah, the king of Cabool, and the severities heaped on the Ghuznee prisoners

were threefold ; occasionally, the wretches would be a little easy, and then would seem as if they had been concocting some other plan to render their lives more miserable. All this went on till August, when they were sent off towards Cabool, and on their arrival were taken direct to Akbar Khan, the cold-blooded murderer of McNaughten. He said that he had repeatedly sent off directions to Ghuznee, to have them sent to Cabool, but his letters remained unanswered ; but now they had come they should be treated like officers ; the news was doubtless acceptable, after such a specimen of Affghan sympathy as that at Ghuznee ; on the following morning after breakfast, they were sent to join the other British prisoners, who had been taken at Cabool, who were a few miles off, Akbar kindly handing them over to the care of Major Pottinger ; a list of clothes they required was sent to the Khan, and supplied, and they then proceeded with the whole of the prisoners to Bameean, under the care of an arrant rascal of a chief, whose word or oath was not in the least to be depended on.

In consequence of news arriving from Ghuznee, we were ordered to proceed at once. Nothing of note occurred for three or four days ; the enemy having evidently gone to assemble in one body at Ghuznee, and await our arrival. The orchards well filled with fruits, were ripening fast, and the Tribe of Hazaraks still continued to supply our bazaar, and the fruit was a fine luxury,

being cheap, as well as good. I had almost forgotten to remark, that for several days, as we came along, we were joined by men of the 27th Regiment, Native Infantry; being some of those who had escaped from Ghuznee, at the time of the outbreak, and were, as they joined, taken on our strength; they had on generally the Affghan costume, and were known by their manners, and caste; these arriving almost daily, were examined as to the force at Ghuznee; we learned that Shooms-ood-Dien had possession of the fortress, that a very strong force had assembled, and that they labored under the impression, that we should retire from them, as they held it, and in stronger force than when captured by Keane, in 1839.— On our nearer approach towards Ghuznee, greater numbers of the 27th came in, and of course, gave much information. On the 4th of September, we reached camp, some six miles from the fortress, and early on the morning of the 5th, made slow progress, owing to the ground being so intersected with deep ravines, that it required considerable exertions to get the baggage and cattle over—we at length arrived in sight of the fortress, and it bore a most formidable appearance, and left the impression that much remained to be done.

Ghuznee is situated on the base of a hill, which supports its rear or main post, and commands a most extensive plain, and it is in the midst of a rich, fertile country; it has ever held the most noble

rank as a capital, and is capable of being rendered one of the most important fortifications in the Eastern Nations ; its adjacent hills are great, and border on Dera and Bameean ; it covers the routes of the latter, as well as Loghar and Cabool ; near the low hills which command the city, are several cemeteries, and ancient buildings ; at a short distance is Rozah, in which stands the great sepulchre, and shrine of Mahmood, the once famed Emperor of Ghuznee ; and of whom, "Dow" speaks so much in his History of Hindostan.

The revenue of Ghuznee, at the present day, is not very great ; but the country abounds in riches, in the shape of orchards, and other productions.

The fortress in itself is of great importance ; the town is walled round, and contains several thousand houses ; the former principally of stone, and the latter of mud. It is surrounded by a deep trench ; the main entrance, being the one blown up by Sir John Keane, is in ruins, and another was made to the right. In the centre of the town, stands the citadel, which had three tiers ; the lower one had been much improved since we possessed it, and a parade ground, or large square, had been formed, as a park for the ordnance. A river ran close by, which afforded good water, and rendered it almost complete. All remained quiet, till within a short distance from them, fortunately for us, as it enabled us to get up our baggage, and cattle ; close to the rear of the column, the road was very difficult, being

over extensive fields of long grass, and the ditches very numerous and wide, in crossing which the cattle were continually falling, which greatly delayed us. The General directed the Light Battalion to proceed with the Quarter Master General, to take up an encampment opposite to Ghuznee, at a place some two and a half miles from the fortress, known as Sir John Keane's garden. I accompanied this body, and as we proceeded, we discovered the enemy in the citadel, and a great number outside, preparing to advance. The Quarter Master General ordered a portion of his force to man a small hill, which commanded their approach, and left it in charge of Captain Adamson, of the 40th. The General despatched in another direction, the 16th Native Infantry, under Colonel McLaren, who were met by the enemy, and a smart action took place; fortunately, however, after having rallied for some time, the corps managed to get under cover, in a walled garden, about a mile from the fort, and kept them off in fine style; the Colonel, finding the enemy so numerous, feared a serious result, as the chances were, the General could not send him a re-inforcement, before the whole of his ammunition would be expended, and a soldier without ammunition, is not in the most enviable situation. The Quarter Master General's party was attacked, but effected a complete mastery over them, and drove them back. The General, perceiving the situation of McLaren, despatched the 3rd Regiment,

Light Cavalry, and two of Anderson's guns, who got up just in time to save them, as they were getting short of shot ; at length came up the General with the main body ; the cavalry made a grand charge after those outside the town, and we lost a great number of our men, but not before leaving a greater number of the enemy lying on the field ; during all this time those in possession of the citadel were not idle, but made some excellent play with their guns from the square I named, as being situate on the lower part of the citadel ; but fortunately for us their knowledge of the art of gunnery was so shallow that they did little or no damage with their guns. One of the hills mentioned as adjacent to the fortress, was called Balloon Hill, from its peculiar form, and difficulty of ascent ; this hill was literally crowded with the rebels, and their colours were planted in every direction ; they now began to emerge from the gates in great numbers, and finding, after the charge of the cavalry, that they had no chance of overpowering the front, Shooms-ood-Dien despatched a large force round, to attack the rear of our columns. The General had, however, taken the necessary precaution, and reinforced the rear guard to 2000 men, with six guns, including the heavy battery. Perceiving the object the enemy had in view, let fly a volley of grape to meet them, which had the desired effect, and left numbers of them dead on the ground, and the rest immediately made off ; the next

thing to be done was to get possession of Balloon Hill. This hill was so situated that it commanded all around it, and more particularly the square in the citadel, as it immediately covered it. The General directed the 40th and 16th to proceed at once and take the hill. The order was in itself easily given; my readers may imagine the position.

The guns from the citadel were in full play, the hill was in possession of, and covered by several hundreds of the enemy, both horse and foot; the ascent was considerable, and we were nearly two miles from it. However, it is not for Britons to look at difficulties in such a moment, for had we done so we should never have accomplished it; we set forward, and those in the fortress seeing our advance, opened a heavy fire upon us, which, Providence be thanked, showed us that they could not hit their mark, and we reached the foot of the hill with little loss. Those in possession, leapt for joy, at the apparent opportunity of cutting us off. We commenced the ascent, throwing out skirmishers in every direction; our fire was kept up steadily as on a parade, and every ball seemed to find its desired billet; numbers fell, of course, but not near so many as we had been anticipating. We were obliged to halt half way to gain breath, and necessitated to keep up a heavy fire; we again advanced, and the enemy began to show symptoms of retiring, which greatly encouraged us, and we made a desperate effort, and sent a volley into them, charged,

and at length they retired ; we followed, and at last gained the summit. They rushed down the other side, and made off in the direction of Candahar, where they were met by a brigade sent round by the General for that purpose.

Having gained possession of the hill, those in the citadel began to pour the fire of artillery into us, but as usual without success, and in order to get out of sight we were ordered to lie down, that they might imagine we had evacuated our position ; as we lay there, the balls were fast whistling over us, and the force under the command of the General was making a clean sweep of all those outside the walls, which after he had effected, next required the citadel. It was however found impracticable to storm the fortress that day, first because the Sappers and Miners could not have time to complete their operations, and second, in consequence of the fatigued state of the troops. The 16th was to be left in charge of the hill, and the 40th were ordered to return to the encampment ; this order was, if anything, even worse than the first, because all being comparatively quiet, we should, on retiring, be the only targets for them to fire at, and our utter destruction seemed inevitable ; we, however, had to obey, and as was expected, no sooner did we come under cover of their guns than they opened a severe fire from all their pieces, but their firing was always either too far, or too short ; and thus we reached camp in almost safety.

The followers had been all employed in pitching the tents, and the cooks (natives) had prepared our scanty meal; the 16th were left in possession of the hill; and the General ordered two guns, either under Captain Blood or Anderson, I really forget which, to proceed to the top of the hill, and dislodge them in the citadel, which, after some difficulty, was effected, and most ably did they accomplish their duty; they soon put a stop to them, and by their superior arrangement and management of artillery, disabled nearly all their guns. We had scarcely got well seated in our tents when we were suddenly surprised by the whizzing of a ball over the Camp, which lodged in the officers' mess tent of the 41st; after that came another and another, and they kept up a fine string of them, aiming most admirably. We soon discovered that they had a sixty-eight pounder, which before had remained quiet.

These shots coming so fast, and lodging just in our midst, doing considerable damage, although we were nearly two miles from it, compelled the General to shift camp a mile further off, and we were at last out of the reach of the bull-dog; they most certainly in this instance did put us to the route. This piece was called "Chuppa Jung," of Persian manufacture, and as is usual in all the forts of importance in Asia, was placed in the citadel; and a most powerful piece it was.

The General now began to arrange his plans for storming, and taking the fortress; the engineers were all busily employed in preparing for the operation; and as the day began to draw to a close, orders were issued for the troops to be in readiness to move just before daylight on the morrow. The night at length came on, and lights were ordered to be extinguished at eight, P. M.; and at that hour all was darkness, and enveloped upwards of 20,000 souls. It would be impossible for me to describe sufficiently the acuteness of a soldier's feelings the night before a battle; if an action takes place, suddenly, and without having been much contemplated, the thing is not so much felt, because circumstances will not permit him to reflect; but when, having been engaged, and the day's work is done, and knowing that the morrow will bring forth another conflict, it would be hard to describe the feelings at such a period.

Picture yourself, sitting after an action, surrounded with the remaining comrades, in your tent, and looking round to see how many there were left, and who are missing; to listen to the details as to who saw him last, and how he fell; and then to wonder whether you would be there tomorrow night, to talk over the exploits of the day: picture the soldier, with a throbbing heart, filled with anxiety at knowing he was about to form one of a storming party, on a place of immense

strength, which, almost under any circumstances, must result in the destruction of some hundreds of our men—and who were those men? That was the question. “Shall I get shot, I wonder, tomorrow?” one would say; “well if I do, let so and so be done.” “You’ll write to my friends and let them know about it,” another would ask of a comrade. “Of course I will,” would be his answer, “if I escape.”

Picture another on a hoarded sheet of paper, soiled with keeping, penning down his last wishes, in the fullest expectation of being killed; and imagine his inward feelings, silent and careworn, quietly ruminating on the morrow. There lay the men in sadness, on their cold and earthy beds, anxiously awaiting the signal to prepare for a last struggle; the expressions of each heart, could it have been made audible, would doubtless have been found to be offering up prayers to the maker and ruler of all things, or pondering over their boyhood’s days, when, surrounded by all the tranquillity of affection and happiness, when they had no care or fear. The scenes of early youth would pass as visions before their eyes, and present themselves in all their joyousness and fondness; the playmates would be whispering their mutual tales, and danger for the moment would be lost to the mind; the progressing years would follow fast in the weary soldier’s mind, and suddenly would return to his present situation, far far from those scenes and friends at once so dear and near, in hourly expectation of being sacrificed

in his country's cause, with the fear that those friends might never know the particulars of his last moments, while in the raging of battle, and tumult of the crush he would be consigned to a soldier's unknown grave. Such was the position in which the troops of Ghuznee were placed on the night of the fifth of September; every heart was filled with dismay, not knowing but that it was his last night with his comrades. There is scarce anything so painful amongst soldiers as parting with each other, a certain fraternal tie exists amongst them, which is in itself unaccountable; and at once makes our army so able and so powerful. All was at length prepared for the attack, and about half an hour before the day broke, the word was passed from tent to tent, to form up. Each rose in sadness, and many shook the hand of his comrade as for the last time; the cattle were despatched with the powder, to ensure the explosion, and platforms had been carefully planted for the heavy battery to commence a breach. The troops were slowly and silently advanced, and arranged ready to storm immediately after the gates were blown up; and daybreak was to be the signal. At length the day dawned, and lo! what was our surprise when we saw floating on the highest tower the English colors. The sight relieved each heart as though we had had a fortune. The enemy had during the night evacuated the citadel, having received certain orders to that effect from Cabool. Colonel McLaren, who had kept the hill,

finding they had left it, took immediate possession, and placed "The Flag that braved a thousand years" on the highest point. Thus did Providence prevent the inevitable loss of some hundreds of our force, and never was a force more agreeably surprised than those at Ghuznee on the 6th of September, 1841.

## CHAPTER XVI.

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Ghuznee; Chuppa Jung; Description of the Fortress; Interesting letters; The vicinity of Ghuznee; Orchards; Fruit; Preparations for destroying the Citadel; A general havoc; The Somnauth Gates; Mahmood's tomb; March towards Cabool; Futteh Khan's fort; Young'Evans again; Strange discovery; Captain Woodburn's will; His dreadful death, and massacre of his force; Night dangerous; Prospect of a night attack; Short but harrassing march; Valley of Midan; An impudent Chief; Suspicious arrival; Approach near Cabool; Entrance into Cabool; Lieut. Shakespeare; The prisoners; Sir Robert Sale's Brigade sent to rescue them.

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GHUZNEE being now ours, all hands made a point of visiting this impregnable fortress; and on entering, a road leading to the right brought us into the spot where lay all the disabled guns, and our friend "Chuppa Jung." The gun was of brass, and mounted on a large wooden carriage, and was surmounted at the centre by two brass lions and rings; its length was thirteen feet four inches; and two feet from the muzzle, five feet two inches in circumference; it had evidently been much used, as it bore the appearance of having been repaired. It was a most unwieldy instrument to move, but most certainly did great damage, and was well situated where it was. In this space was fine

stabling, and barracks which were erected and used by Palmer's Brigade. On retracing our steps, we came to a long passage, the end of which was the magazine, well stored with every kind of ordnance, fuzes, shells, rockets, ammunition of every description, being that left by Palmer on his evacuation.

Close to this place was a well, which, although dry, led us to believe that there was a possibility of procuring water, had it been tried, and I must confess my surprise that Palmer had not made some effort to have procured water in the fort; which, with his force, from the very commanding position afforded in the citadel, it would have been almost impossible to have lost.

Close by was an arch-way leading to the citadel; two large copper cased gates, studded with huge nails, formed the entrance, and on winding round to the left, led to an inner square; the buildings were of fine eastern construction, being ornamented with most delicate, perforated work, so joined with ingenuity together as to form a net-work, introducing most tasteful figures and designs. The walls plastered white and enamelled, ornamented and corniced; the houses were of two stories, and the lower ones were used as kitchens; in one of the upper landings I discovered two oblong, dark, narrow rooms, which, on examination, I found to have been occupied by our unfortunate countrymen, when prisoners here for

several months ; they were in a very filthy state, and the stench exceedingly disagreeable. On closer examination, which of course curiosity would lead to, several portions of writing were found on the walls, some written with burnt stick, a nail, or some other cutting substance, and one was in pencil. I took a literal copy of every portion of the writing, and it will of course be interesting to my readers, as well as corroborative and illustrative of the feelings of the unfortunate fellows ; it will also fully bear out the brief detail given by me of the affair, which is taken from an account I had from one of the prisoners' own lips.

The following are true copies :—

*First, (written with a blunt pencil.)*

“ Col. Palmer, Capt. Olston, Lt. Powett, Lt. Harris, Ensigns Williams, Nicholson, and Davis, and Dr. Thompson, 27th N. I., Capt. Lee Burnett, 54th, and Lt. Crawford, S. S. F., prisoners in the fort of Ghuznee, through the treachery of Sirdar Shoomsood-Dien Khan, his brothers Gool Mahomed, Nahib Ravoolish Khan, and Sirdar Mullok Mahomed, in having broken every article of two treaties solemnly sworn to. If on the arrival of any British force, the prisoners are not forthcoming, avenge them on the abovementioned, and on Khan Mahomed or Killa Madoof (a cousin of the Sirdar's) his brother Taj Mahomed, and Nizar Mahomed—they had charge of the prisoners, and treated them most infamously, having once tortured the Colonel, and taken every opportunity of being insolent and oppressive.

(Signed,)

“ C. HARRIS.”

“ P.S.—26th May, 1842.—Khan Mahomed Khan is said to have a wife and two children in the power of Captain Mackeson, in Khanzez.”

*Second, (written with a nail or hard substance.)*

"If we are killed, let our blood be avenged on Sirdar Shooms-ood-Dien Khan, Nizar Mullok Mahomed, and Gool Mahomed Khan."

*Third, (scratched on the wall.)*

"May 28th.

"Let Sirdar Shooms-ood-Dien, and all his brothers, be blown away; Khan Mahomed Khan, and his brother Taj Mahomed, be hanged; and their followers, and as many of our jailors as can be caught."

*Fourth, (written with a burnt stick or charcoal.)*

"27th May, '42.

"An Affghan, by name Futtullok, a Shika.ree, and an infernal scoundrel, must be hanged without the least mercy.

(Signed.)

"T. D."

*Fifth, (scratched on the wall.)*

"Colonel Palmer, Capt. Burnett, 54th, Olston, 27th, Powett, Lts Crawford (Christie's Horse,) Harris, Williams, Nicholson, Davis, Dr. Thompson—confined in the Bala Hissar, as prisoners, since the 10th March, 1842."

*Sixth, (written with burnt wood.)*

"Shooja was killed on the 6th April, 1842."

*Seventh, (written with burnt wood.)*

Mrs. Lumsden's room opposite, *in which was written,*—"Thomas Persey,"—"Teague,"—"Rathfarnam,"—"23 Rupees, 13th June."

Initials; &c. &c., were written in every part of the rooms, evidently having been the occupation of the poor, miserable, incarcerated creatures, expressive of their inward sentiments, when thinking of their home and friends, who knew not of their condition, and perchance should never meet again. It is needless to comment on this, as it will convey sufficient to the mind of the reader, to enable him to enter into

the feelings of those who were so long oppressed by an insolent and treacherous foe.

On reading the portion of writing, stating that "Mrs Lumsden's room was opposite," I of course went thither, and a sorry hole it was; a small room in which were several broken bottles, an old tin clothes box, and the head of a human being! I believe it was that of a native. I proceeded up a staircase leading from the four sides of the square to the turret of the place, which was high, and afforded a beautiful view; this formed also a nice promenade, and at each corner was a bastion, in which was a small room, most elaborately ornamented, and was used by the chiefs as a lounging room. A small window to each, under which was a couch of marble, enabled them to see for a vast extent round the beautiful country, the whole of which, for miles, was richly thronged with orchards filled with trees, bending with the choicest fruits, apples, plums, peaches, grapes, &c., in abundance. Of such a variety of flavors were those fruits, that it now became a matter of taste and difficulty to suit oneself. The grapes in particular, varied in size from a currant to that of a pullet's egg. I weighed several that exceeded half an ounce, and it was common to see bunches so large that two men would carry them on the centre of a pole, to prevent destroying them; nay so plentiful were the fruits, both apples and grapes, that we used to feed upwards of 35,000 head of cattle with them, during our stay.

We collected a large quantity of grain and flour from the citadel, and lots of firewood; all that was of use to us we took; the guns, about eighteen in number, were destroyed, including "Chuppa," and the portions of the magazines which might replenish ours were selected; the remainder was used to undermine the towers, ere we left the place, and the Sappers having completed their arrangements, the train was fired, and the once impregnable fortress and citadel of Ghuznee was razed to the ground—and thus the fire kindled in 1838 and 1839, by Lord Keane's army, was quenched by Nott's, in 1842.

The General took care to destroy every place, calculated to prove a refuge, and several forts, in and near the place, were fired and blown up, and we were ordered to proceed towards Cabool, as it was expected that the enemy had assembled there *en masse*; and as we should have to join Pollock, who was fast advancing up the passes on the other side, we were all anxious to arrive there first. The commander had received instructions from the Governor General to call at Rozah, *en route*, and take from the tomb of Sultan Mahmood, the celebrated gates of Somnauth. A working party was ordered to accompany Major Saunders, of the Engineers, and take them down. I went of course, and managed to preserve a few pieces, which I kept as curiosities, and brought to England.

The tomb of the resting monarch was certainly most beautiful, and many were the cries of regret of the fakeers about the place, at the removal of the gates; they offered lacs of rupees to leave them. According to Dow's History, we learn that between the year 996 and 1028, Mahmood with an immense army, made his way toward's India, and being short of funds, resolved on ransacking Somnauth, a town in the Guzerat Peninsula. Somnauth contained a temple of great worth, and in it an Idol of considerable stature, made of gold, whose bowels, says the historian, were of costly jewels; after repeated attacks, several of which had proved unsuccessful, on the part of Mahmood, he effected its overthrow—secured the idol, turned the gold into money, and sold the jewels; and on retiring, carried off the gates of the temple as a trophy, to Ghuznee, and directed that they should enclose his tomb. These are the said gates, and the Moolahs were in constant prayer for their protection. Somnauth still exists, and the natives of Guzerat, when addressed by the Governor General, heard with the greatest satisfaction that he purposed restoring to them the gates that once enclosed their deity of that name. They are two huge gates, after the style of our church doors, richly carved, and are of sandal wood; but age seemed to have taken away the beautiful perfume from the wood; they were carefully packed in numdahs, a sort of matted hair blanket, and a platform cart was allot-

ted for them, and a strong guard mounted over, and accompanied them every day.

On the old site of Ghuznee stand two minarets of immense height, which are worked over with hieroglyphics, and mark the entrance to the old and famous city.

We recommenced our march towards Cabool; the road was somewhat better, and the mornings were most beautiful; but being many thousands of feet above the level of the sea, it must have been very severe in the winter.

We marched through a most picturesque scene, leading through a pass, of about two miles and a half, and opening out into a lovely plain, and the suddenness of the transition much enlivened the traveller, for the varieties of a route diversified by the beauties of nature, render it oftentimes pleasant; but the pleasantry of our journey was overthrown by the fact of our attention being called to other more serious matters.

Nothing of note occurred for some few days, save our luck at getting occasionally a good supply of grain; this day I collected about 40,000 lbs. of wheat, buried in three holes, and a fine prize it was, as our stock, as we drew near to Cabool, was fast decreasing.

On the 12th we arrived at the fort formerly belonging to Futteh Khan; the inhabitants had however, deserted it, and had carefully blocked up, the entrance with mud and stones; which we, how-

ever, soon removed ; on our determination to enter it, young Evans, 41st, who was ever daring and brave, perhaps too much so, mounted up the steep walls like a young deer, and it was fortunate for him that none of the enemy were in the fort, or he must certainly have been cut up ; we, however, soon gained an entrance, and found plenty of lucerne or dried grass. On searching round we saw a spot where a considerable deal of blood had been shed, and on searching the interior we found some articles of European manufacture. I entered a small inner room, and picked up a tea-cup, a stock, and several letters ; one proved to be the will of the late Captain Woodburn, who, in November of 1841, was, with one hundred and fifty Sepoys, barbarously massacred by the Affghans, at this place ; they were buried in a large hole dug outside, and were yet visible ; a letter was also found, being a letter of recommendation from Sir William M'Naughten ; it was written in Persian. I gave the will and stock to Major Leech ; a large party of the Staff were present at the melancholy discovery, and caused many epithets to be heaved upon the rascally traitors who, in cold-blood, could murder unprotected beings, particularly men in sickness. The enemy were found to be hovering about here, and attacked small parties of grass cutters, going a short distance. During the night several sentries were placed in out-buildings of the fort, and a series of firing occurred ; but we had now become so used to it,

that it became a sort of music, and it was considered very strange if we had not some of it every night,—pop, pop, continually,—and, scarcely listening, those in the tents would sleep as soundly as if nothing extraordinary was going on.

During this night some Affghans succeeded in shooting a sentry on his post; and it being a double sentry, his comrade was severely wounded; one man of the 41st was overpowered by a few of them, and cut to pieces.

The nights now became more serious. Yelling and shouting, firing from jezails and matchlocks into our camp, at the dead hour of night, rendered it necessary to be up, and it caused much annoyance. The foe, evidently intended to have another trial, had arranged themselves amongst the adjacent hills, and followed us closely, though out of our sight. Next day brought us in a very intricate position; our camp was surrounded by hills, and it was necessary to detach several strong guards, in the defiles; Shooms-ood-Dien, who still commanded the enemy, had stationed himself not far off, and as the enemy drew nigh, determined to make a night attack. The General, however, was well up with him, and divided the majority of his troops, to command the hills, and a heavy fire was kept up from all parties; the night certainly was much against us; but we, however, succeeded in keeping them off, after a weary night. We next morning made the best of our way

towards Midan. Major Leech, who was at the head of our Intelligence Department, obtained, by means of some Hazarabs and other spies, information that Shooms-ood-Dien intended to obstruct our path this morning; and we had expected to have made a long march, but were prevented from doing so by the appearance of the foe. Our route led along a narrow valley, with the enemy on both sides, in the hills, and so narrow was the road, that we were within the range of their matchlocks. The consequence was that many experienced very narrow escapes; I, for one, moving along, had a ball graze my turban, and Captain Adamson, 40th, had one across the peak of his cap; another got a ball on his breast plate, and innumerable others. The General directed our artillery to keep up a continued irregular fire, during our advance, and after great difficulty we managed to get into a wider part of the road; the Light Companies were directed to crown the heights. The Quarter Master General had either mistaken the ground, or the order had not been properly understood, or we should have encamped much nearer. The Quarter Master General's party had great difficulty in pitching camp, as they were under a heavy fire of the enemy, and had to keep them off; but on the arrival of the main body they were soon quieted, and we passed, much to our surprise, a very calm night. On looking down on the valley of Midan, it presented one of the most

beautiful of scenes—crowded with small forts, and bordered with the richest orchards, intersected by a clear stream, that watered the fields. The country was variegated with the lovely tints of autumn, and the tall pine trees waving their heads in majestic splendour, coupled with the odiferous fragrance from innumerable flowers, made the scene baffle all description; but all those, being the strongholds of the chiefs, who had so long opposed us, were doomed to destruction, and soon became a burning mass.

An impudent rascal of a chief, who actually confessed that he had been fighting against us the day before, came to Major Lecch, to whom he was well known, and wished to get from the General a written paper, that his property would be protected; but the General sent him off, with the declaration that if one shot was fired, the whole of Midan would be in ruins that night. The General, not understanding the language spoken, was necessitated to speak through his interpreter, and I being close by at the time, learned the fact of his visit. We again got on the road, and reached Urgundee. It was at this place that Dost Mohammed Khan planted his guns across the road, to intercept the route of Sir John Keane, but thinking better of it, abandoned his intentions, leaving them to be captured by us, and afterwards surrendered himself to Sir William M'Naughten, and was sent as a state prisoner to Calcutta.

In the afternoon, a son of one of the chiefs of the Kuzzilbashes, a Persian race,—and who form a portion of the population of Cabool,—arrived in camp, to say that he would do all in his power to assist the British, having abandoned Akbar Khan ; it was certainly strange conduct ; but it led us to understand that Cabool was not likely to be opposed, and that General Pollock had made a successful affair of his advance through the Khiva. We were on our next day's march met by several officers from Pollock's force, who were now at Cabool, having gained a march or two on us. We soon reached our next destination, Cabool, and encamped about five miles on this side. On our reaching camp, the forts around were nearly all vacated, and on entering several, we discovered quantities of the stores of the massacred army ; one fort contained a great many bottles, glasses, cans, furniture, boxes, boots, hospital stores, tents, and, in fact, more than is necessary to detail. The sight of these things filled every heart with revenge, and determined them not to shew clemency to a single soul, bearing the slightest connection with the Affghan race.

The camp was again moved nearer to Cabool, and about a mile and a half from the camp of General Sale, consisting of the 9th and 13th Regiments, and 3rd Light Dragoons ; several of them visited us, and the meeting may be easily imagined. News arrived that Mrs. Trevor and seven children,

Dr. Campbell, and his lady, and Captain Troup, who had been prisoners, had been rescued. A Brigade, consisting of the 3rd Light Dragoons, a wing of the 13th Light Infantry, and four guns, were ordered to proceed, under command of General Sale, to reinforce Lieutenant Shakespeare, who had been sent some time before to recover the prisoners, who, it was believed, were in the Bamean Passes—hard by. Lieutenant Shakespeare is the indefatigable officer, who, it may be remembered, had charge of the Russian prisoners some few years ago, and had now been sent with some six hundred Kuzzilbashes after ours; it was also rumoured that Akbar Khan was at large, and we lived in great hopes that he might be taken; after many rumours, news arrived from the gallant Lieutenant that the prisoners had been discovered safe, and Sale's Brigade was sent off at once to protect them into camp, lest a rescue might take place.

## CHAPTER XVII.

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**State of the times; Detail of the unfortunate disasters at Cabool; Akbar Khan; The position of the Cantonment; Power of the enemy; The Rebel Chiefs; First evidence of the outbreak; Sir William McNaughten; Sir Alexander Burnes; Serious warning of his servant; Position of the Ambassador; His retinue; His career, and his murder; Alarming situation of the enemy; The King; His power; Conduct and dominion; The Durbar; The insurgent Chiefs; General Elphinstone; His conduct; The 44th Regiment; Their conduct; Miserable prospect; Capture of prisoners by the enemy; Hostile meeting; Determination to stand; Overpowered; Forced to retire quick; Meeting of the Envoy and Chiefs; Brigadier Shelton; Britain's honor at stake; State of the King's Palace; Hostile correspondence; Proposed meeting between Akbar and the Enemy; Secret development; The meeting; Serious misgivings; The Envoy's life in danger; The seizure; Dastardly conduct of Akbar; Massacre of McNaughten, and capture of his Suite.**

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THE excitement which had long existed, relative to the prisoners, is already very familiar to my readers, and it needs hardly to be noticed at any great length by me here; their happy release was principally owing to the unremitting exertions of Major Pottinger, who was one of them; and as it will, no doubt, be a matter of particular interest to know the manner in which they were treated, and the general cause of this; having now reached Cabool, I may

as well draw the matter up in a short detail, in order to thus far acquaint my readers. Several of the prisoners, with whom I was intimately acquainted, afforded me much information, and I thus am the better enabled to give it to my friends.

In the Introductory Chapter of this unvarnished tale, I have given a brief history of the country, its connection immediately with the war, and so far down as Shah Shooja's enthronement. Sir John Keane, it will be remembered, retired from the country, leaving it, in his opinion, in a sufficiently tranquil state to admit of his doing so with propriety, giving the Shah the advantage of the protection of a British force, until such time as he should have his own sufficiently organized, and permit ours to be withdrawn.

The country remained for some time, after Sir John Keane retired, in an apparent state of quietude, and the Chiefs, who had ever shewn their independent spirit to Dost Mahomed, subjected themselves, though not willingly, to the government of Shah Shooja, who was now established as the King of Affghanistan. He was not appreciated, as his manners and morals were not such as would create for him the love of the people. The Tribes of the lower country were not so peaceable, being jealous of the settled manner which the troops, in possession of Candahar, Ghuznee, Kelat, &c., seemed to be in; they, amongst themselves, commenced hostilities, which were disposed of in

the manner I have detailed, by General Nott and others. The Envoy at Cabool was joined by Major Pottinger, who seemed to think an attack was likely soon to occur, and he intimated his apprehension to the authorities. The troops by this time were all comfortably housed; every accommodation was made for their better protection and pleasure. Sale and his Brigade were sent to Jellalabad to winter; arrangements were made for the general establishing of an European station, with all its necessary departmental completions.

Mahomed Akbar Khan, the eldest son of the ex-ruler, had imbibed the bitterest animosity against the British, since the dethronement of his father, who, several times, endeavoured to persuade him, too, to surrender, but as often failed. In the vicinity of Cabool, particularly near the spot where the cantonments were erected, were several forts formerly belonging to the chiefs, some of which were now occupied by our officers, and others used as stores; one, very unwisely, about a mile from the cantonment, was the Commissariat; another for the Ordnance, and so forth. About the middle of October, great symptoms appeared of the fulfilment of the prognostications of Major Pottinger, and the whole of the Ghylgees seemed to have risen in one body against us; their head Chief, Humza Khan, was detected in several acts of treachery, and was, by the Shah, placed in confinement. The Affghans, spite of their apparent allegiance to the Shah, had

ever evinced an utter dislike to the Europeans, and took every opportunity they could of insulting them, and in many instances abusing them; attempts at assassination, in more than one instance, were brought to the notice of the Envoy; the murder of Europeans and a number of followers, arising from an ardent disposition for rebellion, accrued; and from this, coupled with the extensive rumours of the brewing conspiracy amongst the Chiefs, left us to presume matters did not bear the slightest prospect of a lasting peace. The fact was, that there did not exist in the whole of Affghanistan, Upper or Lower Scinde, or Beelochistan, one real friend towards us, and it very soon became too clear to be doubted.

Ameenoola Khan, the chief of Logur, had for some time been appointed to take charge of the traitor, Humza Khan, and was considered as one of our greatest friends; but alike with the whole nation, he was grounded in deceit and treachery, and ultimately became a bitter foe. He was supported by another chief, Abdoolah Khan Acbukzee, who held a greater portion of the Pesheen Valley; the latter chief, although a professing friend, could never be depended on, from the fact of his having strangled his brother, in order to get his turban or territory; but being both men of the strongest influence, from riches and power, aided by their hatred to the Feringees, they were soon able to win over to their views, the majority of the population.

The first evident cause of the outbreak, was the fact of a letter addressed by this Abdoolah, to the chief and people, intimating that it was in contemplation by the Shah, and our Envoys, to secure all the chiefs, and send them prisoners to the Presidencies; they accordingly met that night, and in order to carry out their designs, made it appear that the King was privately on their side, and was anxious that all the infidels should be put to death. Sir William M'Naughten now began to open his eyes, and made a requisition for a stronger force to be sent to Cabool, which, however, never arrived. At the beginning of November, things bore a more determined appearance; the people were seen to collect in large bodies; the shops in the bazaars were principally closed; the residences of several of our officers had been attacked; soldiers were molested and struck; the tumult was fast raging. The Ambassador, Sir Alexander Burnes, who resided in the cantonments, received an intimation of the outbreak; but he doubted not, but that it was some mistaken grievance, and that he would be soon able to set all right. Nay, the baronet was so fully confident in his own mind, that his influence over the people was such as to quell any insurrection, that he considered it unnecessary even to make the thing known to the king, and would not even allow a shot to be fired by his guard, although they had been, and were, subjected to the indignation and assaults of the assembled mobs.

Sir Alexander had a faithful servant in the person of his wareer, or secretary, though, in common with others, an inward foe, who tried in vain to persuade the Ambassador to take measures to dislodge the frantic insurgents. I must certainly say that a man placed, as Sir Alexander was, in a position approximating in power to the king himself, was much in fault at even harboring an opinion of security, or a certainty of command over a national tumult, whose minute sentiments could only be truly known to those necessarily more acquainted with their characters, and it would have far more become him to have lent his ear to the various warnings given him by many influential, as well as mere menial individuals. But he had, up to that moment, been apparently much prized by the chiefs and the people, and had ever been treated as an Ambassador; and in no one instance had he ever been thwarted in his undertakings, since his attachment to the court. The friends and power he vainly boasted, became darkened, and the white became black; his most devoted *attachés* became, perforce, his enemies, and he at length found, when it was too late, that it was time to negotiate, but was not permitted the opportunity of doing so; for the infatuated mob increased, and resolved on bloodshed; they became more enraged, and commenced an attack on the Ambassador's residence, and on all the adjoining premises; and the whole resulted in the massacre of Sir Alexander, his

brother, Lieutenant Burnes, also Lieutenant Broadfoot, and every man, woman, and child, in and near the place. Thus were the lives of three promising men lost to the world; one on whom the representation of our crown had devolved, but who, I regret to say, was too much buoyed up with the fair faces of a treacherous race. Let me not for a moment be suspected of wishing to throw the slightest disparagement on the character of Sir Alexander! But the unfortunate occurrence which resulted in so much loss of life of our countrymen, ought to have been in some measure known to the functionaries. There cannot exist a nation without its customs and characteristics, which must tend to more or less develop their disposition; and it is to be presumed that those placed in such responsible positions should be next to infallible in their knowledge of these essential points; but alas! we are all prone to err, and error, oftentimes is discovered too late for remedy. The king, on learning the fate of Sir Alexander, became seriously alarmed, and more so when he found the rioters increase, and although he sent one of his sons, with a force, to restore the peace of his people, it was found useless. Sir W. M'Naughten, seeing the dangerous position of affairs, considered that matters would speedily be brought to a crisis, and that order would again be restored; but finding that it was still raging, he waited upon the General, and Brigadier Shelton was sent to take charge of the

Bala Hissar, with directions, if necessary, to fire on the hostile parties, if they persisted in their obstinacy. Captain Lawrence, the military secretary, was attacked, and had a narrow escape, on his road to meet the king, and informed him of the enemy's coming to enter into arrangements. The king was in a state of great excitement, having seen himself several of the outrages of the enemy, from the palace.

On the arrival of Sir William, a durbar was held, and Lieutenant Sturt\* was proceeding to join it, when he was attacked, and most brutally stabbed in the neck, and went to the palace bleeding and almost fainting; every hour of this day brought forth new instances of their determination. Assassinations, plunder, and general tumult reigned in every direction. As I said before, Sir William M'Naughten at first, made light of the attack, and it would of course be presumed he knew what was best to be done. But the fact of the murder of Sir A. Burnes, having arisen from the same source, what was next to be expected? Nothing but destruction.

The Commanding Officer, General Elphinstone, was indeed a good, brave, and no doubt an enterprising soldier; but nature seems to have endowed him with a bump of self-confidence; deep conception appeared to have either never existed in him, or entirely left him; he was easily advised, and

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\* Son-in-law of Lady Sale.

would listen to almost any project ; this may be attributed in a great measure, to age and infirmity, for he had long before expressed his inability, from the state of his health, to command so serious an expedition, as that now in Central Asia. No one can question his bravery, for none ever saw Elphinstone away from the most dangerous point, when called on to command ; but his health had now become much impaired, and the second in command did not better his condition, and thus were the Troops situated ; and it now began to show itself too clearly, that the nation at large had risen in rebellion against us. I have already mentioned that the principal departments, such as the Commissariat, were detached from the cantonments, a circumstance, and an error, for which I can see no possible grounds for excuse ; take away a man's bread, and deprive him of the means of getting more, and you at once settle the job ; this matter, I learned from several, had been often brought to the consideration of those concerned ; but it appeared that all the responsible individuals, in whom rested the safety of the whole force, seemed big with self-confidence of their powerful influence, and certainty of tranquillity. The road from the Commissariat was commanded by a small fort, formerly belonging to Mahomed Shereave, and where a strong guard was placed ; it was attacked, and the enemy gained possession of it, and at once cut off all communication between the Commissariat fort and the cantonments. See-

ing this, a force of Sepoys, and a detachment of the 44th, under Lieut. Warren, were sent to re-take the fort, which was of the utmost importance, but were repulsed, and with a severe loss. Finding it impossible to rescue it, the General very injudiciously gave directions for giving it up; but he was entreated to forbear, as the only resource they had for supplies was from thence; the natives brought none in, and there was little more than two or three days provisions in the cantonment, upon which he countermanded his order, and sent word for Warren to hold out.

It was now rumoured that the enemy were mining, and purposed blowing up the Bala Hisar.

Matters began to wear a terrible feature, thousands were collecting in every direction, attack came after attack, and we were losing considerable numbers; the necessity was again urged of making an assault, and taking Mahomed Shereave's fort by storm; but the General, unwilling to expose his Troops, could not be brought to give his consent. Hour after hour rolled on, and each hour brought with it worse news; at length the General was prevailed on to permit the storm, and what was the awful intelligence next learned?—that Warren was seen going to the cantonments, having evacuated the Commissariat fort. And the only reason he gave was, because he, in vain, waited for a reinforcement, and finding none came, he expected the enemy would rush in and massacre

his party. All seemed now to be irrecoverably lost. Brigadier Antiquel's fort was attacked, and, though nobly defended, met with the general disaster.

The miserable prospects of the cantonment, as regarded provisions, were now fast increasing, and it was determined to take the fort, and repossess the provision stores; and accordingly active measures were adopted, but alike without success. The Envoy in vain offered extortionate prices to the more tranquil villagers to bring in supplies, but few indeed dared or would. The General now became so far unable, from ill-health, to command under such trying circumstances, that it was indispensably necessary to call on the next senior, who was Brigadier Shelton, and whose opinion of the matters is soon related.

He had always in his own mind, considered it a matter of doubt, as to whether the Cabool force could exist a winter there; nay, so far was his opinion seen and felt, that the minds of the men began to despond. The Brigadier differed with the Envoy, the Envoy could not agree with the Brigadier, and thus were they placed, and it was now no time for diversity of opinion; there were no tribunals to appeal to, no arbitrator could be called in, the affairs were now become so seriously alarming that the question arose, What was to be done? In a very few words, the Brigadier's sentiment resulted in preparing for a retreat—the very

name of which strikes awe in the feelings of a British heart, and bids fair to burst him with indignation. Retreat! It cannot be. Who calling himself a Briton, would venture, unless upon the very brink of death, even to entertain the idea; affairs had not yet reached this crisis. The Envoy in vain remonstrated, that Britain's honor, of which he was the representative, called upon them to hold the place; the arguments adduced were useless. The General now became unfit for anything; and it was at length decided that negotiations should be entered into. It need hardly be stated, that the duties at the cantonment, were very harrassing—engagements came on in rapid succession; all was useless. Now we should gain a victory—now lose one; the weather became cold and miserable; the supplies were cut off, and there was nothing left, but if possible, to treat with the enemy, for protection to Peshawar. A despatch had been sent off some time before to General Sale, to march on Cabool to their assistance, but without effect, the winter having set in, and the roads through the passes being impassable; all hopes from that quarter were lost; and the Envoy could not entertain the thought of retreating. A very severe engagement took place, at which, I regret to say, our troops gave way. The panic seemed magical, and horror was depicted in every direction; there were several of the insurgent chiefs wounded, which of course had a great effect. The Envoy,

even if negotiations were decided upon, knew not with whom to treat; and thus were the unfortunate Troops at Cabool situated. I will not attempt to offer my private opinion of the individual at the head of the Government of Cabool. That errors of vast giaring magnitude were committed, is beyond doubt; that competency to command, and power was unwisely invested is most certain; that there was a want of courage on the part of those who required most to have it, is too clear to leave the remotest question; but that the subordinates had a lack of it, I cannot be brought to admit; because, it is from experience I speak, and from the disposition of the army at large, that I have had opportunities of knowing—that I am convinced they could not, would not, act otherwise than as brave men.

There may be circumstances,—circumstances of the most appalling nature, into which a man may be forced, in which from want of knowledge, or want of power, he may be compelled to act contrary to his conscience, but not cowardly; the situation of the troops at Cabool cannot be easily imagined, at least not sufficiently so, to enable those, ignorant of these peculiarities, to decide. If we detach, or disarrange the main spring of the machine, it cannot work; the heads of our departments were astray; those possessed of power, knowledge, and determination, were thwarted, and the raging of a treacherous foe is not easily cooled down; therefore if blame

there is, let it not be cast on those who were mere instruments. The management rested with such, as proved by their developed conduct, that England's honor was not of the most importance to them—who, after carefully perusing the sufferings of these wretched beings at Cabool, can, for a moment, blame them? when there exists a discipline, kept together by the unremitting exertion of superior authority, their success is almost certain; but if they, being but men, fail to fully bear out the required fortitude, and leave their necessary duties unperformed, the awaiting of which, carried with it the protection of personal existence, what then remained to be done? Man, mind thyself! Oh! that those who would even venture an opinion, or would distinguish themselves as feather-bed Generals, and form their plans in the drawing room, and seeing their own success, cannot look on the side where disaster reigns, or failure is probable. May they never know what difficulty is, or be found to relinquish what they vainly boast of—Britain's honor. Let him who has experienced the catastrophes of the battle plain—who has seen the intricacies of an enemy's country—who has shared the miseries of treachery, and narrowly watched the difficulties of those in command and those engaged,—let him give his opinion, and he will say with me that in the breast of our army at large does not exist what has most unfeelingly, most unjustly, been implied to

the Cabool force generally—dishonor, or want of courage.

It was at length intimated to the Envoy, by the Chiefs, that nothing more was required than the entire evacuation of their country by the British, and requested a meeting, in order that arrangements might be satisfactorily entered into for the furtherance of the same.

The first held for this purpose took place in the guard-room of the Bala Hissar, I believe, which, however, resulted in no very pleasant manner; and the Envoy, the same day, received a letter, proposing terms that were so insulting and derogatory to his expectations, that all hope of negotiation seemed at an end, for he had always entertained some idea of their honor, as regards their treaties. Matters began to be somewhat more settled, arising from the fact of the promised arrangements, till, finding nothing done, a desperate attempt was made to take the Palace, but without success. I had almost forgotten to say that Mahomed Shereave's fort was re-taken by us during the storm, and now was garrisoned by the 44th and 37th Native Infantry, and consequently those at the cantonment lost no time in removing stores, &c.; but the fort was again lost, and the garrison retreated; and distress appeared in every shape. The Envoy wrote the General as to what was to be done; he, in strong terms, replies, that in their present situation, with so many sick and wounded men,

their courage could not be relied on—provisions so scarce as to be barely sufficient for two days—cattle weak, weather cold, and an enraged enemy surrounding them,—directed that immediate terms might be entered into for their being safely conducted through the Passes to the British Frontier.

In consequence of this, Sir William M'Naughten caused another meeting of the Chiefs and himself, to take place. The tenor of the requisition of the enemy was that we should leave Afghanistan, and that the evacuation of the cantonments should take place that night, but was ultimately agreed upon for three days; during the interval, however, many of the most influential of the officers, who were most anxious for the safety of Britain's fame, and to make another effort for its realization, strongly urged the necessity of the troops occupying the Bala Hissar, but Brigadier Shelton held out the utter uselessness of such a measure. The Envoy, whose conduct during the whole of these proceedings, had demonstrated the strongest fortitude and ability, the disasters which were now become of reputed overwhelming difficulty, leaving him unsupported by those whose duty it was to aid him, left him, under these truly appalling difficulties, glad to make use of anything calculated to remove dishonor; the fact of there not being the remotest chance of procuring provisions, the Chiefs were bent upon the destruction of the force, and suspicions had already risen that the Envoy's life was in danger.

Previous to the removal of the troops from the the Palace, the Envoy received a letter from Mahomed Akbar, to the effect that Shah Shooja might remain as King, on condition that he would inter-marry his daughters with some of the Chiefs; that Mahomed Akbar should be Wuzeer or Prime Minister; that the troops might remain till the spring, and all war cease, and demanded an enormous sum of money by way of bonus. To this the Envoy, deeply considering the extremity of his affairs, left, as he was, as it were, on his own resources, seeing this faint glimmer of a prospect of rescuing his country's fame, and give them time to make a more honorable evacuation, in a moment of frenzy, little suspecting the treachery carried with such a noble proposal, signed the document accepting, and agreed to a meeting for its ratification the following morning. Whatever may have been the feelings of the Envoy, when cautioned about the risk he ran, he declared that it were worth a hundred lives like his, at such a moment, to restore what was already on the brink of being sacrificed—his country's honor.

The morning came, and the Envoy accompanied by Captains Trevor, Lawrence and M'Kenzie, and a small portion of his body guard, met the Chiefs, who were seated on a small hillock, and commenced the business of the meeting.

It was a meeting buoyed up with the most arrant dissatisfaction; the officers who accompanied the

Envoy up to the time of their starting for the ratification, had remained ignorant of it, and observed that great numbers of armed rabble began to collect, and on Mahomed's attention being drawn to this fact, he replied, "They are all in the secret," and immediately directed some of them to "seize," and then the work began. The whole of the officers were secured and dragged to a small fort, and Mahomed personally attacked the Envoy, who, after a desperate struggle, was shot by Akbar, with a pistol that had but a short time before been presented to the Chief, by Sir William. Thus was England deprived of the life and service of a learned, noble, energetic, and amiable man, whose indefatigable exertions had ever been such as to stamp him with renown, and most honorable fame. It will be impossible for me to give my readers the more minute details, of the very interesting personal adventures, so numerous in this sad affair: it would be only extending my narrative, and in fact, would be beyond my power; the most impartial and interesting account of these disasters, will be found in the book written by Lieutenant Eyre, who was one of those, whose lot was to be amongst them. The information I give, I gained from one attached to the Cabool mission, and other officers directly connected with the force; of whose authority, I have every reason to be proud;

I shall, therefore, conclude this brief detail of those events, by summing up the retreat, and continue my own personal adventures, which passes over the ground where the unfortunates were so brutally massacred, and return to my story, in as agreeable a form as I can well arrange it.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

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The retreat; Fearful prospects; Entrance into the Passes; Treacherous attack; Awful position of the Troops; Situation of the Force; The dastardly conduct of the Affghans; Akbar's message to the General; Ladies and families given up as Hostages; Elphinstone's death; Total annihilation of the Cabool Force; Dr. Brydon's escape; Brief remarks; March to Istaliff; General McCaskill's Brigade arrived; The battle; Victory; Bravery of the Troops; Fighting all over; Unfortunate death of Lieutenant Evans; His character; Return to Cabool; Safe return of the prisoners—Ladies Sale and McNaughten; A little child brought in; Destruction of Cabool; March through the Passes; Evacuation of Affghanistan; Awful sight in the Defiles; Road strewed with Skeletons; Their appearance; Description of Route; Enemy hover about; Admirable precautions; The Soldier's life; Arrival at Tezeen; Jugdulluk; Grand Attack; Samnauth Gates; Beautiful valley of Nimla; Jellallabad;— Its appearance and destruction.

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THEY were now compelled to commence their retreat, the king remaining behind. The chiefs had sent their families, during the affray, to Istaliff, and several of our officers, including Major Pottinger, had been detained as hostages. The road to the Koord Cabool Pass is an immense marsh, and leads into the mouth as into a cavern. The hills on each side, ere the troops had emerged, were manned by the Affghans, who commenced a fierce attack

on the moving mass below. The poor fellows were in a sad condition—cold, hungry, and weary; ninety-seven miles of a dreary Pass to traverse, opposed by a foe whose treachery had no end. The snow had already fallen, and much impeded their progress; the cattle that had long since become weak and impaired, were dying fast, and no sooner dead than they were snatched up and devoured; food being so scarce, and wood being equally so; the flesh of horses, camels, or anything calculated to keep life up, was eaten raw; and tents or shelter for the night were strangers. The eye every now and then would rest on the dead and dying, who had become the victims of the matchlock from the heights. The officers would press forward occasionally, and form up in order of attack or defence, and would as soon be repelled. Energy, from sheer misery, grew weak, and at length discipline began to fail—superiority lost its influence—and the force now became, to a considerable extent, a mob, each looking out for himself—and the first three days brought with it a most sorrowful loss. The troops were now much reduced, and the Pass, thus far, was strewn with the massacred bodies of our men. Akbar, who followed up in rear, saw the very pitiful condition of the wives and families, mothers and children, some but a few days old at the breast, heavy and weak, sick from fatigue and distress, want of succour and the necessary comfort for their sex—infants crying for

food, and parents unable to comply. The sufferings of these poor females called for immediate and the deepest sympathy. Akbar Khan sent into camp to the General, advising him to send the families to him and he would protect them, and afford them such comforts as were not otherwise procurable. The General, who, although he had had sufficient evidence of the deception of Akbar, was nevertheless inclined to think he might prove more generous, and as the raging of the insurgents was likely to be waged upon them, they, with their husbands, who could not be expected in such an hour of despair to part from those so dear to them as wives and offspring, were sent to Akbar. The day after the Chief sent for the General to his camp, who, making over the temporary command to Brigadier Antequil, repaired thither, and, to draw the story up briefly, was detained, where, with sickness, remorse, mortification, and despair, he soon afterwards died.

Day after day thinned the force, and the poor fellows would occasionally make a bold stand, but get overpowered. After passing through the Tezeen, Jugdulluk, and Soorkab Passes, and at the entrance to Gúndamuck, the remnant of the 44th made their last stand—fought on till their ammunition was expended—and gave up only with the last struggle of life. Dr. Brydon, who, with three others, made a desperate rush, got on the road towards Jellalabad, which was about twenty-three

miles off Gundamuck. Not knowing the direct route, and eager to make the most of their time, three took another way, and were attacked and cut up. Brydon fortunately escaped to Sir R. Sale, at Jellalabad, to tell the tale of woe, he being the only one left alive—save those who were prisoners—out of about 4000 soldiers and 8000 followers. This was the end of the Cabool force.

Much has been illiberally said by the public journals on this subject, who are well able to connect words, and make long stories out of that which they are ill calculated to judge. The affair, from first to last, was, it is admitted, such as to stamp discredit on us, and those who could have done much towards its prevention, did not. Brigadier Shelton, on the retreat, did most considerably retrieve his character by his conduct and bravery; but when the blow was struck, it was high time to rebel. He should have commenced two months before—should have stood by M'Naughten, and those officers who were far better able to know the state of things than himself. Had he done all this, the honor of Britain would not have been subjected to the disparaging remarks it has suffered in consequence; and it is to be hoped that our Government has been taught such a lesson as will deter it from placing its fame—its ever-undoubted fame—from being sullied from want of placing its safety in proper and worthy hands. Let not the reader be too easily persuaded—let him not be too hasty in judging the conduct of

our countrymen—but put the whole matter in the scales of Justice, and if there is sympathy to be given, let it be for those whose lives were sacrificed so inhumanly; so piteously; and let him reflect and picture to his mind's eye, the awfulness of the position, the trials and miseries, and placing himself in a similar catastrophe, he will greatly pity, rather than too severely blame, the unfortunate members of that force.

Having now given a brief outline of the features of that part of the history, it remains for me to proceed on our route. I said that the families of the most influential chiefs were sent to Istaliff, a fort some five days' march from Cabool, and as it was the wish to protect them ere we evacuated the country, a force was sent to offer them our aid, and to destroy the place. A brigade from General Nott's force, in conjunction with one from Pollock's, —the former consisted of Her Majesty's 41st, the 42nd and 43rd Native Infantry, Blood's Battery and Christie's Horse—the latter, of the 3rd Light Dragoons, Her Majesty's 9th, and several of the Bengal Native Infantry, under command of Major General McCaskill. I accompanied the Commissariat, and on the arrival of the force we were met by a severe opposition. The General made an able attack, and after a severe battle of some hours, succeeded in capturing the fort; the enemy who had held possession, ultimately evacuated it, leaving us in full power. The families were very

numercus, and the ladies seemed not much displeas'd at the offer of our protection. We lost but few men. The force commenced to plunder the place, and captured quantities of shawls, cattle, and grain; it being reported that some few females were in a small fort hard by, that amiable young officer, Lieut. Evans of the 41st, and myself, after all had been settled, were proceeding thither, when an infatuated wretch from the wall of the place, fired a match-lock at us, and the shot lodged just over Evans' right breast. He struggled, and lingered a short time, and the poor young fellow, clasping me, attempted to speak, but could not, and expired most piteously, just at the eleventh hour, when all was considered safe. This young man had so far swung clear, although he had many times been exposed, and had narrowly escaped. He was a daring, amiable youth, was beloved by his men, and all who knew him looked upon him as one of the most promising young officers; his character was all that one could wish, and I believe no loss could be regretted more than that of young Evans. He was a dear and intimate friend of mine, and it was a long time after his death, before I could venture to even think of him without my heart filling with grief—so young, so noble, and so much beloved! But I must, spite of all my friendship for him, say, that he was indiscreet, in consequence of that too much practis'd shew of bravery. He has often, much against the wishes of his friends,

exposed himself where danger most appeared, and it is indeed miraculous how he escaped so long. It would be far more than I am able to relate, the instances he has shown of this undue valour, therefore let me entreat those whose lot it is to be called on active service, to avoid that, and remember they are placed in command, and it is most essential that they should preserve themselves for the sake of those entrusted to their care.\*

The force returned, and all was now prepared for the march through the Passes. I visited the cantonments, and the various places, in which many of our unfortunate brethren had fallen, and numerous were the unburied frames lying there.

In the compound or yard of the house where Sir A. Burns was killed, I discovered a well, in which were the skeletons of four men; one of these had still the hair on the head, and was supposed to be that of Burns. We buried them in the yard.

The Bala Hissar was undermined, and a train laid, ready for explosion. There was, and had been, since the commencement, strict orders against plundering; but the followers heeded it not, and the city of Cabool soon presented a sorry sight; and in many places was set on fire, and it was not discontinued until a strong guard was sent from camp, to arrest such conduct, and then too late.

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\* A most noble act stands recorded in the life of this young man, in revenging the murder of a Mrs. Smith, in the Bolun Pass, who was proceeding to join her husband, Mr. Conductor Smith, of the Commissariat Department.

The Brigade which was sent to the assistance of Lieutenant Shakespeare, now came in, escorting our long-looked for prisoners ; and it is impossible to describe the scene, as they passed through the different camps ; the shouts of welcome, the echoes of the artillery, pealing forth their salutes of joy ; and happiness seemed once more to reign in the sun-burnt countenances of the released captives ; they wore the Affghan costume, and the men, many of them, had long beards ; they were soon surrounded with their friends, from whom they had been so long parted ; and it may be easily imagined the sight was one satisfactory to all parties.

Captain Bygrave, who was the only one remaining unrecovered, was with Akbar, who finding the remainder had been rescued, sent him into camp with two chiefs, considering it no triumph to retain one. A few days after this, an Affghan brought into camp a young European child, which I immediately recognised as belonging to a soldier's wife, of the 13th Light Infantry, who was killed ; the child was remarkably clean, and seemed to have been well treated, and was much attached to the native ; it was dressed as other Affghan children, and was painted on the forehead, with the sacred insignia of the priest ; the child was restored to the Regiment, and taken by a woman who had been a prisoner, whose husband was killed. The father of this child, I believe, married this person, as being the relics of two families, whose halves had been so

barbarously destroyed; and thus the child got another home. Plundering, spite of all the efforts of the troops, was carried to an enormous extent.

Every preparation was now completed for our march, and on the 12th of October, 1842, our force, divided into three brigades, left Cabool, the first under General Pollock, the second under General McCaskill, and the rear under General Nott. We had not proceeded more than four miles, when we heard the explosion of the mines, which left the renowned Cabool a vast region of ruins; and the Affghans to judge the spirit of the British, as an avenging one. Cabool, as a city, was most beautifully situated, producing every delicacy man could require; its surrounding country is exceedingly mountainous, many of which were capped with snow. The city lies under the Hindoc Koosh, and is bordered on the one side by the Himaylee, and the rivers Attock and Rozee; the people were robust and healthy; their manners amount to insolence and cruelty; they are continually at war with each other; and are divided into tribes. Trade seemed to have abounded greatly, and the country generally in a flourishing state; the cities of Cabool, Ghuznee, and Candahar, are the principal ones of Affghanistan; the Persians form a considerable portion of those inhabiting Cabool, and the traffic with that country is somewhat extensive.

The divisions made a general move, at daybreak, on the 12th of October, to Thag Bakh, about six

miles distant from Cabool ; and on the entrance to the Koord Cabool Pass, Her Majesty's 9th and 13th Regiments, together with six Native Corps of the 1st Division, manned the hills commanding the pass, to enable those in the valley below to move on unmolested. On the morning of the 13th the troops entered the Pass which led to Tezeen, about nine miles. The mountains were high and craggy, and very dark, rendering the road extremely gloomy and sad ; a torrent ran in a serpentine direction from side to side, which reminded me of the Bolun ; it had to be crossed twenty-eight times during about six miles. We had scarcely got well into the jaws of the awful scene of romantic vastness, whose hollow crags seemed to echo defiance to our intruding tread, when a number of the enemy made their appearance in the rear, but were kept in check. The very great height of the mountains, of a dark, reddish colour, struck one with awe, and silence seemed to reign over all ; the mind was totally occupied in contemplating this fearful sight of hidden deeds ; horror struck the feeling heart when the eye fell on the skeletons of our departed comrades, who lay in most agonizing positions, indicative of their last struggle for life. Here a spot would be strewn with a few crouched up in a corner, where they had evidently fled to cover themselves by some detached rock, from the overpowering cruelty of their foe, and had been riveted by death. There couples were lying who had died in each

others arms, locked as it were in the last embrace of despair; numbers lay in every direction, devoid of every particle of clothes; some with the greater part of the flesh putrified on their bleaching bones—others were clean from having been devoured by the vast number of carrion birds and beasts inhabiting these terrible regions. I at first attempted to count the number of frames as I went along, but found them so numerous that I could not find time, and my inclination sickened from the awfulness of the scene. The Pass was not more than thirty feet wide at this part, and so numerous were the mouldering frames of those whose lives had been sacrificed during the last winter, that they literally covered the road—and, in consequence, the artillery and other wheeled carriages had to pass over them—and it was indeed horrible to hear the wheels cracking the bones of our unburied comrades. It was quite easy to discover the Europeans by the hair on the skulls, which still remained fresh. After a tedious, and indeed a painful march, we reached Tezeen, which opens from the narrow Pass into a much wider part, sufficient to enable us to pitch our camp. Here was a sad scene of recent strife—scarce a tent could be pitched but a skeleton or two had to be removed, just kicked aside as though it were a stump of a tree, in order to leave clear the place for the interior of the tent, and there remained unnoticed. It has often been a subject of deep reflection to me, to think how utterly reckless man

can be made by habit: so used were we to these sights, that it became a mere commonplace matter to see such relics of devastation and massacre. I remember walking with a friend down the centre of the camp, and we had often to stride over skeletons, without the least observation, further than I could not help heaving a sigh, and reflecting in silence on their unfortunate end.

The next day took us thirteen miles on a road of extreme barrenness; the high, wild, rugged mountains, hemmed in the narrow defile; the skeletons of the massacred force still strewed the road in every direction; no signs of vegetation, or aught to relieve the eye from wildness—the numerous hollow crags, as we passed, seemed to ring with echoing despair, and afforded most formidable positions for the treacherous Affghan to use his jezail or matchlock, without fear of opposition. The enemy, finding we had now entered the Pass, hovered about, and succeeded in murdering an officer, and a few men of Pollock's force. The divisions marched one day a-head of each other, and thus kept up a continual line of communication. I, with General Nott's, arrived at this ground on the 14th; the road was equally extremely harrassing the next day, as indeed, ever since our entrance into the Pass. The ascents and descents are so numerous, coupled with having to cross the water so often, and there being no hold for the feet, on the loose flinty stones, made it very trying for both man and beast.

Upwards of twenty times had the gushing torrent, dashing from side to side of the valley, to be waded through, and numbers of bleaching frames of the victims of Akbar's treachery, lay exposed in the midst of the rolling stream. In one part of this day's march, was some fifty yards, crowded with dead bodies, of men, horses, and camels, which were those of a troop of irregular cavalry, who were all cut up on this spot. About a mile from Sah Baba, our next ground, stands a round tower, the ruins of an old fort ; it was now used as a bone house, and was crammed to the ceiling, with skulls, legs, arms, and shattered frames, and numbers were heaped outside the door, and round it,—placed there by the enemy, to form a glaring spectacle of their bitter revenge. A large body of Affghans were now seen covering the hills in our rear, and opened a fire into the dreary abyss, on our rear guards and baggage, as they passed. The column had moved on some few miles, but were halted, and those of our troops in possession of the heights, commenced an attack, and succeeded in repelling them, and forcing them to retreat, and we reached camp with little loss. This place is said to be the burial place of Lamech, the father of Noah, and if we may judge from its wild, dreary, stony, barren appearance, which looked as if it had been washed up into a heap after the deluge, and so void of all chances of fertility, that one could scarcely doubt the tradition—but thus it is.

Our next day led on to Kutta Sang, and of all the roads I had ever seen or traversed, as yet, this was the worst. The route led from hill to hill, the ascents being difficult and stony, and the descents, in addition, being very dangerous, as a fearful precipice presented itself, should you happen to fall. These unwelcome views were many in number, and coupled with the tedious progress of the cattle and baggage, and the difficulty experienced in dragging the guns and loads, up these many steep hills, and nothing but a dreary road to travel onward, made the march bad indeed. After the main body reached camp, the rear guard was attacked; a reinforcement was despatched, and a smart skirmish ensued; the Affghans seemed to delight in annoying us, and from their hidden positions most peremptorily carried their plan into effect; we lost few men, compared with them, and the whole reached camp about midnight. Still the poor soldier found misery destined for him in every direction. On arriving at a new ground, two regiments had to mount duty on the summits of the hills bordering the route, which had to be ascended after the day's harassing march, thus forming a second, much more so. The scanty, coarse meal, being nothing more than a quantity of meat and broth, made from an allowance of a scarcely lifeless carcase, of the hard driven, skeletonized bullock,\* and this oftimes

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\* Our cattle, straying about in search of food, came across a herb, which proved poisonous, and we lost an immense num-

not prepared before the dead hour of night ; and then carried up to the men cold and tasteless. The bread or cake made of coarse, hand-ground flour, full of grit and small straw, half baked, and calculated to produce disease by its use ; and ere this was well eaten, the rouse would sound, and the weary instrument of Britain's safety, would be wending his way through the dreary and unknown regions, 'mid almost perpendicular rocks, and perilous tracks. Such was the road of the next day's march, to Jugdulluk Pass ; this is by no means the most difficult one to explore—the sides not being near so high as those already traversed ; it had some appearance of fertility, being studded with many small bushes. There were innumerable small caves, or recesses in the rocks, and it was from those dark dens, forming cover for the enemy, that they succeeded so well in cutting off our unfortunate brethren, whose skeletons here were very numerously strewed about the path, and thus rendered the Pass more horrible than it would have been ; for the light shone brighter here than we had it for some time. Nay, so stupendous were the mountains, hemming the ravines we had passed, that it would be often far advanced in the day, before the sun would be seen by those beneath. The unfortunate 44th made a somewhat successful

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ber of camels in consequence, which was a loss irreparable, as others could not be procured, and the result was the destruction of quantities of public and private baggage, to enable us to move on.

stand in the Jugdulluk Pass, and succeeded, ere they were overpowered, in slaying many of their foes. The pass was narrow, and the Affghans, who had preceded us some hours, with a view to intercept and baffle us, had formed breastworks across the road; and, would it be believed, that these breastworks were formed of skeletons of our own men and horses? Not less than one hundred frames could have been here piled up, which had to be removed before we could pass on. About six hundred of the enemy made their appearance here, and in the first onset did considerable damage,—but a detachment from the main body soon dislodged them, and put them to the route; it was common to see lying on the road, bodies of murdered Sepoys and couriers, and in fact to attempt to enumerate the acts of treachery practised on us, would be next to impossible. We at length reached Soorkab. At this ground, was a cluster of fine tall trees, which relieved the eye, and led us to hope we were approaching a land of the living; the camp was bordered by the celebrated Red River, a most beautiful crystal stream, rolling most musically over a stony bottom, and under the ridge of an immense mountain; the continued buzz kept up by the murmuring torrent echoing from the fearful crags, lulled the weary travellers in camp to sleep. Across this river is a most splendid bridge, of one gigantic arch, which led by a declivitous route from this Pass to another; on the right of this bridge, which was erected by

Alexander, issued a cataract roaring and dashing from the hills, which fed the stream, and formed a most beautiful picture. It was on this bridge that a number of the 44th—from the extreme inclemency of the weather, and the bitterness of the frost, were so benumbed with cold, that they were unable to use their arms when attacked on their retreat. Oh! when reflection is but called up, and the miserable condition of these poor, oppressed creatures, considered; it cannot but call forth a sigh of deep regret—bereft of every chance of escape, or wherewithal to exist—as they were. When we consider that some of our nearest and dearest relatives or friends were amongst the number—surely, if there is one spark of sympathy left, it will be kindled for those whose last struggle was for their country's cause.

Our next route led across the bridge through the defile already described, and on the road were lying the bodies of two murdered Sepoys. The ascents and descents were as usual; and from the summit of these intersecting hills, the eye would carry itself upon range after range of never-ending cliffs and walls of mountains; the dark aspect of the distant horizon carried with it a volume of thoughts, wondering when the back would be once more turned on such dreariness. The moving mass below would be seen winding its serpentine length along the Pass, which, from its narrowness, being obstructed by huge masses of detached rock having fallen from the

heights, and impassable by other than taking a circuitous route, were truly harrassing to the men and cattle. I may as well here mention the great trials and difficulties experienced in dragging along the heavy portions of the baggage, more particularly the celebrated Somnauth gates, which it will doubtless be remembered, were taken by direction of the Governor General, from the tomb of Sultan Mahomed at Ghuznee. These gates, it will doubtless also be remembered, were the idolatrous trophy of the Hindoos in the Guzerat Peninsula. The General directed a guard of not less than the wing of a regiment to mount over these gates, which were placed upon two platform carts, and drawn by six bullocks each. The other castes of the native Sepoys would not go near them, and the Hindoos were comparatively few, and insufficient to perform the duty, and as these gates were to be taken to the provinces for the purpose of being restored to that race; so great was the care taken of them that they were placed next to the main body of the army on the march, and nothing was permitted to go before them. The consequence was, that oftentimes, owing to the bullocks growing stubborn, the whole in the rear have been delayed; and the gates have had to be dragged by fatigue parties of the Europeans—night has set in—the enemy have taken advantage of our position, and have succeeded in cutting off numbers who otherwise would have been safe in camp. The badness of the roads and dark-

ness of the night, together with the incessant fatigue and consequent loss occasioned by the protection of these idolatrous baubles, have caused much well-grounded controversy, and involved much discredit on the authorities. Many are the lives which have been lost by this—and for what? to restore to a tribe of idolators, an idol, that they might worship with the greater vehemence, as they had been recaptured for them; and all this, too, by the representative of a Christian people. I need say nothing farther, except that, owing to the great question raised relative to their restoration, in our Parliament in 1843 and 1844, and since the recall of Lord Ellenborough, they remain like so much lumber stored in one of the stations in Bengal.\*

But to proceed to the march. A short distance from our camp, which was Gundamuck, stands a small hill, where the remnant of the 44th Regiment, about three hundred, made their last stand, and fought most desperately whilst their ammunition lasted, and were at length annihilated: their skeletons strewed the hill sides and summit; about two hundred and fifty soldiers, and upwards of thirty officers, I believe, fell on this hill, and a deplorable sight it presented. We soon reached camp, where Generals Pollock and M'Caskill had halted; this place had been formed into a *dépôt* for grain and forage (only chopped straw), on Pollock's advance on Cabool; the Passes from Peshawur, as

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\* I believe at Agra.

he passed through, had been kept by our troops; thus in a great measure securing our route. We now refreshed ourselves with a day's rest, and our cattle with a feast of forage, such as it was; and also in comparative confidence, as we were now but a couple of days' stage from Jellalabad. The mails from Europe for the army were despatched from Calcutta and met us at this place, so that all in all it was quite a day of pleasure, receiving news from that dear place, Home—"which never was so sweetly felt as in such times as these"—conjunction of the Divisions, and recognition of old comrades who had escaped the perils of the few past days, and such like,—made the whole feel refreshed, and filled us with the utmost cheerfulness.

Nott's Division halted a day as they came up last; the other two moved on on the 20th, and we recommenced our march on the 21st. This day gave us a very long march, and greatly harrassed our cattle, which, having been so long without green forage, were weak; the carcasses of camels strewed the road in immense numbers—and this was not the worst; the consequence of the loss of the cattle was followed by the loss of comfort, little as it was, for if a camel should, from fatigue or stubbornness, refuse to go further, the rear guard had to shoot the beast and burn its load, lest it should fall into the hands of the hovering foe. Thus were clothes, tents, bedding, camp equipage, &c. and every possible commodity of a campaign, destroyed; and the

party whose all happened to be on the beast so destroyed, had to share with those more fortunate. So numerous were these calamities, that some Regiments, who, according to regulations, should have had seventy tents, had not one-tenth the number. And equally great was the loss of private property: many of the men not having a change of linen, were forced on arrival in camp to go to the stream and wash their shirt, &c., and, whilst it dried, bathe themselves. To attempt to describe the very many losses met by the poor soldier, as well as the more affluent, would be almost incredible. The road on this day was such as to create a vast number of casualties, and the great quantity of carcasses that were strewed as we came up, proved that the Divisions in front had suffered much more than ourselves. We at length reached Futteeabad, and the rain came on, the misery of which may be more easily imagined than described.

Our next day was over somewhat better ground to Sultanpore, and passed through the most beautiful valley of Nimla, looked upon by the Affghans as a perfect paradise, and certainly it deserves the name—it was not unlike the Lake Harron, on the Indus—and the fragrance from its variegated spots of flowers, reminded one of a visit to the Alps, where in the most unlooked-for places, in the most unexpected patches of the earth, bud forth groups of lovely flowers, too numerous to detail. A clear spring margins these odoriferous patches, and

the wind gently bending their proud and beautiful heads, carries with it the most delightful sweetness. The surrounding barren mountains seemed here to add to its magnificence, and would in fact affect one's heart when coming in contact, in the midst of such wildness, with such little beautiful glittering gems of beneficent nature. Passing onwards, we soon reached our encampment, which was on a wide part of the region, and on a sandy plain. Nothing of note occurred here except that the rain fell, with its attendant miseries, and we next day moved on towards the Illustrious Garrison of Jellalabad, where we arrived at eleven, A. M., on the 23rd, after marching over a dreadful road for upwards of twenty miles. The whole of the Troops halted here, and all soon became hurry and bustle for the destruction of the Fortress, which had sheltered General Sale's Brigade in the early part of the year, when besieged by Akbar Khan, whom they so successfully defeated on the 7th of April, 1842. Who of the Force that knows of its trials could be at Jellalabad and not deplore the loss of poor Colonel Dennie, whose unremitting bravery and zeal, for his country, was so little known, owing to a slight difference which existed betwixt him and the then Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Keane; his services were left almost neutral. It was here that poor Dennie fell, and a braver soldier or a more deserving man never took the field.\*

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The Rev. Mr. Gleig, has just issued a really excellent account

Jellalabad is a rude looking place, as far as vicinity goes—yet it is, nevertheless, a fortress of a very formidable appearance, and has been for many ages used as a winter residence for the rulers of Cabool. It is situated between the Khiva and the Jugdulluk Passes, and, as a valley, affords a most beautiful retreat, having all the beauties of civilization, as well as most excellent water, procured from the Cabool river, flowing near the Town. There are some fine tall trees near the fortress, and in the vicinity of the Khiva, are several splendid castles and strongholds; many of them erected under Alexander the Great. This spot was selected by the Monarchs of Cabool, as a retreat for winter, perhaps for its retirement, and salubrity of climate. But be it as it may, to one of common judgment, the idea would be absurd, as in a valley amid high ranges of mountains, it had precisely the opposite effect in winter, as it necessarily created dampness, and became dangerous to the constitution.

The fort was square, built after the manner of Candahar, and had, as is usual with the eastern places of royal refuge, its Citadel and Bala Hissar; it was at this place that Sir Robert Sale gained so much honor, in keeping off the enemy, who took every opportunity of harrassing and annoying the

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of the affairs at this place, and being so recently compiled, is doubtless the best yet written, and is called "Sale's Brigade," and issued in Murray's Home and Colonial Library, and worthy of perusal.

Feringees. He took this place at a time when his provisions were not over plentiful, and having possession, became the target for Akbar Khan and his colleagues, who, after repeated attacks and attempts at siege, made a grand essay on the 7th of April, 1842, and was completely overthrown by Sale's Brigade, on which occasion poor Dennie fell.

This place, as well as Candahar, was ordered by Elphinstone to be evacuated, but fortunately for the force it was not, or they must most assuredly have met the same fate as the 44th, and the service would have been deprived of another most noble, valiant, and praiseworthy corps, in the 13th Light Infantry. The deeds of greatness in the field, done by this excellent Regiment, have gained for it, most deservedly, an honorable name; and who is there, who, seeing the corps, but will feel bound to acknowledge that they went through trials and privations, to such an extent as should ensure for them the good wishes, and friendly feelings of every Briton. I speak of this Regiment particularly, because they were so long on the campaigns, and opportunities came to enable them so often to be; and as often were, successful, and never found wanting, which entitles them to these remarks. Nevertheless, all the other corps of Her Majesty's service were equally brave, and were equally zealous, and are equally entitled to the thanks of their country. The 22nd in Scinde, acted in a most exemplary manner; a mere handful of men, not more than

700 in number, to stand undaunted before a foe of more thousands—the 41st, in all their arduous undertakings, and excessive trials, from their first arrival in the country, through the dreadful campaign, in the Deccan War, the storming of Bhurt-poore, and its many attendant conflicts—from thence through the principal parts of India, to end their long services in a five years campaign in Scinde and Affghanistan. Of the 40th too, so much has been said, and so much is known of the honor due to this brave corps, that it is needless to dwell upon it. It is, without exception, the most honorable one in the whole service, as it bears upon its colours, I believe, more engagements than any other Regiment. But what of all this? The soldier is trained as a child to look for hardship and privation; schooled to habits of destruction and warfare, and all for the protection of his country. And yet, many of those for whom he risks his very life, and for whose safe keeping from the bondage of an oppressor, he suffers more than tongue can tell—are the first to treat him with absurd scorn. And I have seen and heard hundreds, who treat soldiers with a sort of contempt, are ashamed of their company, and often express an opinion that they are not fit society to keep, being a mixture of so many classes. Oh! shame!—it is not the coat which makes the man. There are those, whose erroneous ideas of peace, who, in the hour of need almost worship the soldier; and such like

ought to be the last to disclaim their friendship;  
but

When war's declared and danger's nigh,  
"God and the soldier!" is the people's cry;  
But when war's done, and all things righted,  
God's forgot;—and the soldier's slighted.

This I presume will convey all I could wish to say on the subject of the soldier's situation, and I trust the time will arrive, when the great, gross, and unbrotherly barrier, which has so long existed against the army,\* will be removed, and that the soldier will be acknowledged to be, what he really is, his country's friend.

But to the march. It was intended, ere Jellalabad was evacuated, that it should be left in ruins; the Sappers were consequently employed in preparing mines; large quantities of stores were destroyed, for want of carriage, and every facility used for expediting the progress of the troops through the Khiva Pass. Day after day was occupied in making these arrangements, which, being completed, an advance was sent on to Dhakkah, the entrance to the Pass, to act in conjunction with some of the troops of Shere Singh, the Maha Rajah of the Punjaub, who had held the Pass since Pollock forced it, in the early part of the previous season. On the first division moving off, they were attacked by a party of Affghans, who had been watching for an opportunity to

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\* The author is preparing a work to be called, "The Army as it was, and the Army as it is."

recommence harrassing us ; but a few 6-pounders, and some spherical shot, soon caused them to make off, and let us pass in comparative quietude. The following day the 2nd division made a start, and the next, General Nott, in his usual style, brought up the rear, being the most honorable position, in a retiring army.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

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March through the Khiva Pass; Dhakkah; Destruction of Ali Musjid; March to Jemrood; Almost the last shot wounds Lieut. Chamberlain; Favorable prospect; Arrival at Peshawar; Our backs turned to the mountains; General Avitabilé; March through the Punjaub; Description of country; Ferozepore; Triumphal arch; Lord Ellenborough's Army, 64,000 men; Conjunction of Troops; Christmas Day of 1842; Shere Singh; Grand parade; Imposing sight; The Durbar; Breaking up of the Army; General Nott appointed Resident at the Court of the King of Oude; His parting address to his brethren in arms; The Troops separate.

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ON our making this last shift, Jellalabad was left in ruins by the explosion of the mines alluded to, and a strong party of the enemy, finding their much prized sanctorum thus mutilated, made a stand for revenge, but with their usual ill-success. The rain fell during the night, which, saturating the tents so much, made it extremely difficult for cattle to carry them. The road also, owing to the rain, had become a complete swamp, and it was late ere we reached camp, which, being at the entrance to the Pass, was on rugged ground, and growing late, was difficult to pitch. The road for a couple of days was exceedingly pleasant, being level, and intersected with plantations, which,

though small, afforded a comparatively good supply of forage for the distressed cattle; also, lots of fire-wood, which was most valuable. The next day led for several miles across a very fine plain in a wide, part of the Khiva, when within a mile from Dhakkah, we were suddenly checked by a barrier in the shape of a very narrow defile, which caused the cattle, as they reached the spot, to crowd in the wide space. The inlet between two high hills, being not more than eight or ten feet wide, allowing only one camel to pass through at a time—the delay may be easily conceived. Dhakkah was a small village, with a noble-looking fort, built of mud, which contained an extensive supply of grain and forage, and which we soon took possession of, and having liberally distributed it, then destroyed the place. Our march for the next few days was through the heart of the Khiva; the mountains of this Pass are those attached to the Hemaylee range, and are of immense height. They have also, erected on their summits and brows, forts of great strength, built principally of brick and red stone, and were mostly those constructed under Alexander. Their great strength, coupled with the powerful positions selected for them in this Pass, goes far to convey an idea of their extent, and almost impregnability. On the 3rd November, after a somewhat pleasant march, inasmuch as the rebels had kept their distance, we reached the foot of the fearful and dangerous ascent to Ali Musjid. The camp was pitched in line, owing

to the pass being narrow, under cover of the mountains. On the summit was a strong fortification of the nature before mentioned.

At day-break, on the morning of the 4th, the bugles sounded the rouse, and soon after commenced the ascent. The road led up a winding path for about a mile, on a somewhat open sandy space, when, suddenly, droves of cattle were collected, and were waiting for an opportunity to proceed. The mountains were high, and afforded no other road than a narrow ridge or shelf, not more than nine feet wide, cut about midway up the craggy side; presenting on the left, a dark high wall, and on the right, a fearful abyss of several hundred feet. The extreme difficulty experienced in moving this mass of cattle and the followers, was greatly enhanced by impediments arising on the road in advance; such as the upsetting of a bullock cart, or a stubborn camel; in fact, anything, however simple, would obstruct the path, and until that was removed, all in rear were impeded. Should the camel or bullock be too stubborn to resume the journey, delay was not permitted longer, than to shoot the cattle, set fire to their loads, and hurl them down the precipice; thus numbers were sacrificed, and many were the sufferers by loss of their property. At length, on the evening of the following day, the rear-guard succeeded in getting the last camel on the move, and made a start themselves. During this day, the enemy began to

make their appearance, as they well knew it was a march of extreme difficulty, and no sooner had the rear-guard got fairly on the narrow ridge, than a cry ran along the columns, that the foe was lying from the hills, and were attacking the line on the march. The night had already closed in, and from the darkness we could see plainly their matches glittering in the small caves and crags, which aided us in taking aim, and picking them off. I was on the rear guard this night, and was walking along, when I felt myself suddenly seized and pushed all but down the precipice—I had a piece in my hand, and, when released, made a charge at him, just as he was advancing with a drawn sword, and dealt out a severe blow with it, and succeeded in striking me on the left side of my head, just as I lodged a ball in him, and we both fell. He was evidently suffering much, but I was comparatively well. I rose almost desperate, and dragged him to the edge of the shelf, and with the assistance of some others who now came up, dashed him down, never to rise again. I then felt my head was bleeding, and fainted, and of course became also an obstruction in the path, and had it not been for the timely assistance of some of the rear, I must have shared the same fate as many before me, who had been consigned to the gaping abyss of the Khiva Pass. I, however, soon revived, and with my head bound, resumed my travel. Those in advance had been attacked, and the road now

became literally crowded with dead and dying,—the latter were put into doolies or palanquins, and sent to camp. This narrow path led for several miles, and ultimately opened out into a road, bordered on each side by the mountains; here the enemy succeeded in doing great damage with their large knives, already described. They would in the dark attack the poor followers and camel attendants, cut their throats, hack them, and lead off their cattle, and in many instances form a fresh string of camels, as those in rear would follow in the dark, and being led into some narrow digressing path in the adjacent hills, would be attacked by a body, and thus sacrificed. On our arrival in camp at Ali Masjid, the losses were soon ascertained, and great indeed they were. Numbers were seen in every direction, who had been carried in, most brutally hacked, and lay stiffening in blood, and undressed wounds; inflicted by the dastardly cowards, with their knives. Every available hand that could stitch a gash up, was most acceptable, and employed; some there were with fearful cuts across their arms, legs, hamstrings, abdomens, heads, &c.; others were just expiring for want of aid; more had died from loss of blood; and many were dying in deep despair, suffering in the greatest agony from the wounds they had received. I assisted the Surgeon in stitching up the gashes of the poor fellows, and several died during the operation; suffering myself from a wound in my head, I

fainted with weakness, and sickened at the awful sight before me. Then came the losses, many, very many, had lost their all, and not only their property, but their servants, in charge of it, had been most barbarously cut off. Lieutenant Snelling and Quarter Master Hives of the 40th, lost all they possessed, and their two servants, (Europeans), were brought in most cruelly hacked. One of them had a dreadful cut across the abdomen, and over the right hip, and soon after died. In short, not less than one hundred and fifty men were, in the most inhuman manner, massacred in the dark, and I firmly believe, by none others than the very troops placed in the Pass to hold and keep it,—that is, the troops of Shere Singh, Rajah of the Punjaub.

We halted after a tedious march of about forty hours, and owing to the straggling, and difficult ground, the tents could not be pitched with regularity, although they now were reduced to a very few. Baggage and camp equipage became scarce, and property of most valuable description had been captured by the insurgents during the march. Ali Musjid stood on the top of a high hill, in the centre of the Pass, commanding it in every direction, and had the most overwhelming appearance I had ever seen. To describe it, more than this, would be useless. All other fortifications, or strongholds hitherto met with, standing on eminences of more than a thousand feet, became as nothing compared with this greatest of the great ones of

Alexander's superior construction. But great as it was, we expended a few barrels of powder, and reduced it to nothing. I was again in the rear guard, on the morning of the 6th November, when the explosion took place, and received a slight wound from a piece of the stones blown up. Lieutenant Terry, of the Bombay Artillery, received a shot from a party on the hills hard by, and died shortly after his arrival in the next camp.

We commenced the day's march on the sixth,—that was to take us out of the fearful Passes, and once again we should turn our backs on the gloomy regions of Afghanistan. It led along a beautifully made road, and even to the last, the insurgents determined on making a final effort to annoy us. The wounded were carried with care, and the troops at length came in sight of a lovely plain, which relieved the eye, and indeed gladdened the heart. When in sight of Jemrood, (the first stage in a tranquil country) every bosom heaved the sigh of gratitude, and felt light, as we stepped, as it were, on terra firma. But even to the very end we were not safe, for I believe, nearly the last shot that was fired at us, had its intended billet; for the gallant Lieutenant Chamberlain, who had so often distinguished himself, during the campaign, whilst riding along, when in sight of Jemrood, received a shot from a matchlock, in his left knee, and has been ever since, almost disabled. We at length reached the desired spot, a most compact

small fort, built under the direction of General Avitabilé, the Governor of Peshawar, and erected in the French style of fortification. This fort, though not more than five hundred yards square, was the most complete one I had ever seen.

All soon became a scene of peace and harmony, once more in a land of friends, or, at least, not hostile to us. Here the whole of the officers were most hospitably and sumptuously entertained by General Avitabilé, one of Napoleon's officers, in the service of Shere Singh, and one of the many who were permitted to organize Runjeet Singh's Army, according to a treaty with the British to that effect. The General assisted the divisions in every possible way he could; supplies were got in, and every preparation was at once entered into for our immediate departure for Ferozepore; and having a march of about forty days before us, it was necessary to replenish all the departments. The General, who had a profusion of cash, granted several loans to the army, on account of the Indian Government, and thus succeeded in getting a considerable deal of his acquired wealth out of the country. He gave splendid balls and hunts to the whole of the officers; in fact, kept open-house, and many will long remember the kindness they met at the hands of General Avitabilé, a fine, tall, noble-looking man, apparently about sixty years of age. He was most severe, and almost tyrannical in his situation, but was, nevertheless, almost worshipped by the

natives. To give my readers a slight idea of his severity, the Governor used to carefully examine into all complaints and matters brought before him; but as sure as a party would be found guilty, so sure he would be hanged. A gallows was erected just opposite to his window, and several others about the Town of Peshawar, on which all the criminals were hanged; and when I visited the Town, I counted eighteen bodies dangling in the air opposite to his rooms.

The Troops soon began to move off for Ferozepore. All-around now bore the appearance of spring and beauty; the fields were green, and the trees bending with fruit; the country around all clear from mountains; the roads were level; and, in short, everything became comfort and happiness, when compared with the past scenes in Affghanistan. The Commissariat was easily supplied, and nothing was wanted now but time and patience to enable us to reach the banks of the Sutlej. I must here remark, that grain, poultry, and sheep, were exceedingly cheap; the latter, however, were very small, so much so, that it took often eight or ten to supply a Company of about sixty or seventy men; whereas, in the District of Cabool, one sheep would more than supply one hundred men. On the second day we arrived at Nasara, where there was a beautiful river about one hundred yards wide, which enabled the Troops to refresh themselves with a bath, long wanted. This river is a branch from

the celebrated Attock, which we arrived at on the 20th November. The Attock derives its source from the Indus, and is a crystal stream with a very strong current; it is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and a bridge across it, formed of boats, fastened together, enabled us to pass. On the right bank of the stream stands the Fort of Attock, in a most commanding situation; near to this stands a Mosque, of most exquisite workmanship, being built of white marble. But there is a still more splendid Mosque on the banks of the River Jumna, called the Taj of Malial, built also of white marble, which is considered one of the most complete and superb pieces of architecture in the Eastern world; it cost nearly one hundred lacs of rupees, about £1,100,000 sterling. The whole march, from leaving the Khiva to Ferozepore, was one series of beauty and fertility; everything served to please the eye, and the mind was almost at rest. Nothing of note occurred during the whole march, save the crossing of the Rivers Jumna, Chenab, Ravee, and at length the Sutlej. About half way we came to the spot where Alexander the Great erected the monument to his favorite horse Bucephalus, and we found several pieces of his coins. On arriving at the banks of the Sutlej, two bridges of boats were thrown across, and on the other side a triumphal arch was erected to receive the heroes of Central Asia. A Pavilion was erected, in which sat Lord Ellenborough, the

Governor General, and his suite, and he received the Troops as they crossed. A grand parade was formed of the Army of Reserve, who were encamped a few miles higher up.

First went General Pollock's Division, then Sale's, M'Caskill's, and though last, not least, came Nott's, bringing with them the Somnauth Gates. An elephant was in waiting, to receive them on his back, and a magnificent cloth of gold and crimson was laid down on the ground, in which they were wrapped, and carried in triumph to camp.

We marched through a complete world of tents—line after line, and camp after camp, we came up to; and Ferozepore was one scene of canvas and military show. The Governor General's Staff formed an entire one of themselves; in addition to upwards of 86,000 soldiers, and consequently more than that number of followers. The enormous expense attending this, will hardly be conceivable. Grain, and every other supply, which a few days ago we could get for a mere song, was now scarcely procurable at any price, and every dealer seemed bent on extortion. The Christmas day of 1842 was spent in happiness, compared with the several previous ones, and a grand parade was ordered for Lord Ellenborough, to come off on the 31st, when upwards of 75,000 men were on parade at one time. A more splendid sight never met my eye, and I suppose never will again. After this the several Brigades were ordered to proceed to their different

stations; the 40th were transferred from the Bombay to the Bengal Presidency, and ordered to Meerutt. The 41st, with the 3rd Light Cavalry, and Leslie's Troop of Horse Artillery, who had performed most exemplary scenes throughout the whole campaign, were ordered to proceed down to Scinde; the 41st for Europe, and the remainder to Quarters. In a few days after this, Ferozepore began to get thinned of Troops. The Governor General proceeded to Loodiana, where a General Court Martial was sitting for the trial of the prisoners who had been re-captured from Akbar Khan's oppression. A grand durbar was held, prior to the departure of the Governor General, when the principal Chiefs of the Sikh Country were presented. Dost Mahomed was ordered to be conducted in safety to the frontiers of his Territory. General Nott was appointed as Resident at the Court of the King of Oude, and parted in tears from his Brigade, who were equally affected at seeing him ride off. He addressed them in a very few words, his heart being too full to speak much. I left Ferozepore with Captain Adamson, and sailed down the Sutlej for Sukkur, where I arrived on the 16th February, 1843; after sailing twenty-one days down the river, which joins the Indus, and where I met, just arriving the same day, the Brigade named as having left Ferozepore for Scinde. The Sutlej being part, and, in fact, a continuation

of the Indus, has the same features and appearances, and will, therefore, require no further description. Having now returned to Scinde, my next will be the concluding Chapter, and contain a brief history of the events, in this country, under Sir Charles Napier.

## CHAPTER XX.

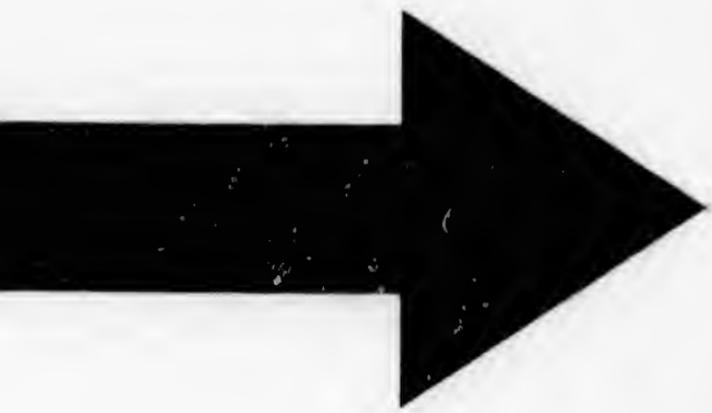
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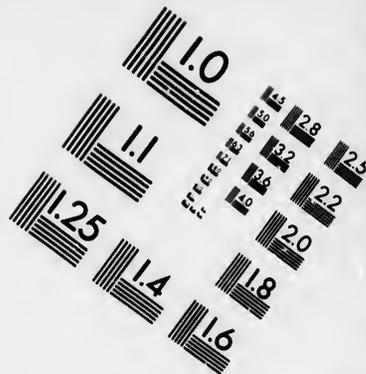
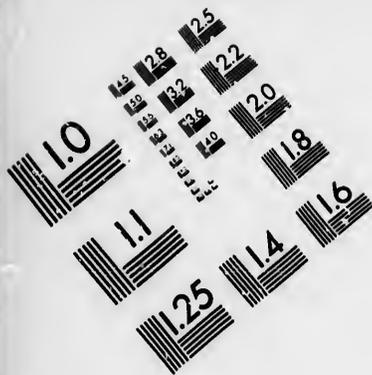
Arrival of Stack's Brigade in Scinde; Sukkur; State of the country; Leslie's Troop of Horse Artillery; Prospects of another campaign; Sir Charles Napier and the Governor General; Sir Charles at Hyderabad with 2500 men; Battle of Meanee; Victory over 16,000; More War; Stack's Force ordered to Hyderabad; State of Scinde; Some account of its origin and people; Major Outram and the Government; Attack on his residence Noble conduct of the Light Company of the 22d Regiment; The Ameers; Their positions, conduct, and surrender; Approach to Khyrpore; Meer Ali Morad; Sir Charles Napier; Meer Shere Mahomed determined on another battle; His position at Dubba; Enemy muster 24,000; Major Stack *en route*; His arrival at Hyderabad; The 22nd Regiment; The Emaum Ghur Detachment; Conjunction of Stack's force; 24th March, 1843; Battle of Dubba; Victory gained; State of the Fortress; Prize taken; Departure of the 41st from Kurrachie for England; Departure of the 22nd for Bombay; Their reception; Arrival of the 28th from Australia; Sickness amongst Troops; Sufferings of the 78th Highlanders, and 28th Regt.; Awful ravages of the fever and cholera; Dreadful state of Troops in consequence; Scinde established as a Presidency; Sir Charles Napier appointed Governor; A narrow escape; My arrival at Kurrachie; Hazardous voyage to Bombay; Fortunate again; Remarks on Captain A. A. Nelson, 40th; Mr. Smith; Mr. Harvey; Embarkation for England; Safe arrival in my native land; Concluding remarks.

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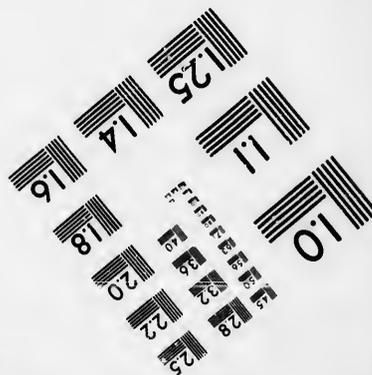
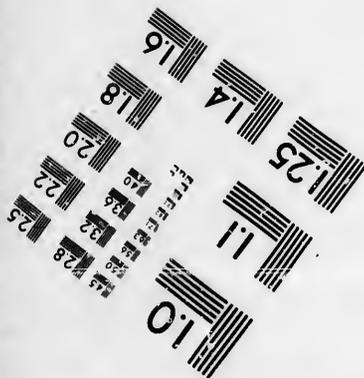
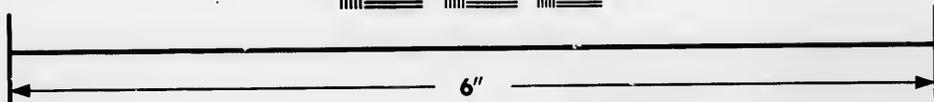
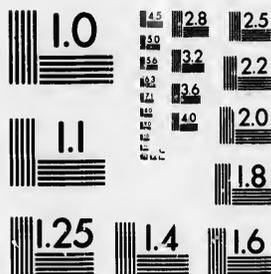
SUKKUR now presented another sight; the sick and some others of the 22nd Regiment, together with few native Troops, were all that held the place, until the arrival of Major Stack's Brigade. Every







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available hand, possible to muster, had gone down to Hydrabad with Sir Charles Napier, who had been making great havoc amongst the proud lords of Scinde. On the 25th of February, 1843, a cossid arrived from Sir Charles's camp, with the news of the victory at the battle of Meanee; his force consisting of about 2,400 men, and the enemy was upwards of 12,000; a royal salute was fired on the occasion. The same packet brought directions for Major Stack to proceed with all the Troops he could raise, to re-inforce the Hydrabad Division, likely to be soon engaged again. The 41st had proceeded down to Kurrachie, and the Major, with his Regiment, the 3rd Light Cavalry, Leslie's unrivalled Troop of Horse Artillery, and the 8th Regiment, Native Infantry, marched for Hydrabad. The 21st Natives were sent by water, but Scinde was now in such a state of raging rebellion, that it was difficult to find a route sufficiently clear to proceed. I accompanied Stack's force, which, though a neat little Brigade, was ill fitted to oppose so extensive a mob as the Beelooches usually muster.

It will doubtless be interesting to my readers, alike with Ghuznee and Cabool, to learn briefly the particulars of this conquest in Scinde.\* Much has

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\* When the author first put this work to press, and was procuring subscribers, he stated that it would be a volume of 300 pages; but finding the incidents so numerous, and so necessary to be narrated, in order to render the tale as connected as possible, found it impossible to do so in the prescribed number, and has, in consequence, been obliged to extend it to nearly

already been said on this subject, and much more could be said; but will be classed in common with the whole of the affairs of the Central Asiatic campaigns. Scinde was formerly, under the jurisdiction of Arabs and Moguls, and afterwards under the race from whence sprung Shah Shooja. His forefathers exacted a tribute from the inhabitants, whose faith was once Hindoo, but now principally Mahommedan. It, as with other Eastern nations, had been the cause of much warfare, and, until nearly a century ago, before the late crisis, it had held an almost independent Government, and kept tolerably clear of other countries. The name of Beeloochee, or Beeloochy, was derived from a vast number of a Tribe emigrating into the country from time to time, till at length they became so numerous, and were so prosperous, that they formed a dynasty, and ultimately assumed an authority over Scinde. A race called Caloras was amongst them, but were expelled, and succeeded by a Tribe called Talpoors, also of the Beeloochee race, and amongst whom were some most learned men, and who at length got the reins of Government, and retained them until the interference of the British in 1838. The two great Tribes, the Jutts and Beeloochees, continued to rule, and, by

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an additional hundred pages; and even now, is compelled to leave out very many circumstances of the greatest moment, in addition to being compelled to be much more brief in his descriptions than he wished.

intermarrying, became so powerful in the greatest of all points in India, religious views, that a complete Government, from the Talpoors, was most effectually carried on.

The Court was formed of Emirs, or Ameers, (lords); these consisted of eight brothers, who, being Chiefs of the highest blood, held possessions in various parts of the country; the senior, Mir, or Meer, was looked up to as the Rais or head, and was invested with a superior authority, allowed to settle all family scuffles, and had the ruling voice over the whole nation. They were of jealous dispositions, and spite of their mutual recognition of the Rais, were ever exhibiting a spirit of conspiracy against each other, owing to the prosperity, or otherwise, of the respective allotments in yielding revenue. The country was divided into three principal seats, called, Khyrpoore, Meerpoore, and Hyderabad—all being subject to the latter as the Seat of Government. Their army, and principal means of defence, were the Beeloochee race, who were paid by grants of land; in addition to this, a force was hired from the Merab Khan of Kelat.

The revenues derived from the various sources, supported an immense treasury. Prior to 1838, a Treaty had existed between the British and these Ameers, of a friendly nature, establishing a reciprocal commercial intercourse. Another Treaty was commenced in 1836 and ended in 1838, when the rulers of Scinde were induced to permit a

British Minister to reside at their Court—in consequence of Runjeet Singh having threatened them on the North East—he also being in Treaty of friendship with us. We reciprocated on this point, and admitted a representative at Calcutta.

It became indispensable, in order to carry out our friendship to Shah Shooja, who had been paid out by Runjeet, and the Scindian Monarchy, that we, in order to protect him in the Upper Provinces, should ensure a perfect tranquillity with these Ameers, and at the same time, hold them at such a distance as would enable us at once to have full military command, if necessary. The Indus was the key and main navigable route to support our project; and thus it became an act of policy on our part, as the Passes and other intricate routes were in full possession of these provinces. We not only arranged to secure their friendship, but also the removal of their hired Troops, and substituted ours, to be maintained at the expense of Scinde. With Sir A. Burnes at Cabool, and Sir Henry Pottinger at Hydrabad, whose respective influence over the Chiefs was beyond conception, we were pretty safe, and so arranged it that the Government of the whole country was now almost in our own hands. As already stated, these lords of Scinde were of an exceedingly jealous turn of mind, and could not be brought to coincide with the Rais, in having given so much power to the British, and a spirit of opposition began to show itself, which ren-

dered it necessary that we should have a still stronger military force stationed here. To this they threw out many objections, very naturally, and it was not until the arrival of the armament under Sir John Keane, from Bombay, and Sir Willoughby Cotton, from Bengal, that we were able to exact a compliance.

The Chiefs of the different districts held meetings, the object of which was to devise plans to oppose the progress of the British power, and to prevent any further encroachment upon their possessions. The Treaties already referred to, still remaining in full force, were, in consequence of these meetings, considered by us politically to be broken, and to give reasons sufficiently strong for recognizing the Rais no farther. The Court was soon, in consequence, separated, and the British bound themselves to support each Ameer in his Territory, and also bound the Princes to support our Troops, by paying an indemnification of several lacs\* of rupees per annum. They were to keep what Troops they liked, subject to our approval—to coin their own money, and levy taxes on all, except merchandize brought in for our use—and to continue their amicable correspondence with us, as friends and relatives. To render this Treaty (or rather Treaties) more binding, one was entered into with every Chief except one, and countersigned by their still privately acknowledged Rais, Meer Roostoom. Meer Shere Mahemed, a man of most

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\* A lac is a hundred thousand.

independent spirit, refused to connect himself at all with us, until 1841, when, in a dispute with the other Ameer, he found it necessary, in order to secure our protection, for which he paid, against his will, 50,000 rupees a-year. Major Outram had been appointed Resident at the Court of Hyderabad, in the room of Pottinger, who had gone to China. All remained very tranquil, till some intrigues were discovered by Outram, about May, 1842, and it became indispensable that Government should warn them of the serious results that would accrue, if any attempt were made, on their part, to budge one jot from the very letters of their respective Treaties; and also, that they were, and had been, for some time, looked upon with an eye of suspicion.

Lord Ellenborough, the recently appointed Governor General, and who consequently knew but very little of the actual state of the country, looked upon Outram's information as a reason for establishing an enquiry into the conduct of the Ameer; and perhaps led to a more hasty conclusion against them than justice demanded. His Lordship's inclinations were for the entire possession of Scinde, but he did not for a moment fairly consider the enormous outlay that would be required by the Indian Government to support it. Outram was averse to the plan, and Ellenborough was opposed to the continuation of the Treaties, being satisfied, from Outram's communications on the subject, that their intrigues were of an extensive character.

His Lordship also concluded that Outram was not as zealous a servant as he could wish to have on this spot, and looked upon Sir Charles Napier as one more likely to act according to his directions, both in the office of diplomatist, and in that of a fighting General, the more particularly, as the Troops in Afghanistan were about evacuating it, and a large force would be concentrated at Sukkur. Sir Charles was ordered from Bombay to the mouth of the Indus, with, amongst other instructions, the following order from the Governor General:—

“It may be convenient that you should be at once informed, that if the Ameers, or any one of them, should act hostilely, or evince hostile designs against our army, it is my fixed resolution never to forgive the breach of faith, and to exact a penalty, which shall be a warning to every Chief in India.”

Thus ran the instructions conveyed to Sir Charles, and thus was swept away all diplomatic agency in Scinde. General Napier was entrusted to select his own party, and the indefatigable, and universally acknowledged zealous Major Outram, who hitherto had been held in the highest confidence by the Ameers, was at once shut out even from further communication with them. The Princes, finding affairs thus, turned now just as averse to Outram as they had been otherwise. They presented to Government a series of com-

plaints, and considered themselves entrapped, on the appearance of Napier and his colleagues.

Ellenborough began now to find himself in difficulties—inasmuch as he had acted too hastily, and had not sufficient proof against the Ameers. And Sir Charles, whose fame and courage are so well known as to need no comment, was elated with the prospect before him, and determined to carry out the project of the Governor General, in every iota. In fact the Princes had no chance; they were scarcely permitted to defend themselves, as circumstances had somewhat clearly shown that they were in a measure connected with the up-country disasters. General Napier's continual correspondence with the Governor, not at all favorably inclined towards them, brought to bear the adage that where prejudice is strong, judgment is weak; and Ellenborough gave another word of advice to Napier, to this effect: "Your force being now collected, I am disposed to think, that no delay should take place in communicating to the Ameers the ultimate decision of the British Government, with respect to the revision of an engagement with them, which their conduct has compelled us to demand," &c.

The General was buoyed up with hopes of field glory, and could therefore delay no longer. Several of the Ameers he doubted not had been guilty of writing letters of a hostile nature, as had been imputed to them, and Napier at once commenced operations for obtaining the possession of

Scinde. The first thing done was to compel them to sign a treaty of such a severe tenor as at once to dispossess them of almost every power they had a right to in their own country,\* a part of whom only signed it; and Meer Shere Mahomed refused most peremptorily, and at length took the field with an immense army, to oppose Sir Charles to the last. Meer Ali Morad, of Khyrpore, one of those who signed the Treaty, being an enemy of his brother; Shere Mahomed, clung to the British, and volunteered his services, with his tribe, to Napier, with the double view of securing his territory, and revenging himself on the rebel chief. Matters now had gone too far to expect an amicable conclusion to be brought to bear; the majority of them looked upon Outram to have been the origin of their downfall, and privately determined on his massacre. Outram was still living at the Residency, a building about two hundred yards from the Indus. Durbar after durbar was held, and conference after conference; they called upon Outram to defend them, to prove that the charges against them were false. Outram in vain declared his powerless position; they would not believe he had been so divested of his diplomatic influence; and as was the case with Sir Alexander Burnes, an infatuated mob, excited by some

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\*I would give copies of the Treaties, which I have in my possession, but for the vast space I should require, and have not room.

private hostile communications from the assembled chiefs, were bent upon Outram's destruction. The Major had no other guard than one Company\* of the 22nd Regiment, and who, upon seeing the state of things, were soon prepared for action. Nothing was wanted but the word, and all would have been massacred. At the conclusion of the conference, the Major would most assuredly have been cut up, but for two of the Ameers, who, with drawn swords, threatened the mob, if they attempted to fire a shot. Outram reached the Residency, under their protection, in safety, which was soon surrounded by several thousands of Beelooches; they commenced an attack; but two small steamers in the river came up, and in conjunction with the European guard, kept off the mob for a very long time, and the whole got in safety to the boats, and sailed up the river to Sir Charles; and thus commenced the outbreak. Napier came down at once, and on the 23rd of February, 1843, met Shere Mahomed's force, of about 12,000, at Meeanee, and after a smart battle of several hours, gained a victory. The following day, brought the surrender of all the Ameers, except Shere Mahomed, who still kept the field, and determined on another attack. In vain were attempts made to bring him in; a Detachment was sent off to Emaum Ghur, a fortress belonging to him, in the middle of a desert, and where he was reported to be sojourning. The troops sent to storm the place,

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\*The Light Company.

principally the 22nd, suffered dreadfully from the intense heat, and forced marching; but returned, having accomplished the object. Ali Morad, having shewn so much bravery throughout the whole of the proceedings, and performed so much service for Sir Charles, was at once appointed the Rais over the whole of Scinde, subject to the British. Shere Mahomed took up another position early in March, and succeeded in collecting a much larger force. Sir Charles, who had a mere handful of men, was joined by the brigade named, as having left Sukkur under Major Stack, and who arrived on the 22nd March, just in time to be present, (fortunately for Sir Charles,) at the battle of Dubba, on the 24th, which terminated in favor of the General again. The loss on our side was very considerable; on theirs, vast indeed. The 22nd acted most nobly. This corps suffered considerably in wounded men. Leslie's Troop, in conjunction with the 22nd Regiment, stood the brunt of the battle, and most assuredly deserve all the credit due. The 3rd Light Cavalry made several noble movements, and taking into consideration the number opposed to them—about six to one—it was one of the greatest victories gained in the annals of history.

The 41st, who were expecting every day to sail for Old England, were up to the last hour in active service, having to keep Kurrachie; and were under arms continually during this outbreak. They, however, shortly afterwards embarked from that port,

and were relieved by the 28th Regiment, from Australia. We had acquired a new territory, and what was the use of it? Its revenue required to be collected; the minds of the people were hostile to us, and tribute could not be exacted, but at the point of the bayonet. The cost of holding Scinde, would form an item in the cash account of the Indian Government, of no small amount; thus it was, Sir Charles Napier, the undoubted Hero of Scinde, was appointed Governor of the place; it was annexed as a fourth Presidency of India, and every facility was used, to complete the principal stations, as efficient depots for its safe keeping.

The wounded of the 22nd, after having sufficiently recovered, were sent to Bombay, and shortly afterwards the Regiment; they were received most graciously at the Presidency; all the shipping in harbour manned their yards; the troops in the garrison formed a street to receive them, and they were most justly acknowledged to have nobly done their duty to their country, and were the Heros of Hydrabad.

Sickness now came, in the shape of fever and cholera, in Scinde. Four fifths of the troops in the country were in the hospitals; medical assistance was scarce, and almost the majority of the troops died. The 78th Highlanders lost immense numbers of their corps, the 28th equally so; never did I see Troops so cut up by sickness. The 28th were ordered from Hydrabad to Kurrachie, and to give an idea of

their distress, they were compelled to get an officer from another corps to command the Regiment, not one of their own being off the sick list.

Not only did this corps suffer so extensively, but all others, and one moment's reflection will fill the mind with sympathy, for these poor fellows. It is doubtless too fresh in the minds of my readers, to require me to dwell upon the ravages of the sickness in Scinde during 1843 and 1844, as the distressing accounts came mail after mail from India, and were fully given in the public journals.

I fortunately escaped the epidemic, and left Hydrabad in August, 1843, and reached Kurrachie in a few days, but was twice attacked on the road by the Beeloochees. Travelling without a guard (save two servants,) I, on the last occasion, was met by three Beeloochees, who proved to be those who murdered a Mrs. Burns, and a recruit of the 40th a short time before. These three fellows fired at me and missed, being some two hundred yards off. I got under cover of one of my camels, carrying my baggage; the driver, who was armed with a jezail, fired, and shot one of them; the other two rushed at us with swords; I had a fine rifle with me, which I fired and hit my mark. One fell dead, and I threw down my piece, drew my sword, and rushing at the other, succeeded in disarming him. I tied him, and put him on a camel, and took him back to Tatta, where I left him, with a Detachment we had there, and I procured a guide, who conducted me in safety to Kurra-

chie. I have been often sorry since that I permitted the rascal to escape me so leniently ; but being so anxious to leave Scinde, (very naturally,) and having left the service, I let it rest. Whilst at Kurra-chie, I met with the greatest kindness from Mr. Conductor Macdonald, of the Commissariat, who did all in his power to assist me, and I found I was doomed to await the opening of the season, for shipping to arrive, as the Moonsoon was then on, unless I braved the ocean in a bugalow or patamar. I was, however, determined not to stay longer in Scinde, and I took a boat about twenty-five tons burthen, manned by three Scindians, and we fearlessly stemmed the briny wave. The weather came on after the first night, very severe, and the little bark was tossed like a cockle shell on the raging sea, but after five days and a half tremendous sailing, we reached Bombay in safety.

The Moonsoon was just on the turn, and I was compelled to wait until January, 1844, for a ship to sail to England.

I must here acknowledge the very many obligations I am under, to Captain A. A. Nelson, of the 40th, whom I was with in the Commissariat Department, also to Messrs Smith and Harvey. These were indeed the most indefatigable servants to their country I had ever seen ; they received the thanks of the Indian Government, on more than one occasion, most deservedly. To Mr. Harvey I am doubly indebted ; his unremitting

kindness to me on all occasions, calls for my every effort, to make his worthiness known. As a soldier he ever proved himself brave and noble, as a responsible servant to the Government of India, none could be more zealous, faithful and just. The Bombay Government are deeply indebted to him for his valuable services and exertions throughout the campaign, inasmuch as the supplies were kept up by his valuable services and exertions throughout. By his and Mr. Smith's energetic system, no means were lost, no extravagance used, but the contrary; nay, that branch of the service for the supply of provisions, under the immediate arrangement of the above named, with Captain Nelson, cannot be too highly spoken of. Mr. Smith, who is since dead, was most indefatigable. Should ever the Bombay Government have need for a man of integrity and zeal in the field, they will not find one more so than Mr. John Harvey, of the Commissariat Department. I visited my old friends, the 22d, during my stay at the Presidency, and on the 4th of January, 1844, I sailed in the "Thomas Coutts," for England, where I arrived on the 2nd May. I returned to India in October of the following year and again embarked for England, by steam, *via* the Overland route, in February, 1846, sending my heavy baggage in the unfortunate steamship "Liverpool." I of course lost it, being uninsured, and but that I remained some weeks in the Holy Land, on a tour, I should have been a passenger

in the vessel. I must now conclude my Narrative, which is far from being as complete as I would wish it. In consequence of the promised size of the work, I am compelled to be brief in my details, from circumstances over which I have no control. If it, however, as I most fervently trust it will, be found at all interesting to my readers, I am doubly repaid; and as, doubtless, there are many points in it, which might be improved, yet I hope, as I do not profess to be a practised writer of history, that these little faults will be overlooked. My travels in the Holy Land, as well in the principal places of the known world, may perhaps be considered worthy of a perusal, and I shall be induced to publish them at an early period, from the liberal manner in which I have been encouraged by subscriptions to this, and my former works, and for which I beg to return my sincere thanks.

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It has occurred to me that the following brief extracts may be of interest to the reader, and I therefore insert them here. The remarks of Lord Hardinge, on the subject of the cruelties most falsely attributed to the British Troops at Istalif, will serve to disabuse the minds of any who may have been credulous enough to believe the malicious rumours alluded to. I, myself, assert them to be without a vestige of truth. The conduct of our Forces at Istalif, as at all other places in India,

was generous and forbearing, and characteristic of good, as well as of brave men.

General McCaskill says in his despatch :

“Lieutenant Evans, commanding 41st Light Infantry, very bravely and successfully led the onset in the storming of Istalif, the stronghold of the Gilozie Chiefs, but was unfortunately shot in the Town after its capture.”

Lord Hardinge, as Secretary at War, in the debate in the House of Commons, alluding to the death of this gallant officer, spoke as follows :—

“I am not aware of any cruelties being committed by our Troops at Istalif, but, I believe the shooting, after the place was taken, of that popular and spirited young officer, Lient. Evans, 41st, who so gallantly led the onset, did occasion a strong feeling of excitement amongst that young officer's admiring followers.”

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